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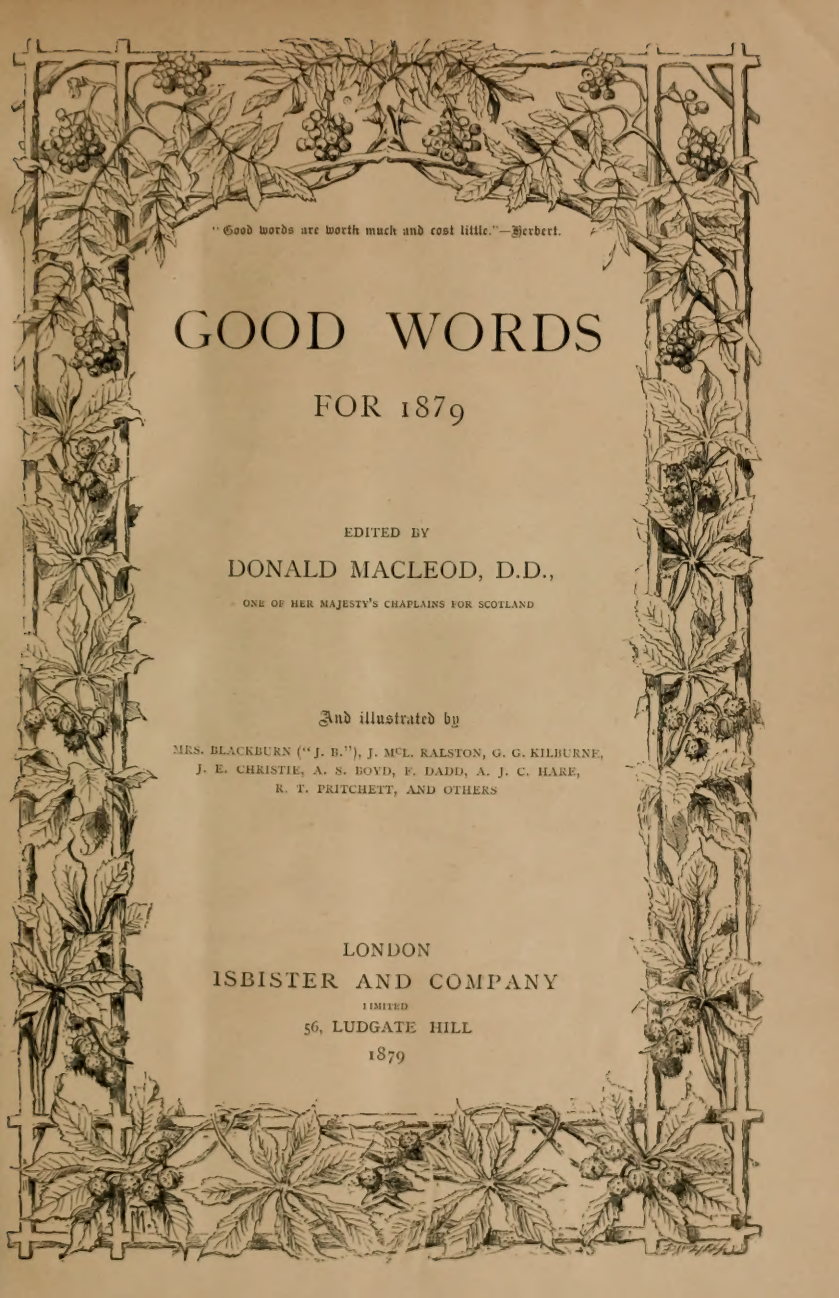
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"YOUNG MRS. JARDINE."





"Good words are worth much and cost little."—Herbert.

# GOOD WORDS

FOR 1879

EDITED BY

DONALD MACLEOD, D.D.,

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS FOR SCOTLAND

And illustrated by

MRS. BLACKBURN ("J. B."), J. M<sup>C</sup>L. RALSTON, G. G. KILBURNE,  
J. E. CHRISTIE, A. S. BOYD, F. DADD, A. J. C. HARE,  
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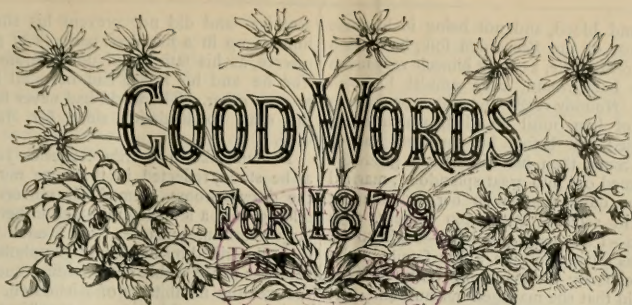
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YOUNG MRS. JARDINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER I.



“I THINK, mother, I will go abroad after all!”

He who said this, suddenly and just a trifle sharply, had been sitting reading at the farthest end of a very handsome, not to say gorgeous drawing-room, where a group of four ladies, whose clothes well matched the apartment, sat conversing. For I have no doubt they would have called it “conversation”—of a highly interesting and improving kind.

The young fellow in the distance, however, did not seem to find it so. He was at that age when men are very critical of women, especially of their mothers and sisters, unless these happen to be sufficiently beautiful ideals to remain such unto son and brother, from the cradle to the grave: an exceptional happiness which befalls few; and it had not befallen Roderick Jardine.

The stout lady who, the instant he spoke, pricked up her ears with a cheerful, “Eh, my dear?” was (eccentric Nature will some-

times have it so) very unlike this, her youngest child and only son; as unlike as it was possible for mother and son to be. Light and dark, fat and lean, large-boned and slender, phlegmatic and nervous—they came of two diametrically opposite types, physically and mentally. Morally—yes, there was similarity there; for Mrs. Jardine was a good woman, and Roderick was, as she ceaselessly declared, being very outspoken as to her feelings, the best of sons, though he was a little “peculiar;” like his poor dear father, of whom he was the very image.

This was true. Her three daughters—now married and settled, except the last, who was just about to be—all took after herself. Not her present self perhaps, but the comely lassie she must have been once—fair-haired, round-cheeked, with a wide mouth and slightly projecting teeth—though possessing sufficient good looks to be a belle in Richerden. Roderick alone “favoured” the other side of the house—the tall, dark, rather sad-looking father, who came of old



Highland blood, and not being in business like most of the Richerden folk, had led a rather retired life, keeping himself very much in the background, even amidst his own family. Nobody really knew him, or thought much of him, until he died, which event happened just before his son went to college. Since then his widow had gradually blossomed out into great splendour; married her two daughters, taken her independent place in society, Richerden society, as a woman—I beg pardon, a lady—ought to do, who has a large fortune, a fine family, and a great capacity for managing both. People had said that she managed her husband: but those who knew Mr. Jardine questioned this. Gentle as he was, he was not exactly a man to be “managed” by anybody.

“What were you saying, Rody, my lamb?”

Now, if there was a pet name the young fellow disliked, it was his childish diminutive of “Rody.” And no man of five-and-twenty is altogether pleased at being called “a lamb.”

“Can you spare two minutes from that very delightful conversation of yours to listen to me, mother?”

“Ou ay, my dear.”

The young man winced a little. “Wouldn’t ‘yes’ do as well as ‘ou ay?’ But never mind, it doesn’t matter, mother dear,” added he with a sigh, more of weariness than impatience. There are so many things in family life which people never ought to mind, and right-thinking people try to persuade themselves they do not mind. But of all the small sufferings of existence there are few more trying, than a continual sense, or dread, of being “rubbed up the wrong way” by somebody whom you are bound to love, nay, do love—in a sort of tender apologetic fashion—that affection without sympathy which becomes at times an actual anguish, instead of a rest and a delight. To conscientious people this is always a sad position, especially when it unluckily happens to parents and children, who did not choose one another, and yet are bound to put up with one another to the last extremity of endurance.

“Honour thy father and thy mother” is a command nobody doubts. “Love thy father and thy mother” is a different thing, for love cannot be commanded. Roderick did love his mother, deeply and sincerely: but they were so exceedingly unlike by nature, that only her extreme warm-heartedness and his strong sense of duty kept them from drifting

asunder—and did not prevent his shutting himself up in a hopeless panoply of gentle reserve, as his father had done before him. For he and his father had been all in all to each other. The world had never looked the same to Roderick since Mr. Jardine died.

I should like to describe Roderick Jardine as he stood, reflected in the huge mirror—the drawing-room seemed all mirrors and gilding, with a few pictures stuck in between, large “furniture pictures,” as I once heard them described by an Edinburgh upholsterer, who was in the habit of providing such for the wealthy inhabitants of Richerden. Roderick was not a “furniture picture,” but more like a Vandyke portrait—tall, dark-skinned, aquiline-featured; the true Celtic type as distinguished from the Lowland Scot. He had also slender, well-shaped hands and feet—another Celtic peculiarity, and dark eyes, which practical people might denounce as “dreamy.” A long, soft, black beard, which had never known razor, completely hid his mouth; which fact had been a real comfort to him, as it is to many born with a sensitive and nervous temperament, which it is the effort of their lives to overcome, or at any rate to conceal.

Such was this young man—not at all a young man of the period, since he neither smoked nor drank, betted nor talked slang. Yet that he was really a man, the other “men” of his college had pretty well found out by this time. Quiet-mannered and refined-looking as he was, nobody attempted either to tyrannize over him, or to take a liberty with him—not even his own mother.

“Rody, my boy,” said she, coming to him half deprecatingly, “were you saying you wished to go abroad? It’s late in the year, to be sure, but I’ll not hinder you. Only you must promise me not to be climbing up Alps and tumbling into glaciers.” *Glaziers*, she called them; and her voice had the high-pitched shrillness which Richerden ladies seldom quite get out of, even when they fancy they have merged their native accent in the purest of English. “Wherever you go, remember you must be back in time for Isabella’s marriage.”

“Certainly—and mother, don’t be afraid of my tumbling into a glacier, or of an avalanche tumbling down upon me. I shall only see the Alps at a distance. At this time of year one must content one’s self with towns.”

“That’s hard, laddie, when you are so fond of the country. But do as you like—do



as you like—only don't forget the marriage. You will have to give away the bride, Rody. —Ah! your poor father!"

The widow's eyes filled with tears. If she had not understood her husband, she had loved him—certainly, and more perhaps after his death than before it.

"Girls, for all your persuasions, I would never have put off my black gowns if it hadna been for Bella's marriage. I hope people will not think I am showing any disrespect to poor dear Mr. Jardine," added she, relapsing, as she always did in emotion, to the broad speech of her youth, now toned down into an accent just a degree stronger than that of her daughters.

"Mamma, nobody could ever imagine you forget papa," said the eldest, with a glance at the only remembrance left of him—a mere photograph. He had always refused to be painted, though portraits of his wife and daughters, in startling costumes and varied attitudes, adorned the room. The likeness stood—scarcely more silent than he had been in life, regarding his affectionate and loquacious household; a grave, stately Highland gentleman—every inch a gentleman. How he came to marry into the Paterson family was always a mystery, and remained so. Not for money certainly; he had a small patrimony of his own, and was besides a man who cared little for wealth, having amidst his wife's luxurious style of living maintained the very simplest tastes, so simple that she with her love of show had been often aggravated thereby. Nor was it a marriage for position; his was much higher, socially, than hers. Could it have been for love? Certainly during the twenty-five years of their married life, he had never given her, or the world, reason to suppose that he did not love her. At last he died, and the secret, if secret there were, died with him. It was best so.

"You may think thus, girls, but Rody would not, I am sure," replied the mother in a complaining voice. "Rody always thinks different from us all."

"Mother," said Roderick, with that look in his eyes which was so like his father's—sad, tender, half-reproachful, and yet with a sweet appealingness, as if so long used to be misunderstood that he had learned to pardon it and pass it by—"mother, indeed I see no objection to your dress; and if you would like me to stay at home, I will. I have done with Cambridge, you know, unless I cared to go in for a fellowship, which I do not. Shall I put off going abroad till spring, and we will then go together, you and I, to

Italy, Greece, Egypt, perhaps even ending with Jerusalem?"

"Oh, preserve us! such a journey would kill me. Fancy me on the back of a camel, crossing the desert, and not getting anything to drink—not even cold water, though I don't like water, even your poor father could never persuade me to it, you know. Nothing like a good glass of sherry, or even a wee drop toddy, I beg your pardon, my dear boy. I know it vexes you that your mother does not give in to your odd ideas. But never mind, Rody. Go where you will, and do what you like; only take care of yourself, and don't forget your old mother."

He was not likely, while there was that sweet expression, "the kind look that's in her e'e," as Burns puts it, implying the strong personal devotion which is to men in all relations of life most alluring, and, as in this case, makes amends for many contrary things. Things absolutely inevitable, as the son often said to himself; and tried to think of his mother's early education, or no education; nay, to remember as kindly as he could the old grandfather, once a working blacksmith, who had made such heaps of money in the iron line, that his only child was able to marry a gentleman and become a lady.

But old Paterson remained exactly as he was. All his horses and carriages, his splendid house and magnificent dinners, could never make him anything than honest Sandy Paterson, well-meaning and kindly, but utterly uneducated, boastful, imperious, coarse of speech and manner, with an extreme delight in good eating, and—must it be confessed? only nobody minded it much at Richerden—good drinking. Nevertheless the old fellow had his fine points, and his grandson knew them. Still, now that he was gone, Roderick never spoke more of him than was quite necessary. It was not unnatural. There is a vast difference in one's respect for the man who has made himself, and the man who has only made his money.

I am playing chorus to my story in a most digressive way, but it was necessary. Beginning a tale is like entering a family. Some households express themselves so potently that in the first half-hour the visitor is acquainted with all their characters and ways; in others the under-currents run so strong that it takes weeks to find all out, and be able to form a fair estimate of persons and things. Had I described literally, without comment, the scene in Mrs. Jardine's drawing-room, it would have conveyed an utterly false impression, as false as that we

sometimes carry away from many a house, and which unconscientious writers are tempted to make amusing stories out of. It is so easy to laugh at follies, to mock at weaknesses, to condone agreeable sins; but to trace the root of these things, and to believe that all our neighbours are, if occasionally worse, often a good deal better than we suppose them, is quite another matter.

This is why, instead of letting the Jardines speak for themselves, I have, at first, spoken for them: but there is no need to do it any more.

"Well, we'll talk the matter over another time," cried Roderick, who saw looming in the horizon that cloud of "conversation" under the shadow of which he had often shivered, when his clever mother and somewhat feebler sisters discussed a thing for hours together in every conceivable shape, and came to no conclusion after all. "At this moment I'm busy—I mean, I—I have an engagement. Good-bye, everybody. I'll be back at dinner-time."

"A little before dinner-time, please, my dear. Remember we have company—twenty at least—a regular dinner-party."

"Oh, yes, a 'meeting of creditors,' as my father used to call it," said the young fellow somewhat bitterly. "No fear, mother; I'll be back in time, and do my duty to all the old fogies."

"They're not old fogies; there are some as nice girls as you could wish to see, if you'd only look at them, Roderick," said Bella, who, going to be married herself, quite lamented that her only brother seemed determined against matrimony.

"Well, I will, Bell, I promise you, only let me go now." And snatching up his hat—a Glengarry bonnet which he persisted in wearing, though his sisters told him it made him look like the Highland porters at the quay—he fairly ran away.

Out of the house, he breathed, if one could be said to breathe in that dense and murky atmosphere which hangs over Richerden, with very exceptional intervals, from October till March. And he had become used to English skies, English views and ways, the stately surroundings and old-world quiet of English university life. Richerden, with its oppressive atmosphere, its dirty, noisy streets, where rich vulgarity and squalid poverty so closely alternated, was becoming to him not merely repellent but obnoxious. He felt he should soon begin to hate it, long familiar as it was, with the fierce hatred of youth, which cannot see

the other side of things, nor believe that to everything there is, there must be, two sides.

Rapidly the young fellow walked on through park and square, through street and wynd, or "vennel," as such dreary dens are often called here; shrinking from and detesting alike the poverty and the riches, the splendour and the rags. It began to rain heavily, but he heeded not. Though brought up in luxury, he was not luxurious by nature, could stand a good deal of hardship, and had a young man's instinctive pride in "roughing it." Still "an even down-pour," as his mother would have called it, is not an agreeable thing; and as in reality his only "engagement" was with himself, whose company he felt free to enjoy as much as anybody else's, he stopped his walk and turned into a railway station, where at least he could sit down quietly and read his letters, which he had snatched up from the hall table on going out.

But having no very interesting correspondence—for he had left behind at Cambridge few intimates and no duns, also being I fear of a rather dilatory turn of mind, and given to the bad system of *laissez-aller*—Roderick left the letters unopened in his pocket, and sat idly watching the passengers gather for a train just about to start.

The town—or city, its inhabitants call it—of Richerden, has one great merit; it is a capital place to get away from. Trains at all hours and in every direction will carry you from it into as glorious a region as you need wish to see on this side Paradise—nay, I have sometimes thought Paradise itself may be a little like it. Roderick had done the same in his childhood, always associating it with the land of Beulah, the "everlasting hills," and the river spoken of in Revelations, as "flowing from the throne of God." His young imagination, materialising and yet idealising everything, could not imagine aught more beautiful than this river and those hills, as they looked sometimes, and had looked ever since he could remember. When a mere baby, old enough to escape his nurse, but still small enough to be carried in the father's arms, he had often been taken by that tender father, in boat or train, for a day's holiday together. How they had enjoyed it! hiding themselves in heathery solitudes, by silent glens and merry burn-sides, dining off oat-cakes and milk bought at some cottage, or bread and cheese carried in the paternal pocket, the taste of which seemed more delicious than all the grand dinners eaten nowadays.

Afterwards, when Roderick grew to be a big boy, it was just the same, only instead of playfellows they were companions—his father and he; for there was between them that which is the root of the only true and permanent relation between parent and child—entire respect on both sides. Mr. Jardine had the rare quality of not only loving but *respecting* childhood—its innocence, its keen sense of justice, its passionate and yet sensitive affections. In all their intercourse Roderick could call to mind no instance of his father having been unkind, or, worse, unfair to him. Their life together had been one of entire confidence and pure delight from beginning to end.

Too soon had come the end—the cruel blank: and though in the strong interests of his college life he had somehow got over it, and felt no longer a boy but a man, still, *On revient toujours à ses premiers amours*. So sighed this sentimental fellow of five-and-twenty; and thought when he was five-and-seventy the sight of the river and the hills would be dear and delicious still. And when he heard the guard calling out the name of a place where he and his father had spent many a happy day, on a sudden impulse he sprang into the train without a ticket (“just like Rody, silly fellow,” they would have said at home), and was borne away.

Away, out of the smoke and fog and soaking rain; away, mile after mile along the shore of the gradually widening river, till the hills began to show their distant outlines, vivid and lovely as mountains always look after rain, especially in October. Nowhere is there such heavenly clearness, such spiritualised sunshine, such delicate and delicious colouring of earth and sky, as is often seen in these regions during the month of October. It felt to Roderick, who after the long vacation had patiently shut himself up with his mother and sisters at Richerden for weeks, like coming out of this world into the next—that heavenly country to which, consciously or unconsciously, we all look for the healing of many mortal woes.

He had none, though he often thought he had: but he was of that sensitive and poetic temperament which rather enjoys sadness—in the distance. As he swept along in the train, and, quitting it, started on an old familiar walk, along high cliffs which gave him a view of the country—land and sea—for many lovely miles, Roderick’s heart was very full. Not only of his father, but of himself and his own future, which lay before him like a map; the map of an untraveller country

—untraveller but yet not undiscovered, for there were in it more certainties than lie in the lot of many young men of his age. He knew he would be well off, even rich; would never need to earn his bread unless he wished so to do; and would always be able to indulge any pleasant tastes, of which he had many; being, though not exactly a genius, of that appreciative nature which is next door to genius, and, combined with hard work, often does duty for it, not unsuccessfully.

Also, he could marry as early as he liked, the only difficulty being to find and choose the “fair and inexpressive She,” who had not as yet expressed herself in any way. The queen of his soul was yet *in nubibus*. He had never in the least compromised himself with any of the young ladies he met. Indeed, he found them all too much of “young ladies” and too little of women for his taste, and so was as perfectly fancy-free as any young man can be, who has an ideal mistress clearly defined and painted in his head, to whom he is ready to bring all the devotion of his heart, if only he is lucky enough to find her.

Towards this unknown damsel he felt something like Endymion on Latmos’ top before the moonrise, and had already painted several ideal portraits of her in oil and water-colour, and written a good many sonnets to her; but, fortunately for himself and the world, neither portraits nor sonnets had ever been exhibited or published. Nevertheless, alternating with the dear remembrance of his father, which hallowed every beautiful thing that they had shared together, was this dream of a lady—his future wife—whose sweet companionship was to perfect all life for him. What he was to do for her, I am afraid never entered his mind. The whole thing was to be pure felicity—his felicity, of course. As to hers, *cela va sans dire* (Roderick liked French phrases, and was rather proud of his familiarity with the language, acquired through several walking tours in Normandy and Brittany).

Poor fellow! so young, so ignorant of life and its burthens. Yet he thought himself quite wise and quite old, and felt his burthen very heavy indeed, and himself a most unfortunate fellow, on being obliged to go back to that “meeting of creditors” which he detested.

“But I’ll enjoy myself here to the very last minute,” thought he, and sat down on a heather bush—for on that high ground everything looked as dry as if it never had



rained and never would rain again, till the next time, which would probably be within twenty-four hours. Wrapping his plaid about him, he felt perfectly happy. That lovely outline of hills—he must just put it down; so, hunting in his pocket for the pencil that was always a-missing, he turned out the letters which he had crammed in there, and looked them over.

None attracted him, except a black-edged one; which, opened, he found was one of the "intimations" of death, customary in Scotland, acquainting him that there had died "at Blackhall, aged sixty-nine, Miss Silence Jardine."

Silence Jardine! Surely a relation. Who could she be? For he knew that his father and he were the last of their family.

However, thinking a minute, he remembered that in the business arrangements after his father's death, which, he being under age, had been managed entirely by his mother, she had told him that Blackhall, the ancestral property, "a queer tumble-down place, which nobody would care for," was to be inhabited, as long as she liked, by Miss Jardine, a second cousin. This must be she who had now died.

"I wonder, ought I to go to her funeral?" However, consulting the letter, which had travelled to Cambridge and back, he found this was impossible. She must have "slept with her fathers" for some days already. "Poor Cousin Silence! What a queer name, by-the-bye. I wonder what she was like, or if I ever saw her?"

And then, by a sudden flash of memory, he recalled a circumstance which in the confusion and anguish of the time had entirely slipped away—how, not many hours before his father died, there had crept into the sick-room a lady—an old lady, nearly as old as Mr. Jardine, and curiously like him. At sight of her a wonderful brightness had come into the dying face. "Cousin Silence?" "Yes, Henry," was all they said, but she knelt beside him; and they kissed one another, and he lay looking at her till the last gleam of consciousness faded away. After that—for he did not actually die for some hours—she sat beside Mrs. Jardine, watching him till the end. And after the end, Roderick remembered she had taken his mother out of the room and comforted her, staying a little while longer, and then leaving; no one thinking or speaking much about her, either at the time or afterwards.

Now, recollecting his father's look, and hers too, the whole story, or possible story,

presented itself to the imaginative young man in colours vivid as life, and tender as death alone can make them. And when, carelessly opening another letter, he found it was from the lawyer of this same Miss Jardine, stating that she had left him—"Roderick Henry Jardine, her second cousin once removed"—the whole of her small property, as also a diamond ring "which his father gave me many years ago," he was deeply touched.

"I wish I had known her! I wish I had had a chance of being good to her—poor Cousin Silence!" thought he.

And as he sat watching "the light of the dying day," which died so peacefully, so gloriously over the western hills, he, with his life just begun, pondered over the two lives now ended, the mystery of which he guessed at, but never could know, except that they were safely ended.

Doubtless, he was rather a sentimental fellow, this Roderick Jardine; and there are many fellows of his age, entirely without sentiment, very good in their way. Still they are the sort of young fellows that some people—and, I own, this present writer—would not very much care for.

When the sun set, going down like a ball of fire which dyed the river all crimson, and the sudden grey chill of an October twilight came on, Roderick started up, a little ashamed of himself, and still more ashamed when he found he had entirely neglected to ask the time of the return train to Richerden.

"Just like me, mother will say!" and, half laughing, but vexed, for it always vexed him to vex his mother, he tore along as fast as his long legs could carry him, to the railway station. The train was just going, and it was at the risk of his life—to say nothing of a penalty of forty shillings—that this foolish young fellow contrived to leap into it, breathless, exhausted, having nearly killed himself in his endeavour to "do his duty."

So he represented to himself, at least; and felt a most tremendous martyr all the way to Richerden. It did not occur to him that simply looking at his watch and the timetable would have saved all. But at his age we are so apt to overlook the little things on which, like the coral islands of the South Sea ocean, our lives are built. How far we build them ourselves, or Fate builds for us, God only knows.

Tearing up in a cab to his own door (or rather his mother's—he already began slightly to feel the difference), ringing as if he thought the house was on fire, and being met by the imperturbable butler with the information,



"Yes, sir, dinner is served: Mrs. Jardine waited half an hour, and then asked Mr. Thomson to take the foot of the table"—all this did not contribute to Roderick's placidity of spirit. When he at last walked into that blaze of gas-light—that dazzle of crystal and plate—that strong aroma of dainty dishes and excellent wines, and clatter of conversation, which make up a Richerden dinner-party, he was not in the best frame of mind to enjoy the same.

During his father's lifetime these entertainments had been limited; but since, his mother had gradually fallen into the ways of her neighbours, and taken great pride in surpassing them all. She herself, sitting at the head of her very handsomely spread table, looked gorgeously hospitable, beaming all over with satisfaction, and talking in her somewhat loud but good-natured tones to everybody around her.

Large, comely; richly, if not quite elegantly dressed; her broad fair face always a-smile, and her "lint-white locks," with not a grey thread in them,—you could not help liking this warm-hearted, good-natured woman, though you might not have wished her for a mother, or even a mother-in-law.

She was so busy talking, and the silver-gilt epergne was such an effectual barrier between the upper and lower ends of the table, that she never noticed how her son-in-law elect quitted his place and her son slipped into it, till the deed was done. Then Roderick might have received a good hearty scolding, not undeserved, had not something in him—was it his father's look?—repressed the ebullition. She merely said, "Oh, my son is there, I see! Better late than never." And the dinner went on.

Roderick, conscience-stung, which he was rather apt to be, set himself to talk as politely as possible to his mother's guests—the "creditors" to whom she owed a dinner, and felt bound to give an equally grand one in return—nay, a grander if possible.

Hers certainly was a magnificent "spread," and she watched its progress with undisguised satisfaction. Course after course succeeded each other. There was set before the company about six times as much as they could possibly eat, and ten times as much as they ought to drink, though they did their very best to do both. What else could they do, when everything to tempt appetite and destroy health was lavished upon them with a cruel kindness worthy of Heliogabalus?

Young Jardine, who was by no means an ascetic, and had the wholesome enjoyment of

youth in all things reasonably to be enjoyed, yet felt, though he had been used to them all his life, that there was something in these feasts which jarred upon him extremely—more and more the older he grew. They were not given from hospitality, it was merely paying a debt owed: nor for friendliness—there was scarcely a person at table of whom he had not heard his mother and sisters speak slightly, mockingly, even contemptuously at times: nor for social and intellectual companionship, since the talk was of the most vapid description, mere gossip, chit-chat, or badinage.

Roderick, who was unfortunately a young man with an ideal, a sense of right, of fitness, of beauty, born in him, and also put into him through constant association with that dear father, who had died with his ideal unfulfilled—poor Roderick sat at the end of this uncongenial board, feeling, not so much like a death's-head at the banquet, as a living man among death's-heads. For what a death in life it must be—an existence whose sole aim was good eating and drinking, splendid horses, and elegant clothes! Not that these things are bad—in moderation—and with something higher beyond. But, with nothing beyond?

The young fellow—full of hope and aspiration, with a keen, intelligent enjoyment of life, schemes for making the very best out of it, and yet not wasting it; liking to be happy, and yet liking to make his fellow-creatures happy too, so that he might leave the world better than he found it—felt, at the end of that luxurious dinner, as if he had been feeding for the last two hours on dead-sea apples.

When, the ladies having retired, he still had to keep his place and "pass the bottle"—which he loathed—to elderly gentlemen, ay, and young ones too, who evidently did not loathe it—listening meanwhile to talk in which, whether it was his own fault or not, he could not get up the smallest interest, this young Cantab, who for three years had lived in what was a little better atmosphere than that of Richerden—socially as well as physically—was a good deal to be pitied.

So was his mother too, when, having succeeded in luring the guests up-stairs, he—her only son—went and hid himself in the back drawing-room and "sulked," as he overheard her say, lamenting over him as a black sheep, in the loudest of whispers, to a lady he particularly disliked.

But it was not sulking, for he had his father's sweet temper. It was only the utter

weariness of spirit, which in uncongenial circumstances comes over the young as well as the old—oftener the young than the old: since these latter see beyond it; the former never do. To them their first despair is a despair eternal.

"How in the world shall I bear—this—sort of thing!" Roderick could give it no more definite name. Outwardly, his family life was quite satisfactory—nay, most enviable. He had all this world's good things

at his feet—a mother devoted to him, and whom he loved very sincerely:

his sisters too, though he saw little of them, they were so

engrossed in their own affairs, were good and kind. Why was it that home was not home? that he felt infinitely more solitary, more dull, in this gay house than in his two poky college rooms? that in his pleasant and affectionate family he was regarded—and knew it—something like Andersen's "Ugly Duck," whom every other duckling swims away from, and even the mother mourns over and scolds at?

While smiling over the comparison, he blushed: for he was not a conceited fellow, and had no idea of ever turning out to be a swan.

"But I wish they would leave me alone in some quiet corner of the duck-pond," thought he. "And still more I wish I could find a creature or two like myself to swim or fly with—wild ducks I suppose they must be! Oh, if I had any excuse for flying right away!"

And then



with the habit he had of passing over things at the time and recurring to them afterwards, there came into his mind a sentence in the letter from Miss Jardine's lawyer, explaining that in making her will she had said to him that her only other kindred were some distant cousins, living she believed in Switzerland, whom, if they were poor, she "left to Roderick's kindness."

"Capital idea! I'll go straight to Switzerland and find them. It would at least be something to do."

And the mere notion of this brightened up the young fellow's spirit and warmed his heart—he was, I fear, but a foolish young Quixote after all: so that when his mother called him to do civility to the departing guests, he came forward with an air of cheerfulness, such as he had not worn all the evening. Ay, even when he had to escort the most honoured guest to the very carriage-door, from an unsteadiness of gait, politely ascribed to gout, but which Roderick, with a contempt so sad to see in the young to the old, even when the old deserve it, soon perceived to be—something else.

"Mother," cried he indignantly, as he returned to the drawing-room, where the two ladies stood on the hearth-rug of their "banquet-hall deserted," hot, weary, a little cross, and not a little glad that "it was over." "Mother, I wonder you let that old fellow enter your door! He has not an ounce of brains, and less of manners. Didn't you see he was drunk?"

"What an ugly, vulgar word! And to say it of Sir James, who holds such a good position here, and is Mr. Thomson's father too! Rody, I'm ashamed of you!"

"And Bella is more than ashamed, angry. Oh, Bell," and with a sudden sense of brotherly tenderness, half regret, half compunction, he laid his hand on her shoulder, "have you thoroughly considered this marriage? Are you quite sure of the young man himself? These things run in families. Suppose he should ever turn out a drunkard—like his father!"

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Bella sharply. "And even if Sir James does enjoy his glass—why—so do many other gentlemen. It isn't like a common man, you know, who never knows when to stop. Now, Sir James does. He is not 'drunk,' as you call it, only 'merry.'"

"Roderick," said his mother—and when she gave him his full name he knew she was seriously displeased—"the Thomsons are one of the first families in Richerden, and

live in the best style. Isabella is making the most satisfactory marriage of all her sisters, and I desire you will not say one word against it."

"Very well, mother." And with a hopeless sigh Roderick changed the conversation.

He had the one weak point of gentle natures—he could not endure strife—would do almost anything for peace's sake. Often he let a thing pass—a matter of taste, sometimes almost of principle—rather than hold his own and fight it out. Only when driven to extremity could he really turn at bay, like a wild stag of the forest, and show his sharp horns.

"Mother, have you thought over what I said this morning about going to Switzerland?" asked he, impelled by the sad longing of much-worried people—to run away. "Because since then I have found an added reason for my journey." And he gave her the two letters which had come on from Cambridge. "I suppose you had not heard of Miss Jardine's death, or you would have put off the dinner party?"

"Why so? She was only a poor relation. Nobody knew anything about her here. Her death was not even put in the newspapers."

"Then you did know of it? But, of course, one could not mourn for a person whose death was not important enough to be put in the newspaper."

Mrs. Jardine looked puzzled, as she often did when her gentle-speaking "lad" spoke in that way; she could not make out whether he was in jest or in earnest.

"My dear, I don't see why we should notice the death of Cousin Silence. It would be very inconvenient just at the wedding. She was a very good woman, no doubt; but she was only your father's second cousin, though he was always most kind to her, and let her occupy his house at Blackhall for years. Besides, she was a great invalid, though she never made much fuss about it, and hardly ever stirred from her own fireside. When I got the 'intimation' I couldn't help thinking she was well away."

"Yes, well away," said the young man; and with a young man's chivalric tenderness he henceforth buried in his deepest heart this dear dead woman, whom he had seen his dying father kiss. But he did not name her again to his mother or to anybody.

It was quite late that night before he succeeded in explaining to Mrs. Jardine, or in making her at all comprehend the necessity of it—his wish to start off at once to Switzerland in search of these distant relatives, who



might be poor, and therefore would have much more right to Miss Jardine's little property than he had.

"I don't see that at all, Rody. She left it to you, and I'm sure it was very kind of her, though you will never want money."

"And they may."

"But why can't you inquire about them—send out a confidential clerk, for instance?"

"That would be a much more business-like proceeding, I allow, mother, and you are the best woman of business imaginable; I know that. But still, 'If you want a thing done, go yourself. If you don't care about it, send.' Was not that my grandfather's maxim, mother? And it generally succeeded."

"Ah, you're a coaxing laddie," said Mrs. Jardine, one of whose fine qualities was affectionate pride in her low-born father. "Well, go, if you like. But it's just a wild-goose chase; that's what I call it."

"So do I, mother. Only I'm not the hunter; I'm the wild goose, and I want to take a good long flight and stretch my wings. Then I'll come back as tame as possible, and settle down in the dullest and smoothest of ponds."

"Oh, I wish you would settle down," said the mother earnestly. "There's plenty of girls in Richerden—nice girls, too, the Miss Bannermans and Miss Fergusons, and little Maggie Marjoribanks that's *so* fond of you!"

"Don't tell me that, mother; you ought not"—and the young fellow blushed all over his face. "It isn't fair to the girl, or to me. She's a very charming girl, of course, as she has got heaps of money"—again the sarcastic ring in his voice, too sarcastic for so young a man; "but you know I don't care a pin for Maggie Marjoribanks, or any of Bella's fine friends. They're all too much young ladies for me."

"You don't mean to say you want a young person?" answered Bella satirically. "A dressmaker, perhaps, or a governess, or somebody that earns her own living. Mamma, take care!"

"I don't want anybody. I want to be free. I have plenty to do, and to enjoy also, before I 'settle down,' as you call it. Can't you leave me alone, to manage my own affairs?"

"Ah, do let the poor boy alone!" cried Mrs. Jardine, yawning. "Don't let us sit up talking any longer. Rody, my dear, go where you like, do as you like; please yourself, and you'll please me."

"I have no doubt he will please himself, mamma," added Bella, who dearly liked to have the last word. "And I can imagine the sort of wife he is sure to bring home some day."

"Can you?" said Roderick, biting his lips. "At any rate, she will not resemble Maggie Marjoribanks, or you." And then his conscience smote him for the sharp words—he had such a tender conscience—always! "Oh, do let me go away, mother!" with almost piteous entreaty. "Perhaps I may come back a better fellow, so that you have not always to find fault with me, as seems the case now. But I don't mean any harm. Really, the de'il is not as black as he's painted—by his sisters especially."

"Black, my son?" said Mrs. Jardine fondly, as he bade her good night and kissed her—he was not too proud to kiss his mother every night and morning still. "You're just the very best son that ever mother had, and so I tell everybody."

"I wish you didn't, mother dear; but I suppose you can't help it." And so half-laughing, yet slightly sore at heart, Roderick sprang up-stairs—three stairs at a time—to his own bedroom, where at least he could shut out everybody and everything, and "his thoughts call home" to the fancies and crotchets that pleased him best.

It was a small room, almost in the roof: but he had chosen it, much to his family's surprise and remonstrance, as soon as they came to this grand new house, because from it on very clear days you could see right across the park and the suburbs of Richerden, to the "blue hills far away," which are the unacknowledged blessing of that wealthy but unsanitary town. Now, in the still moonlight of midnight, with the early snow on their tops, they were plainly visible, if you only took the trouble to undraw the curtains and lower the gas.

Roderick, being a sentimental youth at best, did so, and it comforted him. The vexation of his spirit melted away bit by bit. These were after all such mere trifles to be vexed about, when all life, with its grand aims and large ambitions, lay before him—nay, in his very grasp. Talk as they might, his womankind could do nothing. Even his mother had no real power over him. He was of age, and free to come and go as he chose. As to money—well, it must be confessed, money was the last thing this young fellow ever thought about or inquired into. He had a sufficient allowance, paid regularly, and spent honestly, though certainly spent,



up to the very last halfpenny, and that was all he knew or cared about it. Blackhall, he understood, was now his own—rather a weight on his mind—and then there was Miss Jardine's touching bequest, just heard of.

In the quiet moonlight, looking at the dim white outline of the "everlasting hills," his mind went back to its musings of a few hours back—over those two finished lives, the real history of which neither he nor any one would ever know. It was all peace now.

He determined to go, the very next day, to visit Blackhall, which he had never yet seen, and knew little about, for his father rarely named it, though it had been the home of the Jardines for many genera-

tions. Also, they must have had a burial-place, for he had some recollection of his father's having once expressed a wish to lie there, only his mother had overruled it in favour of the grand new cemetery on the outskirts of Richerden, where she had afterwards erected a beautiful white marble sarcophagus with an urn at the top. What matter? Henry Jardine slept well. And far away, somewhere beyond those moonlight mountains—near the very places where they might have played together as children, or walked together as young people—slept also Cousin Silence.

But, the waking? If it be possible that the life to come shall heal some of the wounds of this life—oh, the heavenly waking!

## SOME WORDS ON PRAYER

PSALM iv.

THIS was an evening song, and it was most probably sung as eve began to fall, and David in his flight drew near to Mahanaim. That city lay among the rolling downs where Moab fed his sheep; and David, mounting from Jordan through the gloomy, tree-shadowed gorge by which Jabbok forces its way to join the greater river, found himself in sight of its walls, on the evening of the second day of his flight from Absalom.

He had fled all night from Jerusalem, and halted on this side Jordan, opposite the ford Jabbok, waiting for news from Hushai. In the early morning, with hope, since he had heard that Ahithophel's counsel had been rejected, he rose up cheered. "I laid me down and slept. I awaked, for the Lord sustained me." We follow him as he crossed the river, and toiled upwards through the gorge to the table-land above; and as evening fell and he drew near his refuge, this Psalm burst from his lips—a Psalm of passionate prayer, passing into passionate thanksgiving for unlooked-for safety. "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep, for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

All the day he continued to hear tidings from Jerusalem. His long train travelled slowly, and swift fugitives came up every hour bringing the latest news, news of the growth of the rebellion, of the turning of his glory into shame, of the vanity of the people, which had changed in a day from him to Absalom, of the leasing, the lying slanders of his enemies—bitter tidings!

But the greater the evil and the bitter the tale (and how bitter they were none but

those who have felt the tooth of a loved son's ingratitude can tell), the stronger is David's unconquerable belief in God's presence and God's help. It was the victorious element in his life. This man could not be beaten, never could despair; no matter how dark the hour, he saw the light; no matter how intense the sorrow, he trusted in joy. There never was a greater believer in the resurrection of life, and the belief made his greatness. And the root of this, according to David's own showing, was unshakeable faith in God and in God's direct care and interest in his life. It is David's great lesson to us; it is the foremost religious result of his life upon mankind.

It may be that something of this swift dismissal of the paralyzing results of misfortune and sorrow was due to that poetic nature of his, which at once threw strong emotion of any kind into words, and so freed the heart from half its weight. In all his Psalms we hear the lyric rush of feeling, the cry, as it were, in the first verse, with which irrepressible emotion leaped in a moment into voice. One can fancy him walking silently along the gorge, thoughts, feelings mingling and increasing in volume of emotion within him, till at last, as he came out of the gloomy pass, and saw from the bright grassy downs, dotted with forest groups, and golden in the light of the red evening, the sun set in the pure sky, his heart swelled with the beauty and rejoiced in the clear air, and out broke the song, in a rush, "Hear me when I call, O God of my righteousness: thou hast enlarged me in distress; be gracious to me, and hear my prayer."

It is a wild cry to God. For David was in sore trouble, though the trouble had diminished, and out of trouble comes prayer.

It is very well in easy life, with small sorrows, and only the pain that fancy makes, when the sky of existence is blue and bright, not to pray; then the countenance of friends, the coming of fair weather, some new amusement or interest are sufficient to restore the heart—God is not thought of; but when the hurricane comes, when treachery and desertion, as in David's case, threaten to poison the springs of life, when one falls into an abyss of sorrow and self-torment, then the soul cannot get on alone. The depths of being are stirred, and "Out of the depths we cry unto thee, O God." It is no product of reasoning, of the weighing for and against of the possibility of prayer; but spontaneous, swift as lightning, overriding all the logic of the understanding, the heart assumes in a moment a living being of love and care, and cries, "Come to me, my God, I need thee now." And He comes, the infinite love, undeterred by our long neglect, touched by no false human jealousy of His honour, smiling at our petulance, pitying our pain, with all the happy readiness of endless love, to do the best for us, to make us feel that though we did not see Him, He has been with us all our life.

Everywhere in the history of the human heart these two things are found, in the hour of our bitter pain. Nor are the same things found only in pain, but, as if pain and pleasure were two sides of the same thing, in the supremest joy also. They are found—this unfathomable desire, this far-off sense of one who can fill it—when inspiration reaches its last earthly height of attainment; when poetry comes as natural expression and yet cannot express all it needs; when the artist is swept away by his ideal and is in rapture, even though he cannot realise it; when the lover of truth is wordless, and can only die to express his love; nay, Nature herself, speaking the voice of our heart, seems to echo it; we think we hear it in the sighing of the stream and in the whisper on the moor; it comes to us out of the endlessness of the midnight sky that seems to be burdened with its own infinity, weary of finding no limit to itself. Philosophize as we will, we are driven by these unspeakable wants, by this eternal yearning, to create an answer to it, and we call that answer God.

Of course I cannot, you cannot, prove God; but if this does not mean God, the infinite fulness of life, what does it mean? What

answer does the atheist give to it? What is the use of the scientific explanations of the cause of this cry, if the cry be there unsatisfied? It does not cure my hunger to give me the reason of it; it is only food will satisfy me. And if this want has no practical satisfaction, if there is no infinite plenitude to fill my infinite want, if the travail of man ends in no new birth, if feeling myself a son I have no Father, and sinful and I have no righteousness, and capable of eternity and there is only annihilation for me, then I had rather be a dog than a man.

Out of these two things—consciousness of an infinite want and an infinite fulness, and of the relation of one to the other—springs prayer, the paradox; and whatever some may say, it is undeniable that men, and those not the worst, but the best of the race, have received, or if you like, imagined they received, an answer. Their want has been filled; their pain changed into power; their inward disease healed; their cry of hopeless aspiration altered into a cry of infinite and conquering hope; their view of nature so changed, that it brings them calm instead of reflecting their own pain; their weakness made strong; their hour of death met, not with rigid stoicism, but with bright emotion of gratitude; and their whole life, it may be of humblest duty, or of lingering pain, made one career of triumph and of resignation that ennobles others as they look upon it. It is things like these which these men have themselves—and they are not bad judges—confessed to be the results of prayer to God, felt and claimed as their Father and Friend, that go far to convince men who doubt the reality and force of prayer.

The first knowledge of its power comes, as I have said, in the solemn and awful hours of life, at least to those who have not served God from their youth, and even those find in it then a new power. And then the great characteristic of it is impetuosity, such as marks the outcry of David, "Hear me, when I call." For a kind of violence marks earnestness. As there is cruelty sometimes in love when it has grasped the whole nature almost to strangling, so there is often a harsh neglect of reverence when one feels that one must have God with us or die. Our passion lifts us above ordinary forms; we claim a kind of equality with the Highest; a right of kindred as it were which throws aside respect in agony of desire. "I will not let thee go unless thou bless me," answers Jacob. When Moses, agonized with failure, stands before God, listen how he speaks: "Lord, where-

fore hast thou so evil entreated this people? why is it thou hast sent me? For since I came to Pharaoh to speak in thy name, he hath done evil to this people; neither hast thou delivered thy people at all." When Jeremiah, cast into his dungeon, heard on all sides the mocking of the world, his misery broke out in impatient reproach: "O Lord, thou hast deceived me, and I was deceived: thou art stronger than I, and hast prevailed: I am in derision daily, every one mocketh me. Then I said, I will not make mention of him nor speak any more in his name." When Habbakuk looked round him and saw only evil, and felt that it was God's righteousness in him which made him bitterly conscious of evil, and yet saw that there was nothing that seemed to be done to set things right, his was no quiet, patient utterance: "O Lord, how long shall I cry, and thou wilt not hear! even cry out to thee of violence and thou wilt not save! Why dost thou shew me iniquity, and cause me to behold grievance?"

When the nobleman met Christ and asked for the life of his son, and Christ answered with some questions about faith, the awful grief in the man's heart broke through all the questions rudely, and came with violence to the point, "Sir, come down ere my child die."

Yes, in these hours, how do we pray? Not in set words; often only in the repetition of one cry, "Hear me, hear me when I call." Often only in a voiceless passion in the heart, "with groanings that cannot be uttered;" or if expression come, with harsh, rude, and rugged words, with indignant faith in God. And God does not mind the roughness of the weak human feeling, just because He sees beneath the surface the growing faith, and knows that at a touch He can transform it into love. He likes to be laid siege to and, as it were, forced to capitulate, and I may be allowed the expression when I recall the words of Christ, "The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." Half-hearted, lazy prayer has no force in it, cannot climb to Heaven's gate. That which has no will, no passion at its root, dies faintly on the lips. And so the Greek as well as the Christian knew. When one of the Homeric heroes called out of his misfortune upon his god, "Out of his heart he poured a mighty cry," that is the way the poet puts it. And when in Southey's Hindoo poem the Glendover cleft the sky to Seeva's feet, the strong power that nerved his wing to reach the utmost bound of the remotest sphere, where Seeva lives as light,

"Was all-surmounting will,  
Intensity of faith and holiest love;  
And as he prayed intenser faith he felt,  
His spirit seemed to melt  
With ardent yearnings of increasing love,  
Let me not Seeva seek in vain, he cries."

These things, passion, faith, and will, are the wings of prayer, as they are the wings of all the words and deeds which bring forth fruit on earth. Without them, our prayers are like his who knelt at the altar with his brother's death upon his soul—

"My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;  
Words without thoughts never to Heaven go."

Be therefore in earnest with God; be importunate; let no silence, no apparent cruelty send you back. Though He answer you never a word; though when He answers He answer roughly, "It is not meet to take the children's bread and to cast it to dogs," do not let Him go. And though there be delay, the final answer will be this, "O woman, great is thy faith, be it unto thee even as thou wilt."

But sometimes neither faith, passion, or will arise, and we cannot pray at all.

The heart gets often hard in bitter sorrow; neither words nor thoughts will come. God Himself is seen as the injurer, and then it is indeed miserable, for there is no outward consolation possible, that is shrunk from as intrusion; and without God there is no silent inner comfort, and deprived of all, one is thrown back on one's self, a dreadful companion, and nothing is heard but the deafening clang of the reiterated knell of sorrow.

I suppose there is nothing for that but time and human love; time to slowly make the wound less sore with its soothing hand, human love to lead one to believe in the love of God again.

One thing, however, we can do—we can compel ourselves to take interest in others; we can force ourselves away from our sorrow to relieve the sorrow of others. By-and-by, though we cannot pray for ourselves, we may try to pray for others whom we love, and then, having gained something of the custom of prayer, we shall be surprised one day into praying for ourselves and find our God again.

At other times, however, it is not this that makes prayer impossible. It is a deep depression, the essential difference of which is that it seems without cause. It is a nameless anger against nothing; a sense of life being too hard for us, for which we despise ourselves but which we cannot get rid of; a feeling that there has been nothing but failure, even though we know we have had all the



success we deserve. In these hours of despondence, in which we hate ourselves but which seem wholly out of our power to conquer, prayer seems impossible.

Why? The reasons are different for different persons. Sometimes we are of that temperament in which everything at certain intervals seems phantasmal. The outward world loses all reality. We are forced to touch things to prove their existence, and even that does not prove it; we seem to look beyond, behind everything, into a vast empty space, in which we are alone; our own life seems less than a dream and we ourselves its shadow; all our past we know, but we seem to know it as belonging to another person, and it fades away into an infinite distance; our work has no reality, our friends, those we most dearly love—children, wife, and brothers—have no relations to us, and though we speak to them we cannot conceive why we love them or what we have to do with them, except as a ghost with ghosts; all their connection with us dies into a fluttering dream, for which we care as we care for a picture which we glance at and forget. Days, weeks, and years which friendship and love filled full with memories and associations which we thought would stir the blood even in the chill of age, do not warm a single fibre of the heart. Nay, when they recur, they are weariness inexpressible; we feel to them as Ulysses felt to the ghosts that crowded, a thin, wailing multitude, around the trench of sacrifice, and we force them away, for we cannot bear to be haunted by phantoms; they make our phantom mood too real to ourselves. It is only silence that we want, for in that at least we are less conscious of the hard fate that has made us and all things into the stuff that dreams are made of. And yet all the time, we know that the whole thing is absurd, and are ready to smile at it. The reasoning power is clear, but for all that it has no practical influence, it cannot overcome the dream.

Now when that comes, God becomes as much a phantom as the rest. We do not believe in Him any more than in ourselves; and it is only with a vague remnant of self-consciousness that we are sorry for ourselves, sorry to find ourselves so alone, yet so restless, winging our way like a bird through an infinite void, forced to fly onwards for ever; but however far we fly, always at the centre of an eternity; ready to give worlds for some island star on which to rest one foot for a moment, but never finding it; no human voice to reach us, no God, no home. How

is one to pray then? there is nothing to pray to, for the very essence of the condition is that there is no centre, no source of things, no end and no beginning conceivable.

It is not so uncommon as one might think, and it has its astonished pain. Perhaps physical exertion might remedy it, but if we are fixed down and cannot get it! Work is of little use; and when we force ourselves to it, we either do it badly, or, as is often the case, no thought is possible; nothing will come. And even if we succeed in compelling labour, this condition underlies it, and the moment we cease, we are away again in our land of shadows, where life and love and morality and God are all alike unreal. There is no prayer possible then. We must wait till common sense returns, till the sense of life begins to move again, and if we are healthy of heart, we desire and long for that, and it is sure to come. But if we like and encourage these states, as is sometimes the case, and cherish this dreamland, we get wretchedly wrong, and God has a sharp way of dealing with it. He clears the air of all our unreal fancies, by giving us something real to deal with. Is this a shadow, this a phantom? He asks, and He sends home to our heart one of those bitter blows which convince us of reality by making every nerve quiver and the heart reel. "Know now," He cries, "that I am, that you are, that we have doings one with another, that you must take up duty, that you must act and not dream in life." And we are forced into activity, and into prayer. For we waken with such a shock that we cry on our God.

Sometimes, however, it is not this vague depression that hinders prayer, but the seeming failure of life. We have actually failed for the time in our life or work. All has gone wrong.

Two thoughts then arise, and both hinder prayer, at the very moment when we want it most. The first is that we are injured by God. As long as that sense of injustice done to us by God lasts—and it often lasts long since we excuse ourselves by it—there is, no chance of prayer. We cannot pray to one whom we consider unjust.

Again, we think (supposing that there has been no consciousness of error, and yet we have failed) that God has made all things for naught. "I have done my best," we say; "it has been no good; my whole life is wrecked; what I did was true and pure and just, and I gave up everything for it, and now it has sunk in the ocean, and not a foam-bell on the surface denotes where my ship

once rode so 'stately. God has made all things for vanity."

We cannot encourage that thought and grow to believe it, without going further to think that God Himself is vanity. His truth, His love, His justice, cease to be more than empty names, and He becomes a mere name Himself before long. Then, also, prayer becomes impossible.

I cannot, however, but think that we arrive at that stage when hardness of heart or failure comes, because before that came we had made God a stranger by neglecting prayer. We dropt at some time or another our childish habit of kneeling down and speaking to Him, and gradually omitting the form, the spirit of the thing grew cold, and we ceased even to think of His presence with us as the guard and guide of life. Owing to that we fell into the fault which stifled the birth of our effort and which spoilt it. Owing to that our work wanted that religious note, that spirit of life, which would have enabled us to trust Him even in failure, and to spring out of it into renewed action with a clearer view of our object. And now having neglected communion with Him, never referring our action to Him, we cannot recover it. When the time comes that prayer would be of avail to win for us strength, comfort, and resolution, in the feeling that we possess as ours a personal friend who is for us Almighty power and love—we do not know the way to Him, nor do we realise Him as He is. We mistake Him, for we are ignorant; we are afraid of Him instead of loving Him; we think He will take vengeance, we dread His anger, we imagine Him as jealous of the past; we see only wrath in His punishment, we bestow on Him all our human littleness, and of course we cannot, nay, we will not pray.

These are some of the more uncommon phases of heart which occur in the hours of great trial, or in hours which from the dominance of fancy seem equivalent to trial; and the general cause of their power over us is that we have neglected to keep God by our side, forgotten or been driven far from Him.

And now, what lesson about these two things does this song of David's teach? With all his sins he had not forgotten the Ever Near. He had not, except for one wretched year, when he was enthralled with passion, and bitterly repented, left off that prayer which makes a man always conscious of God by his side. And this is the great lesson of this Psalm. He had met awful misfortune; no more terrible blow could have fallen on a

man. His dearest son had turned against him. The sting which drove poor Lear out into the storm was in his heart. "Sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child." Also, all seemed failure; his glory was turned to shame; the kingdom he had built up out of the dust wrenched from his hand by a forgetful people; and in his place in Zion, men who loved vanity and sought after lies: deceivers and deceived. If any one might have doubted of God, it was he; if any one might have said, There is injustice in this rule, all is evil; all the promises I trusted in are naught, it was David.

And yet, how do we find him? The sole cheerful, hopeful, vigorous-hearted man among all the fugitives. All around him were more or less despairing: "What possible good is there in this?" they cried: "where shall we find a spark of hope?" "There be many that say," says David, "who will show us any good?" And the great king and greater man replies, feeling the presence of Jehovah with him, "Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us." Is not that magnificent? What great self-confidence, yet what humility!

That is the true temper of prayer, a proud humility. Mark how it is given in the words, "God of my right, have mercy on me."

He appeals with proud confidence to the righteous God to avenge His cause; not with pride that had its root in self, but in knowledge of God's righteousness. He had sinned, and he felt that this overthrow and flight were part of his punishment. But God, David also felt—and how victorious over life such a feeling makes a man!—was not a whit less near, less loving to him because He punished, but nearer and more loving. And though he was driven out of his kingdom, and that was God's punishment, yet that did not make the wrong done to him by the rebels less wrong. Though punished by God, yet David cried, My cause is now a just one; and for the very reason that God was against me for my sin, He must now be on my side, for I am right. "God of my right, therefore, hear my prayer." This was his proud and noble trust in God as eternal righteousness and as bound by His nature to support the right. It is not pride of self. It is pride in God; say, rather, lofty trust.

But in a moment, lest the heart should be too bold, he unconsciously supplements the cry of confidence by the cry of humility, "Have mercy upon me." This is the true amalgam of prayer; trust which boldly claims



God, humility that owns the weakness of self. Yes, to feel that we are all things in God, that in Him we are ennobled creatures, children of the loftiest destiny, master of all things in His strength, of the world, of fate, of our own unquiet hearts, of failure, of depression, of the tempests of trial, full of a high carelessness of what man can do unto us, when the light of His countenance is lifted on us; and yet that we are nothing in ourselves—that is the essence of the prayerful spirit: "God of my righteousness, have mercy upon me."

And the answer comes at once to such a prayer, as it came to David, not as yet in restoration to the kingdom, but in that

which made restoration or not indifferent, in gladness of heart, in peace of heart.

"Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time that their corn and wine and oil increased.

"I will both lay me down in peace and sleep: for it is thou, Lord, only that maketh me dwell in safety."

It may be our answer, if we pray; and oh, what dearer blessings can we have on earth than simple gladness, and to hear His voice in our hearts, "Thou hast had much trouble, my child, and a stirring time; lie down now in peace and sleep, and I will watch for thy security?"

STOFFORD A. BROOKE.

## DUTCH PICTURES.

ALL gaily painted white and green  
(For little in this land is seen  
Of sombre black or brown,  
Saving the dark canals that glide  
Through busy banks on either side.)  
The Treckshûte left the town:

A boat by which the peasants go  
To church or market, to and fro,  
To neighbouring feast or fair;  
And so from Rotterdam we hie,  
Contented well, my friend and I,  
Their out-door life to share.

From mill to painted mill we flee,  
Grey-thatched and beautiful to see,  
With balcony and paling;  
While tangling ropes are loosed, and flung  
From barge to barge, as one by one,  
They pass, with groups of old and young,  
In morning sunshine sailing.

The stage, with all its shifting scenes,  
Hath scarce more mystic ways and means,  
Emergencies to meet;  
And dear to me the cheerful chat,  
Now this way flowing, and now that,  
The quaint costume, the old-world hat,  
The laughter fresh and sweet,

Deep-set within the sunny sky,  
The horse and boy are plodding by,  
Like pictures on the blue;  
While at the bridges, quick as thought,  
The ropes are loosed, thrown up, and caught,  
Returned on passing through.

Nor this alone; for many send  
Some gift or package to a friend,  
Flung downwards to the barge;  
A simple thing, and yet to me  
Bearing the charm of novelty,  
Or happy hint of joy to be  
Committed to our charge.

On, on by house and garden wall,  
And glass pavilion rounded tall,  
Where wealthy merchants hie,  
On Sundays, when the days are fine,  
With friends and family to dine,  
And see the boats pass by;

Where still some painted gate withdrawn  
Shows, opening up from lawn to lawn,  
The endless waters shining,  
Like creeping snakes on either hand,  
Still threat'ning to possess the land,  
The low soil undermining;

But baffled ever, brought to bay,  
Dammed up, drained off, or turned away  
By busy human bees,  
Who hold their own with ceaseless toil,  
Still battling for their native soil,  
Against the treacherous seas.

Young smooth-cheeked maidens stoop to lave  
Vessel or linen in the wave,  
In garb that suits the wearer;  
Gold ear-ring'd, golden-haired, and gay,  
A princess on her wedding-day  
Might wear more beautiful array,  
And yet seem none the fairer.

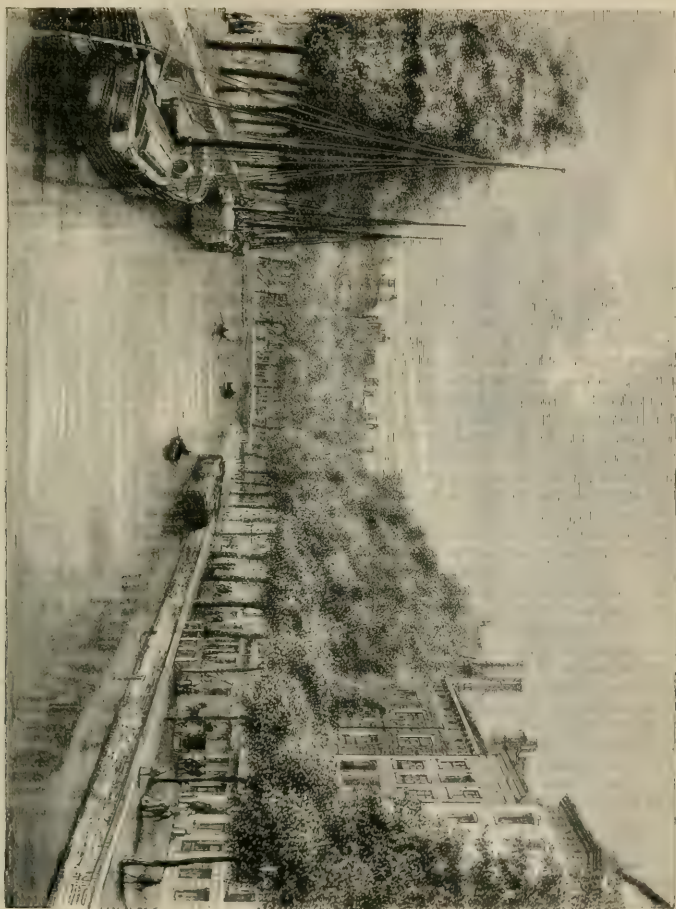
And yet they toil from morn to night,  
And burnish and make all things bright,  
In Treckshûte, mill or farm;  
And sometimes, by the water's marge,  
We've seen a woman draw a barge  
And with no feeble arm.

Such women drove the Spaniards down,  
Upon the ramparts of the town,  
As Haarlem's picture shows;  
Pale forms of love are grappling there  
With death, dishonour, and despair,  
And one, with blood-bedabbled hair,  
Released from earthly foes.

And now the waters, running gold,  
Lead on to Delf,\* and enfold  
The old pictorial town,  
Where boats are passing, as in dream,  
Through sliding doors, that show the stream  
Where we suspected none;

By carven casements, red and blue,  
Those quaint home-glimpses meet the view  
Dutch painters loved of old;  
Rich pictures flash within the frame—  
A jewell'd maiden carrying game,  
A smoke-wreath'd sire, an aged dame  
In head-dress of wrought gold.

\* Pronounced "Dellef."



And here we stop to rest and dine—  
 Our ripe dessert of fruit and wine  
 Set in the open air.  
 We watch the western glow awhile  
 The waters of their gl'om beguile,  
 Oft greeted by the jest and smile  
 Of peasants from the fair.

Leaving fair Delf with the light,  
 By little slips of water bright  
 With moonbeams, on we passed,  
 From bridge to bridge, from mill to mill,  
 Where cattle glimmer through the chill,  
 While water-vapours, silvery still,  
 We gain La Haye at last.

So dawns fair Holland on a mind  
 To names and data disinclined,  
 Or powerless to hold;  
 Whose favourite pictures ever float  
 Below the far-famed works of note,  
 By dark canal and market boat,  
 And Delf's casements old.

C. M. GEMMER.

## THE LONG ISLAND, OR OUTER HEBRIDES.

### I.

THAT long range of islands and islets which, extending from latitude  $56^{\circ} 47' N.$  to latitude  $58^{\circ} 32' N.$ , acts as a great natural breakwater to protect the north-west coast of Scotland from the ruder assaults of the Atlantic billows is not much visited by the ordinary tourist. During "the season" the steamers now and again, it is true, deposit a few wanderers at Tarbert and Stornoway, some of whom may linger for a shorter or longer time to try a cast for salmon in Loch Laxdail, while others, on similar piscatorial deeds intent, may venture inland as far as Gearaidh nah Aimehne (Garrynahine). Others, again, who are curious in the matter of antiquities, may visit the weird standing-stones of Callernish, or even brave the jolting of a "trap" along the somewhat rough road that leads from Tarbert to Rodel, in order to inspect the picturesque little chapel there, and take rubbings of its quaint tombstones with their recumbent effigies of knights, and Crusaders' swords, and somewhat incomprehensible Latinity. Occasionally a few bolder spirits may be tempted by the guide-books to visit Barra Head, with its ruddy cliffs and clouds of noisy sea birds, or even to run north to the extremity of the Long Island to view the wonders of the Butt of Lewis. But, as a rule, the few summer visitants who are landed at Stornoway content themselves with a general inspection of the grounds about Sir James Mathieson's residence, while those who are dropped at Tarbert on Saturday are usually quite ready to depart on Monday with the steamer that brought them. The fact is that hotel accommodation in the Outer Hebrides is rather limited, and the means of locomotion through the islands is on the same slender scale. Those, therefore, who

are not able and willing to rough it had better not venture far beyond Tarbert and Stornoway.

When the islands are first approached they present, it must be confessed, a somewhat forbidding aspect. Bare, bleak rocks, with a monotonous rounded outline, crowd along the shore, and seem to form all but the very highest portions of the land that meet our view, while such areas of low ground as we can catch a glimpse of appear to be everywhere covered with a dusky mantle of heath and peat. But, although the general character of the scenery is thus tame and sombre, yet there are certain districts which in their wild picturesqueness are hardly surpassed by many places in the northern Highlands, while one may search the coastline of the mainland in vain for cliffs to compare with those gaunt walls of rock, against which the great rollers of the Atlantic continually surge and thunder. It is wonderful, too, how, under the influence of a light blue sky, flecked with shining silvery clouds, the sombre peat lands lighten up and glow with regal purple and ruddy brown. With such a sky above him, and with a lively breeze fresh from the Atlantic and laden with the sweetness of clover and meadow hay and heather-bloom sweeping gaily past him, what wanderer in the Outer Hebrides need be pitted? And such days are by no means so rare in these islands as many a jaundiced lowlander has maintained. It is true that heavy mists and drizzling rain are often provokingly prevalent, and I cannot forget the experience of a sad-hearted exile, who had resided continuously for a year in Lewis, and who, upon being asked what kind of climate that island enjoyed, replied: "Sir, it

has no climate. There are nine months of winter, and three months of very bad weather." For myself, I can say that my experience of the climate in June, July, and early August of several years has been decidedly favourable. During those months I found comparatively few days in which a very fair amount of walking and climbing could not be accomplished with ease and pleasure, and that is a good deal more than one could venture to say of Skye and many parts of the west coast of the mainland. The greatest drawback to one's comfort are the midges, which in these islands are beyond measure bloodthirsty, and quite as obnoxious as the most carnivorous mosquitoes. Smoking, and all the other arts and devices by which the designs of these tiny pests are usually circumvented, have no effect upon the Hebridean vampires. In the low grounds especially they make life a burden. But those who have already become acquainted with the Ross-shire midges and yet have preserved their equanimity, may feel justified in braving the ferocity of the Hebridean hosts. And if they do so I believe they will be well repaid for their courage. To the hardy pedestrian, especially, who likes to escape from the beaten track laid down in guide-books, it will be a pleasure in itself to roam over a region which has not yet come entirely under the dominion of Mr. Cook. If he be simply a lover of the picturesque he will yet not be disappointed; and possibly he may pick up a few hints in these notes as to those districts which are most likely to repay him for his toil in reaching them. But if to his love of the picturesque he joins a taste for archaeological pursuits, then I can assure him that there is a rich and by no means exhausted field of study in the antiquities of the Long Island. Interesting, however, as are the relics of prehistoric and later times which one meets with, yet it is the geologist, perhaps, who will be most rewarded by a visit to these islands.

The physical features of the Outer Hebrides are, as already stated, somewhat monotonous, but this is quite consistent with considerable variety of scenic effect. All the islands are not equally attractive, although the configuration of hills and low grounds remains persistently the same from the Butt of Lewis to Barra Head. The most considerable island is that of which Lewis and Harris form the northern and southern portions respectively. By far the larger part of the former is undulating moorland, the only really mountainous district being that which

adjoins Harris in the south. A good general idea of the moorlands is obtained by crossing the island from Stornoway to Garrynahine. What appeared at first to be only one vast extended peat-bog is then seen to be a gently undulating country, coated, it is true, with much peat in the hollows, but clad for the most part with heath, through which ever and anon peer bare rocks and rocky debris. Now and again, indeed, especially towards the centre of the island, the ground rises into rough round-topped hills, sprinkled sparingly with vegetation. One of the most striking features of the low grounds, however, is the enormous number of freshwater lakes, which are so abundant as to form no small proportion of the surface. They are, as a rule, most irregular in outline, but have a tendency to arrange themselves along two lines—one set trending from south-east to north-west, while another series is drawn out, as it were, from south-west to north-east. I am sure that I am within the mark in estimating the freshwater lakes in the low grounds of Lewis to be at least five hundred in number. In the mountain district the lakes are, of course, confined to the valleys, and vary in direction accordingly.

Harris and the southern part of Lewis are wholly mountainous, and show hardly a single acre of level ground. The mountains are often bold and picturesque, especially those which are more than 1,600 feet in height. They are also exceedingly bare and desolate, the vegetation on their slopes being poor and scanty in the extreme. Some of the hills, indeed, are absolutely barren. In North Harris we find the highest peaks of the Outer Hebrides—these are the Clisham, 2,622 feet, and the Langa, 2,438 feet. The glens in this elevated district are often wild and rugged, such as the Bealach-Miavag and the Bealach-na-Ciste, both of which open upon West Loch Tarbert. But amid all this ruggedness and wild disorder of broken crag and beetling precipice, even a very non-observant eye can hardly fail to notice that the general contour or configuration of the hills is smooth, rounded, and flowing, up to a rather well-marked level, above which the outline becomes broken and interrupted, and all the rounded and smoothed appearance vanishes. The contrast between the smoothly flowing contour of the lower elevations and the shattered and riven aspect of the harsh ridges, sharp peaks, and craggy tors above, is particularly striking. The mammillated and dome-shaped masses have a pale, ghastly, grey hue, their broad bare surfaces reflecting



the light freely, while at higher elevations the abundant irregularities of the rocks throw many shadows, and impart a darker aspect to the mountain-tops.

The appearances now described are very well seen along the shores of West Loch Tarbert. All the hills that abut upon that loch show smoothed and rounded faces, and this character prevails up to a height of 1,600 feet, or thereabout, when all at once it gives way, and a broken, interrupted contour succeeds. Thus the top of the Tarcall ridge in South Harris is dark, rough, and irregular, while the slopes below are grey, smooth, and flowing. The same is conspicuously the case with the mountains in North Harris, the ruinous and sombre-looking summits of the Langa and the Clisham soaring for several hundred feet above the pale grey mammillated hills that sweep downwards to the sea.

After having familiarised themselves with the aspect of the hills as seen from below, the lover of the picturesque, not less than the geologist, will do well to ascend some dominant point from which an extensive bird's-eye view can be obtained. For such purpose I can recommend the Tarcall and Roneval in South Harris, the Clisham and the Langa in North Harris, and Suainabhal in Lewis. The view from these hills is wonderfully extensive and very impressive. From Suainabhal one commands nearly all Lewis; and what a weird picture of desolation it is! An endless succession of bare, grey, round-backed rocks and hills, with countless lakes and lakelets nestling in their hollows, undulates outwards over the districts of Uig and Pairc. Away to the north spread the great moorlands with their lochans, while immediately to the south one catches a fine panoramic view of the mountains of Harris. And then those long straggling arms of the sea, reaching into the very heart of the island—how blue, and bright, and fresh they look! I suppose the natives of the Lewis must have been fishermen from the very earliest times. It seems hardly possible otherwise to believe that the bare rocks and peat-bogs, which form the major portion of its surface, could ever have supported a large population; and yet there is every evidence to show that this part of the Long Island was tolerably well populated in very early days. The great standing-stones of Callernish and the many other monoliths, both solitary and in groups, that are scattered along the west coast of Lewis, surely betoken as much. And those curious round towers, or places of refuge and defence, which are so well represented in the same

district, although they may be much younger in date than the monoliths of Callernish, tell the same tale.

From the summits of the Clisham and the Langa the view is finer than that obtained from Suainabhal. The former overlook all the high grounds of Harris and Lewis, and the monotonous moors with their countless straggling lakes and peaty tarns. Indeed, they dominate nearly the whole of the Long Island, the hills of distant Barra being quite distinguishable. Of course, the lofty island of Rum, and Skye with its Coolins are both clearly visible, the whole view being framed in to eastward by the mountains of Ross and Sutherland. On a clear day, which, unfortunately, I did not get, one should be quite able to see St. Kilda. Hardly less extensive is the view obtained from Roneval (1,506 feet), in the south of Harris. Far away to the west lie St. Kilda and its little sister islet of Boreray. Southwards stretch the various islands of the Outer Hebrides—North Uist, Benbecula, South Uist, and Barra. How plainly visible they all are—a screen of high mountains facing the Minch, and extending, apparently, along their whole eastern margin—with broad lake-dappled plains sweeping out from the foot-hills to the Atlantic. In the east, Skye with its spiky Coolins spreads before one, and north of Skye we easily distinguish Ben Slioch and the mountains of Loch Maree and Loch Torridon. South Harris lies, of course, under our feet, and it is hard to give one who has not seen it an adequate notion of its sterile desolation. Round-backed hills and rocks innumerable, scraped bare of any soil, and supporting hardly a vestige of vegetation; heavy mountain masses with a similar rounded contour, and equally naked and desolate; blue lakelets scattered in hundreds among the hollows and depressions of the land: such is the general appearance of the rocky wilderness that stretches inland from the shores of the Minch. Then all around lies the great blue sea, shining like sapphire in the sun, and flecked with tiny sails, where the fishermen are busy at their calling.

From what has now been said, it will readily be understood that there is not much cultivable land in Harris and the hilly parts of Lewis. What little there is occurs chiefly along the west coast, a character which we shall find in common to most of the islands of the Outer Hebrides. In the neighbourhood of Stornoway, and over considerable areas along the whole west coast of Lewis, the moorlands have been broken in upon by

spade and plough, with more or less success. But natural meadow-lands, such as are frequently met with on the west side of many of the islands both of the Outer and Inner Hebrides, are not very common in Lewis.

One of the most notable features of the hillier parts of the Long Island are the enormous numbers of loose stones and boulders which are everywhere scattered about on hill-top, hill-side, and valley-bottom. Harris is literally peppered with them, and they are hardly less abundant in the other islands. They are of all shapes and sizes—round, sub-angular, and angular. One great block in Barra I estimated to weigh seven hundred and seventy tons. Many measure over three or four yards across, while myriads are much smaller. These boulders are sometimes utilised in a singular way. In Harris, there being only one burial-place, the poor people have often to carry their dead a long distance, and this of course necessitates resting on the journey. To mark the spot where they have rested, the mourners are wont to erect little cairns by the road-side, many of which are neatly built in the form of cones and pyramids, while others are mere shapeless heaps of stones thrown loosely together. Instead of raising cairns, however, they occasionally select some boulder, and make it serve the purpose by canting it up and inserting one or more stones underneath. Occasionally I have seen in various parts of the mainland great boulders cocked up at one end in the same way. Some of these may be in their natural position, but as they often occupy conspicuous and commanding situations, I am inclined to think that the cromlech-builders may have tampered with them for memorial purposes. The present custom of the Harris men may therefore be a survival from that far-distant period when Callernish was in its glory.

North Uist is truly a land of desolation and dreariness. Bare, rocky hills, which are remarkable for their sterile nakedness even in the Long Island, form the eastern margin, and from the foot of these the low, undulating, rocky and peaty land stretches for some ten or twelve miles to the Atlantic. The land is everywhere intersected by long, straggling inlets of sea-water, and sprinkled with lakes and peaty tarns innumerable. Along the flat Atlantic coast, which is overlooked by some sparsely-clad hills, are dreary stretches of yellow sand blown up into dunes. Near these are a few huts and a kirk and manse. Not a tree, not even a bush higher than heather, is to be seen. Peat, and water, and

rock; rock, and water, and peat—that is North Uist. The neighbourhood of Lochmaddy, which is the residence of a sheriff-substitute and rejoices besides in the possession of a jail, is depressing in the extreme. It is made up of irregular bits of flat land all jumbled about in a shallow sea, so that to get to a place one mile in direct distance you may have to walk five or six miles, or even more. I could not but agree with the natives of the more coherent parts of the Long Island, who are wont to declare that Lochmaddy is only “the clippings of creation”—the odds and ends and scraps left over after the better lands were finished. North Uist, however, boasts of some interesting antiquities—Picts’ houses, and a great cairn called the Barp, inside of which, according to tradition, rest the remains of a wicked prince of the “good old days.” Notwithstanding these, there are probably few visitors who will not pronounce North Uist to be a dreary island.

Benbecula is precisely like North Uist, but it lacks the bare mountains of the latter. There is only one hill, indeed, in Benbecula; all the rest is morass, peat, and water.

Massive mountains fringe all the eastern shores of South Uist, and send westward numerous spurs and foot-hills that encroach upon the “machars,” or good lands, so as to reduce them to a mere narrow strip, bordering on the Atlantic. Save the summits of Beinn Mhor (2,033 feet) and Hecla (1,988 feet), which are peaked and rugged, all the hills show the characteristic flowing outline which has already been described in connection with the physical features of Harris. The low grounds are, as usual, thickly studded with lakes, and large loose boulders are scattered about in all directions.

Barra is wholly mountainous, and, except that it is somewhat less sterile, closely resembles Harris in its physical features, the hills being smoothed, rounded, and bare, especially on the side of the island that faces the Minch. Of the smaller islands that lie to the south, such as Papey, Miuley, and Bearnarey, the most noteworthy features are the lofty cliffs which they present to the Atlantic. For the rest, they show precisely the same appearances as the hillier and barer portions of the larger islands—rounded rocks with an undulating outline, dotted over with loose stones and boulders, and now and again half smothered in yellow sand which the strong winds blow in upon them.

There is thus, as I have said, considerable uniformity and even monotony throughout the whole range of the Outer Hebrides. I

speak, however, chiefly as a geologist. An artist, no doubt, will find infinite variety, and as he wends his way by moorland, or mountain glen, or sea-shore, scenes are constantly coming into view which he will be fain to transfer to his sketch-book. The colour effects, too, are often surprisingly beautiful. When the rich meadow-lands of the west coast are in all their glory, they show many dazzling tints and shades, the deep tender green being dashed and flushed with yellow, and purple, and scarlet, and blue, over which the delighted eye wanders to a belt of bright sand upon the shore, and the vast azure expanse of the Atlantic beyond. Inland are the heath-clad moors, sprinkled with grey boulders and masses of barren rock, and interspersed with lakes, some of which are starred with clusters of lovely water-lilies. Behind the moorlands, again, rise the grim, bald mountains, seamed and scarred with gullies, and in their very general nakedness and sterility offering the strongest contrast to the variegated border of russet moor, and green meadow, and yellow beach that fringe the Atlantic coast.

All through the islands, indeed, the artist will come upon interesting subjects. A most impressive scene may sometimes be witnessed on crossing the North Ford, between North Uist and Benbecula. At low water, the channel or sound between these two islands, which is five miles in breadth, disappears and leaves exposed a wide expanse of wet sand and silt, dotted with black rocks and low tangle-covered reefs and skerries. On the morning I passed over, ragged sheets of mist hung low down on the near horizon, half obscuring and half revealing the stony islets, and crags, and hills that lay between the ford and the Minch. Seen through such a medium, the rocks assumed the most surprising forms, sometimes towering into great peaks and cliffs, at other times breaking up, as it were, into low reefs and shoals, and anon dissolving in grey mist and vapour. At other times the thin cloud-curtain would lift, and then one fancied one saw some vast city with ponderous walls and battlements, and lofty towers and steeples, rising into the mist-wreaths that hung above it, while from many points on the Benbecula coast, where kelp was being prepared, clouds of smoke curled slowly upwards, as if from the camp-fires of some besieging army. The track of the ford winds round and about innumerable rocks, upon which a number of "natives," each stooping solitary and silent to his or her work, were reaping the luxuriant seaweed for

kelp-making. Their silence was quite in keeping with the general stillness, which would have been unbroken but for the harsh scream of the sea-birds, as they ever and anon rose scared from their favourite feeding grounds while we plodded and plashed on our way. The artist who could successfully cope with such a scene would paint a singularly weird and suggestive picture.

But, to return to the physical features of the Long Island, what, we may ask, is the cause of that general monotony of outline to which reference has so frequently been made? At first we seem to get an answer to our question when we are told that the islands of the Outer Hebrides are composed chiefly of one and the same kind of rock. Every one nowadays has some knowledge of the fact that the peculiar features of any given district are greatly due to the character and arrangement of the rock-masses. For example, who is not familiar with the outline of a chalk country, as distinguished from the contour of a region the rocks of which are composed, let us say, of alternating beds of limestone and sandstone and masses of old volcanic material? The chalk country, owing to the homogeneity of its component strata, has been moulded by the action of weather and running water into an undulating region with a softly-flowing outline, while the district of composite formation has yielded unequally to the action of time's workers—rains, and frosts, and rivers—and so is diversified with ridge, and escarpment, and knolls, and crags. When, therefore, we learn that the Outer Hebrides are composed for the most part of the rock called *gneiss* and its varieties, we seem to have at once found the meaning of the uniformity and monotony. It is true that although pink and grey gneiss and schistose rocks prevail from the Butt of Lewis to Barra Head, yet there are some other varieties occasionally met with—thus soft red sandstone and conglomerate rest upon the gneissic rocks near Stornoway, but they occur nowhere else throughout the Long Island. Now and again, however, the gneiss gives place to granite, as on the west coast of Lewis near Carloway; and here and there the strata are pierced by vertical dykes and curious twisted and reticulated veins of basalt-rock. All these, however, hold but a minor and unimportant place as constituents of the islands. Gneiss is beyond question the most prevalent rock, and we seem justified in assigning the peculiar monotony of the Outer Hebridean scenery to that fact.

But when we come to examine the matter



more attentively, we find that there is still some important factor wanting. We have not got quite to the solution of the question. When we study the manner in which the gneiss and gneissic rocks disintegrate and break up at the sea-coast or along the flanks of some rugged mountain-glen, we see they give rise to an irregular uneven surface. They do not naturally decompose and exfoliate into rounded dome-shaped masses, such as are so commonly met with all through the islands, but rather tend to assume the aspect of rugged tors, and peaks, and ridges. The reason for this will be more readily understood when it is learned that the gneissic rocks of the Outer Hebrides are for the most part arranged in strata, which, notwithstanding their immense antiquity (they are the oldest rocks in Europe), and the many changes they have undergone, are yet, as a rule, quite distinguishable. The strata are seldom or never horizontal, but are usually inclined at a high angle, either to north-east or south-west, although sometimes, as in the vicinity of Stornoway, the "dip" or inclination of the beds is to south-east. Throughout the major portion of the Long Island, however, the outcrop of the strata runs transversely across the land from south-east to north-west. Now we know that when this is the case strata of variable composition and character give rise to long escarpments and intervening hollows—the escarpments marking the outcrops of the harder and more durable beds, and the hollows those strata that are softer and more easily eroded by the action of the denuding forces, water and frost. When the dip of the strata is north-east we expect the escarpments to face the south-west, and the reverse will be the case when the strata incline in the opposite direction.

Seeing then that the Outer Hebrides are composed chiefly of gneissic rocks and schists which yield unequally to the weather, and which, in the course of time, would naturally give rise to lines of sharp-edged escarpments or ridges and intervening hollows, with now and again massive hills and mountains showing great cliffs and a generally broken and irregular outline, why is it that such rugged features are so seldom present at low levels, and are only conspicuous at the very highest elevations? The rocks of the Outer Hebrides are of immense antiquity, and there has therefore been time enough for them to assume the irregular contour which we might have expected. But in place of sharp-rimmed escarpments, and tors, and broken shattered ridges, we see everywhere a rounded and

smoothly-flowing configuration which prevails up to a height of 1,600 feet or thereabout, above which the rocks take on the rugged appearance which is natural to them. By what magic have the strata at the lower levels escaped in such large measure from the gnawing action of rain and frost, which have rent and shattered the higher mountain-tops?

I have said that long lines of escarpment and ridges, corresponding to the outcrops of the harder and more durable strata, are not apparent in these islands. A trained eye, however, is not long in discovering that such features, although masked and obscured, are yet really present. The round-backed rocks are drawn out, as it were, in one persistent direction, which always agrees with the *strike* or outcrop of the strata; and in many districts one notices also that long hollows traverse the land from south-east to north-west in the same way. Such alternating hollows and rounded ridges are very conspicuous in Barra and the smaller islands to the south, and they may likewise be noted in most of the larger islands also. Looking at these and other features, the geologist has no hesitation in concluding that the whole of the islands have been subjected to some powerful abrading force, which has succeeded to a large extent in obliterating the primary configuration of the land. The rough ridges have been rounded off, the sharp escarpments have been bevelled, the abrupt tors and peaks have been smoothed down. Here and there, it is true, the dome-shaped rock-masses are beginning again to break up under the action of the weather so as to resume their original irregular configuration. And, doubtless, after the lapse of many ages, rain and frost will gradually succeed in destroying the present characteristic flowing outlines, and the islands will then revert to their former condition, and ragged escarpments, and sharp peaks, and rough broken hummocks, and tors will again become the rule. But for a long time to come these grey Western Islands will continue to present us with some of the most instructive examples of rounded and mammillated rock-masses to be met with in Europe. From Barra Head in Bearnarey to the Butt of Lewis we are constantly confronted by proofs of the former presence of that mysterious abrading power, which has accommodated itself to all the sinuosities of the ground, so that from the sea-level up to a height of 1,600 feet at least, the eye rests almost everywhere upon bare round-backed rocks and smoothed surfaces.

JAMES GEIKIE.



ALL ABOUT A LITTLE BIRD

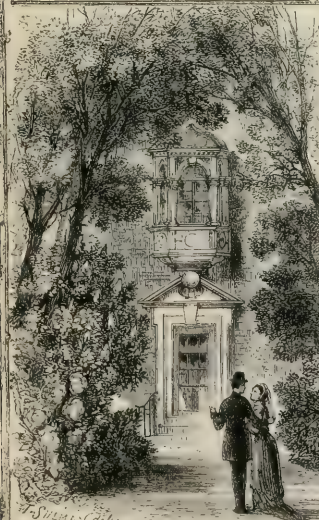


By F. LANGBRIDGE.

IT was not in the blooming May,  
It was not in the dimply spring,  
But deep in the leaden gray  
Of the new year's bitterest day,  
That a sweet little bird that had lost her way,  
A tiny feathery thing,  
Lightly perched on my heart's bare spray  
(Poor little bird, she had lost her way !)  
And folded her downy wing,  
And chirruped and sung on my heart's bare  
spray,  
Folding her soft wee wing.



Sitting alone and apart  
Her notes rang clear and keen,  
And lo ! with a strange sweet start,  
An exquisite shuddering smart,  
Each unborn bud in my frozen heart,  
Pent in its deeps unseen,  
Flashed to the light, a quivering dart  
(Each yearning bud in my frozen heart)  
And thrilled into poignant green ;  
And now she nests in my leafy heart,  
Embowered in the shadowy green.



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## THE VALUE OF ST. PAUL'S EPISTLES

AS HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS, AND THE IMPORTANCE OF THEIR TESTIMONY TO THE FACTS OF PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY.

A CONVICTION has been gradually forming among thoughtful men that the form in which the evidences of Christianity were presented during the last and the earlier portion of the present century, is one which is but ill adapted to meet the requirements of modern thought. The reason of this is not difficult to discover. Unbelief has completely shifted its ground of attack since the period in question. During the last century its underlying principles were founded on the assumption that Christianity had originated in fraud. Against this charge the writings of Paley and others were a triumphant vindication; one, in fact, so complete, that the allegation has been abandoned by an overwhelming majority of educated unbelievers. They now direct their attacks from a very different standpoint. They even assign to Jesus the highest place in their pantheon of great men, but they assume that all the superhuman attributes with which He is invested in the Christian Scriptures have originated in the honest delusions of his enthusiastic followers, who mistook a number of creations of their own disordered imaginations for the actual facts of their Master's life.

This change of front, therefore, on the part of opponents, renders a reconstruction of the Christian argument absolutely necessary to meet the altered circumstances of the attack. All honour to Paley for what he has accomplished; but he would have been the last man to have advocated the employment of arguments taken from a particular standpoint, as an efficient answer to an attack made from a wholly different one. To adhere to the old form of the argument under the altered conditions of the controversy, is equally unwise as it would be in the present year to send out an army furnished with the same weapons as in the year 1815, because in that year an English army so equipped won the battle of Waterloo. Such a force, though victorious then, would be exterminated now. The conditions of the present controversy between Christianity and unbelief are scarcely less altered.

The brevity of space which can be assigned to this article will render it necessary that I should confine my attention to one single portion of the Christian argument, the importance of which has been hitherto almost entirely overlooked, but

which now requires to be placed in the forefront of the Christian position, viz. the value of St. Paul's Epistles as historical documents, and the testimony which they bear to the facts of primitive Christianity. Before entering on this subject, however, a few general remarks will be necessary, to enable the reader to appreciate the position of the controversy.

The old form of stating the argument rested the claims of Christianity to be accepted as a divine revelation almost exclusively on the evidence of miracles; but the present aspect of the controversy, no less than the express teaching of our Lord and His Apostles, require us to assign the foremost place to the moral evidences of Christianity, and to that of miracles a place subordinate to them. The reason of this is clear. Miracles have long ceased to be performed; and we can now only prove their occurrence by means of a long and intricate chain of historical evidence, of the value of which comparatively few are competent judges. But Christianity has now been energizing mightily in the world during more than eighteen centuries of history. If, therefore, Jesus Christ was the superhuman character which he affirmed Himself to be, He ought to have left unmistakable indications of His superhuman action in the history of the past, and in the facts of the present. This brings His claims within the regions of verifiable fact. The question, therefore, becomes a very simple one—Does the action of Jesus Christ on the history of the past, and on the facts of the present, indicate the presence of a superhuman power, or of one purely human; in other words, does it bear out his claims as stated in the Gospels?

When the whole weight of Christianity to be accepted as a divine revelation was made to rest on the evidence of miracles, it became necessary, as an essential portion of the argument, to prove that the Gospels were written by the persons whose names they bear, in order that we might have before us the direct testimony of known persons to the miraculous facts contained in them. The mode of effecting this was by citing passages from the fathers for the purpose of proving that they were in possession of our present Gospels; and that they esteemed them authentic. But, as to be forewarned is to be

forearmed, let me point out what are the weak points in this argument, which the evidence furnished by the Pauline epistles effectually supplements.

AFTER A.D. 180, the era of the great Church writers, Irenæus, Tertullian, Clement of Alexandria, &c., the evidence of the acceptance of the Gospels as the genuine accounts of the actions and teachings of Jesus Christ is as clear as the noonday sun. Our difficulty is in bridging over the interval which lies between A.D. 180 and the Crucifixion. During this our evidence gradually diminishes in conclusiveness, in proportion as we get nearer to the times of our Lord's ministry. This is owing to the inconsiderable remnants of the Christian literature of this period which have escaped from the destructive hand of time. The most important writer, of whose works a considerable portion are extant, is Justin Martyr, who flourished about A.D. 140. They contain about two hundred references to the actions and teaching of our Lord. The all-important question is, Do they afford such a proof as to admit of no reasonable doubt, that our present Gospels supplied Justin with the materials of his references?

The facts are as follows. Justin nowhere refers to either of our Gospels by name; but he expressly tells us that the sources of his information were written documents, which he designates "Memoirs of the Apostles and their companions," and occasionally "Gospels." So far, this is a very close description of our evangelists. But, on the other hand, not one of the two hundred references is in the exact words of either of the Gospels, though in many cases they come extremely near to them. Here, however, it must be observed that the early fathers were not in the habit of exact quotation, as is proved by their references to the Old Testament Scriptures. Still, we are bound to admit that their citations from these show a greater degree of exactness than those which correspond to passages in the Gospels. What conclusion do these facts justify? They render it in the highest degree probable that Justin had in his possession one or more of our Gospels; that he probably was in possession of some of those documents mentioned by St. Luke in his preface; and that some of his information was derived from oral tradition, which at the time when he wrote must have existed in the utmost freshness. I think that this is all which we can demand of the candid unbeliever to accept.

Further, the evidence which is furnished

by the extant writings of the heretic Marcion affords indubitable proof that the Gospel by St. Luke was in existence during the opening years of the second century. So far, but no farther, our direct evidence goes.

But on another point of the highest importance the writings of Justin afford a moral demonstration. What, I ask, do his two hundred references prove beyond the power of contradiction? Clearly that, from whatever source he may have derived his information, one hundred and ninety-six out of his two hundred references to events in the evangelical history are for all practical purposes the same as those contained in the evangelists, varying in expression only, but with no appreciable difference in the sense; and the four remaining ones, to which we find nothing precisely corresponding in the Gospels, are to occurrences devoid of all historical importance. What, then, is the inevitable inference from these facts? I answer that even if it could be proved that Justin was not in possession of either of our four Gospels, his writings render it certain that the "Memoirs of the Apostles" which he used contained a story which differed in no appreciable degree from that which we read in our four evangelists. This being so, the elaborate arguments on both sides of the question as to whether Justin's Memoirs contained one or more of our extant Gospels are a useless expenditure of ingenuity, for it is amply sufficient for all historical purposes that they differed from them only in the proportion of four to one hundred and ninety-six.

But this is not all; Justin's references prove that the accounts which he followed were no recent inventions when he composed his works. He affirms that these "Memoirs of the Apostles" were read publicly in the Christian assemblies. They must, therefore, have been in circulation for a considerable period before they could have attained a reputation which would have entitled them to this honour. Now the date of Justin's works is somewhere about A.D. 145, and his historical recollections must have reached for several years earlier. The inference, therefore, is certain that the same story must have been current in the Church at least from twenty-five to thirty years earlier. This will carry our historical evidence up to a period from A.D. 115 to A.D. 110, or to within from eighty-five to ninety years of the termination of our Lord's ministry. But according to the average length of human life, many of our Lord's primitive followers must have survived till A.D. 70, and se-



veral of them till a later period. A brief interval, therefore, of only about forty years, separates Justin's authorities from the actual witnesses of our Lord's ministry.

But the remnants of the earlier Christian literature will enable us to carry our proof to a date at least thirty years earlier. It is true that the references of the earlier writers to the evangelical history are not so numerous as those of Justin, and the mode in which they are made renders it more difficult to affirm with certainty that they are quotations from the Gospels. Still they abundantly prove that a detailed account of our Lord's ministry was current in the Church, and was accepted by it as constituting the very centre of its Christianity. What then was its nature? It is too much to affirm that these references furnish positive proof that those who made them were in possession of either of our Gospels, though they render it highly probable that such was the case; but they establish as a certainty that the current accounts agreed in all their main features with those in our evangelists. They also establish another point of great importance in this controversy, that the references to anything not contained in the Gospels are surprisingly few, especially when we consider how brief was the interval which separated the writers from our Lord's ministry, the whole number of such references between A.D. 180 and its close being about twelve in number. This affords overwhelming evidence that a set of facts which depicted Him in an aspect of character different from the delineation of Him in our Gospels was unknown in the Church during the period in question. Further, like the references in Justin, they prove that the account current at the time of their composition was no recent invention, but had already sunk deep into the Christian consciousness.

If, therefore, we assume that the date of the first epistle of Clement, the earliest extant non-canonical Christian writing, is about the year A.D. 100, it follows that the Church must have accepted an account of our Lord's ministry, similar to that contained in our Gospels, as early as the year A.D. 80, or within fifty years of the close of our Lord's ministry. From this it follows, that if, as unbelievers affirm, a Jesus invested with superhuman attributes has taken the place of the historic and human one in the traditions of the Church, the myths and legends out of which He has been delineated must have been invented and taken their place in the Christian consciousness during the fifty

years which followed the Crucifixion, and this while large numbers of His primitive followers must have been till surviving.

At this point our patristic evidence ceases, leaving us these fifty years to bridge over. Here, however, modern criticism, in other respects so destructive, has come to our assistance, and furnishes us with historical evidence of the highest order which will enable us to continue our chain of proof up to the days immediately following the Crucifixion. I need hardly say that these historical documents are the Pauline epistles.

Their importance as such has hitherto been almost entirely overlooked in this controversy. This has chiefly resulted from their having been viewed as the great mine of doctrinal theology. This they undoubtedly are; but it has been attended with the unfortunate result of distracting the attention of defenders of Christianity from the fact, that apart from all questions of their inspiration or canonicity, they are also historical documents of the highest order. The consequence of this oversight has been, that they have hitherto been considered as a portion of the ground to be defended, instead of constituting, as they do, the very key and citadel of the Christian position.

It is satisfactory to know that whatever doubts modern criticism has endeavoured to throw on the genuineness of the other writings of the New Testament, it has fully established that of the four most important epistles of St. Paul, viz. the two to the Corinthians, and those to the Romans and Galatians. An overwhelming majority of unbelieving critics concede the fact that these four letters are the veritable compositions of the apostle. They are almost equally unanimous that the Apocalypse is the work of one of the original followers of Jesus, the apostle John. A large number also allow that four more letters which have been attributed to St. Paul are likewise his genuine productions, viz. the two to the Thessalonians, and those to the Philipians and Philemon. If, however, any one is contentious, the first four are amply sufficient for our purpose.

Let us pause to consider the profound significance of these concessions. How stands the case? We are in possession of eight letters bearing on the innermost facts of Christianity, all of which were composed within less than thirty-two years after the Crucifixion, written in the midst of his labours by the most active missionary of the Christian Church to different communities of Christians, in which he pours forth the innermost



feelings of his heart. Better historical testimony it is impossible to have.

Observe how brief is the interval which separated their composition from the Crucifixion: the two earliest of these letters, by only a period of twenty-four years; the four most important ones, by twenty-eight; and the two latest, by thirty-two years; or about the time which intervenes between the present year and the Russian war, the first International Exhibition, and the Repeal of the Corn Laws respectively. Of these events vast numbers now living have the most lively recollection. Equally vivid must have been the reminiscences of the primitive followers of Jesus of the events of His ministry, when St. Paul wrote these letters.

But this is not all. The historical reminiscences of their author, first as a persecutor, and afterwards as a Christian, must have extended to, at least, within five years of the date of the Resurrection. This must likewise have been the case with considerable numbers of his correspondents. But the value of the apostle's testimony is greatly enhanced by the fact that it is that of a determined persecutor who became a believer; and that in one capacity or the other, he must have made himself acquainted with the innermost secrets of the Christian society. These letters, therefore, constitute the highest form of contemporaneous historical testimony. Let me briefly enumerate the chief points which impart to them a degree of credibility which is possessed by no other writings.

I. Modern historians are unanimously of opinion that there are no more trustworthy historical documents than letters written by actual agents in the events to which they refer. Their value is greatly increased when they are addressed by friends to friends, bearing the unmistakable indications of being the genuine effusions of the heart. Such compositions set before us the innermost character of events far better than formal histories, the authors of which are frequently influenced by bias in their statements. But when the author of a letter addressed to friends refers to events in which both parties are profoundly interested, we have one of the strongest guarantees of truthfulness.

II. But letters of this description possess this additional advantage. Their references to passing events are usually of a very incidental character, proceeding on the assumption that they are as well known to his correspondents as to the writer, and that the barest hint is sufficient to bring before the persons addressed the entire body of facts to

which he is referring. Of this it is needless to give proof, for it is the plan which we ourselves uniformly adopt in our confidential correspondence. With such incidental references the Pauline epistles abound.

III. The following circumstance imparts to these letters a pre-eminent value. The reader instinctively feels in perusing them that they set before him a picture of the entire man. We behold him in every alternation of feeling—in his joys and disappointments, in his various inward and outward struggles, when pouring out his whole soul to friends, and when expostulating with opponents. Probably no four letters exist in literature which present us with so vivid a delineation of the character of their writer as the four great epistles of the apostle. In them he, being dead, yet speaketh.

IV. No less decisive is the evidence which they afford to the calmness and soundness of his judgment. This is important, because it has often been objected that the enthusiasm of St. Paul's character detracts from the value of his testimony to facts which he was likely to see through a distorted medium. These epistles, however, prove beyond all contradiction that two qualities rarely combined existed in him in full force, viz., a highly enthusiastic temperament, united with the soundest discretion in dealing with the circumstances in the midst of which he was placed. Instances of this abound everywhere in the epistles; but my space compels me to content myself with referring to one particular instance, in which the temptation to a man of enthusiastic temperament to have pursued an opposite course would have been great. The apostle was firmly persuaded that both himself and many of his converts were possessed of a number of superhuman endowments. Here, then, we are in the very region where enthusiasm would certainly run riot. Three chapters, the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, are exclusively occupied in dealing with this question. Among other things, the apostle lays down a set of rules to regulate their exercise, it having been made the occasion of unseemly disorder in this Church. The reader will find in his mode of treatment of this subject that, whatever might have been his enthusiasm, it was uniformly under the control of the principles of the soundest common sense. Their perusal uniformly excites my admiration at the sound discretion of the writer.

V. One more circumstance connected with

these epistles places them in an unique position as affording testimony to facts. They were intended to be read openly to the assembled Church. Consider what this means. In these Churches the apostle had not only a body of admiring friends, but there was also a powerful body of determined opponents who went the length of denying the validity of his apostolic commission. These letters make it certain that the controversy between them was one which admitted of no compromise. It is, therefore, simply incredible that a man with St. Paul's intellectual endowments, even if we omit to take account of his honesty, would have referred to anything as an acknowledged fact, the truth of which he might have been certain that his opponents could call in question. To have done so would have given them an easy triumph.

From these considerations it follows that the various direct and indirect references which he makes to the actions and teachings of our Lord, including a Christology which depicted Him as a superhuman character, must have been accepted by them, equally as by himself. But his opponents were Judaising Christians, who sought to impose on the Gentile converts the observance of the legal ordinances as an essential portion of Christianity. Their views, therefore, must have coincided with those of the primitive followers of Jesus; and the account which they accepted of our Lord's actions and teaching must have embodied their traditions. Their testimony, therefore, carries us up to the close of our Lord's ministry, and proves that substantially the same substratum of facts was accepted by St. Paul, and the Church at Jerusalem as the foundation of their common Christianity.

The Epistle to the Romans possesses an historical value which is peculiarly its own. It may be objected, with some faint show of plausibility, that the Christianity of the other Churches was derived from St. Paul, their founder; and, consequently, that their testimony is only a second edition of that of the apostle. To this, however, the existence in them of a body of uncompromising opponents forms an objection which it is impossible to surmount. But this epistle is addressed to a Church which he had neither founded nor visited. Their Christianity, therefore, must have been derived from a source independent of him. We are ignorant who were the founders of this Church; but so great was the intercourse between Rome and the provinces, that there can be no doubt that it was early visited by Jewish Christians, who carried their

Christianity along with them, and who thus became its founders. These must have communicated to it that account of our Lord's teaching and actions with which the incidental references in the epistle prove that its members were familiar, for we find them made without offering any explanation or entering into details, precisely in the same manner as in those addressed to Churches which St. Paul had planted. Such a mode of reference renders it certain that the writer must have been firmly persuaded that the general outline of facts, on which their Christianity was based, was similar to his own, for otherwise his allusions would have been unintelligible.

From these considerations the following conclusions result:—

1. The account of our Lord's teaching and actions, and, to speak generally, the Christology which was held in common by St. Paul and the Churches to whom he wrote, was not an invention of the apostle, but was accepted in its great outlines by the entire Church as the true account of our Lord's ministry twenty-eight years after the date of the Crucifixion.

2. The fact that it was acquiesced in by his opponents enables us to identify it with the traditions respecting our Lord's teaching and actions, which was handed down by his primitive followers, and accepted by the Church at Jerusalem as the foundation of its faith.

3. The career of St. Paul as a persecutor afforded him the opportunity of thoroughly sifting the views, facts, and opinions which constituted primitive Christianity, and the violence of his zeal for Judaism is a pledge that his investigation was a very searching one. He possessed, therefore, the most ample means of ascertaining what was the precise nature of the actions and teaching which the followers of our Lord handed down as the genuine account of His ministry; and it must have been accepted by him, when he embraced the Christian faith, as the foundation of his own. As far, therefore, as the epistles contain allusions to them, we have the fullest assurance that we are not dealing with a mass of myths and legends, but with the veritable beliefs of our Lord's original followers.

It follows, therefore, that these epistles completely bridge over the vacant space in our historical evidence, viz. the period of from fifty to sixty years, which intervenes between the conclusion of our Lord's ministry and the earliest patristic testimony.

This being so, let me briefly state the chief

facts which they unquestionably establish in opposition to the theories of modern unbelief.

I. They furnish evidence which it is impossible to controvert that the original followers of Jesus must have attributed to Him a superhuman character. The central position of modern unbelief is, that although He was a very great man, He had nothing in Him which was superhuman, and that those portions of the Gospels which ascribe to Him superhuman attributes must have been subsequent legendary inventions, by means of which the human Jesus has been metamorphosed into the divine Christ. What light then do these epistles throw on this subject? They prove beyond the power of contradiction that within less than twenty-eight years of His Crucifixion, a highly superhuman character was ascribed to Him by St. Paul and the Christians to whom these letters are addressed. It is not necessary for the purposes of this argument that the Christology of St. Paul and his correspondents should have been identical. Various degrees of divinity may have been attributed to Him, but the language of the epistles renders it certain that the whole of these Churches, including St. Paul's Judaizing opponents, must have accorded to Him a superhuman character of some sort. Otherwise it is incredible that he should have written as he has, for the assumption in question underlies every page. Hence it follows that the Christ of St. Paul and of the Churches to whom these letters are addressed must have been not a merely human, but a divine Christ. Consequently they must have been in possession of an account of His ministry which justified the ascription to Him of such a character; or, in other words, the traditions then current must have depicted Him as a worker of miracles.

This testimony, therefore, carries us up to the termination of our Lord's ministry; and proves beyond the power of contradiction that a superhuman character was attributed to Him by His original followers. This being so, all those theories which affirm that the divine attributes, with which the Jesus of the evangelists is invested, are due to a set of legends invented between the years A.D. 30 and A.D. 90, are effectually disposed of. I fully admit that this does not of itself prove that any miracle which was ascribed to our Lord was objectively real. To establish this it would be necessary to show that the belief in them could not have originated in any form of mental hallucination. But such an investigation involves other considerations than purely historical ones.

Historical testimony has done all that it can do, when it has offered a moral demonstration that the eye-witnesses of our Lord's ministry believed that He was a worker of miracles.

This conclusion is strengthened by the following consideration. While these epistles contain no direct reference to any miracle wrought by our Lord, except to His Resurrection, they prove that St. Paul was firmly persuaded that he himself was an habitual worker of them; and that the Church concurred with him in this opinion. Now it is inconceivable that the apostle could have believed himself to be invested with a power of which his Master was destitute. It follows, therefore, that St. Paul and the Church must have been in possession of an account of His ministry which ascribed to our Lord their habitual performance.

II. The references to our Lord's teaching and actions which are contained in these letters, most of which are of a very indirect character, prove that these Churches must have been in possession of a general account of His ministry, agreeing in all its great outlines with that contained in the Gospels. If this had not been the case, the incidental allusions would have been meaningless. This is a point of great importance in this controversy; but the proof of it extends over a large number of details, the force of which can only be fully estimated when they are contemplated as a whole. I must, therefore, ask the reader to peruse the epistles for the purpose of investigating the subject for himself; and as a guide to him in doing so, I will adduce a few examples of these incidental allusions to the actions and teaching of our Lord, the importance of which, as bearing on the great historical question, the ordinary student is in danger of overlooking.

In 1 Cor. xi. 1, we read the following precept, "Be ye followers of me, as I am of Christ." Nothing can be more incidental than the allusion; but what does it presuppose? Evidently, that the writer was firmly persuaded, that the persons addressed were intimately acquainted with such an account of our Lord's actions as would render possible a comparison between His and those of the apostle; and that both could be made the subject of imitation. This allusion, therefore, unquestionably proves that the Corinthian Church must have been in possession of one which entered into considerable details of His ministry.

Again, at Romans xiii. 13, 14, the apostle writes to a Church which he had neither



planted nor visited, "Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ." Here, again, nothing can be more incidental and natural than the allusion; but it is one which it is inconceivable that the apostle would have thought of making, unless he was certain that the members of this distant Church were intimately acquainted with an account of our Lord's actions and teaching, in such minute detail, that it could serve as a model for the regulation of their entire conduct. So, again, the expression "Christ pleased not himself" proves that the Church was in possession of a body of facts in which He was depicted as a perfect example of self-sacrifice.

But the following consideration is of great importance. Again and again, in these epistles, St. Paul describes his ministry as "a proclamation of Jesus Christ the Lord," and the essence of Christianity as consisting in the knowledge, not of a body of abstract doctrines, but of a personal Christ. What does this necessarily imply? Clearly that his Gospel must have consisted largely of such a narrative of His actions and teaching, as was adequate to vindicate His claim to the Messianic office. But my space renders it impossible that I should pursue this mode of reasoning. One point, however, I must ask the reader attentively to observe, that the character of the Christ of the Pauline epistles is in the most minute harmony with that of the Jesus of the evangelists. This being so, the account of His actions and teaching, which was accepted by these Churches, must in its great outlines have been identical with that in our Gospels.

III. We now come to the all-important part which is proved by these epistles, that the entire Church, from the time of its reconstruction after the Crucifixion, was firmly persuaded of the objective reality of the great evidential miracle of Christianity, the Resurrection of our Lord; and that the belief in its truth formed the sole ground of its renewed life, and the bond of its cohesion. I call this the great evidential miracle of Christianity, because if Jesus Christ really rose from the dead the truth of His divine Mission is fully proved; but if it could be disproved, all the other miracles that are recorded in the Gospels would be insufficient to establish His Messianic claims. But, further, if the truth of the Resurrection can be established as a fact, the difficulty of proving that of the other miracles disappears, for it then becomes far

more probable that our Lord wrought many than that He wrought none; that is, their *a priori* improbability disappears, and they can be accepted on the same evidence as that which we require to establish the ordinary facts of history. These epistles prove on evidence which it is impossible to gainsay the following facts respecting the Resurrection.

First, that it is an unquestionable fact that the Church which was for a time dissolved by the Crucifixion, was reconstructed on the basis of the Resurrection.

Secondly, that this belief originated on the spot within a few days of the Crucifixion, and that the fact was openly proclaimed as the new foundation on which the Church was to be erected, and the Messiahship of Jesus set up.

Thirdly, that the utmost efforts of Paul and his fellow-persecutors failed to discover that this belief was the result of fraud or delusion.

Fourthly, that the apostolic body believed that they had two interviews with Jesus, in which they saw Him alive after His Crucifixion.

Fifthly, that two of the apostles were persuaded that they had private interviews with Him.

Sixthly, that upwards of five hundred brethren believed that they saw Him alive after His Crucifixion, when they were assembled in a body.

Seventhly, that Paul, after having vainly employed every effort to prove that the Resurrection was an unreality, not only became firmly persuaded of its truth, but was convinced that he himself had an interview with Jesus risen from the dead, while travelling to Damascus to persecute the Church.

Eighthly, that large numbers of believers were firmly persuaded that, in consequence of His Resurrection, they had become possessed of certain superhuman gifts and endowments.

Ninthly, that the belief in the Resurrection acted as a mighty power of moral and spiritual regeneration.

Beyond this historical evidence cannot reach. It consists of testimony; and its highest form is when we can procure that of competent and disinterested witnesses to what they are firmly convinced that they have seen and heard. This testimony, as I have shown, is furnished in the highest form by the evidence afforded by the Pauline epistles, especially to the great fact on which the Christian Church is founded, the Resurrection of our Lord. I fully admit that this does not prove its objective reality, but it goes a great way towards it. It is still open to the



objection that the belief in it was due to the mental hallucinations of the simple-minded followers of Jesus, which led them to mistake a number of subjective impressions for external realities. To discuss this question would require a separate paper wholly devoted to the consideration of the absurdities which this theory involves. I shall therefore conclude the present one by enumerating those points which the evidence furnished by St. Paul's epistles effectually establishes—

First, every form of the mythic and legendary theories, as well as that of tendencies and gradual evolution, as affording any possible account of the origin of the narratives of the Gospels is hopelessly invalid.

Secondly, that it is impossible the belief in the Resurrection can have grown up in the gradual manner in which ordinary fictions grow, *i.e.* at a considerable distance of time and place from the scene of the supposed events; but that, on the contrary, it originated at Jerusalem within a few days of the public execution of Jesus; that it was immediately proclaimed as a fact by his followers; and the Church was reconstructed on its basis despite of all the opposition of the opponents who crucified Him as an impostor.

Thirdly, that as the truth of the Resurrection is a cause which affords a philosophical explanation of all the facts of history in connection with Christianity, and as it has been always put forth by the Church as the sole ground of its existence, we are fully entitled to accept it as the true account of its

origin, until some other can be propounded which, without the intervention of a superhuman power, affords a rational account of the historical facts. To propound such a theory is the great effort of modern unbelief; but its failure is complete. All that it succeeds in accomplishing is to substitute one set of miracles for another; but in doing so, it requires a greater credulity in those who propound such theories—as, *e.g.* that of visions, as philosophical explanations of the facts of Christianity—than that which its authors so freely attribute to the primitive followers of our Lord, and to the Christians of the first century.

Such is a very brief statement of the value of the evidence furnished by the Pauline epistles to the facts of primitive Christianity. If the reader desires to see the subject more fully discussed, I must refer him to my Fifth and Sixth Bampton Lectures, which are entirely devoted to its consideration. But with respect to "the Theory of Visions," there is no little danger of weakening the argument if it is presented in so concise a form as to be suited for an article in *GOOD WORDS*, as, in discussing it, it is necessary to enter on several important questions connected with Spiritualism and other modern delusions. I think it best, therefore, to refer those of my readers who are desirous of seeing this fashionable theory of modern unbelief fully dealt with, and its absurdities exposed, to my Seventh Bampton Lecture and its two Supplements.

C. A. ROW.

## OCTOBER IN THE SCOTTISH LOWLANDS.

THE russet's o'er the heather,  
The green grace of the bracken gone;  
Sere and dun each moorland space,  
Where the gleam of summer shone.

The mist creeps o'er the height,  
The burn comes hoarser down;  
The wandering wind is wailing  
Among the bent "sae brown."

The blae-berry leaf, blood-red,  
Flushes the face of the brae;  
A crimson drop distill'd  
From a deed in an olden fray!

The golden sheaves from the haugh  
Are borne on the creaking wain;  
Another year is upgather'd  
Ne'er to be mine again!

I would not stay the round,  
Nor crave the past's recall;  
My soul would live a part  
Of whatever change befall.

The varied days may pass,  
The gilded times go by;  
If the spirit in me grow,  
Seasons may ceaseless fly!

On the sun-bright hues of summer  
May come a sober grey;  
And the wreath on autumn's mellow crown  
Have the pathos of decay!

For the sunny hours I've known  
No vain regret I find,  
If passing they but leave me  
Fresh heart and a wider mind.

J. VEITCH.

## DR. JOHN WILSON OF BOMBAY.

ON a summer's day in 1814, a group of boys might have been seen standing by the side of a burn in the neighbourhood of one of the classical towns of the Scottish border, engaged in very earnest conference. They had been, but a moment before, busy in fishing or other diversions, and they had too late awakened to the call of duty. They had ventured to run off to the burnside in their mid-day interval, and the school hour

had passed. The question now was, what to do to frame an excuse; and the sunlight that before was so kindly and tempting, now seemed only burdened with reproof. Various proposals were made, some of them so diplomatic as to verge on lying, when the discussion was cut short by a little fellow with clear grey eyes, and thin, well-set figure, saying, with great decision and energy, "I tell you what—we will tell the truth," and accordingly



the truth was told. "The boy is father of the man;" and in a very special sense does this little boyish incident reflect the whole character of the great India missionary, Dr. John Wilson. Throughout his long, industrious, and heroic life he led thousands to Christianity by acting on that early determination so energetically announced: "I tell you what—we will tell the truth." He was a man of great intellectual gifts, with a Mezzofanti-like memory for languages, which stood him in good stead throughout his

career; but for the work he did among Hindoos, Mahomedans, Parsees, Buddhists, Jews, and self-indulgent rationalistic Europeans also, these gifts would hardly have availed him, had they not been elevated and tempered always by that determination to "tell the truth." It was because these men one and all soon came to feel that John Wilson was pre-eminently a truth-loving man, that his reasoning and his scholarship were made of such effect to the great end. This is the predominant feeling as we read

the admirable volume in which Dr. George Smith has fully and lovingly told the story of that life and work;\* and we cannot but believe that many who may not find access to that volume, and have not sufficient time to read it *in extenso*, will welcome a short outline of the life in this place.

John Wilson was the eldest son of a small proprietor and farmer in Lauder, and he was born on the 11th of December, 1804. The traditional custom amongst the class in that district was for the eldest son to succeed his father in the work of the farm; but John Wilson had, even in infancy, given unmistakable signs of a different vocation. He almost alarmed his mother by speaking before he could walk. When only between five and six he was found, one Sacrament Sunday, preaching from a hollow tree behind Thirlstane Castle as the people wended their way home from church, and was punished for what his parents deemed an offence. As he advanced into boyhood, the remarkable outburst of evangelical fervour in the Church of Scotland created a deep interest everywhere, and the contests of "moderates" and evangelicals were warmly discussed. He was deeply interested in these matters; for already, under the influence of his godly grandfather, whose bed he had shared, he had early made up his mind to the "better part." A sermon by the Rev. Dr. Waugh of London interested him in the work of the Bible Society, and deepened impressions already made.

His progress in school-studies was so rapid that at the age of fourteen he matriculated at the University of Edinburgh, and before long was taking an active interest in promoting reforms of a certain kind there alongside of fellow-students whose names have since become world-known—one of them being that of Principal Cunningham. Like many other Scotch students, he eked out his means by teaching, and took charge of a school during the vacation. Immediately after his first year at college he became for a time master of the school of Horndean, on the Tweed. In this way, he early gained practical experience in the work of tuition which was very useful to him afterwards. At the end of his second session (or college term) he became tutor to the sons and nephews of the Rev. Dr. Cormack, of Stow, whose relations to India through Colonel Rose, his brother-in-law, may be presumed to have first turned Wil-

son's thoughts to India as a field of missionary effort. But it is clear that Wilson was not a mere bookworm now or at any other time. He was full of sympathy with life and activity, and innocently enjoyed the humour of any odd situation. This doubtless added to his influence with his pupils. He accompanied them on a tour to the north in the autumn of 1824, and we then find him saying of the Kingussie fair:—"All the people were very merry. They were mostly dressed in the Highland dress, and speaking Gaelic they appeared quite comical. I have laughed this whole fortnight at them." For four years Wilson continued this tutorship, which was of vast service to him in several ways. His theological course was filled with many interests, for now his ideas of his calling were taking clearer shape; and he repeatedly records in his diary his joy at the good news received from the distant mission fields. He had just entered on his twenty-first year when, on a visit to Lauder, he told his parents and friends his intention of offering himself as a missionary for India to the Scottish Missionary Society.

"Oh, what a burst of affection," he says, "did I witness from my dear mother! Never will I forget what occurred that evening. She told me that at present the trial of parting with me, if I should leave her, would be more hard to bear than my death. When I saw her in her tears I cried unto God that He would send comfort to her mind, and that He would make this affair issue in His glory and our good. I entreated my mother to leave the matter to the Lord's disposal; and I told her that I would not think of leaving her if the Lord should not make my way plain for me, but that at present I thought it my duty to offer my services to the Society. She then embraced me and seemed more calm. My father said little to us on the subject, but seemed to be in deep thought. In the course of the evening the words, 'he that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me,' came home to my mind, and kept me from making any promise of drawing back in my resolutions to preach the gospel, by the grace of God, to the heathen world. O Lord, do thou, who hast the hearts of all men in thy hands, and who turnest them according to thy pleasure, grant that my parents, with faith in thy word and promises, may joyfully commit me in all things to thy disposal, and may I willingly obey thy will in all things, for Christ's sake. Amen."

The society readily accepted his offer, and Wilson at once, with characteristic decision, set himself to a special study of missionary systems, calling, however, his fine tact and foresight so admirably to his aid, that he may be said to have anticipated the later principle of medical missions. Besides the classes of physical and natural science, he also passed through classes for anatomy, surgery, and the practice of physic, where he learned much that was of use to him during his Indian life.

\* "The Life of John Wilson, D.D., F.R.S., for Fifty Years Philanthropist and Scholar in the East." By George Smith, LL.D., with portrait and illustrations. John Murray.

It was therefore with good reason that he already began to encourage others, whom he deemed eligible, to give themselves to the mission-field. He was ordained on Midsummer-day, 1828, and after some deliberation by the society, it was agreed that, if he so desired, he might take a partner with him—the Court of Directors of the East India Company having “resolved to comply with the request upon the usual terms and conditions.” He was accordingly married to Margaret Bayne—a noble helpmeet in her too short life—on the 12th of August, and on the 30th of that month they sailed for Bombay, which, after a tedious voyage of five months, was reached on the following February.

Though the liberal and enlightened efforts of Lord William Bentinck, the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, and Sir John Malcolm, had done much to improve the condition of the Presidency and to promote the growth and influence of the city, Christian education was still only beginning. The principle of condescending to humour in every way the prejudices and superstitions of the people still obtained at head-quarters. It was left for John Wilson, in Bombay, and Alexander Duff, in Calcutta, to show practically that through this element much might be done to aid a wise and elevated policy; that by it ideas of true toleration could best be diffused among the various races, and a common interest be engendered, even where there might be little hope of immediate Christianisation. Public instruction had hitherto been a dead-and-alive affair. Under Wilson's principle of communicating Western truth—both scientific and religious—by Western methods through the Oriental tongues, so as to elevate learned and ignorant alike, a new era in reality began. The dead bones were breathed upon and became alive. The American missionaries, on being driven out of Calcutta in 1812, had found shelter under the temporisings of Sir Evan Nepean, and they had supplemented the work of the Scottish Missionary Society; but they had been hampered and obstructed on all sides. The dangers that a convert still had to face from the powers of his erewhile co-religionists was very great. “So terrible was the social sacrifice involved in the profession and communion of Christianity that the first Hindoo convert, in 1823, some weeks after his baptism, rushed from the Lord's table when Mr. Hall was about to break the bread, exclaiming, ‘No, I will not break caste yet.’”

Wilson's first care was to master the vernacular tongues. After a month in Bombay,

he and his wife left it, first for Bankote and then for Hurnee, that in the midst of the people they might learn Marathee. In the short space of eight months the foundation of a thorough Oriental scholarship was laid. But meanwhile Wilson held conferences with the natives, having begun to do this five months after his arrival in India, while within six months from that date he had preached his first sermon. After this, he preached and held conferences almost daily so long as he remained in Hurnee.

On his return to Bombay in the end of 1829, he was engaged in the organization of the mission, preached daily to the natives, and on the Sundays to the British sailors in harbour, and in the Scotch Church. Very soon he practically discerned (what Dr. Norman Macleod so earnestly urged on all the missionary societies), that it was desirable to present Christian truths in the simplest possible form, and freed from all association with Western church-systems. In the beginning of 1830, he is able to report the establishment of two boys' schools, and of three girls' schools under Mrs. Wilson, she having thus been the first to begin female education in India. Mr. Wilson's schoolmaster became a serious inquirer and then a convert. On 2nd of January, 1831, Mr. Wilson baptized four persons and declared a fifth, already baptized, worthy of communion, and on the 17th he baptized a sixth. These, with Mrs. Wilson, constituted the Church which was now formed. He regularly held meetings with European soldiers, as well as conferences for the natives, and already he was engaged in developing a scheme for monitorial teaching, which was by-and-by carried into effect with great success; for his school schemes extended with amazing boldness, and were carried out with a fertility of resource equally amazing. Very soon, as an adjunct to a work so bold and aggressive, he began the publication of a magazine—the oldest Christian periodical in India, the *Oriental Christian Spectator*. The distant and the near alike must serve him. As he did not turn away from native attendants at his services because they might have been drawn by curiosity or by a hope of sharing in the “loaves and fishes,” so he was, before long, led to the opinion that to teach English to the natives would put in his hand another powerful influence over them. Early in 1831, it is evident that his thoughts were moving in this direction, though it was not till 1832 that the “Ambrosie English school, connected with the Scottish mission,” was



established. It was merely an infant school; but it was the germ of a great institution. And vast indeed was the labour involved in such an undertaking, when the simplest school-book as well as teachers had actually to be created. But there was a living and inspiring force at work that might well be called creative. While Dr. Duff's plan at Calcutta was most adapted to catch the young men of the higher grades and those of better intellect, Dr. Wilson did not lose sight of the fact that the children of the poor may become a power under Christian education and example. He aimed at touching efficiently both extremes of society, and of drawing them together in one bond.

"The higher institutions," he says, "are well calculated to attract the higher classes of society, and to educate teachers and preachers. We must have a body of Christians, however, from which to select agents. For this body of Christians we must not mainly depend on our academies. 'To the poor the gospel is preached.' Of the little flock and present inquirers at this place, as I also observe to Dr. Brunton, some were at first impressed by hearing the gospel in the crowded bazaar; some by hearing it at the margin of the sea; some in the church; some in the schoolroom; some in the place in which the Lord of glory was born when He came to his mission in this world; some in the social circle; some in the private chamber; and some by the perusal of Christian publications. I have thus been encouraged to remember the words of inspiration: 'Blessed are ye that ye sow beside all waters.'"

Quite consistently with the principle here expressed, Dr. Wilson was a persevering street-preacher. One can conjure up a vision of him, surrounded by turbaned Mahomedans; Hindoos, with prominent caste-marked brows, now drawn together in anxiety to catch his every word; Parsees with proud bearing; and Jews, sleek and compliant-looking, while low castes and outcasts stand huddled on the verge of the crowd.

"I bless God," he writes in July, 1836, "for what I have already seen as to the diminishment of prejudices against 'highway missionaries.' Six years ago my countrymen laughed at me when they saw me 'haranguing mobs.' These same gentlemen have conferred on me their highest honour, and notwithstanding my street-preaching propensities, have put me into the chair formerly occupied by their great men, Sir James Mackintosh, Sir John Malcolm, &c., and suffered me to *harangue* them as their president! I had serious thoughts of saying, '*Nolo episcopari*,' but when I thought that I might contribute to shield the whole class of 'rangers' from contempt, and use my influence for the Lord's cause, I refrained. . . . Were I to visit the Modern Athens, and seek to propagate such opinions (as those about street-preaching in India), I should, instead of being dubbed a 'Doctor of Divinity,' probably be dubbed a 'Babbler,' like Paul in the Ancient Athens."

The election to the chair referred to above

was that of the Presidency of the Bombay Asiatic Society.

He was not averse to an orderly discussion, and alongside one of his converts, met in this relation a very learned Hindoo; but Mr. Wilson has to report, "The Brahmans were the first to solicit a cessation of hostilities." He had already completely mastered their sacred books—Vedic, Puranic, and Epic—and on that ground felt himself secure, always rising to the height of the great argument that Christianity more than fulfils all that is lacking in heathen religions, and embodies and elevates whatever is of any worth. He published his mature thoughts on the points raised in this discussion in two "Exposures of the Hindoo Religion," taking care to insert the following charitable and conciliatory words in the preface to the second: "I beg of my antagonists to continue to extend credit to me and to my fellow-labourers for the benevolence of our intentions, and to believe that anything which is inconsistent with the deepest charity is not what we would for one moment seek to defend." He was also called to contest the claims of Parseism and the authority of the Koran: in both he bore himself with success. In his remarks on the Koran he anticipated Sir William Muir in shrewd insight and incisive criticism. His reply to Mohammed Hashim is indeed penetrating and final on the main points. It is most interesting to read of Dr. Wilson's thoughtful efforts on behalf of that singular community of Jews, the Beni-Israel; and of his endeavours, in large measure successful, to ameliorate the Hindoo and Mahomedan laws of property and inheritance, as affecting Christian converts, because these things so well indicate the wide reach of his interest and activity.

In 1831 he had begun a series of tours which, to the end, were faithfully kept up by him. Though they involved a good deal of exposure, and sometimes danger, for in one instance he was stoned at Nasick, it was by means of them chiefly that he made himself so intimately acquainted with Indian tribes and their characteristics, as well as with the antiquities and nature of the country. He discussed their doctrines with the Portuguese priests at Goa, as well as preached to Brahmans; delivering, in some instances, from the degradation of the temples, women who afterwards became devoted Christians. He had divided the whole province into districts, each of which he took in turn, making a detailed survey first of the central, then of the eastern, and after that of the southern district, and

following up with the largest of all, the northern half of Bombay, including the Gojerati country, where besides the great native states, there were important settlements of Parsees and Jains. For all these he had prepared himself, having made a thorough study of their books and customs, that he might understand them and thus be able to influence them. Dr. Smith well remarks that Dr. Wilson did not rest satisfied with word knowledge, he must enlighten that learning through knowledge gained by direct contact with the people. In these tours he found amplest means of spreading truth and of gaining knowledge. Sometimes he went alone, sometimes with a brother missionary or a survey or settlement officer. But his policy and his procedure were always the same. Rarely did he enjoy a comfortable night on these journeys when distant from the military stations. His biographer writes—

“Studying nature as well as man; preaching, speaking, examining daily; keeping up the correspondence rendered necessary by his supervision of the still infant mission in Bombay; answering references of all kinds from missionaries, officials, and scholars, he found—because he made—the tour a holiday. On such occasions he carried a few books in an old satchel; manuals, sometimes in manuscript, of the botany, geology, and political relations with the feudatory princes being as indispensable as the bundles of vernacular and Sanscrit writings which he circulated. Thus he was never alone, and every hour added to his multifarious collection of objects of natural history and archaeology, to say nothing of Oriental MSS. on which he lectured to his students and friends. When accompanied by a brother missionary, and frequently by survey and settlement officers, like Colonel Davidson, whom he met in his wanderings, he proved the most genial of companions. His stores of information, old and new, interspersed with humorous anecdotes and a child-like fun, turned the frequent mishaps of jungle journeys into sources of amusement. And then, when the travelling or the preaching of the day was done, and the rough dinner was over at the tent door or in the native ‘*dhum-sala*’ or enclosed quadrangle, there went up to heaven the family supplication for Gentile and Jew, and dear ones near and far away.”

Just shortly after Mr. Wilson's return from one of these tours in 1835, Mrs. Wilson—who may rank among the noblest heroines of English missions—passed away, beseeching her Marathee girls, “Greatly to love Jesus Christ.”

Such work as that of Mr. Wilson, which wisely combined persistent evangelization with the most philosophic attempt to understand the systems which he sought to supplant, naturally found a different recognition from his own university than he had humorously anticipated. He was created a “Doctor of Divinity” in 1836.

In spite of the subsidies given to the secular schools, they did not succeed like Dr. Wilson's. In the end of 1837 the Elphinstone College, which had splendid accommodation, and large endowments, and Government grants, had only eight pupils. To obtain an increase it was resolved to found sixteen large scholarships, and to commence an elementary school. This is a fact of special import. Dr. Wilson says on this subject:—

“Did it not by its constitution and practice exclude Christianity I should wish it success. But while it interdicts the teaching of the words of salvation, I must invite the youth of India to repair to those seminaries of learning of which the motto is, ‘The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom,’ and use all lawful means to induce them to place themselves under their influence. Of the most important of these means, in connection with ourselves, is the procuring of suitable buildings for our institution.”

Drawing from his recent bereavement a new incitement to labour, he now devoted himself to a thorough study of the Parsee religion, and so thorough was his mastery of their books that on important terms he was able to correct them. A controversialistic Zoroastrian, in 1833, had boldly taunted him that “the conversion of a Parsee was not to be even dreamt of,” but the result of his work in this department did not verify that statement. His studies in the Zend and the controversies he had had with Parsees led to his printing a lecture which he had delivered on the Vandidad, which excited a very keen interest. In October, 1838, he baptized, along with two Mussulmans, and two Catholic Armenians, and a young Hindoo, the first Parsee who had sought Christian baptism in Bombay; and in May, 1839, two other Parsee young men. In these cases the protection of the European and native police was actually necessary, and the Parsees carried two cases against Dr. Wilson into court, where, after much argument, they were put out of court in the one case, and felt it best to abandon the other. Not content with this, a little time after, they petitioned the Government to stop the *religious* innovations which were being carried on; but the Government would not interfere. A number of the Parsee pupils were withdrawn from the schools. But the panic spread, and even followed Dr. Wilson to Poona, where he had gone for rest. One Parsee convert, Framjee Bomanjee, was persecuted and exposed to great peril, but stood firm. Dr. Wilson's researches in Parseeism were still perseveringly carried on, and were embodied in his book on “The Parsee Religion,” published in 1842.

What is not a little remarkable is, that,

though he was not disinclined to argument, and was never guilty of any "accommodations" to error, as he conceived it, he never failed in the long run to inspire those whom he had opposed with truest respect and affection. They felt he had only sought their good. One of the best evidences of this is to be found in the expression of a Parsee a few days after his death: "Dr. Wilson did not make me a Christian, but I hope I am a better man for having known him."

Thus Dr. Wilson went on uninterruptedly for fourteen years. He paid his first visit to his native country in 1842, bringing with him his earliest Parsee convert, Dhunjeebhoy Nourojee, to receive a college education. During his stay the great disruption of 1843 took place, and Dr. Wilson allied himself with the Free Church cause. But at home he was as busy as at Bombay. He was instant in the endeavour to stir up, or to increase interest in, mission work; he corresponded with eminent men about questions of language and antiquities, co-operating warmly with the great scholar Westergaard in the production of a complete text of extant Parsee scriptures.

In Edinburgh he married Miss Dennistoun, a lady who was deeply interested in mission work, on the eve of returning to Bombay. When he reached it in 1848 he found his large diocese had received the addition of Scindh, as a result of the war with Afghanistan. He lost no time in visiting that province. With his usual promptitude he set things in order in Bombay, and made for Scindh, being the first to deliver the Christian message there. The gradual change towards missionaries on the part of the Government, which Dr. Wilson did so much to produce, is indicated by the fact that, soon after his return, the Government desired his services as President of the Committee for the examination of civilians and officers in the native languages, vernacular and classical. This request was in many ways flattering; but Dr. Wilson declined it, desiring to give all his time and strength to missionary operations. He agreed, however, to report on the system, and the improvements of which it was susceptible, which he did.

Till 1835 missionary teachers had been tolerated, and merely tolerated, in India. Sometimes they were hindered and proscribed; and this in face of the spirit of the instructions of Parliament. Up till 1854 they were, at all events, passively discouraged even as educational reformers, because they were also Christian teachers. The Govern-

ment grants had gone to secular schools, and the mission schools had to compete with them. How successfully they did so is a tribute to the merits of Drs. Duff and Wilson. In 1854 the policy was openly changed, thanks, mainly, to the consistency and the incessant labours of these two men.

The remarkable progress of Dr. Wilson's work will be seen from this statement. In 1853, the whole mission agencies of his Church in Western India embraced 2,159 students and pupils, of whom there were 1,413 in Bombay, 546 in Poona, and 200 in Satara. Of the whole number one-fourth were females, and one-fourth received the higher education through English as well as the vernaculars.

It is wholly beyond our space to follow in detail Dr. Wilson's ever-expanding work. We have indicated, we hope, the spirit in which he laboured. Realising that—his deep convictions, his sincerity, and yet his liberality and width of human sympathy—we can understand how, while he was zealous in street-preaching, he was able to write like a true antiquarian about the Somnath Gates; how, while he exposed the weakness of Parseism, he was anxious to procure a true text of its sacred books; how, while he held by the Bible as the one rule of faith and practice, he could advocate the careful collection of Sanskrit MSS., and delight in deciphering inscriptions in caves and on rock-cut temples; and how, while he hated the impurities of the Hindoo worship, he meditated a great work on Hindoo literature, which the pressure of his missionary labours alone caused him to leave a fragment. It was because along with his evangelicalism he carried a true vein of philosophic humanity, that he was influential with the learned as with the unlearned; that he became not only a religious power, but a political influence, gradually modifying the policy of statesmen, and leading them to truer perceptions of the principles on which alone an enduring empire could be built for England in India. His influence on the younger school of Indian officials is very marked, and must yet work widely for good.

And, as we have said, it was wide-reaching as it was strong. He had two Abyssinian youths sent to him for education—"My sons in the gospel," he styled them—who carried Christianity, with a filial love for him, to their own country, and did loyal service to Lord Napier of Magdala later; and Dost Mahomed, whose name is so mournfully associated with the history of Afghanistan, was



so grateful to him for kindness to the young Prince Haidar Khan, that he said, if ever afterwards Dr. Wilson wished to visit the country, he would keep the passes open for him however disturbed things might be. And how characteristic it is that Dr. Wilson should write, "Prince Haidar and I are great friends. Should his family ever be restored to sovereign power it will, I think, be favourable to missionary operations." Prince Haidar was always well inclined to the British Government, because of the manner in which he was treated while a prisoner in Hindostan. Livingstone's Chuma was one of Dr. Wilson's boys, and Susi and Jacob Wainwright were pupils of the branch mission that had been founded at Nasick. When the Mutiny broke out he was consulted by Lord Elphinstone about the feelings of the people. Dr. Wilson assured him there was no defection among the people; that the Mussulman population were loyal; and his opinion was confirmed by the event, there being only a few cases of mutiny in the Bombay army, while the people stood firm.

In 1870 Dr. Wilson returned to this country,

chiefly to fill the chair of Moderator in the Free Church General Assembly. On his return to Bombay in 1871 he had to acknowledge to himself that he was not so strong as he had been. But he clung to his work—went on his tours, superintended his schools, preached almost daily, and worked at his languages as before. Several attacks of fever did not deter him. In September, 1875, he had gone on a visit to Poona, and had left it for Mahableshwar, when he was taken ill on the road, and had to return to Panchgunny. He was conveyed to Bombay, and though nursed with all the care the most devoted friends could bestow, it was without avail; the faithful servant passed away, literally at his post.

When he lay on his dying bed friendly Mahomedans begged that they might bring their own physician (*kukeem*) to see him, believing that such skill would even yet avail to save him; while Hindoos, who were not Christians, came great distances to receive his dying blessing, and asked for his body that they might bury it.

H. A. PAGE.

## AFGHANISTAN AND THE AFGHANS.

BY MAJOR W. F. BUTLER, C.B.

WEST of the quivering plains of the Middle Indus, where the five rivers of the Punjab meet in one common channel, there is seen a great mountain range, whose peaks prolong a broken outline along the horizon far into the north and into the south. When the sun sinks behind this mountain, in the days preceding the beginning of the cool season, masses of fantastic-shaped clouds are frequently seen piled above and beyond the loftiest peaks of the range, as though they reflected in the heavens a sea of billowy mountain set beneath them upon the earth. Yet the most fantastic images built by the evening vapours in the high atmosphere beyond the Sulimani range are not more rugged in outline, or more singularly interwoven in mass and form, than are the stern features of the land that lies beneath them. In fact, this range of the Sulimani marks one of the most abrupt transitions from level plain to rugged mountain that the surface of the globe presents to us—India, the land of plains, upon one side; Afghanistan, the realm of mountains, on the other.

Amid the confused mass of mountains extending from the edge of the Indus valley

to the deserts of Khorassan and the valley of the Oxus, it is no easy task to follow out even the simple physical law which makes the snow-fed rivulet seek the ocean. With the exception of the small stream of the Kurum, the great range of the Sulimani sends forth no river, large or small, to find the ocean. Roughly speaking, what Switzerland is to Europe Afghanistan is to Asia; with this difference, however, that more than half the valleys of the latter country are of the same altitude as the Engadine, that lakes are almost unknown, and that the snow-fall is lighter. Time has wrought but little change in the lines of communication through this mass of mountains. As they existed in the days of Alexander the Great and Mahomed of Ghizni, so are they to-day—rough, stony tracks, frequently following the beds of torrents, crossing mountain passes at high altitudes, passing beneath the shadows of stupendous precipices, or piercing desert wastes girt round with gloomy hills. Yet the broad features of their course and distance are easy to comprehend. If we imagine a huge capital letter H, we shall have a fair idea of the general plan of the two great high-roads and

the connecting cross-road that have existed in Afghanistan since the earliest time. Place at the top of the left-hand line of the letter the city of Herat, at the base of the same line the city of Shikapoor; at the top of the right line the city of Balkh, at the base the city of Peshawar; put Kandahar at the point where the central connecting line intersects the left arm; place the fortress of Ghizni in the centre of this connecting line, and let Cabul mark its point of intersection with the right-hand line of the letter, and a rough idea of the main roads of Afghanistan, and of the position of the chief towns on the frontier and within the country, will be formed. The distances, however, between these points are great; the left-hand line is 700 miles, the

right-hand 560, the centre 320. Between these long lines all is mountain, savage solitude, gloomy valley, and rock-bound fastness. There are, it is true, other routes through the country besides those above mentioned, and there is a line by the valley of the Kurum, through the Sulimani range, but the practicability of all of these routes for the passage of troops has yet to be proved feasible.

Essentially a wild, stern land, a land filled with the shadows of dark mountains, echoing with the roar of tempest through impending passes; a land to which the changing seasons carry all the vast variety that lies between the snow-flake and the almond blossom; a land loved by its people through every vicissitude of its history, and clung to with a



Group of Cabulese and Afreedees.

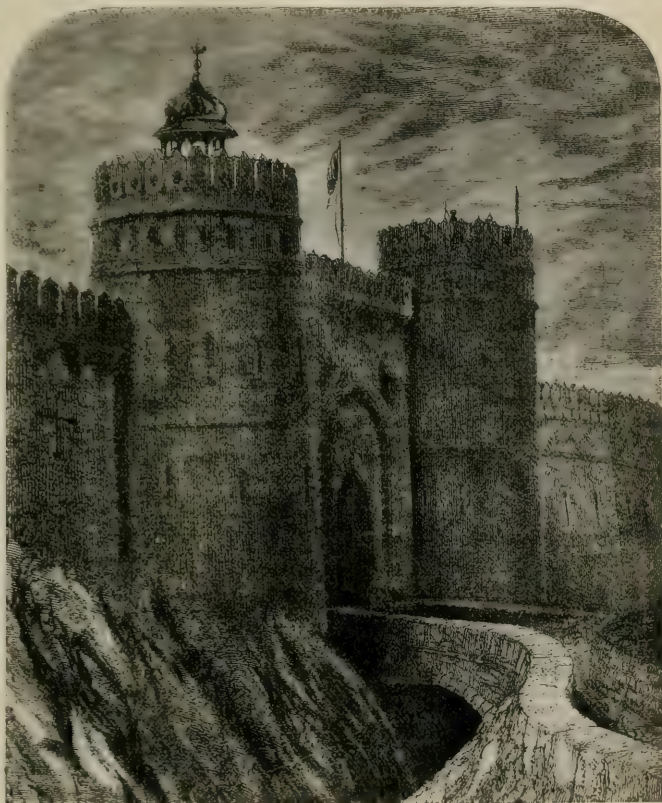
desperate tenacity, which now dates back through one thousand years of recorded time. Of this people we shall say something.

For ages stretching back into most remote traditions, a wild race has made its home in this lofty land. Greek conquest, Tartar horde, cloud of Khorassan horsemen have swept by turns through those arid hills. All the wild spirits of two thousand years of Asiatic conquest have passed and repassed amid those stony glens and gloomy valleys, stamping each in turn upon the fierce Highland clans some quality of freedom, some faculty of fighting power. And ever as the tides of war and conquest ebbed and flowed around the lofty shores of those giant moun-

tains, there was left, stranded in glen or fastness, some waif or stray of all that wild Toorkman torrent, which rolled its farthest limits to the walls of Vienna. Here, in these hills, Islam early built for itself one of its most redoubtable strongholds. About ninety years before William of Normandy invaded England, a renowned conqueror built himself a city and fortress upon a group of steep scarped rocks, set eight thousand feet above ocean-level. From hence he spread his empire until it touched the Caspian upon one side and reached the Indian Ocean on the other. Amid the swift recurring revolutions of central Asia the wide dominion of Mahomed of Ghizni soon fell to pieces; Seljuk and Toorkman, Persian and Moghul swept by to

transient empire and to final ruin; but, when the torrent had passed, these Afghan races—wild shepherds, hardy husbandmen, and reckless warriors—again sprang to independent life, and held their mountain homes on the old tenure of clanship: "content," as their proverb runs, "with discord, war, and blood-

shed, but never content with a master." Fierce, fanatical, and revengeful, loving gold with passionate rapacity, hospitable to strangers and to the poor, untameable to tyrants, the Afghans are to-day as they have been for a thousand years, stained by many crimes, but distinguished above all



Ghizni Gate.

nations and peoples by a love of freedom and of country as fierce and lofty as the mountains that surround them. And thus through time Afghan history has ever been the same. Often overrun, but never conquered, the race which Mahomed of Ghizni led forth to conquest through the four great

gateways of Afghanistan has retained through every varying phase of nine hundred years of strife the characteristics of its origin. Nay, farther off still, beyond every fragment of authentic history, hidden away in most remote antiquity, a glimpse comes to us of the strange nature of these mountaineers. It was among



these savage solitudes that the Greeks placed the Titan whose indomitable will Jove himself could not subdue. Here, on one of the icy crags of Bactria, Prometheus lay bound for ages, and still, where the great range of the Hindoo Koosh sinks down to meet the valley of the Oxus, a vast mountain cavern is called in Sanscrit lore the Cave of Prometheus.

So much for the past; let us now look upon the later and present aspect of this eyrie and its eagles. About the year 1824, a young Afghan chief, named Dost Mahomed Khan, held possession of Ghizni and its surrounding fastness. The Dooranee kingdom was a prey to civil strife; the chiefs of Cabul were in open revolt against Ullah Khan; a dozen different leaders strove for pre-eminence in Kandahar, Herat, and Cabul, and each, gathering around him some portion of the roving spirits of the land, carried devastating war from Herat to Jellalabad. One day a caravan passing from Bokhara to India encamped beneath the walls of Ghizni. The caravan was reported to be rich in gold. That metal was scarce in the coffers of Dost Mahomed, in the rock fortress above. Why not replenish the exhausted treasury from the treasure bags of the passing merchants? The question was eagerly asked in the citadel from whose battlements the fighting followers of the young chief looked down upon the travellers' camp. It was not proposed to take the money by force of arms; *to borrow* was the expression used on the occasion. So the word "to horse" was given, and the Dost and his armed train sallied out from the citadel to draw a bill at sight upon the travellers beneath. Suddenly, as the armed band rode down the rocky way, the leader reined in his charger, and turning to his followers he said, "Brothers, what are we going to do? God knows whether these poor merchants will ever receive payment of the gold we are about to take from them as a loan. But what are we to do with the money when we get it? Shall we buy dominion with the plunder of the unfortunate? God forbid! Victory is of God, and he conferreth glory and power upon those whom he will cherish. If so, it is better that we pass by this temptation of the devil, and wait for what heaven has to send us. Patience, though a bitter plant, produces sweet fruit." Having spoken, he turned his horse's head and passed back towards the citadel. It was the afternoon hour of quiet. On an eminence by the roadside he alighted. Beneath for many a mile stretched a long

valley, and at times the eye could catch the dry sand windings of the track to Cabul. As the Dost and his people looked over the scene, they marked the figure of a solitary horseman approaching Ghizni. He proved to be the bearer of strange tidings. There had been a revolution at the capital, and this solitary messenger carried an offer to Dost Mahomed of the Sovereignty of Cabul. Dost Mahomed Khan bent his head in prayer. "God is great," he cried. "Behold how dominion is His gift. Blessed be the light of his name! Mount and away to Cabul!"

Ten years passed away. They were years of peace and quietude in Afghanistan such as the land had long been a stranger to. The wild roving chieftain developed traits of character little dreamt of by the turbulent factions whose voices had given him power. This mountain-land, which for thirty years had known but little of the restraints of law, became the only state in Central Asia where the strong arm of authority kept free the roads, sheltered the traveller, and protected the weak. So marked was the contrast between Afghanistan and the neighbouring states that, according to Captain Burnes, the reputation of Dost Mahomed was made known to a traveller long before he entered the country, and he adds, "No one better merits the high character he has attained." "The justice of this chief," he writes again, "affords a constant theme of praise to all classes. The peasant rejoices in the absence of tyranny, the citizen in the safety of his home and the strict municipal regulations regarding weights and measures, the merchant at the equity of his decisions and the protection of his property, and the soldiers at the regular manner in which their debts are discharged. A man in power can have no higher praise." But an evil time was drawing nigh. In 1834, while Dost Mahomed was engaged at Kandahar in opposing Shah Shujah, who had invaded Afghanistan by the Bolan Pass, a crafty old tiger named Rungeet, or the Lion, Prince of the Punjab, crossed the Indus and seized upon the Afghan city of Peshawar. It was the old story of Harold attacked by Tosti in the north, and William of Normandy in the south. The Dost having crushed one enemy at Kandahar, swept back to rescue Peshawar from the other. Issuing from the Kyber Pass he appeared before Peshawar with fifty thousand wild and fanatical followers; but the old ruler of Lahore knew too well the power of gold among the chiefs whose undisciplined warriors formed the army of Dost Mahomed. An envoy was sent to the Afghan camp, and

so well was the work of bribery and intrigue carried on that ere the day of his arrival had closed in night, ten thousand of the invading troops had deserted, and when morning dawned the entire army of horse and foot was in full retreat into the mountain fortress. Peshawar remained to Rungeet, but its loss rankled deeply in the mind of the Afghan ruler, and he eagerly looked forward to its restoration. Here in this retention of Peshawar by the Sikh chief lies the key-note of the Afghan question of forty years ago. It will be necessary to bear it in mind in order to justly estimate the quarrel so soon to break out. Two years after this date, in 1836, an English traveller appeared at Cabul upon an ostensible mission of commerce and amity. Beneath the guise of commerce there lurked conquest, beneath the friendship annexation. It is impossible to read the history of this mission of Captain Burnes, and of the events preceding the outbreak of hostility between England and Afghanistan, without seeing in them a flagrant disregard of justice, of good faith, and of honour. That Dost Mahomed was a ruler with whom it was safe to conclude a treaty of friendship, and that his views were favourably disposed towards alliance with us, there cannot be the shadow of doubt. The published dispatches of Captain Burnes clearly prove it. Nevertheless, in the face of many written statements of his envoy, Lord Auckland states, in his celebrated Simla manifesto, in 1838, "that the Barukzye chiefs from their disunion and unpopularity were ill-fitted under any circumstances to be useful allies to the British Government, and to aid us in our just and necessary measures of defence." On only one point in these negotiations was the Ameer inflexible. It was Peshawar. Practically we might do what we liked with him if we would only make Rungeet Singh surrender the city which four years before he had reft from Afghanistan in the hour of her trouble. This demand for the restitution of stolen property Lord Auckland terms "an unreasonable pretension, and one inconsistent with justice." In another portion of this forgotten but once famous document, the attempt of the Ameer to recover in 1834 his lost possession is called "an unprovoked attack on the territory of our ancient ally, the Maharajah Rungeet Singh." But enough of this wretched double-dealing; let us pass on to the active operations that followed.

Of the two great roads leading from India into Afghanistan only one lay open to us in 1838 when the army of the Indus was set in motion for the conquest of the kingdom of

Cabul. Through the Bolan Pass enormous columns of combatants and non-combatants poured on towards Kandahar. Endless trains of camels toiled along the rocky tracks. There was no opposition—nothing to dispute the passage save the arid nature of the soil. Nearly forty thousand camels perished on this dreary road. Kandahar opened its gates in April, 1839, and Shah Shuja took up his quarters in the old palace of the Dooranee kings. The whole of Western Afghanistan had accepted the new order of things with scarcely a semblance of opposition. Never had presages of disaster been more utterly falsified. Never had prophecies of success been more thoroughly fulfilled. Two months' delay, and the army moved out of Kandahar for a final advance upon Ghizni and Cabul. It was now midsummer, but the mornings were deliciously cool, for the long winding columns had climbed six thousand feet above the sea-level, and the road was still ascending as it led on to Ghizni. Within the old rock fortress some two or three thousand Afghans still clung to the crumbling fortunes of Dost Mahomed; but even in this small garrison desertion was numerous, and when the army drew up before the citadel on the 22nd July, every detail of the defence was known to the British general. A single gateway, that leading to Cabul, had been left unblocked by masonry. Under cover of darkness the army moved round the fortress and took up a position on the west or Cabul side. An hour before daybreak on the 23rd July, a small party of sappers crept forward to the gate and laid bags of powder beneath the archway. The train was soon fired, the massive gate disappeared, the walls crashed inwards, and amid smoke and flame the stormers rushed into the fortress. Half an hour's fighting decided the fate of Ghizni. There is a story still told among the men of the 13th Regiment which deserves record. Amid the confusion following the explosion of the gunpowder, one of the engineers, passing back by the spot where the assaulting columns stood awaiting the word to advance, was accosted by the officer commanding as to the result of the explosion. "The passage was choked with fallen masonry; the forlorn hope could not force it." Turning to the bugler at his elbow the leader ordered the "retire" to be sounded. The bugler, Luke White, was one of those stray peasant waifs which destiny flings to nations as though she meant to point a satire upon their theories of high-bred heroism. "The 13th," answered the boy, "don't know the 'retire.'" He

sounded the 'advance,' and the regiment moved on to the attack. With the capture of Ghizni the campaign, so far as fighting was concerned, began and ended.

The Ameer, indeed, advanced from Cabul to meet the invaders of his kingdom as they pressed on towards his capital, but his troops fell from him like leaves from a dying tree. In the valley of Muedan he resolved to make a last stand against his enemies. With the Koran raised in his hand, he rode among his faithless followers, calling upon them to make one final effort against the invader and the infidel. "You have eaten my salt," he said, "for thirteen years. Since it is plain that you are resolved to seek a new master, grant me but one favour in return for that long period of kindness. Enable me to die with honour. Stand by the brother of Futteh Khan while he executes one charge against the cavalry of those Feringee dogs. In that outset he will fall; then go and make your terms with the new chief." Strange are the ways of destiny. Had his dastard followers but risen to the enthusiasm of their leader's words, his fate was for ever sealed—the cause of Dost Mahomed would have perished at Muedan, but in the great book it was ruled that this dark day of defeat and desertion should be the midnight of his disaster. Henceforth there would be many hours of darkness, but they would all be shortening towards the dawn.

Over the wild pass of Bamian, Dost Mahomed passed, a fugitive, to the Uzbegs of Kunduz. A couple of thousand devoted adherents still clung to his ruined fortunes. To add to his overwhelming misfortunes, a favourite son was borne along with difficulty in the rapid flight, fainting with fever. The deserters to the British camp had carried these particulars of the last scenes of the Ameer's reign, and they found ready comment in the diaries of the day. The boldest and most turbulent of the Ameer's sons was sinking from disease. Akbar Khan would never again trouble the British cause in Afghanistan. So ran the prophecies. Just two years later the name of Akbar Khan had become a terror throughout the land, and all that remained of British power in Cabul lay at the mercy of this dying chief. Shah Shuja entered Cabul in triumph. He wore on his garments and sword-girdle many of the precious gems which his ancestor Ahmed Shah carried away from the camp of Nadir Shah after the murder of the Persian conqueror at Meshed. But one great gem was conspicuous by its absence—the famous Mountain of Light, the

Kohinoor, was not there. The legacy of sorrow which it had carried to its owners through three hundred years clung now in this hour of apparent triumph to the old Shah Shujah, but the stone itself had been lately surrendered by him to Rungeet Singh, the Sikh ruler of Lahore. And now the work was over. The curtain had fallen upon the last act, the lights were being turned off, and the crowd pressed out in all haste to get away. If it had been so easy to conquer Afghanistan, the retention of the country must be a matter of still greater facility; so, at least, said the men who spoke with the seriousness of responsibility, and it must be allowed they were as good in deed as in opinion. Ere winter had come only two regiments of European infantry remained in Afghanistan. Two years passed away. Low ominous growls of rebellious thunder sounded at times amid the stern hills. Now it was the Ghilzies around Ghizni; now the Khyberrees between Jellalabad and Peshawar; anon the Uzbegs threatened the passes of the Hindoo Koosh again. Soon deeds of sudden assassination startled the cantonments of Cabul or Kandahar. But though every month revealed some new instance of that old Afghan nature whose untameableness had been a proverb over Asia for six centuries, no warning could be seen by the doomed men, who in the daily routine of cantonment life pursued the easy round of Indian military existence. English ladies made their homes in Cabul, the band played, the evening ride was taken without the city-walls, the life of mess and parade went on as though the union-jack had waved above the Bala Hirsra for half a century.

All at once the storm broke. The envoy, the political agent, the general commanding the troops, and many other heads of departments awoke one morning to find Cabul in revolt. To extreme confidence succeeded complete paralysis. From Bamian to Jellalabad, from Ghizni to Herat, the tribes had risen, content to let their mutual animosities rest awhile in the unwonted sensation of unity against the common enemy. Then began one of the most miserable chapters of British history. The winter had already placed his foot upon the hill-tops, and was daily drawing nearer to the doomed garrison of Cabul. From glen and valley, in numbers that hourly became stronger, bands of fierce men poured forth to the holy war. There were men of gigantic form and savage, though majestic, mien—men who carried the sword and shield of the days of Timour, and others



who bore the matchlock and rifle of more modern war; and to give point and direction to all this mass of ferocity there appeared on the scene that same son of Dost Mahomed, Akbar Khan, whose crippled state two years before had been a calculated factor among the chances of his father's capture.

But more fatal than hostile foeman or rigour of winter in this alpine land was the indecision of character and faltering purpose of the British leaders. It is needless to dwell upon the miserable scenes that marked the closing weeks of the year 1841—the capture of the commissariat stores, the assassination of the Envoy, MacNaughten, the final treaty of evacuation. On one point, however, the assassination of the Envoy, we may say, that although it is clear that the deed was committed by Akbar Khan, it is also evident that it was not premeditated. To obtain possession of the Envoy, and to use that possession as a hostage for the fulfilment of certain conditions, was the real object aimed at by the Afghan leaders. Had murder been meant it is evident that no attempt at capture was necessary; but the unfortunate Envoy strenuously resisted, and in the struggle that ensued between him and Akbar Khan, met his death.

On the morning of the 6th of January the retreat from Cabul began. Four thousand five hundred fighting men and three times that number of followers turned their faces towards India, beginning the most disastrous movement recorded in English history. This retreat lasted seven days, and measured in

distance about fifty-five miles. In those seven days every horror that human misery counts in its catalogue was enacted. The enemy and the elements were alike pitiless. Through driving snow and bitter blast the long column wound its way between stupendous cliffs, from any vantage point of which the *juzails* of the Afghans poured destruction. The night closed over the fearful scene, but the dark hours did their work more silently, though not less surely, than the daylight. Seven mornings dawned upon masses of men frozen as they lay—grim bivouacs of death. At length there were no more to die. Of all these thousands one solitary man passed out from the terrible defile of Jugdullock—he was all that remained of the army of Cabul.

The spring of the following year saw two armies again marching into Afghanistan, along the two great highways. Their work was to relieve beleaguered garrisons in Kandahar and Cabul, to avenge and to retire. The garrisons were relieved. For nine hundred years Mahomed of Ghizni had lain at rest in the mausoleum at Rioza. His tomb was rifled of its gates—in what manner this act of vandalism revenged the disasters of the Khurd Cabul is not apparent—and then the armies marched away, leaving Afghanistan to the Afghans. Twenty millions of money! twenty thousand human lives! three times that number of camels and horses lost! a name hated throughout the length and breadth of the mountain land—such were the results accruing to us from this ill-judged and badly managed expedition.

## CONSOLATION.

WHEN the pale wreath is laid upon the tomb,  
 Love's last fond homage offered to the dead,  
 And the bereft, with tears and drooping head,  
 Bid mute farewell on sadly turning home,  
 Sister and brother, widowed love and friend,  
 Review, as in a solemn vision then,  
 Their dear one's life, its bliss and bitter pain,  
 Its restless hopes now ever at an end.  
 The common thought lifts them above despair,  
 One brief thanksgiving is on every tongue:  
 That faithful heart shall never more be wrung  
 With cold unkindness or with aching care;  
 That generous mind no stern rebuffs shall vex;  
 That busy brain no problems dire perplex.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

## THOUGHTS FOR QUIET HOURS.

BY THE EDITOR.

I.—AT THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR.

THERE is a time in our lives when every change seems full of promise, and there is a period when nothing affects us with greater sadness than mutability. When we are young and eager-hearted each fresh turn in the stream of life catches the bright colouring of our dawning hopes, but as we advance in years we naturally shrink from vicissitude. The possible breaking up of the home-circle; the passing away of the familiar faces around us; the sense that as time rolls on the axe must be laid at the root of one and another of those props on which we lean; the changes also which experience brings us, changes within as well as without, robbing life of the buoyancy and vividness of enjoyment it once conveyed—these things make a vast alteration in our estimate, so that it is with sadness rather than joy we mark the lapse of time and the advent of another year.

But when we take a wider view of the future, the thought of possible change becomes invested with solemn awe. For there are not only changes whose conditions we can to some extent realise, but there are others about which we can know very little, and in regard to which our ignorance is terribly painful. The youngest child can form a tolerably clear idea of the change from youth to age, for he may see it exemplified in those around him. The man in robust health can understand the alteration made by sickness, or the man of wealth comprehend what it is to become poor. But there are other changes which must befall us sooner or later on which experience throws scarcely a ray of light. We can form no clear idea of what is implied in the step which leads from the seen to the unseen, from the familiar world here to the mysterious world "beyond the veil." We can trace the footsteps of the departed up to the very gateway—but no farther. Beyond that portal all is so indefinite and unknown that no certain response can be given to questions which crave for answer, regarding the conditions of the life to come. And yet we are all inextricably bound up with that unknown future, and must, as it were perforce, take part in the mighty history which is to be unrolled through the eternal ages. When we weigh our present position, as already launched on a journey destined to continue

through an endless future, it is not only with awe, but with a kind of natural dread, we contemplate the possibility of change.

If we cannot get clear information as to the future in this world or the next, we at all events long for some light as to the principles on which the future is to be determined. Existence would become a nightmare unless we had some guarantee affording, amid all conceivable changes, a basis for confidence and hope.

Now the only answer to that cry is the unchanging character of God, or to put it in other words—"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Strike out belief in such a God and Father as was revealed by Jesus Christ, and you smite the sun from the heaven of human hope and leave a midnight of ignorance and despair. For beyond the belief that a righteous and loving Will reigns in the universe, there is no security for confidence. Our experience of what is called the stability of nature is not only comparatively limited, but it is contradicted by tokens of previous convulsions and the extinction of various orders of existence. Apart from a belief in God, we only know that we are afloat on this planet earth, but the whence and whither, the good or the evil in it all, are wrapt in impenetrable gloom. It is only when we can say "the Lord reigneth," that we can join with freedom in the song, "Let the earth rejoice, let the multitude of the isles be glad thereof."

Our peace and confidence, therefore, rest on the sameness of that Divine character which we see in Christ, because it assures us that whatever happens, all will be in harmony with eternal righteousness and love. For this "sameness," while it secures uniformity in the principles on which everything is governed, admits of all conceivable variety in external circumstances. It is not like the sameness of the granite rock, which neither moves nor alters, it is rather the sameness of the living fountain ever pouring forth new streams of exhaustless refreshment. It is not the fixedness of the passionless statue, but the unalterable consistency of the loving friend. Such is the sameness of Jesus Christ, whether in glory or in suffering, on the throne or on the cross, taking little children in His arms or receiving the hallelujahs of the redeemed—He acts everywhere and in all

things upon the same principles. To understand how much our hopes depend upon this unchangeableness, we have only to imagine the opposite, and conceive the horror which would be experienced were the tidings to pass through the universe that the character of God was no longer the same. The conception of omnipotence being no longer guided by righteousness, truth, or mercy is so frightful that we shrink from it as we would from some giddy precipice. But when we grasp the Divine unchangeableness all else becomes consistent. Then may we be glad that we form parts of the mighty system which is governed by the mind of God, as revealed in Jesus Christ. All indefiniteness ceases, and all spectral mystery vanishes as we lay hold on that infinite righteousness and holy love which were incarnate in Jesus Christ, and believe that whatever happens, all things now and for ever will be governed in harmony with what we see in Him.

These thoughts may afford some comfort and help in the beginning of a new year, as we look forward to the future and imagine the possible changes with which it may be fraught. Amid the vast variety of circumstances in which the commencement of the year may find different persons, it will give strength to every one who is willing to be under His guiding hand, to realise the sameness of Christ glorified with Him who once endured the common toils of earth—

*"Sad languors through the summer's day,  
Storms on the wintry sea."*

All who have any such burthen of difficulty or anxiety as arises from other causes than conscious resistance to the Divine will, can be of good cheer as they know that they are dealing not with hard systems of theology, but with a living Person—even the same Jesus to whom, when on earth, all went frankly with every trouble and were never put away unanswered in their need. "The things to come" will become "ours" in the truest sense, whenever we surrender ourselves heartily to His wise and loving guidance. There is only one thing which can interfere with our highest good; not poverty, for Christ Himself had not where to lay His

head; not the loss of friends, however trying, for their temporary separation may be but a step in our spiritual education; not our ignorance, for we have a patient Teacher who will not "quench the smoking flax nor break the bruised reed;" not bodily suffering or decay, for His strength is "perfected in such weakness;" not even the "weights and besetting sins" which hinder us as we struggle after a closer walk with God, for God is ready to meet us when we are "yet a great way off" from a perfect return to the Father's house. The one condition of spirit which must defeat the good purpose of God concerning us, is the conscious preference of darkness to the light, the refusal of His will and resistance to His righteous and loving sovereignty. That is the sin of all sins, and there can be no good in the future here or hereafter as long as a man prefers self-will to obedience, selfishness to love, his own will to the will of God.

"How often would I, but ye would not" reveals the cause why any real disaster ever falls upon man. It is this wicked unbelief which can alone defeat the good-will of God. As a son who meets his earthly father with similar unbelief, refusing his advice, distrusting his word, taking his own way and defying him, renders the assistance of that father impossible, so can we thwart God's merciful purpose regarding ourselves. If my child throws my hand away from him and fronts me with that mysterious power of free choice, which can meet my will with a fixed refusal, he renders my guidance worse than useless. Self-surrender, intelligent, willing, trustful, is the primary condition of all true blessing. When we are willing to allow Christ to reign over us, to subdue our evil, to conquer our pride, and to educate us by joy or sorrow as may seem best to Him, then all the future becomes secure. We fall into God's order, and can have peace, knowing that all things, in time or eternity, will be under His hand who is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." When we thus take Him as a Father in Christ Jesus we may enjoy the blessed confidence that nothing can by any possibility separate us from Himself, and, in Him, from any true good.





## THE MISSION FIELDS OF INDIA, CHINA, AND JAPAN.

BY THE REV. W. FLEMING STEVENSON, AUTHOR OF "PRAYING AND WORKING."

## I.—UNDER WEIGH.

WE landed at New York on the fourth of July. Ten days before we had been watching the changing beauty of the Welsh hills as we steamed past, and saw them through the amber and crimson glory of the setting sun. Queenstown had followed, with its restless, feverish, broken Sunday, Sunday of mail-bags and bumboats and tenders and general discomfort, until, in the golden afternoon, we were gliding by the lonely cliffs and the rocks like sea-castles of the southern Irish coast. When the night fell it was over the dark purple folds of the mountains of Kerry as they rose range behind range, and faded in the far distance into the shadowy line of the sky; and when the morning broke, even the smoke of the Channel Fleet was out of sight, and there was no land, but only the great and wide sea.

Then day had followed day with little to mark their passage but the changing of the weather, which, after the first clear enchanting sunshine, and the brilliant blue of the ocean, only flecked here and there with a curl that was tossed into white by the saucy breeze, had shifted from one form of misery to another: head winds and a heavy swell, through which the *Abyssinia* rolled with a swing that made the chairs slide in a troubled fashion over the deck; ports all closed and guards on the table, and the fog-whistle moaning out its warning through the night; then the rain blowing in drizzling scuds; and, when the rain ceased, a grey, cold sky without a break, and below it a waste of grey, cold waters; until the clouds half dissolved and hot airs came, and overhead there were vague openings of a pale misty blue, while still the heavy rollers smote the ship and the strong wind drove clouds of spray across the bows. Our good-humoured captain declared that he must have a light to search for the Jonah; but better weather interposed to deliver the two clergymen on board, upon one of whom he maintained the lot must fall, and calm and sunshine greeted us from the American shore.

There were few passengers, though they included English and Scotch, Welsh and Irish, Germans, Italians, and Spaniards, Americans and Anglo-Americans. One of them sketched his fellow-travellers in a series of drawings with infinite fun; and another, whose broad Doric was scarcely touched by a lengthened

residence in Boston, talked spiritualism so gravely and had so shrewd a face and venerable a bearing, that no one smiled even when he declared that he had seen a dinner "admirably cooked" and brought in by "the spirits" through the solid wall of a room. A little genial inquiry elicited that the seeing was really believing, the room being so dark that faces could be ill distinguished; but the "admirable dinner" had left an impression that nothing could efface. There were so few incidents that the sighting of a whale, the gambols of a shoal of porpoises, and the meeting of an ocean steamer became great events. I am not sure about the whale, though on the assertion of one ardent believer everybody declared that he had seen it; and we would have liked to believe the steamer an illusion, as it rushed smoothly home before the same wind that buffeted our straining ship. But there were books and conversation; the daily walk, the games on deck, the ramble through the steerage, and a chat with the emigrants and jolly tars; the counting of the bells and the preparation for incessant meals; and in the smoking-room unflagging playing of cards and making of bets, two forms of amusement that on the Atlantic lines have become a nuisance that might be abated. There were bets upon the run of the ship, on whether we would sight another, on the next day's weather, and as many upon the coming pilot as if he were an entire Derby in himself—what would be the number of his flag? would he put his right or left foot first on deck (it so happened that he put both together)? was he single, married, or a widower? had he whiskers? And one venturesome spirit would lay odds that he had had scarlet fever.

We had had our second Sunday, a quiet contrast to the first; and the service at sea never loses a solemnity that belongs to no other, the solemnity of a great solitude and a great helplessness. Some emigrants from Wales sang their strange, pathetic Welsh hymns in charming harmony as they sat upon the coils of rope, and with the help of these earnest mining folk and our cabin choir we had good singing at the afternoon service, which was extemporised forward on the deck, and which an English rector and a Presbyterian clergyman found no difficulty in conducting together, the sailors and the steerage

passengers clustering round in the most picturesque groups, and coming up at the end with a warm "Thank you, sir!" And as the evening fell the minor cadences of the Welsh people floated with the breeze over the sea.

Then, on a summer morning of perfect beauty, we had steamed past the spit of Sandy Hook and past Staten Island, with glimpses of its woods and its houses sunk in cosy hollows, and church-spires piercing up in country spots, and the smooth lawns that stretched down to the water and which the late rains had left a vivid green. The ships were covered with bunting, the Customs' officers came on board in their Sunday clothes, passenger steamers crowded with swarms of excursionists rushed across our track; there were brass-bands everywhere, and the bands played "God save the Queen," and the people on our steamer, like loyal men, took off their hats and cheered the courtesy, until, as the others sang to their music, we found that though the hands were the hands of Esau, the voice was the voice of Jacob, for it was the national song of America we were cheering: "My country, 'tis of thee, Thou land of liberty." And why should we not cheer as the two peoples thus draw closer together, and the same simple chords carry the burthen of their national aspirations and their national pride?

We had come in for their great festival. A smell of sulphur pervaded every street, and crackers and toy cannons exploded at every door. The thermometer was only seventy-eight degrees, they said, though by right this day should be the hottest of the year; but there was a universal haze of gunpowder smoke, in the tram cars and the railway cars, in the alleys of the Bowery and in Broadway, and even lovers of their country would confess that the atmosphere was choky. The fireworks were monotonous, and probably the children felt so, for we saw one merry group of little ones gaily dressed in front of a charming house, and as soon as a fuse was lighted they sat down on the explosive in all the glory of their white muslin, to enjoy the sensation as the thing went off beneath them. Monotonous or not, these fireworks were as universal as the holiday. It was the people's holiday in the broadest sense, and even the list of casualties in the next morning's papers was headed quaintly, "Maimed Patriots."

At New York, however, we had only made the first stage of a long journey which was undertaken to visit the chief points in the far East, where the Church militant is waging war with the most ancient and stately idol-

atries in the world; and I say *we* because one who had already ventured with me on a longer and more serious journey was persuaded to venture also upon this, to the daily advantage of the work in hand. Kind friends poured in letters of introduction till they overflowed; and while the great societies that have missionaries in the East—English, American, and German—with a generous and large-hearted courtesy prepared the way among their own people, so that it might be possible to see every side of the mission work from within, there were those who also offered the opportunity, scarcely less valuable, of hearing what was thought and said about it from without. Thus equipped, and eager to make the most of the months that were before us, we found in the United States little more than the shortest route by San Francisco to Japan.

A rapid passage through a country has little to offer but a succession of vivid pictures, and when they are seen only once they may leave on the memory either too much colour or too little; but those we saw realised in a wonderfully fresh and often startling way the vastness of the area covered by the rule of the President, and how like and unlike the land is to our own.

The station by which we left New York was not prepossessing. It was little better than a rough temporary shed, though it was the entrance to a famous railway. It had served the first need, and it kept out the rain, and no one resented the want of fitness. Why should they? the ornament and finish would come in time. It was odd to see the litter of brown paper and weeds in the stateliest streets of New York, to pass miles of rough farm-fences, and stretches of untidy fields, and haggards that were the opposite of trim. But one soon learns that want of finish means only want of leisure. There are already railway stations in New York and Chicago that may vie with any in London; there are miles of New England farms as tidy as any in Kent; and there are provincial towns where the long lines of pleasant villas with their spotless gardens suggest the dainty precision of a Quaker settlement. It will all come in time.

When we sped out of the city we caught the impression of a wonderful roominess. The fields were not dark with curves of rail, nor bleared with the puff of engine smoke. A few miles and we were in all the solitude of the country, watching the pastures, the ripe cornfields, and the distant belts of timber. The houses came less often. Then we ran

into a valley beside a river; the wooded bluffs rose steeply hundreds of feet above us and the wooded spurs of the hills jutted into the stream; we could see the speckled trout in the clear water, we could hear the whip-poor-will; we would not pass a town for fifty miles, but we swept by moorland and meadow-land, and dark and lonely glens; up the valley of the Delaware and down the valley of the Susquehanna, the river sometimes shining in broad silver gleams through the misty country far away. The bells tinkled on the necks of the cattle, the dark-brown wooden houses sent up a curl of blue smoke through the trees. We rushed past hills in the Black Forest, past valleys in the Jura, we ran through English Derbyshire and Irish Wicklow; and yet it was America. The red men and the white trappers of Cooper's novels roamed over these forests; it would not have been strange to meet Chingachgook at one of the lonely houses that is called a station, or to see Leatherstocking disappearing upon a forest trail.

Hours of travel like this, and then with a sudden start we would sweep into the smoke and roar of a great city, the quaint church-bell upon the engine swinging its low, monotonous chant, warning and tolling like the bell on the Incheape rock.

We were just ahead of the railway strike. The day after we left Pittsburgh the strikers burned a hundred and twenty engines in the Roundhouse. Had we stayed a few hours longer in Indianapolis the rioters would have allowed one of us to leave but not the other, for gentlemen were forbidden to travel. The genial merchant who took us over the Chicago 'Change was shot a few days afterwards when pressing back the mob. As the train was moving off for Omaha, the station-master came up hurriedly and said, "There is trouble ahead. They will likely stop you before Council Bluffs. If you get there, you will be most comfortable at Blank's hotel, but you will scarcely get farther;" and he disappeared in the darkness. We halted at a country town in Iowa. As our friend drove us one morning to his office, he found a summons from the mayor. The tramps had boarded a train fifty miles away, turned out the passengers, seized the driver, and were running it down upon the town. It was rumoured that other bodies of tramps would meet here and that at night they would fire the town and plunder what they could. The citizens were hastily summoned for defence. The mayor, an excellent merchant in leather, was prompt and quick-witted like his race. Arms were

distributed, the contents of the gun shops removed to a place of safety, citizen guards were placed upon the railway-station, patrols were arranged for the night to prevent the threatened fires, the engine-house was cleared for action, and the firemen were ready. The rioters had coolly sent forward word they would arrive at one, and with commendable punctuality the train drove up, cautiously, with interminable whistling, and the tolling of the melancholy bell. The residents, armed with revolvers, came out into the street that ran down to the level crossings. The long cars were crowded with men; many had swarmed outside and stood on the roof, a few of them armed, a few cheering, most of them resolute, brawny, and still. There were hundreds of them, but the mayor was equal to the occasion. Carefully screening his warlike preparations, he advanced to the leaders, and announced that if they would move on quietly farther north, a train would be at their service, and that meantime the citizens would entertain them. We found them feasting on cold beef and dry bread, and calling for "Three cheers for the mayor and citizens of —;" and by the next morning they had disappeared, and the people breathed freely. The features of the strike were all peculiar: the thoroughness of the organization, the self-control of the men until the roughs got the better of them, the military and disciplined strength of this labour war, the sudden emergence of the young railway clerk who for five days controlled half the railways of the Eastern States and issued orders like a despot; the anxiety to preserve private property and to keep order while breaking the law; and the firm and self-reliant way in which the good sense and energy of the well-disposed put the riots down. Some of our fellow-travellers had fared ill. A family migrating to California lost all their furniture and clothes, a gentleman had had to travel a thousand miles out of his road to "complete his connections," as he called it, and a young lady going Westward with her father to some gaieties about the opening of a railway, had to stop for new dresses on the way.

We heard these tales as we were moving across the prairie at the careful, measured, but punctual speed which marks the Pacific mail. Twenty miles an hour is a poor show beside the "Flying Dutchman" or the "Wild Irishman;" but it is an easy motion, and a thousand or two thousand miles away a traveller can count on the train almost to the minute of the time-table.

Even four years had added considerably



to the belts of farming that line the road for hours out of Omaha; the look of solitude was vanishing; and the light rains, which seem to have some connection with the spread of cultivation and the growth of timber, are noted over a larger area. The views are often monotonous enough. Country of the same character will flit past the eye for hours; but the prevailing feature in each successive landscape has a distinct charm, if only there was not so much of it at once. There are hundreds of miles of prairie—low, billowy land, covered with yellow grass, and wild flowers that coloured the grass with purple and lilac and gold, and stretching indefinitely to the near horizon, a blue sky bending over it with an intensity of colour that pales as the day advances; perhaps a string of white waggons—the emigrant ships of the prairie—breaking the uniform tint, or a dark line of cattle, a mile long, moving slowly on the march, and beyond it the slight fringe of cloud and showers that marks the course of the wandering Platte; rarely, a distant herd of antelope out of the reach of fright and the cracking of revolvers, and often a file of prairie dogs, with praying paws and twinkling tails, either calmly waiting to be shot at or tumbling into their burrows like an inverted jack-in-the-box. Then hundreds of miles of mountain-chains from the Rocky Mountains to the Wasatch, sharp and torn and desolate summits flecked with snow, and every few hundred yards the slight wooden paling that is called a snow-fence. Then, down from these lofty plains by the weird buttresses of red sandstone that jut into Echo Cañon, red stone that flames up against the sun, weather-stained and carved by the rain and frost and wind into every grotesque fantasy, and hiding grass like emerald within its hollows; and deeper still, by the narrow gorge of Webber Cañon, where the torrent and the railway take up all the room, the train and the river rushing down together into the valleys of Utah, with their trim houses, neat fences, and wide harvest-fields. Hundreds of miles more, through the bleakest of all (not Arctic) lands, plains of hard soil and thin and wiry grass, whitened with alkali and fringed by repellent mountain slopes, desolate and lifeless, that screen off the miners of gold and silver from the line of travel, but that are glorious with deep purples and floods of crimson and orange haze as the sun goes down. And then, the last great pull up the steep side of the Sierras, among sweet-smelling pine-woods and brawling streams and mountain lakes and

memories of Europe, shooting out at last from the dark line of snow-sheds into a sunny land of tumbled mountains and long deep valleys in a soft warm light, and forests with a rich undergrowth, and a pomp of golden colour everywhere. And even when the Californian plain is reached, hundreds of miles again of the same undulating park, and flat stubble burnt into a tawny brown, the air laden with red dust and heavy and dim with the smoke of burning woods.

The loneliness of all this route, the want of great cities, of roads and villages and houses, is as striking the second time as it is the first. There are no people in the fields. There is no highway. We miss the carter's whip and the ploughman's whistle. When the train stops and a man steps down and walks off across the grey plains, we watch him with a curious pity as if he must get lost. There is no home to which he can go, no one of whom he can ask the way. The station may be the only dwelling within sight, and one that we passed was only a small painted shanty with two rooms, in a vast desert whitened by alkali, and over the door, with a fitness not always found in American nomenclature, was written *MISER*.

The Red Indian seems in keeping with such solitude; and even the train does not vulgarise him. There rode up one as the engine lay by for water, perfectly naked and splendidly made, a bronze figure on his slender mustang, a quiver full of arrows across his back and a tomahawk in his hand. He looked on gravely for a few moments, gave a whoop, and was off like the wind. We met four of them on a passing train. They stood on the top of the carriage, their blankets round them, upright, immobile as statues, four haughty figures clear cut against the fading sunset. Seen close at hand as travellers see them at the railway towns, they cast out all illusions of romance. The face may not be repulsive even when painted half-way up a brighter red than nature made it; the eyes are luminous; there are other races, not ill-looking, with cheek bones as high; the large loose mouth breaks into a kindly laugh that shows the white teeth; but the rags and dirt, the leering beggars, the haggard ugliness of the squaws, the long gaunt limbs, the false glance, are all of the Indian at his worst. Some of them wore silver bracelets and necklaces of green glass beads, and a certain great chief, I was told, hangs a string of empty sardine boxes round his neck. A trader entered the long car, a vivacious French Canadian who had

been twenty-seven years among them, and had kept the principal store at a station. An Indian offered him his buffalo robe for six dollars. "What would it be in New York?" I asked. "Cheaper than here," he answered, and beat the man's price down. Some time after, he grew friendly with my neighbour. "They cost fifteen dollars in New York," he whispered confidentially, "but I would not tell *him* to spoil my trade. I lie."

We met the Chinese at Dunlop, which is east of Omaha; at Green River they waited at table in loose white smocks, blue trousers, and pigtail gathered round the head; we often passed their huge clusters of bee-hive hats, and saw them working at the line. At Trackee, up in the Sierra Nevadas, they have a quarter of the rough town to themselves; "Quiet enough neighbours," said the landlord of the hotel, as he guided us through their dens, "but we don't trust them." In Sacramento they are a powerful colony, in San Francisco an entire quarter of the town. Everywhere they looked at home; a civil, quiet, thrifty, industrious people, with clothes often well and neatly patched, but never torn, patiently going over dismal mines that the white man had left in disdain, patiently yielding to the white man as he pushed them off the side walk, and patiently taking the white man's place in the great market for labour. But at night the alleys and slums are filled with a noisy crowd, the gambling hells are packed with eager betters, new-comers leap like cats upon the *kang*, and the voices rise high and shrill, the opium dens are in full smoke, bullies are out upon the street, and the dirt and stench are indescribable. The Chinaman is there with his joss-house, his eating-house, his theatre, his yellow skin, almond-eyes, pig-tail and back-scratch, and his paganism, and, from the sea-board as his base, he passes into the country, a compact and invincible army of labourers, cooks and laundrymaids.

The negro has taken his place so long that he attracts no observation. He seems to have entire control of the Pullman cars and may thus be said to extend from east to west as well as from south to north, and there is scarcely a frontier settlement where his children may not be seen about the doors, all smiles and darkness; but to the stranger he is never so impressive as in one of the huge hotels, like the Grand Union at Saratoga, where, before meals, the negro waiters stretch in a close row down each side of an apparently endless room, motion-

less rows of solemn black, that, at the touch of a bell, spring into life with the gravity and precision of a machine. There is a curious touch of wildness in his blood. At Niagara a "coloured" boy showed me to my room, and the colour was intense. There was no light in the chamber; the match he struck missed fire; and whether it was the congenial darkness, or the travel-stained appearances of the new arrival, will never be known; but from the dark there rose an elfin laugh, a shrill peal (as if it was the Goblin Page) that filled the room; yet when the light was kindled the face was composed and even funereal.

Here, within the bounds of the United States, are three distinct pagan populations with which the Christian Churches must deal, populations that number over four millions, and one of which (the Chinese) is capable of indefinite increase; and, besides, emigration is throwing into the country a population not always of the best, drawn from almost every source in Europe, and penetrating and mixing with the people at every point. This confusion and mingling of race, religion, country, and speech makes itself curiously felt. The train halts for dinner in a prairie; the station-master is "down east;" an Irish porter handles the goods truck; a German miner dismounts from the stage coach; Chinese waiters supply the wants of the negro controller of the sleeping car; a Mexican half-breed lounges about the doors; and an Indian with feathers in his hair struts forward to beg an alms. I asked the price of fruit at a stall in Chicago, and was answered in French-English; passing another, the proprietor was chatting to a neighbour in Italian; the shipping notices on the next board were in Scandinavian; my friend's gardener, where I dined, was a Norwegian; and where I bought a lead pencil the shopman spoke a broken German. There is bilingual education in many of the schools; and sometimes trilingual advertisements appear upon the hoardings. At a roadside station more than two thousand miles west of New York, I was looking at an incomparably ugly Indian who stood over seven feet high, when a foreign voice cried, *Das ist ein curioser langer Kerl, nicht wahr?* and the speaker turned out to be a Mennonite from the south of Russia, who had settled on a farm in this wilderness: and standing one day on the flags of Salt Lake City, while a group of men were discussing the peculiar Mormon sign of *Holiness to the Lord* which marks their shops, and a polite Mormon elder explained that it

was not inconsistent with what followed—"Licensed to sell Spirituous Liquors," for "liquors" were allowed only as a drug in case of sickness, there was no mistaking the nationality of the brogue that rolled in impatiently with, "Bedad, then, there's a power ov sickness in Salt Lake City." There are streets that might be in Andernach or Leipsic; there are others that might be as readily in Canton. I took down a dozen names of the shopkeepers in one street of San Francisco: they were *Sam Hing*, washing, ironing, and fluting; *F. Gavnagani*, boot-maker; *Claus Otten*, grocer; *S. Lazarus*; *Lee Chung Gue*, Chinese doctor; the *Guillaume Tell*, hotel; the Jewish synagogue; the Chinese theatre, the Chinese Labour Exchange; *J. Lemeria*, cosmopolitan store; and *Michael Connell*, dealer in rags.

America has thus a curious and vast mission within its own territory; and there is something wonderfully impressive in the energy with which it carries it out. As soon as a town is planned two buildings are sure to be prominent, and to be of brick or stone long before the others have ceased to be of wood; the one is a church, and the other a school. These buildings arrest the traveller all the way across the continent. A vast number of missionaries are constantly moving over all the territory; and, besides, there are independent missions to the Red Indians, the Negro, and the Chinese. It is to the credit of the American Churches, that with so enormous a strain put upon them at home they carry forward a series of missions to the heathen only second in importance to the powerful organizations in Europe. It is an illustration of the saying of one of their own men that "whatever would be good enough to reach the West must be strong enough for the conversion of the world." Their mission to the Sandwich Islands has been one of the most brilliant of the century. It was from them that Burmah received the gospel. They have sent large forces into Japan and China. They are as well known in India as ourselves; and in Syria, Asia Minor, Constantinople, and Egypt, they have won a position for the Christian Church that will become of incomparable importance.

The Methodist Missionary Society was founded in England in 1786; the London in 1795; the Church Mission in 1800. It was not until after almost all the great societies had been formed here that the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was established in America. The American Churches have an historical claim to be mis-

sionary, for they were founded by a missionary people, and the first and only Bibles printed in that country for many years were those printed for John Elliot's Mission to the Indians; but the beginning of this Board, like the beginning of its fellows at home, was humble, small, and discouraging. "Let us pray about it," said a student of Williams' College to his companions seventy years ago, as they sheltered from a thunder-storm behind a haystack. The issue of that prayer was a secret association, the Society of Brethren, which was "to effect in the person of its members a mission to the heathen." Two years after, there were six men who were ready and determined to go, Judson among them; but, lest it should strain the faith of the Church, only four presented themselves, and they were told at first that they were infatuated, that there was more work at home than could be done, and that the Christian people could not meet the expense. Yet, at present, the Churches of the United States support their missions to the heathen by contributing about half a million sterling a year; three of their societies (to mention no others) have printed about two thousand million of pages in Christian books and tracts issued in about seventy languages; American missionaries rank among the best for consecration, self-denial, and largeness of gifts; their roll includes names as honoured as our own; in efforts to sustain the missionary spirit at home and in the region of successful experiment and the adventure of new methods they are even beyond us; while the Government of the United States has frankly recognised the missionary calling as one that demands its care and sympathy. In 1842 the American minister at Constantinople was informed that "the American missionaries do not receive from your legation that aid and protection to which they feel themselves entitled," and was instructed "to omit no occasion to extend to them all proper succour and attention;" and not only were letters furnished for our journey by our own Government, a favour that brought us under many obligations, but the Government at Washington, with a generous courtesy, wrote to their diplomatic and consular officers to request any civility and assistance that it might be in their power to offer, and avowedly on the ground that it was a missionary journey to visit missionary stations. There is thus presented the noble spectacle of the youngest, though one of the greatest of the Christian peoples, striving with an energy that strains its resources to meet the vast obligations that



are imposed upon it by the needs of Christianity within its own borders, and, instead of making that effort an excuse for setting aside its obligations to the heathen populations of the world, throwing itself into the work of foreign missions with an impetus and zeal that are already placing it abreast of the older Churches in Europe.

While such reflections were passing through our minds we were rapidly approaching the Pacific. Men with nuggets and ores had got into the carriage; the conversation was running upon mines and mining, upon stocks and "scares," and the Big Bonanza; the rivers were red with washings from the land of gold; instead of the everlasting peanuts, the boys offered "ripe strawberries," rosy peaches, pears like the best Jersey, and grapes that might have grown at Eshcol; and in the evening of a summer's day the train shot right out into the sea, on a narrow way supported on piles, until, a long way off, it reached an island, also supported on piles, where we found the ferry steamer that carried us, chilled by the fog, across the bay to San Francisco.

We had left a labour war in the East, and found another in the West. The jealousy of Chinese labour had risen to an unusual height, and the white men resented the inflowing tide of coolies. Hitherto it had been a quarrel mainly between the Irishman and the Chinaman, as I was once reminded in a way not likely to be forgotten; for, when examining the advanced class of a capital Chinese mission school at San Francisco, I ventured on geography, and having had Ireland and its towns pointed out, ventured farther to ask what people lived there. "Christians," I was told; and thus beguiled, I went on. "What sect of Christians?" After a moment's disconcerted pause the answer was ready—"Christians that throw stones at Chinamen," and I pursued that line of question no farther. But now the mass of white labour was on the same stone-throwing side. Houses and factories were burnt, and others threatened; the volunteers patrolled the streets; the Pacific steamers landed their passengers under a powerful armed force; and when we left, precautions were still taken to preserve the docks from arson.

Among the friends who came to the wharf, one, with true Californian politeness, left in our state-room a great box, which, when opened, proved to be filled with magnificent specimens of all the choicest fruit in season, arranged in layers according to its keeping power, and enough to serve for a journey twice as long; thoughtful hands had turned

our sea-quarters into a conservatory, with the perfume and mass of lovely flowers; while on a little rack there were, as in every room (and the hint might be taken by other companies), a Bible and a Prayer-book. Thus pleasantly remembered, and with hearty God-speed from many Christian people, we sailed out of the stately harbour at one o'clock in the afternoon of the 8th of August; past the ends of successive streets that climbed in painfully regular straight lines up the hill; past the mountain slopes that ran with rough bare face down into the sea; out between the pillars of the Golden Gate, into the rough swell that rolled before the stormy coast wind. There could be no finer ship than the *City of Tokio*, and no finer type of seaman than her captain, the Commodore of the Pacific fleet. The cabin passengers are never numerous, though we carried two hundred and thirty returning Chinese in the steerage, as well as the coffins of some more, that their bones might rest in native soil. The anxiety to die at home is still so great that people in the last stage of illness are sometimes helped up the gangway, and one who was in this condition died before we reached Japan, and was embalmed by the ship's doctor, according to contract. These passengers spent their time in wonderfully lively talk, in gambling and smoking, and, alas! in sea-sickness; and among them were two wealthy merchants of San Francisco, who preferred this freedom and the society of their countrymen to quarters in the cabin. There were some intelligent young Japanese as intermediate passengers. "That is an uncommon good lad," the steerage steward said one day, pointing to one of them; "I almost always find him reading the Bible, and he does it when nobody's looking." As the steerage steward was not an impressive man, his statement carried weight; and, on making the lad's acquaintance, I found he was a lieutenant in the native army. He had been ordered with his regiment to Formosa, remained there during the occupation, accepted the invitation of a Scotch missionary to come sometimes to his house which was hard by, was led by him to read the Bible, afterwards had the opportunity, when on leave, of making the journey to America, where he spent six months, and was returning to his native land an earnest Christian. Our saloon was strong in the consular element; there were one or two young men bent on travel in the East, one or two on business, a naval officer returning to his ship, three men in charge of a special auto-

matic torpedo, for which the Chinese government were negotiating, and one bent on teaching the Celestials to can lobsters. The missionary element, which is scarcely ever wanting, was represented by two devoted women going out to Yokohama.

It was a lonely journey, for we never saw a sail. We might have been "the first that ever burst into that silent sea." Every day a few albatrosses flew round the ship with heavy wings, but as swift as arrows; now and then there were porpoises, and at the end some flying-fish, and that was all. But with reading, writing, and conversation, the time passed only too quickly. Then there was the excitement of the lost day, as we crossed the parallel. Sunday should have been dropped out, but our Commodore declared that Monday would be sacrificed instead. One captain, we heard, is so scrupulous that he contrives to have two Sundays when the days will allow it; but we were content not to lose, and bade each other good-night on Sunday evening to meet on Tuesday morning, with the puzzled sense of a loss that was not deserved.

We had been taking the northerly course through rough and foggy weather, disillusioned of Pacific warmth and calms, and with a thermometer varying between fifty and sixty degrees, and a damp wind that made an Ulster grateful upon deck, when on Thursday evening, the 23rd, we burst into a sudden heat, the thermometer rising suddenly to over eighty degrees, even at night, and the air feeling clammy with moisture. The sea was calm but for a long ground swell. On Friday the heat continued, and the captain, leaving the dinner-table early, sent immediately for us to come on deck. We went with him to his station on the bridge, and there saw one of the most striking sunsets that I can remember. To the left, three-fourths of the heavens were covered with a body of advancing cloud that extended its edges in a series of regularly marked but soft folds, decreasing in size from the zenith to the horizon, and each sharply cut against a perfectly clear sky. All these folds, from top to bottom, were flushed with an extraordinary rich and pompous glow, almost too painful to the eye; while, to the right, the unclouded belt of sky assumed the most exquisite and tender hues, from light crimson and dainty pink to pale green and blue. The glow remained in the clouds for nearly twenty minutes, first deepening in warmth to blood colour, and then fading down the sky till the last we saw of it was only the red light upon

the lower folds, as if a host of angels had lit up the sky with their wings, and were slowly passing in a long procession out of sight. All the while we looked, the air was feverish, and the ship rolled in the calm sea, and some of us felt that it boded ill. That night the moon had a huge ring. The wind rose slightly and we made sail. A few days before, in a tumbled sea, the captain mentioned that we had crossed the north-west quadrant of a typhoon. Now, one of our passengers, an old sea captain, prophesied that before twenty-four hours we should be well shaken; and he knew the China seas by heart. Our own captain was reticent. Nothing particular occurred that night; but about seven in the morning, the men were hurrying in every direction. Every sail was taken down, every rope examined, every boat made fast. A wind was coming, and we were preparing for the fight. About eight it freshened, and the scud flew along the sky; but even by twelve o'clock the wind was not more than a moderate gale, though the sea looked angry; and our two naval passengers told us we were going into a typhoon.

Our captain is notorious for his skill in dealing with typhoons, and either avoiding them or keeping to the outer edge; and soon after breakfast he had run us off our course to the south-east. This storm was, however, of unusual area and intensity. Up till luncheon we had been amused with the lively gambols of full a hundred porpoises, tossing over and over in the white caps of the waves, leaping out of the crest of a sea and touching the water in the trough; and sometimes fifty in the air at once. They seemed the very spirits of the storm. But about two o'clock the wind suddenly burst upon us with uncommon severity. It shore the white top off the sea, and smote it into a sheet of foam. It hurled a furious rain along the decks. It howled in the rigging. From then until after seven it increased in force. The sight was magnificent: all round us a dense curtain of storm, and white seas dimly seen through the gloom, while about the ship the masses of water rose ten to fifteen feet above the bulwarks.

Soon after this burst began, going into the upper saloon from the deck, I found it strewn with passengers and chairs. The arm-chairs were screwed to the floor, but in a great lurch the screws gave way, the chairs and people were driven backward and forward over the floor, and in a few minutes the doctor had three patients—a lady with a badly bruised eye, another lady with a worse

bruised arm and shoulder, and a gentleman, who rushed forward to help her, with a sprained leg. Upon this the doors of the saloon were locked and nailed to keep out the eccentric seas, the shutters were closed, the port-holes were all screwed tight, and everybody was ordered below. Here the heat was insufferable; the captain had sent down his wife, as there was worse to come; and it was only with constant exertion that any one could keep either on sofa, berth, or chair. At sunset all the sky that was became of a glowing uniform brick-red colour, like pandemonium, the captain said; the barometer was still falling, one-tenth of an inch every hour; the sea leaped up in angry pyramidal heaps that mocked the great ship they overlooked; and the wildness and height of the waves surpassed anything I could have conceived. From nine o'clock until near two the wind was not so violent, but after three it commenced with redoubled fury from an opposite quarter, and was at its height between six and seven of the Lord's Day morning. By that afternoon we were in smooth water, the sails were spread, and we had a happy service of thanksgiving in the cabin. "The centre of the typhoon had not been desperately far from us," the captain told us afterwards, his hands all blistered as he clung to the bridge during those long hours when the wind threatened to sweep him off.

Two days of pleasant sailing, and on a lovely afternoon about half-past six o'clock the captain once more sent down a little private

note urging us to forsake dinner for the deck. The coast of Japan was ten miles off, a fringe of uneven and high hills descending sharply to the water. Some junks, with their broad sails, lay near, fishing and casting out joss-paper to insure success. Right before us, flushed with the rosy sunset, *Fusiyama*, the sacred mountain of the islands, rose fourteen thousand feet into the air, clearly seen from base to summit, though ninety miles away. To the south a tall island cone flung a column of smoke from its volcanic peak high into sky. The ship glided through the still water; the stars came out in brilliant company; the phosphorus bubbles danced on the dark, warm sea. We turned the lighthouse point and steamed up the bay, while the moon shone like a soft sun upon the ripples and put out the stars, and the shadowy ranges of the mysterious land slipped by on either side. We passed the light-ship and ran out our anchor. Our engines indexed one million three hundred thousand revolutions of the screw, performed without a break during these nineteen days and a half.

Yokohama was three miles off, and with daybreak we would steam up to the town. A faint horn blew from a fisher-bark, a boat rushed past, and the oarsmen chanted quaintly as they bent to their work. There were coloured lights upon the shipping; the gas lamps gleamed through the trees; the tide murmured past: that was all. And when we woke in the morning we were to see all round us the green fields of Japan.

## FANCIES.

### I.—LOVERS.

He gather'd blue forget-me-nots,  
To fling them laughing on her knee.  
She cried, "Ah no; if thou canst go,  
Ah, love, thou shalt forgotten be!"

He gather'd golden buttercups,  
That grow so very fresh and free.  
"Ah, happy plays, in childish days,  
When buttercups were gold to me!"

He gather'd little meadow-sweet,  
And hid it where she could not see.  
She peep'd about and found it out,  
And laugh'd aloud, and so did he.



He gather'd shining silver-weed ;  
 He stole the heather from the bee ;  
 Amid the grass the minutes pass,  
 And twilight lingers on the lee.

## II.—TO A GIRL.

THOU art so very sweet and fair,  
 With such a heaven in thine eyes,  
 It almost seems an overcare  
 To ask thee to be good or wise :

As if a little bird were blam'd  
 Because its song unthinking flows ;  
 As if a rose should be asham'd  
 Of being nothing but a rose.

Alas ! why have we souls at all ?  
 Why has each life a higher goal ?  
 May not a thing as pure and small  
 As thou art—be excused a soul ?

If there were only birds and flowers,  
 How beautiful the world would be !  
 Or could we spend our happy hours,  
 And live like them, how blest were we !

Alas ! but life is but a breath,  
 And every breath with danger rife,  
 And every breath leads on to death,  
 And after death—the *real* life !

THE AUTHOR OF "CHILD-WORLD."

## THE BRIDE'S PASS.

By SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH," "LADY BELL," ETC.

### CHAPTER I.—THE MANSE OF FEARNAVOIL, WITH THE MINISTER AND THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

FEARNAVOIL was a wide Highland parish boasting much romantic scenery and great opportunities for sport. It was thus liable to attract, in spite of its remoteness, fifteen years ago, constantly increasing swarms of visitors in summer and autumn—English and American tourists, aristocratic, cockney, Manchester, and Birmingham sportsmen.

Fearnavoil went on its way a little disdain-

ful of outsiders. It had its own statistics, its own standards, its own magnates, and what did it care for the great world ? True, that world undeniably brought grist to the Fearnavoil mill every time it intruded into the domain of a branch of the renowned Siol Ciunn, or race of Conn, or Clan Macdonald ; but the clan preserved its self-respect by persistently regarding the world in general as an alien and intruder, that had no particular business in Fearnavoil.

The kirk and manse of Fearnavoil, with a small adjoining hamlet—which was only in proportion to the scattered population of the

parish as a small settlement of aborigines to the numerous tribes scattered broadcast over the wilderness—were situated close to the mouth of what was known by legend and traditional name as the Bride's Pass.

Had it not been for those minor conical hills which so often nestle at the foot and break the full view of the mountains, the manse windows would have had a glorious view, as far as its windings would allow, down the steep, narrow Pass, at its base waving with natural wood—oak, birch, and pine, only cleared to fill the reigning laird of Drumchatt's purse once in twenty years, and in winter sounding with the hoarse roar of the Fearn River. As it was, the occupants of the manse merely commanded within doors or from the garden the rough shoulder of this intruding "shelty" of a hill, which, as a mere spur of its ancestral mountain, had not even a name, while the mighty creature which in some later throe had given it birth, reared its huge crest a thousand feet above its puny progeny.

Just the jagged pinnacles of the crest of the mountain, together with another toppling crest on the opposite side of the Pass a mile farther down, could be distinguished from the manse; and those two glimpses of peaks were prized and clung to with a pride and fondness, which only those who have dwelt among the mountains and know how they affect the mountaineers can understand.

"Is that all you can see?" strangers would exclaim in disappointment, when brought to one of the manse windows or to the garden seat to peer up at the bald crowns of the giants' heads. "Why, I don't think those morsels up in the sky are worth the counting."

But it was the ignorance of the speaker that expressed itself in these words. Not one of the family or the servants—unless it were Mrs. Macdonald and Mrs. Macdonald's Jenny, who argued truly that those remote sentinels kept back the sun's rays, made the morning later and the evening earlier—would not have freely given up every other element in the prospect, sooner than yield these parings from the summits of Benvoil or the Tuidh. For one thing, who would ever have known what the coming weather was to be if he or she had not caught a suggestion that the morning mists were rolling lightly away, or descending heavily like an old seer's mantle on Benvoil? And there were some people in the manse who would hardly have known the evening star—to whom it would not have been the same fair, pale star, if they had not seen it rise as they had been accustomed to

see it, and hang for a space—like a gleaming pearl rather than a glittering diamond—the one precious jewel over the dark brow of the Tuidh.

The manse, though of course much less commodious as a building, was decidedly of a more pleasing exterior than the adjoining kirk, without the smallest disrespect to the latter beyond what lay in the rooted Scotch conviction that, since the days of the Jewish temple, there was nothing sacred in stone walls, and that no priest's consecration could confer greater holiness than might be imparted by the prayer of the head of the house on the family hearth. The church was a better sort of barn with a wen of a belfry, in place of a tower, breaking its mean and monotonous lines. The manse would have been a very fair dwelling for a moderately endowed laird. It had an air of old-fashioned respectability and comfort, and was not without a modified domestic picturesqueness and dignity. It was a two-storied white house, long enough and broad enough to imply no absence of room, even when the minister entertained half-a-dozen guests in the shooting season. The roof was of a soft grey lichen-tinted stone. On the sheltered side of the house was a quaint enough glass porch, which Mrs. Macdonald used as a greenhouse in summer, though she did not share the minister's love of flowers.

The old overgrown garden, with an upper terrace for flower-beds and shrubs, and a lower terrace for such fruit and vegetables as did not disdain the climate and soil of Fearnavoil, stretched along by the Fearn River, which formed its boundary on one side. This was not an unmixed advantage, since in seasons of high flood the water rose and overflowed the banks, doing considerable damage to the minister's bedding-out plants and crops, even to his shrubs and bushes. But after all the loss was temporary. High floods did not occur every year, and not often in summer or early autumn. The geraniums, potatoes, and carrots, were not the worse next year for the wreck wrought twelve months before; the hollies and laurels, honeysuckles, thorns and sweetbriars, gooseberry and black-currant bushes, were never permanently injured by their submerging, but shook out their greenery afresh, and blossomed and bore berries, if possible, more luxuriantly than before.

The glebe offices, which in that generation served also as the offices for the adjoining lands of Craighbhu, and included quarters for a couple of cows several pairs of plough-

horses, the minister's one carriage and riding horse, pigs and poultry, a hay and a peat-stack, were at the opposite side of the house, only divided from it by a lane, or "loaning," which ran into the irregular street of a dozen houses forming the hamlet of Fearnavoil, that had gathered at the skirts of the kirk and manse; for the straight-lined kirk and green hillocky kirkyard, stuck thick with mossy stones, upright or just out of the perpendicular, like almonds in a hedgehog cake, lay a little beyond the manse, in a final bend of the Fearn before it entered the Bride's Pass.

Every house of the hamlet had its rich brown peat-stack against its gable, though it no longer possessed—thanks to the patient efforts of the minister—the primitive abomination of a pea-green "jaw hole" and a rotting refuse-heap placed in candid straightforwardness right before the only door. One or two of those squat, bulging-out, weather-stained little houses, olive-tinted like the heather when not in bloom, still retained the solitary decayed wooden chimney in the middle of the thatched roof, which was all that was required for the exigencies of the fire in the centre of the floor of the family room. Thus there constantly hung or floated heavily clouds of white smoke that looked blue against a grey background. These clouds were full of the strong and subtle reek of peat, which once formed as distinctive an aroma of the Highlands as did the spicy fragrance of the gale or bog myrtle.

The manse had no other pleasure-grounds than its garden; but where was the need of them, when a walk of a few minutes on either side led, in the first instance to the opening into the magnificent mountain pass, and in the second to a wild heathery slope stretching to the verge of the horizon? No doubt there was one of General Wade's wonderful high roads crossing this slope midway, and both the high road and the adjoining Pass had become liable at certain seasons to be traversed and alighted on by flocks of restless, inquisitive strangers. Still both slope and glen were for the most part as quiet and secluded, and far more primitive, than any nook of a shrubbery or dell of a park. What lack of individual freedom could exist in Fearnavoil, where all or nearly all was free to the whole world of strangers as well as of natives?

It was hardly likely that the minister, or any one man, however well endowed, could command pleasure-grounds owning a tithe of the beauty, not to say the grandeur, of that nature which was open to mankind at large

in Fearnavoil. For that matter, it was known that Lord Moydart and his family, who were the great ones of the earth in that locality, cared little, when they came down in August, for their park or their gardens at Castle Moydart. They preferred to roam upon the mountains and in the glens, and make them their summer drawing-room, though it could be shared at a respectful distance by gillies and shepherds, old crones gathering sticks or herbs, barefooted boys and girls trudging long miles to school, black-faced sheep and long-horned cattle, crows and corbies soaring in the blue vault above their heads.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the principal man in the parish was the priest in his own person, since Lord Moydart belonged to another parish, while the Laird of Drumchatt, fifteen years ago, happened to be a young man, the minister's kinsman, and naturally under his influence. A rival might have existed in the shape of the minister of an opposing sect—and fifteen years ago party cries in Scotland were still louder than they are to-day—but it so chanced that no other Church, save that by law established, had much footing in that particular parish.

Farquhar Macdonald, the laird of the farm of Craigdbhu, as well as the minister of Fearnavoil, was a good man in every sense. Save when he was completing the studies begun at the parish school, and ended at the nearest university, he had dwelt from youth to middle age in the parish. He was well known to every man, woman, and child in the sparsely peopled district; and his gifts and graces, that is, his unblemished character and kindly disposition, and his call to the ministry in the reverent godliness which had formed part of the idiosyncrasy of the boy no less than of the man, were not in vain. He was personally beloved.

But though Mr. Macdonald was also a man of fair parts intellectually, and could preach a sermon distinguished alike by devotion, simplicity, and good sense, he could not cope with difficulties he had never experienced, or rise to heights that were beyond the level of his mental and spiritual constitution. And there were those even among his attached flock who, while they admitted that the minister held the "fundamentals," could have wished that his words were more rousing, that he would introduce more stirring effects into his services, even that he would roundly attack rather than meekly bear with the critics' offences.



If the minister had so acted, his censors would have cheerfully looked over other faults—mild, like the man—which they were tempted to find in his walk and conversation. These were his love of farming and gardening; his addiction, when at leisure, to the contemplative sport of angling; and the darker whisper which accused him not merely of playing a game at draughts or backgammon in an odd half hour, but of the far graver delinquency of keeping playing-cards, “the devil’s books,” in his house, and of joining with his guests in a rubber at whist in the desecrated manse drawing-room, as well as in the drawing-rooms of neighbouring lairds and visitors.

After all, these were not huge enormities by way of recreation; but the more rigid and scrupulous of Mr. Macdonald’s parishioners, who took their own amusements of a still more dubious description at cattle trysts and neighbourly gatherings, had a notion that a proper minister ought to be too busy, not to say too austere, for recreation of any kind.

Among these objectors, there were men and women who declared that if Mrs. Macdonald had been the minister—supposing the apostle Paul had not forbidden women to teach and preach, she would have carried the war with a redder hand into the enemy’s country. She would have exhorted, appealed, denounced, implored, till the barn kirk rang again.

Farquhar Macdonald was a tall, slightly gaunt man, with a stoop in his figure, and a hollowness in his healthy coloured cheeks, but showing little grey in his soft brown hair. Perhaps the most notable feature in his face was his long, slightly sleepy looking, but not unpenetrating eyes—brown, like his hair. He was to be seen on week-days in a suit of priest’s grey—a compromise between a minister’s black and a laird’s tweed suit.

Mrs. Macdonald had been a portionless lass of long pedigree, whom Farquhar Macdonald had chosen and married for love, and with whom he dwelt in amity, though there were many points of difference between them. She possessed in a marked degree the Celtic temperament, with its susceptibility and passion, its variableness, its complexity, which drew her in different directions, while she was not consciously guilty of hypocrisy.

Mrs. Macdonald was an inconsistent woman without knowing it. She never found a sermon too long; she would have added indefinitely, had it been in her power, to days of fasting and prayer, and diets of public worship, when sermon upon sermon

should be preached in succession, and “tent addresses” given into the bargain. She could not imagine a secular engagement which might interfere with her attendance at a religious meeting. She trudged staunchly through mud and mire, since the minister’s horse was often inevitably bespoken for his own use in another quarter, to exhort or solace a sinner open to such treatment. Nay, to do her justice, in these circumstances she was not mean; she would cheerfully convey to the sinner such temporal assistance and pleasant eates as Mrs. Macdonald herself could not well spare, while her client might feel tempted to claim them as no more than his or her due in the transaction.

But she would also resent and refuse to see the offer of the hand of the distiller’s or cattle-dealer’s wife when she met either of them in the very kirkyard path. She would only keep up a kind of condescending professional intercourse with the households of her husband’s brother clergymen, since these had brought to the neighbouring parish manses womankind drawn from less distinguished sources than her own. She would not associate, or allow her daughter Unah\* to associate familiarly, with any family in rank below that of a laird—unless, indeed, the family happened to be possessed of such wealth as to have hastened by a generation or two the process of refinement, and bought an entrance betimes into privileged circles.

The minister’s personal habits were simple, and he did what he could to keep those of his household simple also. Nevertheless, Mrs. Macdonald maintained a style of living at the manse which, while it stopped short of entangling her husband in debt, hampered his finances, helped to send his sons abroad, without one of them waiting to succeed to the paternal farm, or to seek the promotion of being appointed his father’s helper and successor, and afforded no possibility of any save a slender provision being made for the only daughter of the house.

But the apparent want of care for Unah’s future was quite compatible with Mrs. Macdonald’s entertaining for her daughter the most ambitious views which could be held with any show of reason in that part of the country. It was universally believed that the minister of Fearnavoi’s wife did not destine Unah for a zealous and saintly young probationer not yet ordained, and looking to the field of missions as his true sphere, but for her husband’s cousin twice removed, Donald Mac-

\* Pronounced in the Highlands “Oonah.”

donald, the laird of Drunchatt. And he was not only a sickly young fellow, the last of a short-lived race, he was also—always save in his lairdship, and the advantage it gave him as a suitor for Unah—a man not particularly to Mrs. Macdonald's mind, since his opinions and habits were more conformed to the minister's standard.

Mrs. Macdonald's extravagance with a method in it, necessitated a sharp, vigilant economy in all household details apart from social pretensions. This close-fistedness impaired her worldly popularity. The shopkeeper of the store at the Ford—the nearest village, deserving the name, to Fearnavoil—with all his Highland politeness and natural feeling for the minister and Craighdhu, did not court her custom. Girls whom the minister had baptized and catechized, and whom Mrs. Macdonald herself had taught diligently in her Sabbath school class, did not care to enter her service. Still, she was highly esteemed as an indefatigable district visitor and tract distributor, a woman who could deliver a cottage address or prayer as ably or "powerfully," according to the Scotch phrase, as a man and a minister—for that matter, with far more natural eloquence than her husband possessed.

Mrs. Macdonald was a woman of some native elegance of person and mind. At fifty she was as slender, if a little more angular in figure, as she had been at twenty. She was a woman who wore a shawl well, while her gown of the simplest and plainest description always suited her, and looked the dress of a lady. She had always been a reader and thinker in her way, and had kept herself up with the mental progress of the day through book boxes and reading clubs, even while she preserved for herself, no less than for Unah, as rigid a system of prohibition and condemnation in her studies as ever was established by pope or presbyter.

Mrs. Macdonald had bright dark eyes still, and aquiline features getting stronger with age. She had not changed the fashion of arranging her hair since she was a bride, and retained on each side of her face, under her little cap, the two or three spiral ringlets of her youth. But the hair once black had become somewhat prematurely a lovely silver grey.

CHAPTER II.—THE MINISTER'S MAN, MRS. MACDONALD'S JENNY, AND THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

NEXT to Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald in importance in the manse were Malise Gow, the

minister's man, and Jenny Reach (pronounced Re-ach), Mrs. Macdonald's Jenny. It was doubtful which of the two owned the greater supremacy in the establishment; though Jenny was the stronger character, Malise, as a lord of creation in a region where woman's rights had not then been heard of, bore the bell. Oddly enough too, Malise possessed a double recommendation which served him both with master and mistress. His duty and his devotion—for he was a faithful, attached creature—were to his master, but the chief sympathies of his excitable, impulsive nature were with his mistress. He reflected as in a primitive rude mirror both her spiritual and her worldly bent. He was as vehement in his religious principles, and as convinced of the natural superiority and extensive dues of the Fearnavoil Manse family, and of himself in connection with them, as was his mistress.

One of the two great mortifications of Malise Gow's life was that his master and minister was, as Malise was compelled to grant, no great hand at the preaching—not given to terribly thrilling denunciations or wildly-piteous appeals, a thought too wide in doctrine for Malise's creed, and much too controlled in tone for the servant's taste.

Sometimes Malise was so moved in spirit by these deficiencies, as to go a little beyond his own province and hint to his pastor and patron the room there was for improvement in his pulpit speech. Mr. Macdonald always took these well-meant sighs and crafty suggestions in perfectly good part and with the quietest of smiles, but he could not be said to profit much by them.

Malise had also to accuse Mr. Macdonald in his heart of not keeping up the family dignity as Mrs. Macdonald asserted it. Mr. Macdonald would not only shake hands right and left with the humblest tacksman and shepherd, he would not merely baptize, marry, and bury his parishioners, but he would fraternise with any one of them on his hobbies of farming, gardening, and natural history. He would not draw the wise distinction of holding the middle class, as being more in danger of mistaking his meaning, at a greater distance than their humble neighbours. He sat at farmers' dinner and tea tables on terms of equality—a pleased as well as a welcome guest.

Malise could not say that the parishioners thus favoured took great advantage of their minister's humility. But when things came to such a pass that Mr. Macdonald affected the company of the more intelligent and

worthier middle-class residents in his parish and life-long members of his church, to a greater extent than he did that of Lord Moydart who belonged to another parish and communion, it was really time for a friend of the family to speak out. It did appear—hard as it was to conceive it of a Highland gentleman, himself a laird by long descent—that the minister was a radical and republican, a black neb, a bonnet rouge. But in face of the danger of horrible scandal, and in spite of the minister's peaceableness, he was not easy to be entreated in such matters. He beheld his wife's example, he was so far subject to her influence, he knew Malise's mind, and yet he continued to behave as if neither wife of his bosom nor faithful servant existed for him in this matter.

Still, with all his reasons of complaint against his master and agreement with his mistress, it was to the minister that Malise's soul clave. And well it might, for it was the minister who freely forgave and forgot Malise's heavy falls from his high profession. The grace he had received, and of which, as he clutched it, he was tempted to make his boast, did not at this stage enable him to cast triumphantly behind him the national love of usquebaugh. There were seasons—notably at the annual Ford games—when usquebaugh found its advantage and wit was driven out. Then the victim was not only shamefully overtaken by drink, but let himself be induced, like any poor blind papist of an Irishman at Donnybrook, to shed his hot Celtic blood in such brawls as would on their first occurrence have inevitably deprived Malise of his cherished post of church officer, had not these offences been regarded tenderly by his brother Highlanders.

After such flagrant backslidings, Mrs. Macdonald, who had in general much satisfaction in Malise's zealous church-going and enthusiastic professions, and who was wont to express herself as entertaining good hopes of his spiritual state, only showed that she did not give him up entirely, by her bitter upbraidings and stern rebukes.

But Mr. Macdonald would hang his own head, look at Malise wistfully, and take the first opportunity of proving his faith in the sincerity of the sinner's repentance by affording him new chances of displaying his regard for Kirk and minister. And Malise, though his mind was warped by passion and prejudice, remembered another look at an erring disciple, and felt in the depth of his soul that

the pure, meek, tender man he served, had something in common with his Master.

Malise's duties partook both of the secular and the sacred character. He was at the same time the minister's man and a church officer. He worked one of the ploughs on the glebe lands and at Craighdbhu; he overlooked the young shepherds at both places; he groomed Mr. Macdonald's horse, and occasionally drove it, when his master was not with the ladies in the waggonette; he worked under the minister and Unah in the manse garden. To these work-a-day duties Mrs. Macdonald would fain have added those of butler and footboy. But lack of time on Malise's part, his unpresentability when fresh from some of his functions, and a certain awkward flutter bred of his very willingness and eagerness to do her spiring gently, or genteely, caused her to relegate the housework, which would otherwise have fallen to Malise's share, to a boy, who was always a raw apprentice to his calling, since Mrs. Macdonald could not afford to employ a youthful proficient equal to serving at Castle Moydart.

Neither the primitiveness nor the onerousness of Malise's week-day avocations prevented his having on the Sabbath-day the honour and responsibility of bearing into the kirk the church Bible containing Mr. Macdonald's MS. sermon; for, alas! another sore grievance to Mrs. Macdonald and Malise, the minister had always been a supporter, if not a slave, to what in Scotland is emphatically and derisively termed "the paper." Malise in the very height of his official glory was condemned—with secret shame and confusion of face where this detail was concerned—to carry the hated thing within the Book up the pulpit stairs, and deposit it on the reading-desk of the pulpit, at the door of which he stood solemnly like a soldier at attention—the pulpit at Fearnavoil itself being not unlike a sentry-box—waiting till the minister, in his Geneva gown and bands, entered from the session-house, ascended the stairs, and took his seat, when Malise closed the pulpit-door and retired.

On these occasions Malise was dressed in a cast-off suit of the minister's black, as at other times he wore up his master's priest's grey. The succession to Mr. Macdonald's wardrobe was a special windfall to Malise, for in his forlorn position as an elderly widower without a child, in his cottage in the hamlet, his wearing apparel was apt to be neglected. He was a meagre little scarecrow of a man,







"THE BRIDE'S PASS."

bald and furrowed before his time from the restless spirit which was in him, that, like a sword never still, had fretted the scabbard.

Jenny Reach was of a different mould and mind; she had come with Mrs. Macdonald to Fearnavoi, and she was so valuable a servant, that, as it was Jenny's pleasure to cast in her fortunes with those of the manse family, Mrs. Macdonald never dreamt of parting with her, though Jenny, in spite of her worth, was a thorn in her mistress's side. Nay, Malise was a favourite with Mr. Macdonald, and a gentle diversion to him, while Jenny proved often like a scourge of knotted whipcord to her mistress.

Jenny was a born philosopher as well as a capable woman and servant, a good-natured cynic, a female Hume of humble rank, such as is more frequently to be found in the class of domestic servants than masters and mistresses are apt to suppose. Jenny's reason so far exceeded her imagination, that her amount of reverence must needs have been limited. She saw through everything and everybody. She was the *femme de chambre*, or housekeeper, in this case, to whom her mistress could not be a heroine.

Withal there was nothing caustic or savage about Jenny. There was the more fatal easy tolerance which bears to any extent with inferiority simply because it has no faith in superiority.

Jenny would say to herself of her mistress, that Mrs. Macdonald beat her breast with the best on the Sabbath-day, and on Monday drove a hard bargain with her servants in the matter of their board, wages, and work, that she might retain the table-boy or the parlour-maid, or that she might have a carriage and horses over from the inn at Corriemorag every time she dined at Castle Moydart; and she was quite sincere in both instances, Jenny reflected with a critical appreciation of the anomaly of the sincerity. It had always been the mistress's way since she was a young girl, and offended her uncle by setting off, without so much as asking his leave, and walking miles over moor and moss in rain and snow—such weather that he would not have the horses out—like any poor old seceder or Romanist who acted as if her salvation depended on her attendance at this sermon or that mass. And she would offend the old master still more mortally in the course of the ensuing week by casting her head and turning a cold shoulder on the wife of the English stock-broker to whom he fancied himself indebted, and whom he chose to invite to Ballyfruin during the shooting season.

Mrs. Macdonald—Miss Macgregor that was—would, even in those days, beat down the account of the Ford dressmaker, who could ill afford the sharp process, to the lowest penny; while the young lady would contend with her sister, Miss Sybilla, about trifles for which the elder sister did not care, except that she had her own will in them.

Jenny measured the minister as accurately. He was a simple man, though he had studied divinity. He could not wrestle vigorously with his adversaries; he could do no more than oppose a patient front to them. There was a lack of pith in his peaceableness. He was barely master in his own house and parish. "Honest man!" Jenny called him, with more of complacent pity than praise in her tone.

Miss Unah was but a white-faced, childish lass who could not walk alone—and she going on for nineteen. To have so much work made about her!

But the manse family were a fine family, as families went, Jenny wound up her cool commentary; and she had no objection to spend her days with them.

In reality Jenny, who made no pretence at devotion, and felt as untroubled with enthusiasm as a born diplomat, was a careful, steady servant, and took pride in discharging her duties as creditably as if she had been attached to distraction to her worldly superiors, and in her attachment blind to all their errors and weaknesses. She expected no great attachment from them in turn, and, in the absence of disappointment on her part, she was a comfortable person to live with.

Jenny's great defect was that her candid objections and doubts fell like a cold-water douche on warm or sensitive temperaments, and that though she was too sensible a woman not to know and keep her place, she took little trouble to conceal the fact that she penetrated the sophistries which but for her would have remained unsuspected by the very persons who employed them.

Jenny had even a malicious pleasure in civilly letting her neighbours, including her mistress, see that whatever they themselves might do, she did not hold them for more or other than they actually were worth. This nice weighing process of Jenny's, though her mistress instinctively avoided contending with it, or even contemplating it, was a distress to Mrs. Macdonald every time she came in contact with it. She took refuge in a grave, regretful doubt with regard to Jenny's spiritual condition. But here again Jenny tacitly asserted her right of private judgment, and declined



to have her mistress interfere either with her conscience or her soul. Indeed, the one style of person whom Jenny could not abide, and for whom her large loose tolerance utterly failed, was the individual who made an outward profession serve for an inward experience, and whose cant was as fluent as it was false.

Jenny was a large, stout woman, who had not been particularly comely in her youth, but who wore so well, and whose contentment of spirit—granting it was but a base sort of contentment—was written so agreeably to

the most superficial observer in her smooth forehead, still abundant sandy-coloured hair, permanently fresh colour, and plump, but not heavy, cheeks, that she might be said to be fairly well-looking in middle life. She became the sober-coloured, substantial woollen gowns, and head-dresses of amply-puffed ribbon and lace which she assumed when dressed for the afternoon. But Jenny was never slovenly in her dress, even in the busiest working hours. Her cotton gowns and check aprons and thick caps were always scrupulously clean and to the purpose.



There was a natural antagonism between the two servants, which, in the beginning, took with Malise the form of rage and aversion. But with Jenny—in consequence of her fund of not unwholesome good-humour and impartial fairness that in some respects stood her in stead of wider sympathies—the antagonism never went beyond a species of half kindly contempt. Jenny was even good to Malise in the midst of his unrestrained exasperation against her and dislike to her. And it was in the very nature of things that Malise, quickly alive to the benefits without

pausing to inquire narrowly into their origin, should feel his wrath beginning to transmute itself with the speed of lightning into a totally different sentiment, until the disparity between the couple became the subtlest, most fascinating attraction to the man. In addition to the attraction, poor Malise, who had all the shiftlessness of a poet who has never written a line, and whose life in his weather-stained tumble-down cottage where he dwelt “a lone man”—that far more pitiable object than a “lone woman”—was far from a luxurious form of existence, had a cunning per-

ception that a union with a respectable, substantial, clever, elderly lass like Jenny, who had her savings, would make all the difference in the world to the domestic comfort of his declining years.

But to give Malise all the credit that was his due, the crowning inducement to his suit lay in the joy and honour which would redound to him if he proved the unworthy instrument of converting Jenny into a lively Christian. Even he, in his changed mood, could not regard her as other than a cool professor. More than that, there was a horrible suspicion prevailing among her fellow-servants that Jenny would not have paid the homage which she did to the Kirk in her unflinching attendance on its services if she had not been a minister's housekeeper; nay, that in the said capacity she sometimes allowed herself a freedom of expression and action which startled her hearers. But rumour went too far here, or misunderstood Jenny, for she had no disposition to quarrel with existing institutions; she was rather inclined to rest perfectly satisfied with them, at the same time that she saw every flaw in the edifice.

So Malise, from starting as Jenny's bitter foe, became her humble servant, well-nigh her slave. And Jenny was amused instead of touched. As she was the first to laugh she had no difficulty in standing the ridicule which Malise's pretensions provoked among the younger servants. Jenny only lost her patience when her lover's plea threatened to wax importunate.

"What does the silly body take me for, that I should give up my freedom for his support?" she cried in her Gaelic. "Does he fancy that I am ready to flee from the reproach of being an old maid? No me," protested Jenny, speaking again with the suspicion of Lowland Scotch, which interlarded and qualified her tolerable English. "I think it is the grandest thing in the world to be a single woman—my own mistress, save that I am in service, and with no man to answer to for what I choose to think or do."

Malise would retreat, intensely mortified and cruelly baffled, but always to return and renew the attack.

It may seem odd that the servants should be described before the daughter—the sole daughter of the house. But although Unah was her father's pet and the darling of the mother, who held ambitious views for her, it had been part of Mrs. Macdonald's discipline, which had fitted in with the girl's own shy,

humble disposition, to keep her long a child, and even when she had unmistakably outgrown childish things, to treat her as irresponsible and dependent.

Even in the religious life of the parish, in which Mrs. Macdonald took so prominent a part as almost to leave her husband behind her, she had curiously enough refrained from forcing or stimulating her young daughter. It was only lately that she had been withdrawn from her mother's class of big girls in the Sabbath-school, in order to be intrusted with a handful of babies on her own account. She was a member of the Church certainly, but she had not been judged sufficiently mature to join it till she had reached her seventeenth year, and she still attended her father's class for young communicants in prospect. If Unah accompanied her mother in her "visitation" of the parish, the girl was confined to being a reverent listener and worshipper, whatever exhortation or prayers were engaged in. She might be commissioned to leave a tract in a cottage or read a chapter to an old person, but she was not expected—she would have been reproved if she had presumed—to explain their contents. Some of Mrs. Macdonald's peculiar allies censured her dealings with her daughter in this respect, and held that they savoured of the worldly side of the lady's character. It was as if she did not wish to commit Unah to too marked a profession of religion, or too active a participation in the duties of the member of a manse family, which might hamper her promotion as the wife of Drumchatt, or any other laird of moderate opinions. But whatever were Mrs. Macdonald's defects, she was not a person who would allow herself to be influenced by other people's censure; so she went on her way in her management of Unah without regard to critical fault-finding.

Unah had been carefully and lovingly taught, to the point where her education approached the pale of accomplishments, by her father. She was a respectable scholar, not only in his old-fashioned English, French, and Italian classics, but in his natural history, with its love of the hills and glens and garden. For the man was to some extent a Scotch White, to whom Fearnvoil was another Selborne. And he had taken delight in imparting to his daughter the acquired knowledge of a quiet lifetime in observations of birds and bees, pine-trees and cotton-grass, lights upon the hills and shadows on the tarns.

From various other sources, especially from her cousin Drumchatt, Unah had picked up her share of the mass of tradition and legend which floats all over the Highlands. Her father, whose artistic side was all towards the outer world of nature, had been too sober-minded and matter of fact for such myths; her mother regarded them, unless when they were among her ancestral properties, as vanities; but Unah had a natural appetite for primitive story and song, and fed on them along with other food, while the diet produced its effect on her character.

Thus Unah had her own stores of intelligence, and if a stranger could overcome her timidity and shrinking from being brought forward beyond the lines of girlish subjection and unobtrusiveness in which she had been reared, there might be discovered in her a latent spring of impulsiveness as well as earnestness, which showed that some of her mother's specialities were grafted on those of her father in the girl's composition.

Withal Unah Macdonald was as ignorant of the world, and more unaccustomed to act for herself, than the poorest, most uncultivated girl in Mr. Macdonald's parish, who, in tartan petticoat and linen short gown—her head as well as her feet often uncovered—"shores the harvest," or cuts peats for the winter's fuel.

In her personal appearance Unah was not very like either her father or mother. Strictly speaking, she was not so handsome as they had once been. They were both tall, and she was only of a middle size. They were both more or less dark, and she was fair—of an auburn-haired fairness—pale for a healthy girl who spent much of her life out of doors, and with that favoured immunity from tan and freckles which is the rare portion of some blondes.

Unah's forehead was a little too big, and her peaked chin a shade too small; but her nose was of an unobjectionable Greek type, and her mouth was finely curved in lines, neither too round nor too straight, the happy medium between fulness and thinness—a very lovable mouth, and yet not a weak any more than a hard mouth. Her eyes were dark for her complexion, a soft dusky grey where one would have expected them to be a warm hazel, if not a limpid blue. The hue came upon the gazer with the effect of a surprise, and lent a curious precocious depth of meaning to what would otherwise have been the juvenile shallowness of the lily face. And withal, in character and person, Unah Macdonald, in the cherished and guarded isolated life she

had led, possessed the intangible charm which falls to the lot of a few women in their generation—sometimes in the room of beauty, wit, and worldly wealth, and proving often more potent than each or all. The charm may be defined as a rare simplicity and delicacy of mind and face, a blending of unsophisticatedness and refinement which to the contemporaries who can appreciate it may prove marvellously irresistible.

Already the distinction was recognised in the case of Unah Macdonald. She was only a parish minister's daughter, let her mother claim for her what she might. Her education, if good of its kind, had been old-fashioned, and even a little eccentric in its departure from the usual standards of a young lady's attainments. She was but a humble musician, and the most rudimentary of artists. She had not even been to a boarding-school to lose her Highland accent, to be taught to walk and dance according to high precedent, and to learn to make something of her hair. She had not her mother's sleight of hand in putting on a shawl. It must be confessed that Unah was a little of a dowdy at this time of her life. She was hasty and careless in her arrangement of her extremely modest and maidenly calicots and serges, rustic hats with ribbons of the same colour, sashes which were tied in the old childish knot, and were as unchanging as the muslin frock of which they were adjuncts. She was too colourless, and not sufficiently perfect in features for either prettiness or beauty. Her nervous bashfulness, though in Unah it was not readily mistaken for pride—indeed, the girl was unmistakably unassuming and gentle, and had rather an air of helplessness, which hindered her reserve from giving offence—prevented her from being popular except with the small circle that knew and doted upon her. Yet there was a tolerably general, almost involuntary acknowledgment in the parish of Fearnavoil, whether or not Mrs. Macdonald's decision had anything to do with it, that the minister's daughter was somebody out of the common. There was a growing inclination shown by high and low to put Unah Macdonald on a pedestal, and wait breathlessly to see what wonderful destiny should come to the sweet gravity and the spontaneous joyousness of the baby face. Would it be that marriage with Drumchatt which her mother had chalked out for her? or would it be a still more splendid fortune, altogether beyond her strict deserts, yet no more than what was due to her fairy gift?



THE CLOSE OF THE MISSION SERVICES ON  
ST. ANDREW'S DAY.\*

Sermon preached in the morning by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster,  
in the Choir of Westminster Abbey.

"The field is the world." MARK, III. 38.

IN the grounds of a secluded college amidst the hills of North America, is a pillar which marks the spot where four young Presbyterian students bound themselves by a solemn vow to found missions for the propagation of the gospel in distant countries. It was the first awakening of that missionary spirit amongst the Americans which has issued in such extended enterprises, and which only this year drew from the lips of the ruling statesman of this country unwonted expressions of eulogy. On that pillar are written the words—

"THE FIELD IS THE WORLD."

I have said that this monument commemorates the first revival in the New World of missionary zeal to the distant regions of the earth; but it followed upon and was part of the like zeal which arose for the first time in all Protestant Churches at the close of the last century and the beginning of this.

The ancient mediæval Church, at the time of the settlement of the barbarian tribes, had no doubt conceived the noble ambition of extending the frontiers of Christianity beyond the empire which it had already converted; and the same tradition was continued in the later Roman Church in the splendid adventures on which the Society of the Jesuits embarked in China, in India, in Canada, and in South America. But these missions have on the whole left but feeble traces, and the contributions of the whole Roman Church at this moment to the missionary cause do not amount to one-third of what is contributed by the Protestant communions of Great Britain alone.

It was in those Protestant communions, after a long apathy for which various causes may be assigned, that the ancient fire of missionary ardour was rekindled towards the close of the eighteenth century.

The Church of England and the English Nonconformists then began to feel that they had a duty to the heathens within or without our dominions, such as before they had only acknowledged towards our own race, or possibly the races immediately dependent upon us. In the Church of Scotland the question was formally discussed in its General Assembly, and was all but extinguished by the

philosophic arguments of one of the distinguished ecclesiastical leaders of that time, had it not been for the sudden and vehement appeal which I have once before quoted from this place, which a zealous minister made to the Holy Bible, which lay on the table before the seat of the Moderator.

The principle on which that appeal, and all like appeals, are founded, is contained in the sacred words which I have chosen for my text—"The field is the world." There is no limit to the advance of truth and goodness, and therefore no limit to the advance of Christianity, save those which are interposed by the extremities of space that bound in the habitable globe.

Whatever may be the failings in the methods of missionary enterprise, however much they need to be transformed from age to age, yet it rests in all its forms on these two fundamental truths, that all, or almost all, branches of the human race are capable of moral improvement, and that the Christian religion is sufficiently wide to comprehend, and take its part in, every form of moral improvement of which the human race is capable.

Such are the grounds on which, from time to time, I have advocated, on the successive anniversaries of this solemnity, the cause which the Primate of all England has commended to our attention at this season of the year. This is the last occasion on which I shall have an opportunity of bringing the subject forward on St. Andrew's Day. For various reasons it has seemed good to transfer the day of intercession for missions from the festival of St. Andrew to another time of the year—a transference which will probably change, at least in this place, the character of the celebration. I have, therefore, thought that it might be suitable briefly to sum up the methods by which it has been endeavoured to carry out the designs of our Church in these opportunities.

It appeared to me that the principle that "the field is the world," required a yet further exemplification than could be given to it by the ordinary appeals of Churchmen from the

\* This sermon is here given as introductory to Principal Tulloch's lecture, delivered on the same day in the Abbey, which will appear in next number.—Ed.

pulpit. Accordingly it was determined, after ascertaining that such procedure was in entire accordance with the laws of this Church and realm, to invite other than those of our ministry or communion to take their part in showing that they, too, joined, on various grounds, in this common work of ours, and that, at least in this place, the heathen world should not be scandalized by the echoes of a disunited Christendom.

The first who undertook this office was a German scholar of world-wide renown,\* who, beyond any other living man, has deeply studied the various religions and languages of mankind, and who was sure to speak of them with that union of reverence and truthfulness which in itself is a model to all teachers of the heathen everywhere. In this spirit he spoke on the missionary aspect of the various religions of the world; and when, at a later date in this very year, he further developed the same truths from a somewhat different point of view in the ancient Chapter House adjoining this Abbey, the permission to him so to lecture within those venerable walls was granted at my special request, and with my full sympathy and responsibility, because I felt that he was still carrying out the same principles, namely, that through the whole field of the world, wherever we can find one sacred spot in the soil of the human heart, there the seed of religion, which is the word of God, may be sown, and may yield fruit, some thirty-fold, some sixty-fold, some a hundred-fold.

The next who was invited to take this duty was one who, occupying one of the highest positions of education in a sister Church,† was known as combining in no ordinary degree the eloquence of the Christian preacher with the depth of the Christian philosopher. He also, in tones which I would we could oftener hear within these walls, dwelt in the most touching, and at the same time most convincing, strain, on the universal character of the Christian religion.

The third was far different from either of the two who had preceded him. He was a man great, not in speech, but in action, venerable, not from office, but from years, the patriarch of British missionaries,‡ the near kinsman of the famous explorer who lay beneath his feet, and who himself had shared with him in the labour of evangelizing the tribes of Africa. He, though born and bred in another communion and ministry than ours, and showing

in his simple style how little he had partaken of the larger knowledge or culture of the seats of learning, yet bore not the less a powerful testimony to the height and breadth of the missionary sphere.

For the fourth teacher in this succession there would have been, but for the imperative duties required by the like celebration in his own communion beyond the border,\* one whom the late Chief Ruler of India had designated as, amongst all living names, the one that had carried most weight amongst the Hindoo and the Mohamedan nations of our vast empire, as a faithful pastor and a wise and considerate teacher. Though he belonged in his later years to a communion which had broken off from its parent stock, yet his generous spirit eagerly welcomed the call which was made to him, and, but for the accidental circumstance to which I have referred, would gladly have responded to it.

His place was filled by a representative preacher from the Church of Ireland†—divided from our own through causes over which it had no control—divided in its constitution, in its forms of worship, and in its national character; but not therefore the less entitled to take its share with the scholars and the preachers of other countries and other Churches in a work that seemed especially to befit the Communion that had produced such mighty missionaries as the Evangelizers in early times of Scotland, of Switzerland, and of Western Germany.

The fifth was a distinguished scholar and pastor of our own English Nonconformists,‡ who, by his gracious and loving spirit, has perhaps done as much as any one in our distracted time could effect, to reconcile the differences which divide our different Churches. He, with his large historical knowledge and capacious sympathies, was able to illustrate this spirit and to confirm our work by showing the unity amidst diversity of the various types of Christian biography in the field of missionary labour.

And now on this, the last St. Andrew's Day on which the cause of missions will be pleaded in this place, it has seemed a not unsuitable occasion to invite the chief ecclesiastical head of the Church of Scotland, who is also the chief theological professor in that ancient university which bears the name of the Apostle from whom this day is called, to bear his witness in proclaiming that the world, and every part of the world, is the field on which Christianity must thrive and

\* Professor Max Müller.

† The Very Rev. John Caird, D.D., Principal of the University of Glasgow.

‡ The Rev. Dr. Moffat.

\* The Rev. Dr. Duff.

† Archdeacon Reichel.

‡ The Rev. Dr. Stoughton.

triumph. He has taught us, as no one else has yet taught us, the quiet strength and the temperate light which lay within our own Church of England, in the distinguished succession of philosophic and apostolic divines who glorified the seventeenth century in this country. He has taught his own Church the greatness of its position as the Church, not of a sect, but of a nation—as the Church which of all other ecclesiastical institutions in the northern kingdom is most emphatically the refuge of learning, of culture, and of freedom. And if this occasion should assist in binding more closely together the two nations whose union has been cemented after so many years of bloodshed and dissension, not only by law, but by the dearest and nearest affections; if it should tend to a closer sympathy between two sister Churches, which have the same purpose of civilising and enlightening the national elements with which they are connected, it will be carrying out the principle

on which the Church and Realm of England have always recognised the Church of Scotland, the principle that all who call themselves Christians shall pursue the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace and in righteousness of life. Let us trust that on this the last of our missionary services on St. Andrew's Day, we shall be taught to carry away the vital principle of the gospel from which all missions spring; let us trust that some reason may be given for the hope that whoever else goes astray to the right hand or to the left, we may truly find in the life of our Divine Master those words of eternal life, of which the most learned historian of Christianity has said in the most solemn passage of his work, that "these, and these alone, are the primal, indefeasible truths of Christianity which shall not pass away"—and which, in proportion as we reach to a more practical use of those undying truths, shall transform and purify the whole field of the world.

A. P. STANLEY.

## GENTLEWOMEN IN DIFFICULTIES.

IT is a deplorable element in what is a terrible national misfortune, that out of the twelve hundred shareholders in the City of Glasgow Bank upwards of three hundred are gentlewomen. Putting aside any question of the causes or the reasons why so many of this class are involved, the domestic tragedies which have come to pass within the last few weeks form a strong argument for women to lay aside the false and petty shame which forbids them to work in order to increase their means of livelihood.

With the old among women a change of ideas and habits may be difficult, but with the middle-aged and young it is not only possible, but the sooner it is adopted the better for them and their households. There may be comparatively few occupations for gentlewomen to engage in with the purpose of increasing their slender resources, but, at least, none is likely to be so disastrous as the investment of their limited capital in a dangerous adventure and sitting in fancied security till the crash comes. Besides, the energy which is called forth by any active effort on a woman's part, has this sure return, that even if misfortune overtake her in her attempts, it will leave her less helpless and paralyzed than she would otherwise have been in a crisis in any degree similar to the present.

In the outset the writer would fain say one

word to girls in wealthy households that are still wealthy—the members of which have no apparent cause to apprehend that their riches will take wings and fly away. Still, what has happened in other households may happen in theirs. No class was ever so powerful or so nearly irresponsible to their fellow-men in their day as the old *noblesse* of France, yet with a curious foreboding of change of times at hand, the revolution was ante-dated in many great families by a recognition of the desirability of bringing up their sons to know a trade, by the exercise of which they might in extremity procure food. And before the revolution was ended the daughters, as well as the sons, of these houses worked with their hands to win money to buy a bit of bread.

There is a well-known law of political economy which supplements natural instincts and bids the rich man or woman live differently from the poor, impressing upon the former that the superbness or daintiness of his or her *ménage* or individual life is one great never-failing source of work, and therefore of wages, to the ranks beneath the privileged classes. But it is a fact recognised almost as clearly, that no trade is so precarious as that which depends for its very existence on the sale of luxuries.

Would it not be well, then, in these seasons of dull trade and mercantile depression,



threatening to press with appalling heaviness on the improvident, incapable, and destitute members of the community, if the women of the upper ten thousand—to whom the writer is speaking—would, while not forfeiting the rights of their wealth and rank, and not breaking that law of political economy, try to confine their personal expenses within modest bounds; seek even from a selfish motive to fortify themselves betimes against such possible endurance of hardship as may yet be their own portion; and endeavour by their example to check the constant tendency to vulgar ostentation, self-indulgence, and idle extravagance which has penetrated to the women and men of almost all ranks, and which the great teachers and preachers of our day tell us are eating out the very heart of the nation?

Once upon a time in England a great authority of the very highest culture, though of no great moral weight, was fond of singing the praises of what he called *le grand simple* as the essence of gentle breeding. Once upon a time a far greater authority classed together "plain living and high thinking."

But where the young are concerned particularly there is a great and growing obstacle to such true Christian manliness and womanliness. Not the least evil sign of the times is the enormous circulation—chiefly among young men and women belonging largely, one is astonished to find, to the better as well as the worse educated classes—of a description of literature which, among its other grievous offences, holds up all reverence, earnestness, dutifulness, diligence in men, but, above all, in women, to contempt. And in a higher class of fiction, where one might have hoped for better things, there is a decided tendency in many quarters to beg-off girls from all serious reflection and steady effort at higher things. Spare them their day-dreams, however selfish, under certain circumstances; do not lay a harsh, unsympathetic hand on the girlish light-heartedness, which will grow grave soon enough under the cares of life—so the story goes. Do these writers really think that the fresh dew of youth is so easily brushed off as they represent it to be? Have they troubled to give any conscientious thought to the matter? Or do they only seek to repeat the half-heathenish recommendation of Herrick—

"Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,  
Old time is still a-flying,"

and to preserve a conventional picturesqueness of ornamental idleness, ignorance, and incapability, which suits the novelist's purpose?

Can it be their experience that honest work in proportion to a girl's strength, with the relaxation to follow, impairs the delicate sweetness of girlhood any more than it destroys the bold ardour of boyhood; that it prevents in the sister any more than in the brother a poetic idealization of hard facts—a frank, fearless and joyous look-out into the world? Have these writers not found it much nearer the truth, if they have employed their powers of observation on the point, that the languor and *ennui* resulting from the stale round of amusements and the aimless lives of many rich girls do far more to blight their fancy and sap their gaiety than almost any amount of work within their capabilities could do? It is superfluous to say more here with regard to the two classes of books referred to, the combined influence of which must be immense, than that while the one corrupts, the other, by a false or cynical sentimentality, enervates or embitters the minds of a large number of women when work is in question.

Thinking yet of the girls in homes with every attribute of ease and pleasure which have not yet been shaken and shattered by reverses, is it too much to ask of them as rational beings, not to say Christian women, to refuse any longer, if they have consented before, to fritter away the spring-time of their lives? Let them spend a part of their ample leisure in cultivating some honourable pursuit assiduously and perseveringly, training themselves as far as their abilities reach, so that the very act may elevate and strengthen them morally and mentally. It is not necessary that the rich girl-candidate for honourable distinction should compete in the market for her wares with the worker for bread as well as for distinction; though, even if it were so, the present writer believes there would be no loss to the poorer worker which might not be fully compensated by the fellow-feeling inspired. But the pursuit may be followed for the pure love of the object sought; and here, too, the student will not lose her reward, and she will also acquire a power which may serve her in need. Once more, it is surely not too much to ask of the rich girl that she will devote a tithe of her time, talents, and benevolence—not merely a fraction of her pocket-money—to help her sister in adversity, who in these days may have been but a month ago her companion in prosperity.

The writer respectfully asks to be permitted to say one word of encouragement and another of warning to those girls among the gentle-

women involved in the downfall of the City of Glasgow Bank, and of whom it is written somewhat dolefully, that they were brought up with no expectation of going out into the cold world to engage in the common struggle for a livelihood. To work is in itself no such hard necessity. It is the very life and breath of many women as well as men. Hundreds on hundreds of women count it their best earthly inheritance, take an honest pride in their work, and find in it a constant solace. Let the ignorant and inexperienced try for themselves, and see if they will not discover that industry which is professional, not merely amateur, adds a zest of its own to life, makes the lagging hours fly, endows the moments of leisure with an exquisite flavour in proportion to their brevity. Let the young realise for themselves how sweet from first to last are their veritable earnings; how doubly sweet when the earnings enable the earner to help the broken-down and feeble among those near and dear to them.

As for warning, a crisis like this ought to form an era in the history of Scotchwomen; it ought to have power to lift them above time-honoured prejudices and wild fallacies. The writer has already said that surely now is the time for women of all ages to get rid of the wretched, unworthy prejudice that work, not idleness, is a disgrace impeding their claims to gentle breeding—almost to womanliness. It is also the time for women to cease to imagine that they have only one or two channels of work which are not degrading. It is hardly necessary to particularise these channels, and it ought to be enough to point out that the ranks of governesses are already lamentably overcrowded. And not only so. In the light of the recent much-called-for advocacy of the higher education of women, with the university certificates and the collegiate establishments which are already among its results, the world has awakened to the conviction that any indigent gentlewoman, however morally worthy, does not of necessity form a competent teacher; and that for the success of the latter, not only a comparatively liberal education, but special qualifications and a regular training are absolutely needful. Besides this consideration, it is well enough known to all who take the trouble to inquire, that in the overcrowded ranks of governesses, still densely peopled by recruits from the lower classes, pupils of normal schools who aspire to what they regard as a genteel calling, there are at this moment innumerable poor girls who cannot come up to the standard required of them, and who, in addition to the insurmountable

disadvantage of the supply of such attainments as they can offer being far in excess of the demand, are crushed and demoralised by the sense of their own incapacity. Finally, some of those governesses who are really gifted, thoroughly well-informed, accomplished, and experienced women, have proved in letters to the *Times*, and in other ways, that even in exceptionally favourable circumstances, their salaries are quite inadequate to secure a moderate provision for their own old age; far less to enable them to answer the sacred appeals that may be made to them for aged parents, invalid brothers and sisters, orphan nephews and nieces.

It would be better than having recourse to the forlorn hope of succeeding as ready-made governesses, if the fresh regiments of girls and elder women who must take the field, could be brought to understand that there can be no degradation in any honest work which they are capable of doing, if they would agree to afford a valuable example, and would consent to avail themselves of a modified and ancient version of the "lady-help" system. Within the last two centuries waiting-maids and housekeepers in great families were uniformly taken from the middle and fairly educated classes of the period. The same practice might be resumed with manifold advantages to both employers and employed. It may be said that this would be to invade the prerogatives and interfere with the promotion of women of a lower class. But at least it cannot be denied that there is a far wider field, with much less competition in it, for maid-servants than for young ladies. The great objection to such a suggestion is that the domestic chaplain, where there is one, no longer sits at table, if he is off duty, with the waiting-maid and the housekeeper, who were wont to be clergymen's daughters and sisters, and that the latter in their present representations are reduced without any impropriety to the company of the butler and the footman. These worthies, however exemplary in their station, have never been—for the reason that men have always commanded a more extensive sphere of action—drawn in the same measure from the better-born and educated classes. An arrangement might be made with little trouble and cost in great households, by which the waiting-maid and the housekeeper could be saved from compulsory association with men so many grades beneath them in the social scale.

The wild fallacies in which young people, suddenly excited and thrown off their balance by the call on them to exert untried energies,

are apt to indulge, sound even more piteous. Some poor little girl, whose mild achievements in art have been prized and applauded in an intelligent circle of her family and friends, becomes possessed with the delusion that she will all at once stand up a full-fledged artist, author, or musician, redeeming the fortunes of her family, while she wins fame and wealth for herself. Even when her ambition does not soar quite so high, she is persuaded that she has only to make a few inquiries to secure so many profitable purchasers for her water-colour sketches, tales, and songs, as will, without her so much as quitting the shelter of her home, raise her at once above the fear of want, and deliver her from "common, obscure drudgery." Alas! alas! art too demands its special qualifications, its long strict apprenticeship. As the little girl wastes her time, her energies, her heart itself in vain and useless applications, she is either discomfited, and soured by the impression that she has been altogether mistaken and misled in her estimate of her powers; or she is tempted to judge that there is a conspiracy of employers and employed already in the field, against her enterprise.

At the root of this foolish indulgence in extravagant fancies and this persistent pressing into an overcrowded and unremunerative profession, there lies, far more than the untruths of some novels, the intense and obstinate aversion nourished by women of the better classes to many occupations, as disparaging to their pretensions as gentlewomen, as savouring of all that is vulgar, sordid, "menial." It would be an incalculable blessing to ladies if they could be disabused of their inveterate hostility to what is called "a business" or a trade.

It may be as well to say here that the writer of this article puts aside, intentionally, those higher professional careers which many women are now proposing for themselves, for the simple reason that an expensive and protracted preparation is required for those careers, and that the entrance on them by women remains bristling with difficulties; they seem wholly inapplicable to the present distress.

An approach to a more rational and enlightened, certainly a more dignified, conception of many women's interest and duty with regard to trade, is being made in London—naturally the originator and central point of much national progress. Gentlewomen of acknowledged position and independent means have taken the lead in voluntarily entering on business undertakings within their scope, which employ their

energies, benefit other women willing to be so benefited, and return a fair profit to the promoters. Girls of good birth and education have chosen to live and thrive—not starve and die by inferior teaching and weak art—by going into great shops of various kinds, in subordinate situations at first, but with the view of rising in their calling and becoming heads of departments and owners of businesses in their turn.

Among the trades most suitable for women may be mentioned every form of millinery and dressmaking, all the lighter work of linendrapers' shops, the lighter work of booksellers' and print shops, certain branches of jewellers' work, house decorators', and china merchants' businesses. Colleges for nurses, schools of cookery and schools of art-needlework, afford resources for women which did not exist fifty years ago. But many more occupations, which used to be considered the peculiar property of women, have somehow slipped out of their hands and passed into those of men who could dig and lift heavy burdens, cross the seas, and be the pioneers of a new civilisation. Not only worsted and fancy-work shops, but what are called furnishing shops, glove shops, lace shops, toy shops, bun houses for the sale of buns, cakes, and smaller confectionery, and the retail trade in tea, were formerly regarded to a large extent as belonging to the province of women—not unfrequently of poor gentlewomen. Some of the readers of these observations may recall old stories of Scotch ladies of rank—earls' daughters—who, after the failures of the Darien expedition and the Jacobite rebellions, stoutly maintained themselves and their children by making and selling thread, and by keeping shops of small wares. Other readers, who are admirers of Mrs. Gaskell's writings, will surely think of her gentle "Miss Matty," the late rector's elderly daughter, who, on the failure of a bank and its disastrous consequences, set herself to preserve her meek, modest independence by selling tea in Cranford; and as a parting word the present writer begs to explain that she does not intend by any means to imply that trade asks no distinct qualification and no particular training, only that the qualifications are less rare, the training is not so arduous, and may be acquired later in life—above all, the remuneration to industry and prudence is far more certain. If the younger of the indigent gentlewomen will but revive the good precedent, if they will take heart and cast small prejudices to the winds, their latter end may indeed be better than their beginning.



## YOUNG MRS. JARDINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

## CHAPTER II.



RODERICK

JARDINE was not, I hope, a worse young fellow than most others of his age, or less soft-hearted.

Yet when he had fairly bade

good-bye to his good, tearful mother—who, he knew well, would do anything in the world for him, except let him do what he felt was best for himself—this parting once over, he breathed more freely than he had done for many weeks. The fogs of Richerden were behind him, and before him was *la belle France*, with its sunshiny climate and its light-hearted people, who seem to take life so much easier than we do. He, with his Celtic blood, also liked to enjoy life; and whenever he crossed the Channel he felt, what Anglo-Saxons seldom do feel—for there is a great mystery in kinship of race—a hearty sympathy for that sweet French politeness, that bright open-air existence, with its simple feeding, its innocent amusements, above all, its kindly gaiety. His heart seemed to open at the first clatter of French tongues on Calais pier, the first gleam of clear French sunshine down the long, level, poplar-bordered roads, the first sight of those queer, heavy-looking carts, with the huge Norman horses, and the blue-bloused Norman peasant stolidly following.

"How nice to be really in France again!" thought he with a sigh of relief—happily unheard by the good mother, driving in her splendid carriage to pay a series of calls in Richerden houses, as handsome and as dull

as her own. "I wish I could stay here—at Amiens, perhaps—and spend the whole day in the lovely cathedral. But I suppose it is my duty to go right on to Switzerland."

"Duty" was a rather new idea in this young man's life, and he did not dislike it—just for a change. His "wild-goose chase" had resolved itself into a deliberate purpose, or as much so as was possible to his nature, and at his age. He had not been to Blackhall—he hardly knew why, except that his mother had thrown a good many impediments in the way of the journey, so that perceiving she did not like it, he gave it up. But he had had a long correspondence with Mr. Black, the old factor there, who knew all the family affairs.

From him Roderick discovered that there had been, half a century back, three branches of Jardines—represented by Silence Jardine, Archibald Jardine, and Henry Jardine, his father. These, all second cousins, were brought up together at Blackhall. Thence Archibald had suddenly disappeared abroad, taking his little patrimony. After many years, he was heard of as a "pasteur" in some Swiss canton; no very great change, he having been intended for the Scotch Church; and he was said to be married, with a family. But he had never revived acquaintance with either of his cousins, and what were his present circumstances, whether even he were alive or dead, nobody knew.

Still, Roderick had argued, to accept his own little inheritance till he knew his cousin needed nothing, was really impossible. And though Mrs. Jardine reasoned, on the other side, that the money was not Archibald Jardine's, except conditionally, and to search for him was like hunting for a needle in a haystack, her more impulsive and romantic son decided that Archibald Jardine must be found, and he, Roderick, was the man to find him. Nor was it so very impossible, seeing that Switzerland—Protestant Switzerland—is not such a very large extent of country, and the name was peculiar; also, by all accounts, the man himself was peculiar too—very clever, very eccentric, likely to have made his mark wherever he settled.

"I'll find him, mother, if he is to be found," Roderick had cried, considerably excited by the quest. It gave him, as he

had said, something to do, and (as he did not say, being little given to self-examination) the pleasure was intensified by its being a kindly thing to do. "A few hundreds don't matter to me, and may matter to him. Besides, the thing amuses me."

For either from caprice, folly, or a certain shyness lest they should discover feelings in him which they could not understand, and might only laugh at, he never pretended to his family that he had any interest in life beyond amusement. His sisters thought Roderick the most unpractical fellow alive; and his mother expressed the utmost astonishment, to see him fulfil his duty in arranging all business matters connected with Miss Jardine's will; doing all that was necessary, and even a little more.

Was this, perhaps, because in so doing he had found something to interest him, and deeply too?—the secret of a life which, outside, appeared a mere invalid existence, idle and useless, but underneath was one of the noblest and most pathetic lives the young man had ever dreamed of; wholly unselfish and self-devoted—busy, active, filled up to the last with thoughtful care for others; finally going home, out of the empty world—and not sorry to go home.

"I wonder," thought Roderick as he looked at the diamond ring, which, though it was a lady's ring, he determined always to wear till he could discover some fair lady to give it to—"I wonder if I shall ever find such a woman to love *me*—a second Silence Jardine?"

Ah, foolish fellow! it was always somebody's loving him that he thought about. He forgot that the great strength of the knights of old was, that *they* loved actively, not passively. They chose some noble lady, worshipped and served her, fought for her, and won her. The man who has will to choose, courage to win, and faithfulness to keep, is almost unknown in modern chivalry. As rare, alas! is the woman who deserves to be thus adored.

Roderick sat meditating in this wise—not in the crowded Paris railway, but in the empty carriage between Dijon and Pontarlier—where, in the dim dawn of the winter morning, he found himself on the boundary of Switzerland, a country which he had never yet seen. And, spite of all his notion of "duty," he was conscious of a lurking pleasure in being thus forced by "business" to realise the dream of his life, and see the Alps for the first time.

As the sun rose and the morning bright-

ened—one of those glorious days of St. Martin's summer which make all mountainous regions look so lovely—Roderick felt himself growing strangely excited. The country was not unlike his native Scotland, only with the picturesque Swiss cottages dotted here and there. From either window he looked out on green hill-sides and pleasant glens, with dancing burns at the bottom, just as if he had been at home.

"How my father would have liked this!" he said to himself, and sat on the arm of the carriage-seat, watching with the eagerness of a very boy—what was he but a boy still?—for the first glimpse of those "eternal snows" which travellers rave about, and painters paint, and poets sing of, and which he was half inclined to fear would be a great "take in" after all—ay, even when he found himself dashing through the finest bit of railway journey he had ever experienced—the magnificent Val de Travers.

Everybody knows that Pass through the Jura mountains, where you dart in and out of about a dozen tunnels, catching between whiles gleams of the ravine, the wildest Roderick had ever seen, a hill-side sloping up to the very sky, one mass of trees—chiefly fir and oak—whose vivid greens and yellows glowed in the clear sunshine; and a river boiling below, all spray and foam, whirling round grey rocks in frantic eddies, and with a noise that was heard even above the puffing locomotive—Nature battling with civilisation, and almost winning in the fight.

Still, how grand it was!—every moment presenting a new picture, all the finer, perhaps, that it was so momentary. Roderick could hardly draw his breath for pleasure, and for the vague sense that we have in youth of "something going to happen"—some strange, sweet lifting of the curtain of the future, some passionate entering into an unknown, delicious world.

And when gradually the scene grew tamer, the huge walls of the Pass seemed to lower, and the narrow glimpse of blue sky overhead to widen, his heart beat, his lips quivered; he strained his eyes to see everything that could be seen—above all, to catch the first glimpse of what he surely must be nearing—the lake of Neuchâtel.

Yes, there it was, no mistake about it; a long, wide, calm, blue water, like an inland sea; and beyond it, in an almost endless wavy line, every indentation of which was as perfect as if drawn with a pencil, rose, or rather lay—for they were too distant to be

more than mere outlines in the horizon—the great white Alps.

Though he was quite alone—or rather because he was alone, or he would certainly not have made such a fool of himself—Roderick sprang to his feet with a cry of pleasure—pleasure so keen that it even made the tears come into his eyes. No such sight, visionary yet real, new yet infinitely beautiful, had ever yet burst upon his eyes; eyes so like his father's—dreamy, tender, passionate, intense—eyes which, from babyhood, had seemed to foretell the whole story of the coming life. If his father—if any one who loved him—could have seen them now, as he watched the scene before him, at once a revelation and a prophecy! Roderick could not say why, but he felt as a young man would feel at the first sight of the face of his first love.

But few young men have a first love, the thing having been already frittered away into half-a-dozen foolish fancies or flirtations, and fewer still have a love at first sight. So I doubt not Roderick will be much laughed at, as he was conscious he would have been at home. The one person who had never laughed at him, who despised no harmless bit of sentiment, and who hated nothing but what was mean and base—his father—was away. Grown man as the son was, he gulped down a sob, almost like a girl's, to think of the face which, here, he would involuntarily have turned to, to read in the reflection of his own delight—the dear face which, on earth, he should see no more.

Thus with a sacred sadness that was scarcely pain, he found himself nearing the little town which he had often heard about and traced in maps; nay, he once remembered getting the "tawse" on his hand, because, being one of those gentle lads who can be very obstinate sometimes, he would persist in calling it "Neufchatel," instead of "Neuchatel." He had not laughed then; but he laughed now at the recollection. Long afterwards, how strange it all seemed!

The lovely day had faded a little; nevertheless, having settled himself at the hotel, Roderick started out again to see if his beloved Alps were still "découverts," though the "colorization," which the garçon informed him only happened sometimes, did not seem likely to happen this sunset. Still, he got a map and tried to find out the outline of the mountains, from Mont Blanc at the one end to the Bernese Alps on the other, before they quite melted into mist,

as they did soon melt, and the lake too. But he had seen them—seen the Alps, and he felt as if he had not been so happy for years.

He had to live all his happiness for private consumption during four of the wettest of days. Never, even in his own pluvius land, had Roderick seen such a deluge as that which shortly swept down upon the poor little town, hour after hour. It was useless to grumble or scold; so he sat, laughing at his misfortune, or at the hapless Neuchatellois who went meekly paddling through the flooded streets. Once or twice he himself sallied out, and took a melancholy wander by the lake-side, peering hopelessly into that abyss of grey mist beyond which had gleamed such a lovely vision; but he soon came back again, and lounged in the dreary salon, smothering under the close air of the heated Swiss stoves, trying to read a few stray volumes of the Tauchnitz Library, and to persuade himself he was not a very great fool for having visited Switzerland in November, attempting vainly to do what any lawyer's clerk could have done equally well, perhaps better.

For he had only been able to catch one clue whereby he might find his cousin, Mr. Black, the Blackhall factor, a strong Free-Church man, had taken some interest in a similar disruption in the Swiss Church, and in one of the controversial writers therein, a "professeur" or "pasteur," or both—the good man's ideas on the subject were very misty—at Neuchatel. To this M. Reynier Roderick brought a letter of introduction; but on delivering it found the family were still at their summer retreat in the Jura mountains. So he decided to make the best of a bad business, and amuse himself till they came back. He knew the language—that was one comfort—and he was not of the stolid Saxon temperament, which refuses to take in any new ideas, or to see any perfection in things to which it is unaccustomed. He was a true Celt, impressionable and flexible by nature, ready to love, quick to hate, until the experience of life should teach caution in the one and tolerance in the other. "The world will go hard with you, my boy," his father had sometimes said, half tenderly, half pensively; and Roderick, shaking his black curls, had only laughed, afraid of nothing.

Nor was he discouraged or afraid now. In fact he rather enjoyed this dropping from the clouds—oh what soaking clouds!—into a new place and new people. Not so very



new after all, for when on Sunday morning he followed the dripping multitude up the steep street which led to the Cathedral—now a Protestant Church—he found everything so like home that but for the language he could have imagined himself “sitting under” his mother’s favourite minister at Richerden. Only when the psalm arose, to a quaint and beautiful tune, and it was a beautiful psalm too, for he read it out of his neighbour’s book, beginning—

“Grand Dieu, nous te louons, nous t’adorons, Seigneur,”

it contrasted favourably with the nasal hymns which so tormented him in Scotland. It was sung not badly, especially by one pure high soprano, a few seats behind, a voice so good that he vainly tried to catch sight of the singer; and in its sweet musical French it seemed to express what he missed so often at home—the sense of cheerfulness in religion. To the last verse—

Nous n’espérons, O Dieu, qu’en ta grande bonté :  
Tu seul peul nous aider dans notre adversité,  
Kendre nos jours heureux et notre âme contente,”

the invisible singer behind gave such a pathos that it went right to his heart. The young man, called often “irreligious” by his mother, because his religion lay very deep down, longed earnestly for those *jours heureux*, that *âme contente*, and wondered if by any means he could attain to the like—he, all alone, with nobody to help him to be good, hundreds ready to allure him to be bad.

It was a small thing, one of those trifling incidents which befall us all—only some of us note them and others do not; but long afterwards he remembered it with a strange solemnity, like a person who, believing he was walking his own way, on his own feet, finds out that hands unseen, unfelt, have been leading him all the while.

Plunging back through the muddy streets “home”—what a ridiculous word!—to the dreary hotel, Roderick made up his mind to give one day’s more chance to the weather, and to the absent Professeur Reynier, upon whom, and his *famille charmante*, the garçon dilated enthusiastically; for everybody seemed to know everybody in this innocent little town. If, on the morrow, it did not cease raining, and some token did not come in answer to his letter and card, Roderick resolved to change his quarters, and try “fresh woods and pastures new,”—take, in short, to pleasure instead of duty, and pursue the search after this vague distant cousin no more.

But next day in rising, behold a change! And such a change!

The mist had entirely lifted off from the lake. Its wide bosom lay, still grey, but motionless and clear in the soft dawn. And beyond, their intense purple sharply distinct against the bright amber of the sky, was the long line of Alps. Through one deep indentation, between the Jungfrau and the Fensterhorn, the sun was slowly rising, dyeing the snows rose-colour, and then, as he mounted above the cleft, pouring a sudden stream of light right across the lake—that “golden path of rays,” which always feels like a bridge whereon delivered souls might walk—they to us or we to them—those that on earth we see no more.

Roderick, as he gazed, was conscious of the same sensation which had come over him a few days before—that intuition of approaching fate—bliss or bale; which by those who have it not is esteemed mere fancy, and supremely ridiculous; and even those who have it have need to be rather afraid of it, just as a very imaginative person would be less in fear of the ghosts he beheld than of the ghosts he created.

“*Absit omen*,” murmured Roderick, as, having stood in an ecstasy, watching the gorgeous sun-rise, he saw it melt into common day-light, as all sun-rises do, in November especially. A dull rainy mist began once more to gather on the distant peaks. “Another wet day after all. Richerden itself could not be worse than this. Shall I go home again?”

But it was so ignominious to go home, having done nothing, seen nothing, that he thought he would make an effort at least to get to Berne and back, before the short day closed. And descending, beside his solitary plate at the dreary table-d’hôte breakfast he found a letter, the daintiest, most politely worded *billet*, inviting him, in the name of M. le Professeur and Madame Reynier, to pass the evening at their house.

“Six o’clock, and a soirée! What simple folk they must be here!”

But, finding he could be back in time, he accepted the invitation in his very best French, and started off to the railway station, on his little bit of solitary sight-seeing.

No one shared his carriage—abroad there is a saying that nobody travels first-class except fools and Englishmen—so he admired all alone the picturesque country which skirts the long chain of lakes; very comfortable, but just a trifle dull. Not that Roderick disliked his own company; on the contrary, he preferred it to that of most people he met—but he had had so much of it lately. It would have been rather pleasant

to have somebody to whom he could say that Berne was a most curious old town, with whom he could have thrown buns to the bears, those important personages, "rentiers" on their own account; still better, when inquiring his way to the Terrasse, and finding the view hopeless, the mountains being again "couverts," he had to content himself with admiring the river which flows below it, circling the pretty town like a tender arm. Still more would he have liked somebody, anybody, beside him, with whom he could lean over the low wall and argue about the sensations of the man on horseback who leaped down—heaven knows how many feet—without being killed; and what sort of sermons he preached—since, the inscription says, he at once entered the Church and was a minister in it for many years.

"Suppose I, Roderick Jardine, were to jump down now, just to feel a sensation, or create one—Folly!"

And laughing at himself, and his inordinate vexation at the dull grey day, the miserable mountains, the solitude, everything! he went to feed at a restaurant, and lounge away the time till the return train.

Just before it started, by a sudden impulse, hoping against hope, he walked back to the Terrasse, and turned a last look in the direction of the mountains. One instant—one wonderful, bewildering instant—and then—

"If, after death, I open my eyes in Paradise, I know, I feel, it will look like that."

Such was the thought which passed through Roderick's mind—the only thought, for every feeling was absorbed into mere gazing—drinking in through eyes and soul a vision, utterly undecipherable to those who have never seen it.

The Jungfrau in the sunset, spiritualized by a clear amber glory, till it resembles nothing earthly, only that New Jerusalem "coming down from heaven like a bride prepared for her husband"—Roderick gazed and gazed, almost out of himself with ecstasy, thinking of nothing, seeing nothing, though there was a little group beside him gazing too. But he never noticed them, till, stepping backwards, he came against somebody, and said "Pardon, madame"—then turned and saw it was not madame at all—mademoiselle.

She had never observed him—not in the least. Her eyes too were fixed upon the mountains, in entire absorption—large, calm, blue, almost English eyes. And her short curly fair hair might have been English too. But when at the second "Pardon" she turned,

there was an unmistakable foreign grace in her slight acknowledgment. She and her companion, an older lady, exchanged a word or two, but it was French, spoken with the purest of accents. So if Roderick had had any hope of finding a country-woman, it faded out at once.

Faded—as the lovely vision of the Jungfrau and Fensterhorn already had begun to fade. Yet still the little group stood silently gazing, in a common sympathy. Roderick never looked even at his young neighbour, until, suddenly turning, their eyes met. Both were full of tears:

"At the first sight  
They have changed eyes."

People dispute this truth, and yet it is a truth to some people, and under some circumstances.

Startled to a degree that almost annoyed him—bowing instinctively, and then blushing deeply to think that he had done so, that he had taken such a liberty with any stranger lady, Roderick hurried away, having indeed waited so long that his swift young feet and the happy tardiness of Swiss railways, alone saved him from losing his train, and the Reynier soirée.

"But I will come back to Berne tomorrow," thought he. "It is a far prettier town than Neuchâtel; and—I wonder if she is a Bernoise? I wonder if I shall ever see her face again?"

Just then—was it possible?—in the dim light a grey gown passed him and slipped into a third-class carriage. And he had an impression that *she* wore a grey gown.

"Nonsense!" laughing at himself as he lounged back in his luxurious "wagon;" "a creature like that couldn't possibly travel third-class."

So he tried to forget her, and think only of the Jungfrau; then secondarily, of the means he must take to interest M. Reynier in his search for Archibald Jardine—in whom, it must be confessed, his own interest was fast dying out. Anything tedious, or dull, or unpleasant, was so new to him. He did not appreciate it at all.

The train being late, he had only just time to dart out, and fly to his hotel, to dress for the evening.

He was not a fop—this foolish young Roderick—but he was just a trifle of a dandy; that is, he liked to dress well, and was particular about minute points of costume. And when dressed, he was a goodly young fellow to look at. Even the garçon, who smiled secretly at his ordering a *voiture* for a *course*

of a street's length to M. Reynier's, gave an approving glance to "*ce monsieur anglais.*"

It is so much the fashion to make one's hero grumpy, middle-aged, boorish, plain—always snubbing the heroine, and all the more adored by her—that I quite hesitate to confess how when Roderick descended from his most unnecessary equipage, in complete evening dress, with diamond studs, and daintily-tinted gloves, he was the very opposite of this rather unpleasant personage. He had a fine face, and a graceful figure; a bearing that was "every inch the gentleman"—and manners—well, he could not have said a harsh or discourteous word to a woman—any woman, high or low, ugly or pretty, young or old—for his life! Thus he appeared as he entered the salon of M. le Professeur Reynier.

It was very dimly lighted; with shaded lamps, so that at first Roderick distinguished nothing; then he became aware of a grey-haired gentleman, a matronly lady, and a cloud of young people of different ages, down to quite small children; of a courteous and kindly reception, and of passing into a *salle à manger*, where was laid out a simple but abundant meal, corresponding to the "hungry tea" of Scotch habit. Everything indeed was extremely simple—but so pretty! from the shiny parquet floor to the tastefully decorated table, with its dainty china, flowers, and fruit. One missed a little the bright English fire; and the stove gave a certain closeness to the room—a sense of warm darkness, which, however, was not unpleasant; there was a sort of mystery about it, and youth likes mystery. Roderick glanced round him at the party, evidently quite a family party. There was no occasion whatever for the diamond studs and light gloves, which he ardently wished he had never put on! But true to his Celtic nature, he began to accommodate himself to circumstances.

He had wont to be conceited over his aptitude for foreign tongues, but when, after a brief pause in deference to the English guest, conversation rolled back like a tide, he felt himself completely drowned in the flood of French—bright, lively, impulsive, energetic, as only French talk can be—darting to and fro, scintillating, around and across the table; at which he sat like—like a stone, or an ass, he said to himself—unable to make out a single word!

By-and-by, however, things cleared a little. That sweet courtesy to the stranger which one always finds abroad, began to make the Babel intelligible; his host soon led him into conversation, and seeing that no one

present attempted a word of English, he tried to get over his own shyness, and do his best in French. Besides, he soon found the great antidote to shyness—self-forgetfulness. He became interested at once in this happy, merry family circle—elder sons and their wives, growing-up daughters, down to little boys and girls. Evidently the old Professeur had his quiver full.

How he had managed to bring them up in this remote corner of the world, as it seemed to Roderick, and in comparative poverty, for the house was not even a house—Mrs. Jardine would have called it "a flat"—and the one servant who waited was quite a common peasant girl; how he had imparted to them all that intelligence and refinement, *bien instruits* as well as *bien élevés*, for they seemed to be as familiar with English literature as with their own, passed the young man's comprehension—the rich young man who had believed that money alone could do this.

It was an odd thing, a very odd thing: but, dropping down as if from the clouds, upon this little town which a week ago was to him a mere dot on the map, he felt himself quite at home there—he a Cambridge man, and a man of fortune—more at home than he had done in Richerden society all his days. And when, re-entering the *salon*, he found there a few other guests, scarcely visible in the dim light, and was introduced expressly to a "Meess Somebody from Edimbourg," who responded, with painful blushes, in the broadest of Scotch accents, he heartily wished his own country-people were—well, that they were all safe at home!

"And here, monsieur," continued his host, leading him up to another lady, middle-aged—"here is one of our best friends, though but newly settled near us, who I doubt not will have the pleasure of conversing with you in your own tongue—Monsieur Ardon—Madame —."

Roderick was so amused by the transformation of his own name that he scarcely caught the lady's, but he was too shy still either to correct the one or inquire about the other.

"M. Reynier is very polite," said his neighbour, still speaking in French. "But he forgets that it is my daughter who knows English so well; her papa took the greatest pains to teach her. For me—I was always too busy, and too stupid. Besides," with a slight sigh, which directed Roderick's attention from the gentle face to the widow's mourning—though not exactly "weeds"—"my husband loved French best. It was the language of his adopted country."







"YOUNG MRS. JARDINE."

"He was not Swiss-born, then?" asked Roderick, sitting down by her. She was neither beautiful, nor even pretty, never could have been; but there was a great charm in her manner—a mixture of French grace and Swiss earnestness—which attracted him much.

"No, monsieur; he was English, or rather Scotch, naturalized here. My daughter!"—but no translation can express the tender intonation of that word *ma fille*—"will you come and tell this gentleman the name of the place—I cannot pronounce it—where your dear papa was born?"

Roderick's gaze followed madame's to a tall slender girl, dressed, not like her mother in black, but in pure white; no floppy, flouncy muslin, but a thick soft woollen material, up to the throat and down to the wrists. She had a small, well-set, curly head—actual curls, like a child's—and turning quietly round she met him with those calm blue eyes, the very same eyes which had filled with tears at the sunset beauty of the Jungfrau!

Once more the young man started, absolutely started. He seemed taken—nay, clutched, by the very hand of destiny itself. For on entering the room he had looked into every fresh face of these pleasant Swiss girls, vaguely hoping to find again those wonderful blue eyes. They faced him now in entire unconsciousness, and with a direct child-like simplicity, corresponding with the childish curls.

"Mamma," she said, bowing to the stranger a grave, dignified, self-possessed bow, more like a young Englishwoman than these timid foreign maidens, "pardon. I am just going to sing with Sophie Reynier; but I will come back presently, as M. Reynier desired me, and speak English with this gentleman, if he wishes it."

He did not wish it at all; he would infinitely have preferred French. He thought that language, as she spoke it, in tones lower and softer than he had ever heard before, sounded like the tongue of the angels.

And when, in the duet, after Mademoiselle Reynier had sung a few bars, there broke in, like a lark in the dusk of the morning, a clear, fresh soprano, the very voice he had heard behind him in church, Roderick felt himself literally trembling. He was impressionable, it was true—almost as much so as a woman; there was a deal of the woman in him for all his manliness—rather, I should say, *with* all his manliness, since the best woman has always somewhat of a

man's strength, the noblest man a woman's gentleness; but no impressionability could account for the delight—nay, the ecstasy, with which he listened to the song.

It was not much of a song—the girl's voice made it all; but when it ceased he awoke, as out of a dream, and looked round as for something he had been in search of all his life long.

She came forward from among the group of girls—sweet, graceful girls they were, but none like her. She seemed distinct from any girl he had ever seen. The very style of her dress, so different from what he had left behind in Richerden drawing-rooms, caught his fancy. Instead of the fashionable eccentricities of dress which he hated so in his sisters, were these simple, girlish curls—natural curls—clustering tightly round her head; and these long, soft lines of drapery, like Flaxman's women. In truth, she might have stood just as she was for a Penelope, an Andromache.

"Mamma," she said, still in French, and creeping, French-girl fashion, close to her mother's side, "I shall be very happy to speak English to monsieur, whom I think I have seen before—on the Terrasse at Berne to-day. It is he, mamma, who, as I told you, did us the honour to be so charmed with our beautiful mountains."

Then she, too, had observed him. But she had come home and told the incident at once to her mother. He, now, could not have told it to any mortal soul.

"It is mademoiselle who honours me by even a passing remembrance," answered Roderick, striving hard to infuse into his blunt speech—how rude and blunt it seemed!—even a tithe of her gracious courtesy. "May I claim you as a country-woman? Your father was English?"

"No, Scotch. There is a difference, is there not? though I fail to make mamma understand it. Papa was a Highlander."

She said this in English, speaking slowly but with great purity and correctness, pronouncing all her "h's" and "th's."

"Mademoiselle has a perfect accent; she must of course have visited our country?" said Roderick eagerly.

"No; I have never left my mountains. I am entirely Swiss; only papa used sometimes to talk to me of Scotland and tell me I looked almost like a Scotch lassie. Do I?"

"Heaven forbid!" the renegade was near exclaiming, but contented himself by explaining in a very eccentric and confused manner



that she had certainly the fair hair and blue eyes of the North.

"So had papa; but he was little and I am tall—very tall for a Swiss girl. That was why he thought I resembled the girls of his country, and especially a cousin he had whom he loved—liked—is not that the right English word?—very much. But here I am going on talking of ourselves and our affairs,

which is very unpolite, you know. But we are always so glad to meet any English person, mamma and I. I must go and tell her—she will be so pleased that you think me a little—just a very little—like my papa's country-women."

He would have told her that the thing she was most like was an angel, but of course such a point-blank truth was quite impossible, and,



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besides, she had already flown away on her invisible wings and hid herself among the crowd of ordinary girls. There was nothing for him, poor man! but to go and make love, or rather politeness, to her mother, with all the skill and the best French of which he was capable.

"Mademoiselle has a most beautiful voice and sings charmingly," said he at last.

"Ah, monsieur is too kind. But indeed

it is true. And she does everything charmingly, if a mother may be pardoned for saying so. But she is the last of seven, and her father is dead. We are alone together, she and I." Then suddenly changing into brightness, "Perhaps monsieur is one of a numerous family?"

"No, I have only three sisters, and my father too is dead—my dear father!"

"Ah!" with a quick intuition; and after a glance at his face, a kindly hand was laid on the young man's arm. "But monsieur has his mother still living? and a happy woman in possessing him is Madame ——; pardon, but I did not catch the name."

"Jardine—Roderick Jardine."

The Swiss lady drew back with a surprise that he could not have failed to observe, had he not been wholly preoccupied in the difficult task of trying at once to be polite to her, and to see and hear all that was passing at the far end of the room.

"Madame, I perceive your daughter is going to sing again, and I am so fond of music. May I go and listen?"

He was off as if there were wires to his feet. Poor fellow! it was a very bad case, but not the first, nor probably the last, that has happened in this world.

However, he maintained his composure very creditably, talked courteously to all the Demoiselles Reynier at once, turned over their pages, examined their music, French, Italian, and German, and at last, lighting upon an English song, asked if any of them sang it.

The girls all shook their merry heads, pointing to the one whom he had not addressed, scarcely even glanced at, though he knew exactly how she looked, sitting there at the piano with her blue eyes cast down, and a faint colour, like a China rose, on her soft cheek.

"She sings it; ask her."

"Will mademoiselle do me that honour?" said Roderick, quite humbly, feeling more timid than he had ever felt in his life.

"It is written for a tenor voice, monsieur. It is not a young lady's song."

"Yet I have often heard young ladies sing it, and very badly, too,"—remembering how he had hated it at Richerden dinner-parties.

"Perhaps I also——" with an amused look which he answered by another.

"No, no! Mademoiselle is too honest to finish her sentence. She knows she could not sing very badly."

"I will try my best."

It was a simple little song: most people have heard it "done to death" in many a drawing-room—"My Queen." This girl sang it in her pretty foreign English—not broken English, but of course with a slight accent, which rather increased the charm—sang it, not impetuously, but with a tender reserve, her China roses slowly growing into crimson ones as she did it, till at last she seemed to forget herself in the song—

"When and how shall I earliest meet her?"

What are the words that she first will sing?

By what name shall I learn to greet her?

I know not now: it will come some day.

With this soft same sunlight shining upon her,

Shining down on her ringlets' sheen—

She is standing somewhere: she I will honour—

She that I wait for—my Queen, my Queen!

• • • • •

"I will not dream of her tall and stately;

She that I love may be airy and light.

I will not say she must speak sedately:

Whatever she does, it will sure be right.

She may be humble or proud, my lady,

Or that sweet calm which is just between;

But, whenever she comes, she will find me ready

To do her homage—my Queen, my Queen!

• • • • •

"But she must be courteous, she must be holy,

Pure, sweet, and tender, the girl I love.

Whether her birth be humble or lowly

I care no more than the angels above.

And I'll give my heart to my lady's keeping,

And ever her strength on my own shall lean;

And the stars shall fall and the saints be weeping,

Ere I cease to love her—my Queen, my Queen!"

"Thanks," said Roderick in English.

It was a mere word, scarcely audible, the briefest and most commonplace acknowledgment, yet it seemed to imply the gratitude, the benediction of a lifetime, given from the man to the woman whom he at once recognises as *the* woman sent by Heaven (if he has eyes to see, and strength to accept and hold her) to be to him his "help-meet," his joy, his crown, and his salvation.

The feeling was so sudden, so solemn, so overpowering that he never attempted to fight against it. Without another word he withdrew from the group—from her even; indeed, it seemed easier to watch her from a distance than to speak to her—and waited till the mother and daughter should retire, when he was determined to find out from M. Reynier all about them. At this moment—it was almost ridiculous—he actually did not know their names!

Another half-hour—spent Roderick scarcely knew how, except that he was talking to half-a-dozen people and watching one other person all the while—and he saw them retire; passing him with the usual distant bow. He had half extended his hand, English fashion, but happily drew it back in time.

"Au revoir, monsieur," responded the mother, with a courteous smile; but the daughter merely bent her head without a word.

"A charming pair," observed Madame Reynier after they were gone. "My husband thought you would like to meet them. Mademoiselle speaks English so well."

"Perfectly."

"And yet she has never quitted Switzerland. Her father lived in the very heart of the Alps; a most learned and amiable man, but eccentric—decidedly eccentric. He left them poor. She is obliged to teach—to give

music lessons—this dear Mademoiselle Silence.”

“What did you say? What is her name?” cried Roderick, feeling all the blood rushing to his heart—to his face.

“It is an English name. I will call my daughter to pronounce it English fashion.”

And with an amazement that even amounted to awe, Roderick discovered that this girl—the first girl in all his life who had won from him a second thought—was his cousin; very distant, but still a cousin, and another Silence Jardine.

In his Quixotic search he had done

nothing—had almost forgotten what he meant to do; yet here was all done for him. With a feeling as of a man pursued by fate—blind, irresistible, and yet most blessed fate—he, without asking a single question more, got away as soon as he could. Once outside that friendly door, and away from everybody’s sight, he rushed, almost staggering as he went, down to the waterside, and spent an hour there, walking wildly to and fro in the moonlight—the wonderful sweet moonlight, bright as day—which poured itself in a silver glory over the smooth lake and the sleeping town.

## THOUGHTS FOR QUIET HOURS.

BY THE EDITOR.

### II.

WHATEVER foreshadowings of the truth may be found in the very earliest religious literature, in fragmentary hymns, or in those words and names which, as Max Müller has shown us, have crystallized the primitive idea of God; and whatever clearer expression it may have received in the Old Testament; yet the world has really learned the conception of God as a Father, whose essential attribute is love, from the lips of Jesus Christ. He taught it with a fulness and a precision which practically make this doctrine of the gospel original. The people of that day, however, were not at all prepared, as there are many ignorant people for the same reasons still unprepared, to accept such a statement as universally true. There were many things, for example, in nature which seemed to indicate the presence of an angry and cruel, rather than of a loving Deity. And when we now consider what these things were, and notice how an increased knowledge of their character has changed them, from being contradictions, into proofs of love, we may learn suggestive lessons as to the spirit in which we ought to regard many difficulties that, in a similar manner, affect ourselves. For the universe, at one time, appeared full of dreadful omens. In the rolling thunder there sounded the voice of wrath, and lightning, pestilence, and famine, the fiery comet, the destructive earthquake, the foaming hurricane, appeared the instruments of avenging power. Men felt themselves in the presence of mighty forces—wielded more or less arbitrarily—and before these they superstitiously bowed. Religion became proportionately a thing of terror

instead of confidence. But Christ spoke of the government of God as directed in all things by love. And now, as we better understand those aspects of nature which appeared to the ancients in antagonism to such teaching, what glorious confirmation do they not afford of His Word! Day by day we discover that the very objects which once naturally excited terror, occupy an important place in the economy of mercy. Tempest, and earthquake, and lightning, instead of being contradictions, afford strongest evidences of the tender mercy which is over all God’s works, and according as we read aright the page of nature, we learn that all material arrangements subserve the health, or stability, of creation. This, as I imagine it, is a glorious fact. The outer world, when we see it in some of its fairest moods, may easily suggest the thought of that good and perfect Will which has filled all things with light and beauty; but we are taught it still more impressively when we behold nature in her severer aspects, and perceive that even then there is a beneficent purpose being accomplished. When the air is musical with the songs of countless birds, and the mountains catch the glory of the setting sun, and the seas flash in splendour, and each flower and leaflet occupies its appropriate place in the wondrous picture, then the earth may well appear as full of the glory of God and of a love which delights in works of loveliness. But it is a still stronger evidence when we can trace a no less loving purpose in the hurricane that scourges the ocean into fury, and can trace the fulfilment of a merciful law in the volcano and earthquake.



Now, the fact that this increased knowledge has destroyed those misconceptions which once contradicted the belief in Divine love, may suggest a lesson which ought to be carried into other regions. For it warrants the expectation of similar results being attained when we have an equally full understanding of God's ways in the moral and spiritual world, and know the reasons which have determined the course of Providence in matters that now seem dark, or even harsh to us. There may be certain aspects of religious truth, resting on what appears sufficient authority, and which we cannot harmonize with just conceptions of love. There may be theological statements which savour rather of capricious power than of spotless goodness. How are we to deal with these? Are we to crush down our own moral instincts, and bending low before inscrutable and sovereign Power, be willing to be no more than clay in the hands of the potter, acknowledging the omnipotence rather than the righteousness of God as that which demands the homage of the creature? This conception of Deity as irresponsible power alone, exalted far above the questionings of men or angels, and the consequent representation of our highest duty as that of glorifying Sovereignty by accepting, as from a destiny, all that God appoints, undoubtedly possesses some features which invest it with the semblance of profound and becoming reverence. It was this belief which armed the grave, stern Puritans with their self-forgetful devotion, and has been the all-mastering faith of many of the greatest saints in the history of the Church. But if this stern doctrine has produced its heroes, and has been also the key-stone of many a strongly built theological system, it has also not unfrequently lent a gloomy tinge to religion, and fostered a spirit of pride and exclusiveness, and laid on many a gentle soul a frightful burden of misery and doubt.

I believe that there is a more excellent way of glorifying God than this. His sovereignty must ever be determined by His character; and if God is love, we are bound to fall back in every difficulty on what He is, and boldly assert that all His ways must be in harmony with His eternal righteousness, goodness, and truth. There can be no discord in His attributes. For as His love is a righteous love, it may find expression in just anger as well as in forgiving mercy. His judgments in this sense are as loving as His clemency. Mysteries may surround us on all sides, mysterious dealings which, because

seen only in part and known only in part, may baffle our explanation; but let us rejoice that we do know that it is love which is at the centre of all events, and that all things are governed by the will of the Father.

Some minds attach a certain sense of weakness to love, because they associate it with what is commonly called good-nature rather than inflexible righteousness. They imagine that in ascribing love to God we are imputing a pliant amiability unworthy of His majesty. They say that we are making a God in our own image, and that the Almighty Creator of this stupendous universe is too awfully removed from man for us to dare to attribute to Him the qualities we associate with human love.

But holy love is not weak. It is the strongest and grandest of all attributes; for nothing can be truly loving which is not just and wise and true; so that love is the very glory of God, which irradiates all attributes with the warm glow of a beneficence which seeks the greatest good in all its purposes.

But it may be asked whether we are warranted in reasoning from love as it is in man, to love as it is in God? Are human and Divine love necessarily so much alike that we may rise from the one to the other? To that I reply that there cannot be two different kinds of love in the universe, just as there cannot be two kinds of justice. What is just on earth is just in heaven; neither time nor eternity can alter its quality. As gravitation is the same, whether it acts on an apple or a planet, so love is the same, whether in a child or in Deity. The manner, however, in which love acts will be necessarily determined by circumstances. The love which is in the child may misunderstand the love which makes the father subject him to the discipline of education. But although the child is in ignorance of the reasons which have decided the love of the parent, he is bound to fall back on what he does know of his character; and while he cannot see *why* he so acts, he is yet bound to believe that it must be in harmony with the love which has blessed him since infancy.

In like manner, while the youngest child can truly understand what is meant by the assertion that "God is love," yet the greatest archangel may not be able to fathom the loving reasons which underlie many events that are but stages in a history whose ends are very gradually being accomplished. We can see but a very little portion of the great plan. Much, therefore, may appear for a while not only mysterious, but strangely contradictory,

for millions of years may serve to develop no more than a fragment of the mighty intent of creation. It is, therefore, not surprising that, with our infinitesimally small amount of historical knowledge, we should be unable to trace the reasons of many events in Providence. One thing we are, however, bound to avoid. We must never, under the plea of magnifying His sovereignty, ascribe what is unjust or unloving or arbitrary as a principle of the Divine government. It is not irreverence, but the opposite, to revolt indignantly from any doctrine which shocks our own moral sense, or which darkens eternal love. For this reason it appears to me to be highest reverence to assert, that whatever the doctrine of election may mean, and whatever truth it contains, it becomes God-dishonouring if it is ever made to convey the horrible conception that God has created any human being on purpose for destruction. We may not understand election or predestination, we may be unable to overthrow the subtle arguments or proofs on which certain views of their character have been supported, but we can fall back on the eternal love and righteousness and goodness of God, and boldly assert that whatever they signify they cannot mean arbitrary choice, for righteous love can never act from caprice. We may go even a step farther, and when we are asked to contemplate the future misery of the wicked, be it eternal or not, we can assert with similar boldness that those pictures which have sometimes been drawn of omnipotence being combined with infinite intelligence in devising the utmost suffering for the doomed, is a fearful denial of the character of God ; for with all reverence it may be said that because God is love, it is the least possible suffering consistent with the highest, and, therefore, the most loving purpose towards creation, which will ever be inflicted. The inherent self-vengeance of sin may well seem sufficient to constitute a moral hell of untold misery, but I believe that not one pang will be added which holy love can consistently withhold.

And so amid all the mysteries of life and death, and surrounded by things which are known at present only "in part," let us cling to this central truth as the very anchor of our soul, sure and steadfast : "God is light, and with Him is no darkness at all ;" "God

is love," and with Him there can be nothing inconsistent with love. "Clouds and darkness" may often roll between us and the clear heaven of His presence, but even in the darkest hour we can rejoice in the confidence that righteousness and justice are the firm foundations of His throne.

Let the thought of the character of God be also our refuge and strength when sorrows fall upon us which appear to the eye of flesh an almost cruel shattering of our innocent, perhaps our very holiest, earthly joys, and we are tempted to think of a relentless fate rather than a Father. Or in hours when we are oppressed by the mysteries of existence, and we start back in terror as we contemplate the darkness which shrouds the world beyond the grave, and which conceals the condition of our own future life or that of our dear ones who have passed from our side, let us take refuge in the great name of God. Even amid such perplexing questions as sometimes overwhelm, almost madden us, as we consider the possible destiny of those who may in this life have "preferred the darkness to the light," and sinned against their own souls ; and as we feel the crushing weight of all such dogmas as would leave not a ray of light on the horizon of their misery, let us equally fall back on Him whose name is love, and, whether we "trust the larger hope" or not, let us be assured that nothing will be left undone which Divine goodness can possibly accomplish in order to "bring back His banished."

"The Lord reigneth ; let His earth rejoice ;" for all things now and for ever must be governed in accordance with His good and righteous will. Whatever happens in time or eternity, all must be ultimately proved to be in harmony with that Divine character which shone in the face of Him, God incarnate, who died to save the very worst. And so may we in all perplexities look up to Him with the old confidence, "Though the Lord slay me, yet will I trust Him."

"Strong Son of God, Immortal Love,  
Whom we that have not seen Thy face,  
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
Believing, where we cannot prove.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust.  
Thou madest man, he knows not why ;  
He thinks he was not made to die ;  
And Thou hast made him, Thou art just."



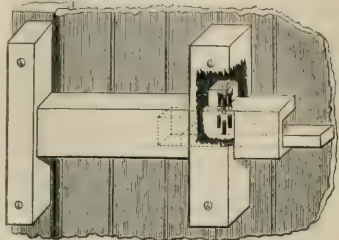
## LOCKS AND SAFES.

ONE of the French Louis had a passion for lock-making, which historians have often wondered at. The cares of State had hardly the attraction for him that the manipulation of bolts and bars had; and some have even been inclined to detect therein an omen of the future evils that broke on the kingdom of France. However that may be, a little attention to the subject subdues the first surprise that a king should be a lock-maker, any more than that he should be a sportsman or an author, or that princes and heirs-apparent should enrol themselves haberdashers, turners, or fishmongers. The topic is intensely interesting, and the practical work of lock-making is sufficient to exercise the utmost mechanical ingenuity. The matter, too, should have a special interest for the social philosopher, and for the scientific student of human progress; for the keys and locks of a people might be taken to indicate their general attainments, and to tell of the simple or the complex conditions of their civilisation. It has, for instance, been very significantly said that the French people in their locks and safes have more regard to prettiness of finish than to solidity; that few of their productions would successfully resist the persevering attacks of the most skilful English thieves; and that the Americans, again, tend to complicate their work, and thus to defeat their purpose.

Locks, even in their earliest forms, are symbols plainly witnessing that the idea of property has already an alien power to contend against—that with the birth of civilisation begins a civil war—chronic, determined, inevitable. As ingenuity is shown on the one side, it is sooner or later outstripped on the other; so that along with the attractive record of mechanical ingenuity and improvement, we have also in the history of locks and keys something of the excitement of a battle between contending armies.

And yet, in one sense, it is lucky for us, since our space is limited, that the modern refinements of lock-making come within a very recent period. Up to the latter half of last century we had not reached to the excellence of the locks that were in use in Egypt and China thousands of years ago, and have now for a very long period run in the line of rediscovery or reapplication of what had been tested so long ago in them. The essential principle of the Egyptian lock was movable pins or nails dropping, each

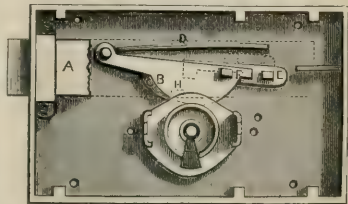
independently, by its own weight, into the bolt, and securing it on being touched at the right point by corresponding pins at the end of the true key, all of them requiring to be raised together to the proper height. The very latest ideas in lock-making may be re-



Egyptian Lock.

garded as suggestions or applications of this principle.

Before the appearance of Mr. Barron with his famous lock in 1774, the locks generally used in England were simply a bolt which, whether shut or open, was held in its position by a spring that pressed it down and held it at either end of a convex notch. The only obstructions to the driving back of the bolt were the wards, and these could easily be discovered by the insertion of a skeleton key covered with wax. To pick these locks, therefore, was easy. But Mr. Barron be-



Barron's Lock.

gan a new era. He not only produced a great improvement on the locks in use, but he suggested further invention. The great point in his lock was the introduction of what is called the "overlift" and the introduction of a second "tumbler," as will be seen by reference to the diagram,



where *B* and *C* are the tumblers, kept in their position by a spring *D*; the bolt being maintained in its place by two studs *E* and *F*, which are attached to the tumblers. The bolt being thus held in its place, it is only by the true key, whose slits correspond with the lifts of the two tumblers, that these can be so raised as to bring the studs into line with the slot of the bolt, the top step of the key thus being brought to act on the talon *H* and unlock it. The effect of the upper transverse notches on the bolt is to make it impossible to discover by a false key when either tumbler is lifted high enough, and in this overlift we have the suggestion of much that was to follow in the way of a "detector." A moderate degree of patience and ingenuity was, however, still adequate to the picking of this lock.

In Bramah's lock, which was patented in 1784, there is a combination of direct and rotatory motion given to the key instead of simply the latter, as in Barron's. The great principle in it was the resting of a bar or bolt on six slides, with separate notches fixing the bolt in position; the end of each of these slides having to be touched by the key at a different level before the bolt could be liberated. Bramah's lock for a long time defied every attempt to pick it. In one case a lock was beside the operator for sixteen days, when he had undisturbed use of his tool box and reflectors, and all that time the key was never applied. Such application would either have placed all the slides in their correct position, and thus have obliged the operator to begin *de novo* after each application, or would have shown that the lock had been tampered with, and would, in this case, have acted as a detector. The padlock instead of swinging loosely, as in ordinary cases, was securely fixed, and instead of being fastened in an open pen, it was secured in wood, which afforded additional facilities for screwing and securing the apparatus. While the proprietors of Bramah's lock were more concerned with the commercial business of pushing this lock than of still further improving it, the visit of King George to Portsmouth in 1817 was destined to have a remarkable effect on the development of the lock manufacture. A respectable ironmonger of Portsea had persuaded himself that the Bramah lock was not perfect, and resolutely set himself to improve upon it. As he believed, he had already so far succeeded, and only wanted aid to introduce his invention to the public. For this purpose he had obtained an interview with an officer in command of one of his Majesty's ships in

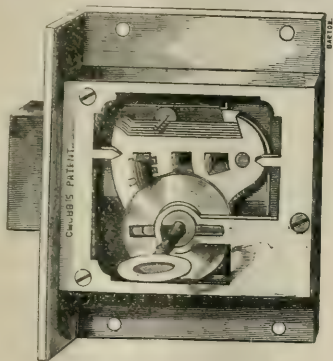
the port, and was engaged in showing his locks to him when the king chanced unexpectedly to come on board. In the hurry of clearing away as the king advanced, one of the locks had been left on a seat on which his Majesty was about to sit down when he noticed it. He lifted it up and looked at it, asked why it was there, and on its being so far explained to him, he desired to see the maker, who was Mr. Jeremiah Chubb. The approval of the king gave him confidence and procured him the aid he needed, and his lock was originally patented in the year 1818, and was immediately recognised as superior to anything that had preceded it. In 1824 an improvement in the "detector" was patented by Mr. Charles Chubb, in whose hands the manufacture had meanwhile been. Very soon he had a considerable factory and many men at work. But he did not by-and-by escape some of the penalties that fall to successful inventors. Trade jealousy took occasion and set ignorant misunderstanding to do its work. Malicious persons broke the windows of Mr. Chubb's house, which adjoined the factory. They tried also to injure his machinery, and in one case they made an attempt upon his person unsuccessfully. A reward was offered by the authorities for such information as would lead to the conviction of the chief offenders, who, however, escaped the hand of justice.

The distinguishing feature of the Chubb lock was that it consisted of several separate and distinct double-acting tumblers placed over each other, capable of being raised to different heights, but all moving on a centre pin, and each requiring to be lifted to a certain fixed position before they would permit the bolt to pass. This lock has undergone several material improvements since then, preserving, however, the six tumblers as essential to it. In the first place there is the detector, for which a patent was obtained in 1819, an improvement of the most signal importance. This is a spring-lever, which locks the bolt fast the moment that any one of the tumblers has been elevated an iota beyond its assigned range, and shows at once, on the application of the true key, that an attempt has been made upon it by a false instrument. The key proves an immediate rectifier by the simple process of re-locking, when it will command the lock in the ordinary manner by setting the tumblers in their proper position.

The next improvement of importance was what is called the "curtain." Of course, there is no hindrance to the insertion of pick-

locks into an open keyhole, even though they should prove useless; but by this ingenious contrivance, directly any false key or pick is turned in the lock, the keyhole is closed and no other instrument can be inserted to aid the former ones.

Another element of great value in these Chubb locks is that the essential parts which create the differences between the locks are made by hand, and that a very great number of changes may be made in the combinations, each lock being made to differ from every other. It is hardly credible, but it is a fact, that a three-inch Chubb lock can have no fewer than 2,592,000 changes made in its combinations. A mere touch of the file will entirely change a lock; and it appears that the difficulty is to make the locks precisely



The Chubb Lock.

alike, not to make them different. Cheap machine-made locks are of little value, simply because there are thousands of keys abroad which will open any of the same No. Apart from the bad work by which they are generally characterized, they are thus to be guarded against.

Series of locks have been constructed by Messrs. Chubb for prisons and bridewells, to the number of from 1,500 to 2,000, with master keys for the governor, deputy-governor, and chief warden. At any time the governor has the power of stopping out the under keys, and in case of any surreptitious attempt being made to open a lock, and the detector being thrown, none of the under keys will regulate it, so that the governor must be made acquainted with the circumstance, he alone having the power with his key to restore the lock to its proper state.

To Wolverhampton, which has all along been the chief seat of the lock manufacture, Mr. Chubb had transferred himself shortly after the public began to recognise the merits of his manufactures. The spirit of rivalry ran very high in locks then, as indeed it does now; but there can be no doubt that Chubb's locks then took the first place and have held it. The public press soon began to set down its record. On May 9, 1832, we find the *Wolverhampton Chronicle* writing thus impartially on the subject:—

"Independently of an endless variety, the inventions of numberless native individuals, we have had of late years those of Barron and Bramah, which acquired great reputation and maintained their superiority till of late, when they appear to have been in some degree superseded by those of Chubb, a respectable ironmonger of Portsea, who afterwards removed to London to promote their sale, and who has likewise established a considerable manufactory in this town to enable him to procure the best workmen, and offer his locks to the public at the lowest terms. . . . We have no particular interest in any one individual, whether he be Barron, Bramah, Chubb, or any other, but we do feel a deep concern for the quality and reputation of one of the principal articles of our town's manufacture."

In a few years the name of Chubb was synonymous with his manufacture. He and his locks were so widely known that a joke could be pointed by them without any fear of its missing the mark. *Punch* even found suggestion in Chubb's locks for political cartoons. Thomas Hood wound up a punning poem in the *New Monthly Magazine* of June, 1842, with these verses:—

"Fair as the vernal quarter of the year,  
And fair its early buddings and its blowings—  
But just suppose, consumption's seeds appear,  
With other sowings!

"For me, I find, when eastern winds are high  
A frigid not a genial inspiration;  
Nor can, like iron-chested Chubb, defy  
An inflammation."

And a congenial fellow-magazinist thus signalled Chubb in *Tait's Magazine* for April, 1841:—

"I met a crackman coming down the Strand,  
Who said: 'A huge Cathedral, piled of stone,  
Stands in a churchyard near St. Martin's-le-Grand,  
Where keeps St. Paul his sacerdotal throne!  
A street runs by it on the northward. There  
For cab and bus is writ 'No thoroughfare!'  
The Mayor and Councilmen do so command;  
And in that street a shop with many a box,  
Upon whose sign these fateful words I scanned:  
'My name is Chubb, that makes the Patent Locks:  
Look on my work, ye burglars, and despair!'  
Here made he pause, like one who saw a blight  
Crush all his hopes, and sighed, with drooping air,  
'Our game is up, my covey, blow me tight!'"

These rhymes are of value, as they suffice to show that Mr. Chubb did not follow the example of some of his predecessors in resting content with his first achievement, and

subsiding into mere commercial activity, though in this he might almost have been justified. In 1833 and 1834 the newspapers contained many reports of cases of attempted burglary in which Chubb's locks had resisted the most determined attempts, one of these being at the premises of a Mr. Grant, merchant, in Chiswell Street. Then began a system of pirating Mr. Chubb's name, though not his invention, a most inferior article being supplied, which on investigation was found to be the case in the robbery of the Glastonbury Bank, in March, 1833.

Meanwhile Mr. Chubb had been active in his endeavours to produce a thief and fire-resisting safe, and this he patented in 1835. A few years later, the bullion robberies that had taken place on the railways led Mr. John Chubb, who had by this time become active in the business, to concentrate his thoughts on a bullion chest which would defy such attempts. The extension of the business under his successors, who have introduced many valuable improvements, has become so great that for some fifteen years past the firm has maintained a manufactory in London as well as at Wolverhampton. In the large and well-ordered works in the Old Kent Road, the whole process of safe-manufacture may be seen, as we recently saw it. Everybody may be presumed to be familiar with the appearance of the somewhat ungainly iron safes, which are to be seen exposed, new or second-hand, at the doors of many warehouses. There are several makers of high reputation—Milner, Tann, Chatwood, Hobbs. Messrs. Chubb in this department of work enjoy some specialities. They have first the merit of plates case-hardened by a peculiar process; then the introduction of steel plugs and corrugated steel in such a manner as to frustrate any attempt at drilling through the iron, the edge of the drill breaking off short whenever it comes into contact with the steel; recessed doors, which present peculiar difficulties to the insertion of burglars' wedges; and "diagonal bolts," so fixing themselves into the frame of the safe as literally to become the more firmly fixed, as the more force is used to withdraw them; for, as these diagonal bolts fasten into a solid frame, which in its turn overlaps the body-plates, it is evident that if a burglar did succeed in getting a wedge past the rebate on the door, the moment the wedge was driven in the bolts would only grip the sides of the safe the more tightly. The locks of these newest safes (some of them most ingenious, and driving out a dozen bolts at once) are

backed, as we may say, by a special preparation of steel, in addition to the steel plugs through the front iron, which makes it impossible for the drill to be used to cut off the portion of iron in which the lock is fixed, as has been accomplished by burglars with the cheaper class of safes.

The exposed section of the finest Chubb safe may be described as consisting of four entire layers—wrought-iron, then hard steel specially prepared, wrought-iron again, and then, in fire-proof safes, the fire-proofing, composed of a yet more incombustible chemical material (chiefly silicate), than the old admixture of sawdust and alum. The edges are throughout joined by angle-iron, rivets and screws, and are all rebated and dovetailed together. The most recent style of safe, constructed especially with a view to provide a strong safe at a cheaper rate than hitherto, may be thus described:—The frame of the safe on which the door hangs is a solid T-iron, its outer edge overlapping the body-plates, and the flange receiving behind it the bolts. Though the inner lining has no screw or rivet, yet it is most securely fastened in the process of joining the other parts. In order to increase the fire-resisting properties of this new safe, besides the usual casing of fire-resisting material, a tube may be introduced into the open space behind the T-iron, filled with a substance that will, on the approach of fire, cause steam to be injected into the interior of the safe.

Mr. George H. Chubb, in his book, "Protection from Fire and Thieves," gives the following passage with reference to the superiorities of the new fire-proofing material:—

"At one time tubes of glass, or fusible metal, containing alkaline solutions, were embedded in the sawdust, and were supposed to burst at given temperature; but it was found that the glass accidentally broke, or the fusible metal became corroded, and allowed the liquid to escape, thus damping the contents of the safe. But the mixture of alum with sawdust is open to two objections; owing to the hygroscopic nature of sawdust the alum is liable to decomposition, thereby producing a certain moisture in the safe; and secondly, there is, of course, a limit to the production of moisture from the alum when under the action of fire, after which the sawdust will become gradually dry, and although it may not actually ignite, it will become charred, and even red-hot, under sufficiently continued heat. It is but fair, however, to say that such instances of continued heat are but rarely probable; yet I prefer and use an *incombustible* material, which is very light and absorbent, and which does not possess the bad qualities of sawdust, but which is more expensive. Supposing the alum to become exhausted, there still remains the protection of a substance which is both infusible and a bad conductor of heat."

Looking at one of the finest of these safes,



so compact, solid, carefully finished, one is almost tempted to recall the epithet ungainly or "ugly" as applied to safes. As one gets more and more acquainted with the process of manufacture, perfect adjustment of parts, and exact adaptation of every portion to its end, one actually begins to look at the iron safe as if it had some *promise* of a thing of beauty. But a word of warning must be given. It is as

essential for safety to be careful of the keys as to have good locks and safes. Nothing will avail if the keys of the locks protecting valuable properties are not secure. No lock whatever will guard against culpable negligence with regard to its key; or, as in the famous South-Eastern Railway bullion robbery, the treachery of supposed trustworthy servants. It will be remembered that the notorious lock-picker Agar said the robbery on this railway would be impossible unless copies of the keys could be taken. By the connivance of a guard named Tester

this was accomplished, and yet the duplicate keys thus made were useless until Agar had travelled seven or eight times to Folkestone with the chests, altering the keys till they fitted. The recent great robbery of several millions' worth of gold and securities from the Manhattan Savings Bank in New York was accomplished simply through the key of the safe being committed to a keeper on the premises.

XX-7

We have devoted the greater part of our article to Messrs. Chubb's locks and safes, not because we would have it be inferred that there is nothing of merit in the productions of their rivals in trade. Several of these hold a high place, and have undisputed claims of their own. We know that various American locks, for example, are very ingenious; but they have never been

received in this country with the favour accorded to Chubb's.

We have found it quite beyond our space to deal with the curiosities of locks, which in itself would be a fruitful subject. We might have spoken of the old-fashioned "Amen" lock, which means a padlock formed of rings marked with letters which when placed to form a certain word will open, but not otherwise. This is an older invention than might be supposed, for we find it thus spoken of by Beaumont and Fletcher:—

"A cap-case for your linen and your plate,  
With a strange lock that opens with  
A.M.E.N."

It is noticed

also in some verses of Carew, addressed to May, who died in 1650, on his Comedy of *The Heir*.

"As loth a lock that goes  
With letters; for till every one be known  
The lock's as fast as it you had found none."

It is remarkable that, while even thus early in England so much ingenuity should have been shown in producing this sort of toy-lock, the locks generally in use should have



Alhambra ornamental Church-door Lock, polished steel on teak.



Designs for Keys, after old patterns.

remained so rude and so far beneath the requirements of security. Equally strange is it that, though locks followed each other generation after generation in the same poverty of invention, they should often have been so richly ornamented externally as to have furnished a fine field for the designers of modern ornament in locks—not a few of the finest designs of polished and jewelled locks and keys sent to the recent Paris Exhibition, particularly by Messrs. Chubb and Son, having been suggested by these ancient designs. Some of the cut polished steel keys were truly beautiful, not surpassed in tastefulness even by those in gemmed gold work, fit for

the jewel case of a king. This our readers will get a faint idea of from the little cuts which are above inserted.

But we must take leave of the subject. Some of our readers, as we hope, will look with more of interest on the very common and useful instruments of all sizes which are now so essential an adjunct of civilised life, from having read this brief description of lock-history and lock-manufacture; and if it be true, as has been said, that “most robberies are due to trusting to bad keys,” they may be able in some way to turn the information to practical benefit. Such, at all events, is our hope.

H. A. PAGE.

## THE DUTCH FLAG IN THE NORTHERN SEAS.

By ALBERT HASTINGS MARKHAM.

### PART I.

“At her feet the frozen ocean, round her head the auroral lights,  
Through cycles, chill and changeless, of six-month days and nights,  
In her bride-veil fringed with icicles, and of the snow-drift spun,  
Sits the Whyte Ladye of the Pole, still waiting to be won.

“To her cold threshold galliots of the Zuyder Zee made way,  
With brave Barents, sturdy suitor, that would not be said nay;  
He set his heart to win her hand—but only saw, afar,  
The glimmer of her wan white veil beneath the Polar Star.”

**A**MONG the many daring and adventurous voyages undertaken in the causes of science, discovery, and gain during the sixteenth century, a period particularly distinguished for the spirit of enterprize evinced by all maritime nations, the last voyage of Willem Barents, the sturdy Dutch navigator, stands out conspicuously in the foreground.

At that time the hardihood, bravery, and energy of the Dutch sailors were themes of envious admiration to our English naval worthies; the stories of whose heroic deeds we are in these more prosaic days never tired of listening to, and which we naturally regard with pardonable pride.

The wealth of the Indies was then much sought after; but its riches were, of course, more difficult of attainment than at the present day. The Suez canal was not even thought of, railways and steam-ships had no existence, and although communication with India by caravan was not unknown, still the principal method by which precious goods could be transported to Europe was in small and frail barks round the distant Cape of Good Hope, that southern promontory of Africa that had the reputation, in those days even to a greater degree than at the present time, of always being exposed to stormy and tempestuous weather.

But it must be recollected that, in addition to the dangers and difficulties attendant on this long oceanic voyage, the Dutch East India Company had, at that time, a monopoly of the right of passage by the Cape of Good Hope, and very jealous were they of the strict recognition of this right. In order to avoid a collision with the ships belonging to this company, and also as they thought to lessen the journey, other merchant adventurers determined to seek a route to India by other passages.

Three ways appeared by which it was thought this object might be accomplished. One was to sail along the northern coast of the great continent of America by what is commonly called the North-West Passage. Another was to sail to the eastward along the northern coasts of Europe and Asia, by what is generally known as the North-East Route; whilst the third, which was by some thought the most feasible, was to proceed right across the northern summit of our globe by the North Pole!

When we come to consider the means at the disposal of the hardy mariners of the sixteenth century, the frailty of their vessels, the indifferent quality and scarcity of their provisions, and the endless difficulties by which they were invariably beset,

we cannot but be lost in astonishment at the magnitude and successful results of their undertakings, and be wrapt in admiration at their fearless courage and endurance. We know full well, from practical experience, what are the dangers to be encountered and the obstacles to be overcome by those engaged in navigating the icy seas of the far north, even in vessels provided with steam-power and the latest modern appliances. We know also that, even in ships so equipped, success is often doubtful, and failure frequent; yet, three hundred years ago, the English and Dutch navigators unhesitatingly engaged in voyages of discovery within the Arctic Circle, penetrating to high latitudes and exploring unknown seas and lands. The example set us by those brave and God-fearing mariners, men who, when in dire extremity, were exhorted by their commanders to keep a stout heart by such brief but touching appeals as "Courage, my men! we are as near heaven by sea as by land," cannot fail to be appreciated, and even imitated, by those desirous of following in their footsteps.

It was in the year 1594 that the merchants of Amsterdam, stimulated by the prospect of reaping a rich harvest, and we will hope actuated also by a desire to enlarge their geographical knowledge of the world, determined to equip and dispatch a ship to seek a way to India by an eastern route around the northern end of Novaya Zemlya.

Other expeditions had already attempted this passage. The dangers and difficulties attending such a voyage were well known; for, forty years before, the ill-fated expedition of Sir Hugh Willoughby had perished miserably from the want of proper means to guard against the severities of an Arctic winter, on the inhospitable coast of Northern Europe. Although the men were perhaps unable to realize the miseries and sufferings they were fated to endure, they were yet fully aware that it was an enterprize in which only stout hearts and resolute spirits could be admitted to take part.

The commander of it was Willem Barents, a man who had already earned for himself the reputation of a daring seaman, a careful observer, and a successful and prudent pilot.

The expedition intrusted to the charge of Willem Barents was not, it must be acknowledged, on a scale of great magnitude; it consisted of his own ship, the *Mercurius*, a vessel of about one hundred tons burthen, and he was accompanied by a small fishing boat belonging to his own native island of Terschilling.

They sailed from the Texel on the 4th day of June, 1594, and passing along the western coast of Novaya Zemlya, attempted to seek a passage to the northwards through the pack, which, however, effectually defied all their efforts to accomplish. With dogged perseverance did these intrepid explorers continue to battle against the impenetrable ice-fields by which their road was beset, until the near approach of winter and the weariness induced by constant vigilance and exposure, compelled them to relinquish all hopes of success and to return to Holland. The following year, however, saw the indefatigable Barents again attempting a passage to India by the same route; but this voyage, as the previous one, also ended with unimportant results, although undertaken by a goodly number of ships. The command of this fleet was intrusted to Cornelis Nai, who was appointed admiral or superintendent of the squadron, whilst Willem Barents, in command of the *Greyhound*, was named pilot-major of the fleet. In consequence of the failure of this last expedition, the States-General came to the conclusion that it would be unwise to expend the public money in any more attempts to discover a north-east passage; but private enterprize was stimulated by the offer of a considerable reward for the success of such a discovery.

Thus encouraged by the Government, and listening to the earnest representations of Plancius the cosmographer, and also of Barents himself, the merchants of Amsterdam decided upon fitting out another expedition to proceed in the same direction as the two previous ones. Two vessels—their names and sizes are unknown—were accordingly selected for this service, and were placed under the commands respectively of Jacob van Heemskerck, and Jan Corneliszoon Rijp. Willem Barents accompanied the former in his old capacity of chief pilot, whilst Gerrit de Veer, the chronicler of the voyage, sailed as second mate.

On the 13th of May, 1596, the two vessels sailed from Amsterdam. No canal, as in the present day, connected that important and flourishing town with the North Sea, and they were therefore obliged to make the best of their way through the Zuyder Zee, lightening, in all probability, their ships and floating them, by the aid of ingeniously constructed camels, over the shoals and sandbanks which abound there. On the 9th of June, in latitude 74° 30' N., they sighted a small steep island, to which was given the name of Bear Island, from the fact of their having



killed a large polar bear in its vicinity. Continuing their course northwards for ten days, land was again discovered, which was, at first, supposed to be a part of Greenland, but which was in reality Spitzbergen. The entry, as it appears in Barents's own log, runs thus:—"The land was for the greatest part broken, rather high, and consisted only of mountains and pointed hills; for which reason we gave it the name of Spits-bergen,"—"spitz" being "pointed," and "bergen" meaning "mountains."

Steering again to the southward, the two ships separated in consequence of some dispute between Rijp and Barents, the former returning to Holland, the latter proceeding on his adventurous voyage to the eastward, whence sailing round to the N.E. side of the island of Novaya Zemlya, he and his companions were "forced in great cold, poverty, miserie, and griefe, to stay all that winter." But these brave men, numbering in all only seventeen souls, did not despair. With drift wood collected along the shore, and with planks obtained from their vessel, they built themselves a hut in which they passed ten long and dreary months. The order and discipline, and the perfect harmony that reigned amongst the members of this little band were marvellous. Although undergoing great privations, and enduring hardships of such a nature that it is hardly possible to realize them, these brave men readily executed all orders, and carried out the regular daily routine without a murmur and without a complaint. To increase their misery and augment their sufferings, they were attacked by that dreadful disease scurvy, more fatal in its attacks on the Arctic explorer than any other disease, five of their small party succumbing to its dread grasp.

It was a fearful winter that they spent in their little house, so cold that "a man could hardly draw his breath," or "thrust his head out of the door." It is touching when, in the words of Gerrit de Veer, we read that on Twelfth Night they asked their skipper to allow them to "make merrie with a little sack and two pounds of meal." To them this would have been a sumptuous banquet; but the idea of merriment, situated as these men were, sounds indeed like a burlesque.

The little house they made as snug and as comfortable as the means at their disposal would admit. Wooden bed-places were erected along one side, a large wine-barrel was so contrived as to answer the purpose of a bath, an old Dutch clock was fixed upon one of the walls, which, striking the hours,

served to remind them of their own homes in Amsterdam and Zealand, and a large cask was placed on the centre of the roof to act as a chimney. With the dawning light, as summer gradually but slowly returned in due course of time, came also the conviction that not only was their ship irrevocably sealed up by the ice, but also that she had received such injuries during the winter that, even if an opportunity occurred for launching their vessel once more into her native element, she would be found so unseaworthy as to render it unsafe to attempt a voyage in her. The only hope of salvation that remained to them was to escape to the southward by means of boats. This being decided upon, these resolute men constructed two small open boats, and having divided their party into two equal divisions, quitted the scene of their sufferings on the 13th June, 1597. Barents, at this time, was so debilitated by disease as to be unable to walk. He and the other sick men were carried down and tenderly placed in the boats. In spite of his sickness, he still appears as the leader and head-piece of the party, giving the necessary directions regarding the amount of provisions to be embarked in their frail boats, and the course they were to steer.

How truly simple are the words of the chronicler when describing the embarkation and departure of the party. He writes: "And so committing ourselves to the will and mercie of God, with a west-north-west wind and an endifferent open water, we set saile and put to sea."

The gallant fellows were not, apparently, overburdened with luxuries; their fare was meagre in the extreme, scarcely sufficient in such a climate to preserve life, yet it was all they had except on those rare occasions when they had the good fortune to shoot a bear, and so enjoy the delicious morsels to be obtained from its carcase. The only provisions with which their boats were supplied were "thirteen barrels of bread, a barrel of cheese, a flitch of bacon, two runlets of oyle, six small runlets of wine, and two runlets of vinegar." They are certainly not open to the accusation of having been supplied with an over-indulgent allowance of food!

One short week after their departure from the land, whilst battling vigorously with the ice-floes that were momentarily threatening them with destruction, grief and despair visited the brave adventurers. Willem Barents, their leader and guide, was removed from them by death, the daring navigator finding a grave, like many other brave men,

in the midst of his discoveries. This mournful event is thus alluded to by Gerrit de Veer: "The death of Willem Barents put vs in no small discomfort, as being the chiefe guide and onely pilot on whom we reposed our selves next vnder God; but we could not striue against God, and therefore we must of course be content."

After innumerable hair-breadth escapes, and experiencing great hardships and privations, sometimes being drifted by the ice in the direction opposite to that which they desired to go, and at other times being compelled to drag their heavy boats over large ice-floes, the whole party being much reduced by sickness, the remnants of this little band of explorers succeeded in reaching a port in Lapland, where, by a curious coincidence, they were rescued and taken to Holland by the same man, Jan Corneliszoon Rijp, who had commanded the other ship composing their expedition.

For two hundred and seventy-four years the spot where these courageous men passed their long, dark winter, was unvisited by human beings. The lonely house remained standing, but tenantless, during that long period, exposed to the same cold wintry blasts with which it was assailed during its occupation by Barents and his intrepid followers, but protected from destruction and falling into decay by the wonderful preservative qualities of the Arctic climate. It remained for a Norwegian, a Captain Carlsen, whilst prosecuting his trade along the northern coast of Novaya Zemlya, to be the first to break the spell and to visit that lone spot, now rendered historical from its occupation by the gallant Dutch. On the 9th of September, 1871, being driven by a storm into a little harbour on the north-east coast of Novaya Zemlya, he dispatched his boats to the shore, in order to effect the capture of some walruses; the astonishment of their crews may be imagined, on landing, at the appearance of a house "partly fallen down," and this surprise was greatly enhanced when they discovered by whom this hut had been built and tenanted. There stood the berths that had been occupied by the sick men nearly three centuries ago; there also was the bath so ingeniously constructed out of a wine-barrel; and there also was that old Dutch clock, to the sounds of whose striking the old voyagers had never tired of listening, as it announced to them that another hour had fled by and had brought them an hour nearer to their deliverance. The dial-plate of this clock was missing, but the works were perfect,

though rusty, and one of the hands was still in place.

Amongst the many interesting relics that were found here, and which are now deposited in safety in the Naval Museum at the Hague, was the identical manuscript which Barents had himself indited, and which he had placed in a powder-horn and left behind hung up in the chimney. To the incredulous, this in itself would be sufficient to prove the authenticity of the precious relics. Not the least interesting of the collection is a flute, with which we can imagine the musician of the party used to beguile many a weary hour. Nor must the discovery of the ship's flag be omitted, for it was probably the first European flag that ever passed a winter in the Arctic regions.

The Dutch Government were fully sensible of the value of these relics, and they have caused a house to be constructed for their reception in the Naval Museum, in exact imitation of the hut built by Barents, a sketch of which accompanied the history of the voyage by Gerrit de Veer, who appears to have been both chronicler and artist to the expedition. So interesting is the history of this voyage that I make no apology for pre-facing my narrative of the recent Dutch Arctic expedition with a brief *résumé* of it.

The spirit of maritime enterprize in Holland did not expire with the death of Willem Barents. Several expeditions were dispatched to follow up the grand work so bravely commenced, notably those commanded by Willemszoon, who reported having reached three degrees to the northward of Spitzbergen; by Willem de Vlamingh, who, according to his own account, reached the latitude of 82° 10' in a north-westerly direction from Novaya Zemlya; and Cornelis Roule, who claims having sailed as far north as 85°, in the longitude of Novaya Zemlya, where he landed and ascended a high hill! Can this be Franz Josef Land?

The hardy Dutch whale-fishers also continued their dangerous but remunerative pursuit of the great leviathan of the deep in those icy waters, but home troubles in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries damped the maritime enthusiasm of the nation, and for the last two hundred years the Dutch flag has been but little seen floating in the van of Arctic enterprize.

Whilst the people of Holland remained thus inactive and apparently apathetic, other nations were prosecuting their researches within the Arctic zone. England, America, Germany, Sweden, and Austria sent various

expeditions at different times, all returning with more or less successful results, thereby extending the limits of the known world nearer towards the northern pole, and proportionately beyond the discoveries of the old Dutch Arctic navigators.

The dispatch of the last English Arctic expedition under Captain Nares revived in Holland the spirit of enterprize which had so long slumbered, and at the instigation of Commodore Jansen, of the Dutch navy, the invitation so generously extended by Allen Young to take out foreign officers in the *Pandora*, in order that they might gain experience in ice navigation, and thus qualify themselves, at some later period, to follow up the grand work so courageously commenced by himself, was accepted, and a young Dutch naval officer, Koolemans Beynen, was selected to accompany the *Pandora*. It was a wise selection that was made, for Lieutenant Beynen combined the enthusiastic spirit for Arctic work, so necessary to insure success, with quick observation and prudence, without which failure is certain. When the *Pandora* made her second memorable voyage to the Arctic regions, for the purpose of communicating with the exploring ships in Smith Sound, Beynen was again the companion of Young. During this voyage he gained a large amount of practical experience in handling a ship amongst heavy ice that could not fail to be of good service to him hereafter. No pupil eager to acquire knowledge in the arduous duties of ice navigation could have served under a better or more competent instructor than Allen Young, himself a disciple of that best of all good Arctic navigators, Sir Leopold McClintock.

On the return of the *Pandora* in 1876, Beynen found, to his great disappointment, that in consequence of the disturbances in the Dutch colony of Sumatra, his Government were not in a position to carry out his ideas and accede to his wish of dispatching an expedition for the purpose of exploration in the Arctic seas. Nothing daunted, however, Beynen determined to attempt, by private enterprize, to accomplish what his Government were unable to do. He visited the most important towns in Holland, giving lectures, instituting committees, and raising the national enthusiasm to such a pitch, that with slight encouragement from the Government, he was able to draw up a scheme by which the flag of Holland would be again unfurled in those seas, where it had been so gallantly carried three hundred years before. He did not aim at achievements of great

magnitude. He trusted to the saying that "out of small things came great ones," and he only hoped his plan would lead to something more important, and more worthy of his country.

This plan was the dispatch of a small vessel to the north, for the purpose of placing on the three islands of Jan Mayen, Spitzbergen, and Novaya Zemlya memorial tablets, recording the discovery by the Dutch of these islands. With the money collected, he could hardly expect to do more, but he felt convinced if this plan was successfully carried out, it would so kindle the desire of his countrymen for the renewal of Arctic research, that it would be succeeded by the dispatch of an expedition on such a scale as to gratify even his most ardent wish.

With this object in view, working committees were formed at the Hague and at Amsterdam, in the decisions of which Commodore Jansen took a prominent part. In fact it would not be too much to say, that Commodore Jansen was to Holland, in the matter of encouraging Arctic exploration, what the late lamented Sherard Osborn was to England.

Their means being limited it was necessary to stretch them to the utmost even to accomplish their modest desires. But with the utmost tension it was found that they could only succeed in carrying out their project by dispatching a small sailing ship. Do what they would they were unable to collect sufficient money for the purchase of a steamer, and to insure success amongst the ice-fields of the north, steam power is essentially necessary. They were not men, however, to be depressed or cast down by failing to get exactly what they required. They resolved upon doing the best with the means at their disposal.

Having made their calculations to a nicety regarding the amount to be expended on the building and equipment of a vessel, the keel of a little fore-and-aft schooner was laid at Amsterdam on the 1st of December, 1877. Her length was only 78 feet, with 19 feet beam, and a depth of hold of 10 feet; and she was eighty-nine tons burthen. Day and night, during the winter months, did the sound from the hammers of the shipwrights resound as the brave little craft gradually assumed the shape of a vessel; and so well and expeditiously was the work executed, often by the light of lamps long, long after the sun had ceased to light up the picturesque canals and bridges of the quaint old town, that in four months' time she was launched into her



native element. She was constructed in water-tight compartments; her bow was strengthened inside with dead wood, and outside with heavy iron plates, and she was in all respects adapted, in accordance with her size, for the very serious and dangerous service for which she was designed.

The little vessel having been launched on the 6th of April, it was necessary to select an officer to whom could be intrusted the guidance of the little craft. The Dutch Government, acknowledging the necessity of the enterprize, and wishing to countenance it, offered to supply the ship with officers and a few men from the Navy, and thus take their share in the responsibility of the expedition. Who so fit to command as Lieutenant Beynen? an officer who had already gained experience in ice navigation in two separate voyages, and who had taken so much trouble in procuring the dispatch of the expedition; the one man perhaps in the whole of the Netherlands, that by merit and experience was more fully qualified to conduct such an enterprize than any other.

To him were the eyes of his countrymen directed, and to him was the command of the schooner offered. But with a degree of modesty which does him infinite credit, he declined the honourable distinction, pleading his youth as an excuse, and submitted the name of his friend and old shipmate, a man some ten years his senior, Lieutenant de Bruyne, as a fit and proper person to command. The result has proved the wisdom of his choice. Lieutenant de Bruyne is an officer of great accomplishments, a thorough sailor, and a most ardent devotee to science, who has seen much service in various parts of the globe.

Beynen was appointed as first lieutenant, and as such he was his commander's right-hand man; and Lieutenant Speelman was nominated as the only other executive officer. Dr. Hymans, a military doctor, was appointed as surgeon. Dr. Sluiter accompanied the expedition as naturalist; whilst a young English gentleman, Mr. Grant, an enthusiastic photographer, was taken in that capacity. The latter already knew what Arctic service was like, for on the fitting out of the *Pandora* for her second cruise, he offered his services to Allen Young as a photographer, thus relinquishing the comforts of home, and the prospects of distinction at the University of Oxford, for the purpose of obtaining photographs of a part of the world rarely visited by artists or photographers. These six gentlemen were the officers of the expedition.

The ship's company only numbered eight. The boatswain, carpenter, cook, and five seamen! It will thus be seen that the enterprize was on a very modest scale indeed. A small sailing vessel containing only fourteen hands, setting forth to do battle with the Ice-King in his realms of snow and ice, reminds us of the sturdy navigators of old, who thought nothing of crossing the stormy Atlantic, and pushing their little barks of fifteen and twenty tons burthen, manned, some of them, by only three men and a boy, into the unknown and dangerous icy seas.

Two, out of the eight seamen composing the crew, were inhabitants of the little island of Marken; stalwart young fellows who, from early childhood, had regarded the sea as their legitimate home, and had even in infancy been soothed to sleep by the gentle heaving of the Zuyder Zee. The people of Marken may almost be regarded as the oldest-fashioned in the world. They adhere to the same picturesque costume as was worn by their ancestors three hundred years ago, and their houses are built in the same primitive style as in those days. Our two young fishermen were clad in exactly the same dress as Barents himself wore, when he was engaged in his last memorable voyage, as depicted in the illustrations transmitted to us by Gerrit de Veer.

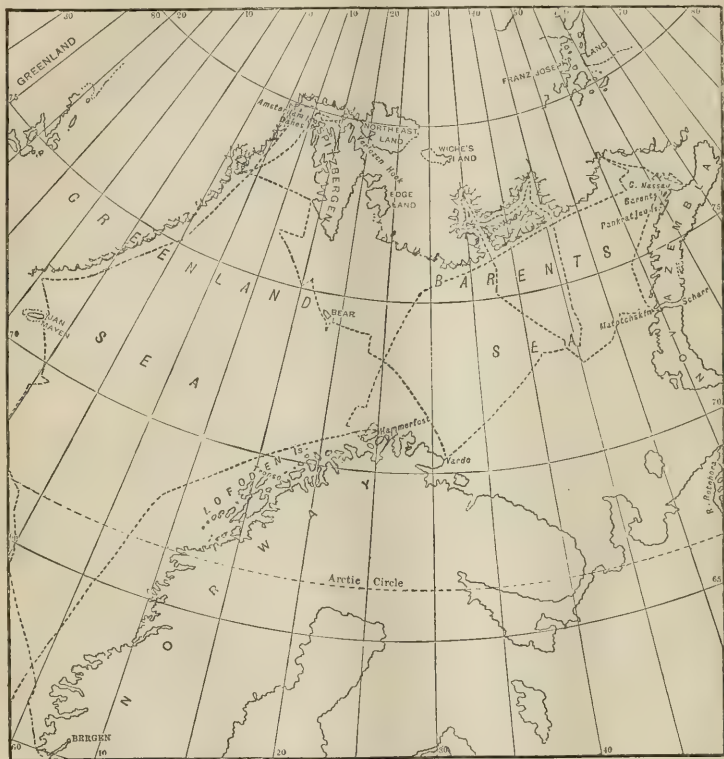
The accommodation on board was, as may be imagined, extremely limited, and although there were not many mouths to feed, still these had to be provided for, and eighteen months' provisions, even if only for fourteen men, require a good deal of space in which to be stowed. A large quantity of coal had also to be taken on board in the event of the ship being forced to winter; whilst, being a sailing ship, it was also necessary to stow a large amount of water. It would never do to trust to the chance of obtaining more by getting ice or snow, the only means where-with they could hope to replenish their stock.

A small cabin in the after-part of the ship, furnished with a table in proportion to the size of the cabin and half-a-dozen camp-stools, constituted the officers' mess-room. Two narrow recesses, on each side, were the sleeping places of the captain, the two lieutenants, and the naturalist, whilst a small cabin in the fore-part of the ship, alongside the galley, served as accommodation for the surgeon and photographer. The men were provided with bunks on the lower deck.

At the extreme foremost end of the ship, in what would technically be called the "very eyes of her," was a small water-tight compart-

ment; this was utilised as a "dark room" by our countryman, in which to develop his photographic plates. So far as the exclusion of light was concerned in this apartment, it was admirably adapted for the purpose to which it was appropriated; but its very limited size was decidedly a drawback, and whilst

the vessel was sailing amongst ice, and continually coming into collision with heavy masses, it required no small amount of ingenuity and patience in order to prevent the breakage of his apparatus and the loss of his chemicals. However, "beggars cannot be choosers," and the successful result of Mr.



Sketch Map illustrating the track of the *Willem Barents* in the Greenland and Barents Seas, 1878.

Grant's cruise conclusively proved that the "dark room" was of the greatest possible utility.

The week before sailing was a busy one to all connected with the expedition. Bustle and confusion seemed to reign paramount. Casks and cases filled every nook

and corner of the little ship, whilst the approach to her along the jetty was rendered almost impassable by the amount of packages that lay strewn about in all directions. Officers and men were in despair at the quantity of goods that came pouring in, up to the very hour of departure; yet they

could not but be sensible of the kind feeling that pervaded the hearts of their countrymen in thus contributing to their comfort; for these packages were the gifts of the well-wishers of the enterprize, the generous outpouring from the hearts of those who bade them "go and prosper."

It is very often the case on occasions of this sort, where the donors of presents have no communication one with another, that there is a great predominance of a particular description of article. It frequently happens that amongst wedding presents there are so many clocks that it requires a palatial residence indeed to provide each clock with a room, whilst other "happy couples" are perfectly inundated with salt-cellar! So it was on the present occasion; the articles that it was thought would be most acceptable to the brave navigators being tobacco pipes! The quantity of clay pipes taken on board was incredible. It was estimated that there were sufficient to last for several years, allowing each man to smoke a new pipe every time he required one, and supposing also that smoking was permitted day and night!

To add to the difficulties of getting everything ship-shape and ready for sea, crowds of people kept continually visiting the little vessel, thus testifying to the general interest and popularity of the expedition, however much their presence on board may have retarded the work. On the very day of sailing, a glimpse of the little vessel, surrounded as she was by a heterogeneous collection of stores, would have almost been taken as satisfactory evidence that the prospect of departure was indeed a hopeless one! But sailors have a rare knack of overcoming difficulties of this description, and at the very hour agreed upon, and on the day named when the keel of the ship was only just laid down, the little vessel took her departure from Amsterdam.

It was a lovely morning on that same 5th of May. The sun was shining brightly out of a cloudless sky and all looked gay and cheerful. The townspeople, in order to celebrate the occasion, had gaily decorated their quaint old gable-fronted houses with flags, whilst the ships in harbour were resplendent in all the beauties of the brightest-coloured bunting. Doubly gay indeed did the old town look, for the many flags displayed were clearly reflected in the calm waters of the canals that intersected the town in all directions, thus intensifying the gaiety and beauty of the scene. On board the little schooner in whose honour the town of

Amsterdam had thus put on this holiday dress, there yet appeared much to be done, the workmen remaining on board until within a few minutes of her departure, and cases, probably more pipes, coming off even at the last moment. Hurried leave-takings had to be effected, and a great deal of champagne had to be consumed, as each and all drank success and God-speed to their brave countrymen. Precisely at 2 P.M. a steamer took the little Arctic ship in tow, and amid the "hurrahs" of thousands of people that lined the banks to witness her departure, she was towed through the sluices and into the North Sea Canal, by which vessels are now enabled to proceed direct from Amsterdam to the North Sea.

Several steamers accompanied the gallant adventurers as they were towed along the canal, their decks crowded with people, whilst their bands played enlivening and soul-stirring music. Amongst other airs we must not omit to mention that of the English National Anthem, which was frequently played, as the gay procession steamed to the westward. Nor was the British flag unrepresented, for the English schooner-yacht *Greta*, with a large party of ladies and gentlemen, amongst whom was Sir Allen Young, was present on this occasion, and formed part of the procession that had assembled to take a final farewell of the explorers. It must not be forgotten that amongst the latter were two of Sir Allen Young's old shipmates in the *Pandora*, Lieutenant Beynen and Mr. Grant.

In three hours' time Ijmuiden, a little town situated near the entrance of the canal, was reached, and here the vessel was secured for the night. The following morning was a busy one, for it was to be their last in Holland, and all the final preparations had to be made. In spite of the strong wind and the clouds of fine dust that whirled along the streets, crowds of people began to congregate during the forenoon, all anxious to add their voices to the general wish for the success and safety of the brave men about to set forth on their daring enterprize, and to obtain one farewell glance of them before their departure. Amongst those who arrived for this purpose was Commodore Jansen and those gentlemen who had been instrumental, with him, in securing the dispatch of the expedition. They were also accompanied by many ladies, one of whom for her goodness, grace, and beauty, was selected to perform the ceremony of christening the little schooner, which was formally named the *Willem Barents*.



"Je bois à vous, navigateurs,  
Au succès de votre entreprise,  
Au peuple qui la favorise,  
A vos premiers explorateurs."

This ceremony being concluded, three enormous bouquets were presented to the officers, one composed entirely of white flowers, one of blue, and one of red, emblematic of the dearly-loved tricolour flag of the Netherlands.

Punctually at two o'clock the canal gates were opened and the *Willem Barents* was towed into the North Sea.

One by one did the accompanying vessels drop off, wafting to them their final good-

byes in hearty cheers, until the little *Willem Barents* was left alone to shape her course under sail to the northward. Gradually the low flat shores of Holland disappeared below the horizon, and they then began for the first time to realize the arduous nature of the undertaking in which they had embarked. It was, however, commenced under the most favourable auspices, and there was not a man composing that little band who did not feel proud of being in that company; for were they not about to carry the Dutch flag to where it had been so honourably displayed nearly three centuries ago?

## IN THE HUNTING FIELD.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

THERE is no matter, no pursuit, no study of which people who know nothing know so little as they do of hunting,—as hunting is carried on in Great Britain and Ireland. The shooting of game, the catching of fish, the rowing of boats and the playing of cricket, are each separately brought home to the minds of outsiders with a certain accuracy by their very names, and by the seeing of the thing which is so common as to have come before the eyes of almost all. Of race courses the world has an idea which is I fear only too correct. But men and women who do not hunt very rarely see hunting,—and they who talk about it without seeing generally have but an erroneous idea of the nature of the sport. An eagerness of impetuous excitement is supposed to be essential to its enjoyment, as though the hunting world was always jumping over five-barred gates; and then there is supposed to be incidental to it a certain wickedness, a fastness,—not of horses but of morals,—a tendency to sinful allurements and debauchery, which I never found there. I have known young men who have taken to hunting with hopes in that direction, and then have retired, disappointed. It hasn't been quite what they were looking for. And as for the five-barred-gate part of the business, I will make bold to say that there shall be more steady old gentlemen found recreating themselves in the hunting field, in circumstances peculiarly favourable to safety and health, than in any other amusement which town or country affords. There is no doubt the five-barred-gate business;—but so in walking along the sea-shore you may climb among the cliffs;—in bathing on the sands you may

swim a couple of miles out to sea;—in handling a steam-engine you may sit upon the safety-valve. But you need not subject yourself to these enticing dangers unless you desire them. It is the same in the hunting field. In saying this, I think it but fair to add that I have been a hunting man for many years, and that I have never shot, or fished, or played cricket, or gone to races. Having, as it were, cut off my own tail in that matter, I naturally recommend other foxes to cut off theirs. You, my editor, and you, my readers, will perhaps be justified in taking what I say with a grain of salt, because of my own idiosyncracies. But to my thinking, for decent propriety of demeanour, joined to security and real pleasure, there is no outdoor amusement like hunting. Now that is not the common idea about hunting.

And hunting has this charm, the greatest of all attractions;—any man can do it. If you, sir,—presuming you to be uninstructed in the matter,—were to undertake to play at any other game, you would display your ignorance. Could you shoot a bird, or catch a salmon, or get a run? You might as well begin to play the fiddle out of hand. You could sit on a bench at a race course,—but you would know nothing about it unless accustomed to the place, and would have a very bad time when there. But out hunting, if you can sit upon your horse, no one shall know that you are not as good as another. You will certainly find yourself better than many others who having attempted great things,—the five-barred gates for instance,—will have fallen into trouble, and they will make your position honourable, however discreet you may have been, by being behind you. It

is to me one of the glories of hunting that riders of the second, third, or even fourth flight come to no condign disgrace. You will hear men scolded no doubt; but they are the impetuous, hot-blooded youths, the would-be five-barred-gaters, the men who wish to soar into glory by being conspicuous. The steady-goers, who are contented to see the scapegraces before them, are never treated with ignominy. Many men who have been hunting all their lives make it a rule never to ride over anything bigger than a ploughed furrow. It is not to be supposed that such men will be the idols of the hunting field, the heroes of Leicestershire, that they will be written about in newspapers and talked about as the special Nimrods of their age. But then neither have they desired such glory. It has not been with an eye to fame that they have gone thither;—but for recreation, which should be easy, for exercise, and especially for society in the open air.

There are two sets of men who go out hunting, the slow, if you choose to call them so, and the fast, the five-barred-gaters and the simple lovers of country air and country exercise. Before I have done I will say a word of the doings of each,—but I will take the slow and old and steady first, having been very much of that party myself. Let it be specially understood that there is no jealousy, no ill-feeling, no expression of contempt on one side, or of overbearing pride on the other between classes which quite understand their divergence one from the other. Among the hard-riding men there is jealousy enough, as I shall explain by-and-by;—but the man who doesn't ride, who only rides about and sees what is going on, is understood to be there for that purpose and is acknowledged accordingly.

When the hunt first meets at eleven o'clock in the morning, on some village green, or at a farmer's gate, or possibly on some gentleman's lawn,—which is not the kind of meet which I most specially recommend unless it be for purposes of sweet discourse with pretty ladies,—possibly at some cross road at a convenient distance from the covert which is to be first drawn, the steady and the unsteady, the fast and the slow, are mixed promiscuously together. Old Farmer Rudge who seldom gets out of a trot congratulates young squire Breakaway on the condition of his young mare, Virago, and Mr. Heels, the veterinary surgeon, who sees every turn of the hounds from first to last, listens with an obsequious smile while Mr. Ponderwell, the

old rector from the next parish, describes to him every detail of the last day's run. Heels had ridden every yard of it while Mr. Ponderwell was trotting round upon the road,—but there are two ways of viewing a hunt, as Mr. Heels and Mr. Ponderwell are both well aware. It may be thought that Mr. Ponderwell should not be there; but Mr. Ponderwell was ordained in a past generation, and, whatever good he may receive from the hunt, Mr. Heels, whose life is necessarily somewhat horsey, will certainly be gratified and benefited by his conversation with the rector. Everybody wishes everybody good morning with an old-fashioned courtesy which is kept up I think nowhere so extensively as at a hunting meet. Men at clubs nod at each other and barely that. But as these acquaintances of the field come together, though they meet perhaps two or three times a week, there is a hearty jovial loud-spoken greeting,—a shaking of hands with the farmers and a pardon asked for the forgotten glove. Then the news of the hunt goes round. Old Mother Hubbard has lost her geese and must be paid. It is told as a fact that there isn't a fox in Biddlecombe wood,—and perhaps a hard word is whispered as to the new comer who has taken the shooting. There is a vixen laid up with cubs in Nursery Coppice, and therefore let no hound go within a mile of the place. The cradles of princes are not so closely guarded as those sacred chambers beneath the earth in which the young foxes first see the light. A few minutes are allowed for late comers and for consultations deep and secret which have to be held between the Master, the owner of the adjoining coverts, and the huntsman. There are secrets in hunting of which the great part of the field knows nothing. Better perhaps not to know! When ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise. His Lordship is going to shoot the home woods in a few days, and though in his pride of sportsmanship he has laid no embargo on the coverts, he will not be well pleased if his pheasants be disturbed. There is a wicked old man in the neighbouring village who is supposed to have laid down poison for the hounds, because his story as to the sudden demise of some dozen fictitious cocks and hens has not been received in a proper spirit. Then there is that interesting lady in the family way,—the mother of a future family of foxes,—in Shotover Springs which makes it inexpedient to go in that direction. These are matters of which the common herd are well kept in ignorance. How much happier are we all than our rulers whose pillows

are made thorny by the dangers of the State!

When all these points have been discussed the cortège rides away to his Lordship's gorse. One whip leads the way in front of the hounds. Among the pack rides Tony the huntsman with some peculiarly zealous sportsman at his elbow, some Nimrod to whom this that he is doing now is the one important business of his life. For him to be acquainted with those secrets is essential to the happiness of his life. Did he not know all the facts as to that lady's bed-chamber and as to the lord's sporting, were he not allowed to join in execrating the malignity of that murderous forger of chicken's heads, he would be an unhappy man. He is not a hard-riding hero. He rather despises that kind of thing, as being below the dignity of real hunting. To see every fox legitimately,—but always legitimately,—pursued till he has honourably accomplished the destiny intended for foxes, is the object of his life. To provide the fox and then to kill him according to the laws of venery,—it is for this object, as he thinks, that the country gentleman is born, and in performing it should die. Then, behind the pack follows the second whip, with the huntsman's second horseman, and, perhaps, behind them the Master himself, deep in thought. It is much to be responsible for the amusement of a hundred and fifty gentlemen who have devoted their time and their money to the pursuit, and who have turned out of bed at seven o'clock on a winter morning,—of which they think more than of their time or their money,—in order that they may be able to see his Lordship's gorse drawn twenty miles off. Days will come on which no fox is found, on which the hundred and fifty sportsmen are dragged about the country from covert to covert, not at last in the very best frame of mind. All this the Master of hounds feels keenly, and has to be anxious lest by chance such should be his misfortune to-day.

By twos and twos and threes and threes the crowd follows, party-coloured, black and red fairly mixed, with here and there some fantastic farmer who loves to be noted by a green coat and brass buttons. They are all breeched, and booted, and spurred,—unless it be our old friend Mr. Ponderwell, who has guarded his clerical trousers and well-shaped calves by black overalls. Among breeches there is an extreme variety, from the farmer's economical brown cords buttoned down only to the top of the boot, up to the loose-seated tight knee'd leathers of the hunting dandy

with his little useless bow of white thong at the knee, the purity of which has been preserved all the morning by a dapper apron, making him look like Miss in a red jacket,—surely of all coxcombries the smallest, useful only to the breeches-maker who can thus sell the apron as well as the breeches. In boots, too, there is great variety, running from careless indifference to an exquisite perfection of pinkness in tops and polish about the toes. Let the tyro be recommended to choose a golden mean. Let him not be too solicitous of a red coat till he has earned it by some practice and perhaps by a little liberality. If he be one of those who come for the quiet delight of which I have spoken, let him affect a brown fashion of breeches; and a brown top to his boots will not be amiss to him. Those with a black coat may make a man quite as smart as to his person as he ought to be amidst out of door operations. If he affect dandyism,—which I would pray him to eschew here and elsewhere,—then he must ride hard or he will be ridiculous on every side. And it should be remembered that the dandyism is easier to affect than the hard riding.

There goes the cortège along the lane, gathered for the most part into twos and threes for purposes of hunting conversation. Here and there are men riding separately, perhaps a stranger or two who will not have fallen into any acquaintance till later in the day, some unfortunate one intent on the lameness of his favourite mare now left at home in the stable, some not yet case-hardened spendthrift thinking of Christmas bills, which as he had not paid, he ought not to be here at all; some half-hearted horseman trying to make up his mind to ride hard, though knowing that his horse will fall with him at the first awkward fence. But for the most part all are talking. A little politics,—ten to one it will be on the wrong side,—a good deal of sport, something of poor rates, turnips and barley, and something of the last county ball,—for there will be young ladies here,—will make up the conversation. Or an attempt may perhaps be made to allure Mr. Ponderwell into theology and his last sermon,—an attempt which will be altogether ineffectual. There be times and seasons,—thinks Mr. Ponderwell. But all along the lane, from the meet on the green till the spot at which they turn in at the gate near the gorse, there has been no word spoken unbecoming the ear either of the rector or of the young lady.

The gorse lies on a slight slope and the horsemen are implored, we may perhaps say



ordered, to collect themselves above it, so that they may not be seen by the fox, as he will endeavour to creep away, himself unseen, at the bottom. Some few ignoble souls sneak round and endeavour to hide themselves behind hedges and under trees at the further side, so that, should the fox do as he is expected, they may have the advantage of a start. But the Nimrod whom we saw just now discussing matters with the huntsman is after them, and they are brought away,—not without difficulty. But old Farmer Rudge remains, nor does our Nimrod dare to interfere with him. Mr. Rudge has ridden with the G. W. hounds,—so is the hunt named,—for the last fifty years and assumes a privilege. There is a spiney on his farm on which foxes have been bred year after year with a regularity dear to *Latona Vulpina*. He remembers his fifty years and thinks that he may claim a little favour without reproach. There is almost present to him an idea that any G. W. fox will know him too well to be afraid of him. Nimrod leaves him there, whispering only some civil word, but brings back the recreants,—always excepting Pickle, the baker, who has known how to hide himself and his pony behind a bank so that even Nimrod shall not see him.

The fox is soon found, but does not at once take himself off into the open, as it is thought that a gallant fox should do. There is no conviction so deep seated in the minds of hunting men as that of the criminality, meanness, and ingratitude of foxes that will not "break." For what other purpose has a fox been preserved and fed at so great an expense? And then the cowardice of the animal! By running he may, and probably will, save his life. Out of ten foxes that run straight certainly not five are killed. But the poltroon who hangs about his earth is sure to perish among the hounds. For the dog-fox who can so degrade his nature let there be no mercy, no longer any love. Let him die at once, and let us hope that there be none other left of so poor a family! But men are apt to be impatient. That a fox should tarry awhile till he has realised the situation is to be expected. He has to bethink himself what will be his safest line of country. Horrid as are the hounds to him, men are more horrid. He smells Pickle, the baker, and will not go in that direction. At last, when men are beginning to be angry at his neglect of duty, he sneaks out at the lower corner, furthest removed from Pickle's bank,—very silent, very softly, with his eye turned back over his shoulder,

conscious of his scent but still hoping, if he be not seen, that he may creep along the neighbouring hedge to the top of the hill before his enemies shall have discovered his line. But Dick, intent upon blood,—Dick the second whip, whose eye at a hundred paces would know a hair moving on the top of a fox's ear,—has seen the creature. For half a minute, with his hand and whip raised over his head, he stands silent as the grave,—silent and commanding silence. It is given to him to know the exact distance from his covert a fox if holloed to will return, and at which, when he hears the noise behind him, he will only be driven faster on upon his course. When the moment has come he makes the welkin echo, and the hounds, knowing the voice, repair their error and lay themselves upon the new line.

It has always been doubtful to me whether such assistance to the hounds as this is compatible with the true theory of hunting. I doubt whether the pack should not be left to do it all, or allow the fox to escape. The argument against me is that the fox so favoured is too clever for the hounds, that foxes would not be killed, that farmers would not be satisfied; that hunting in fact would be too difficult, and that under many conditions of wind and weather scent would fail altogether. Nevertheless, those human admonitions as to the fox's whereabouts have always been painful to me. Let me at any rate advise the tyro that he venture to give no admonition should he chance to see a fox. It is expected from Dick, and he is paid for it. It is not expected from the tyro, who, if he attempt it, will be paid in a manner unpleasant to him.

But the fox is away and the hounds are on his line, and you and I, my reader, whom for the moment I will suppose to be as slow and steady as Mr. Rudge, will join the farmer out upon the lane to which he betakes himself as soon as he perceives in which direction the fox is heading. He makes his calculations as deep as the fox himself. There is a strong commerce of forces, with matrimonial alliances, between his Lordship's gorse and Polecat wood, which lies two miles off to the south-east. There is Boozey brook to be passed. Young men may perhaps jump it; others may ride the ford; but Mr. Rudge knows the distance round by the lane to the bridge, and he knows also that the ford carries but one horse at a time, that there will be a crowd,—with much water and much mud. Polecat is a small place, and the animal will no doubt go on to Roborrow

Hatches when he finds himself pursued. So Mr. Rudge decides, and we, who have come out upon the same lane and overtaken him by the speed of our first gallop, will lessen our pace and accompany him. You may not see the cream of the running, but you are never far out of the hunt if you stick close to Mr. Rudge. We soon overtake Mr. Sloper, a big man with a red face, who has perhaps eaten a little too much in his time, and who tells wondrous tales of grand hunting exploits in former years. He does not understand the run of a fox as does Farmer Rudge; but he knows the lanes, and is always civil to a stranger, and, though he cannot ride much now, loves to hear the merry sounds of a hunting morning.

"You won't be first, nor yet you won't be last, if you sticks to me," says Farmer Rudge with a good-natured laugh. "I hears 'em all along the bottom, just as though I was with 'em." Then we listen as we still trot on, and hear faintly the music of a hound, and the huntsman's voice, and the low distant thud from two score of galloping horses. To our ear the sound would not have told much, but to Farmer Rudge it is not only intelligible but eloquent. He can judge the distance from the sound, and can tell also which way it is progressing and at what pace. Fifty years of close study in any art will teach an attentive man many secrets. The instinct of the fox in flying and of the hound in following is hardly more remarkable than that of Mr. Rudge in observing from a distance how each is doing its work. "Do you hear 'em at the brook?" he says to Sloper. Sloper, who has not much breath to spare, nods his head and rides on. "I heard one fall in any way as he was jumping it. That will be young Breakaway on his mare. He don't mind a ducking;—nor yet didn't I when I was his age." Thus, though with the eye of the flesh we do not see much as we are trotting along the road, yet, by the aid of our companion's experience, we see much in the spirit.

"They are in Polecat now," continued Mr. Rudge. "It ain't more nor ten acres and he'll be on for Roborow. There never was no 'arth in Polecat. There is Tony a speaking to 'em. Wouldn't wonder if they ain't overrun him." Then we stand a while at an elbow in the road, at which there is a gate and a track leading down towards the wood, a track by which Mr. Rudge knows well that he can get to the wood without difficulty as we have already crossed the bridge. But if the fox goes on to Roborow there will be

no need for such departure from our lane. Here we remain for perhaps three minutes, during which Mr. Rudge is contented to listen in silence, while we feel ourselves sure of the propriety of our position under the guidance of so trained a sportsman. "H'sh," he says, as he sits with ears erect, when one of us attempts conversation at an inopportune moment. "They'll be away and we shan't know nothing about it if you aren't silent." "They are away," he cries, after another moment of intense listening, and then he starts at a gallop along the road, with his head forward, and his old back bent almost into a hump, but his seat as firm as ever. Then we scurry on, still along the lane, till at a spot where it takes a bend to the left we turn into the fields, and through a run of gates,—never jumping anything, for our friend's jumping days are over,—we keep on in a fixed direction till suddenly we find ourselves in a crowd of horsemen; and there is Tony exultant amidst the pack, with the dead fox held high above his head just as he is about to throw it to the hounds. And there is young Breakaway dripping with ooze, standing beside his mare, who is in the same condition. "So you managed to get her in," said the old farmer.

"I managed to get her over also," replied the young squire triumphantly.

"We didn't do so bad, did we? I told you we wouldn't be last, if we wasn't first. There's some on 'em, you see, only a-coming up now, and there's men I'll be bound down at the brook still." This was said to us by our kind guide with a little air of triumph which we thought was well excused by the old man's age and success. A fine old gentleman in his way was Mr. Rudge, known as a warm man and hospitable, who farmed his own acres and was yet content to be a farmer, who loved a fox and all that belonged to him, whom I knew for many years and never saw cross or out of temper,—but once when a vixen was killed who should have been spared. Then I found that Mr. Rudge could speak out plainly when he had a mind to do so. Allow this little tribute to his memory. He was a good man and he loved hunting.

In this way we saw much of the run though we performed no feat of horsemanship beyond the compass of any man who can sit in a saddle. We saw the fox found and were in at its death, and during the thirty minutes that intervened we knew as much about it as any one else. And the man who desires to ride as much as that and desires no more,

who has no taste for perilous exploits such as those of young Breakaway, may find what he wants in the hunting field and have to endure no gibes. Out shooting if you can't hit a pheasant, you are sure to hit a gamekeeper or a beater,—and at that sport, if you fail entirely, you are told to have put yourself in a wrong place.

There is hunting of another kind of course, —a kind which stirs the ambition strongly, moves the courage of men, and creates all the excitement of danger, exploit, and success. In this there is a happiness and a joy quite its own;—and in this there is, too, an ample field for disappointment. My uninstructed reader,—uninstructed in the mysteries of hunting,—may, I have said, have his day's pleasure and enjoy it thoroughly. I have told him how that may be done without danger, trouble, or disgrace. I will not say but that to ride well to hounds, to be among the foremost, to compete for honour, and to feel that one has not competed in vain, is a fine thing. But then there may be failure, as when our friend Breakaway fell into the brook, —and there may also be, just when it is most required, a lack of the prowess which the uncalculating rider still hopes that he may some day possess though it does not come to him just at the moment when he wants it. Let a man at any rate find out what he can do, what he is fit for,—what he will be able to enjoy; and then let him set to work accordingly. We had a delightful half-hour with old Mr. Rudge because we attempted nothing beyond our power.

I heard an account of the same run as it was seen more closely by a younger friend who witnessed the disappearance of Mr. Breakaway into the water. Thirty minutes does not seem to be long for the cream of a day's amusement, but in hunting a great deal of excitement may be crammed into thirty minutes, and a great deal of glory achieved. Many misfortunes also may be encountered, and much disgrace suffered. When we were taken by chance into the lane where we encountered Mr. Rudge, the first flight of the hunt took themselves along the brow of the hill to the left. Among these were all the young dandies of the hunt, men who had come by train from distant parts of the country, some from London, some from their winter stations in other hunting districts, sportsmen who by the time they devote and the money they spend declare their intention of riding hard. I like the steady-going horseman who takes his exercise of a winter morning, and his chat with the farmer,—and

is content with that and nothing more. But when I see a young man with two horses, an elaborate toilet, when I know that he is hunting four days a week and spending £800 a year on it, then I expect him to ride. Then, if I see him following Mr. Rudge along the lanes, I am apt to think little of him.

There were some here determined to ride, and they had an opportunity. The fox went away at a great pace; and except that the hounds overran him a little, going into Polecat wood whereas he only skirted the corner of it, they went as fast as they knew how from first to last. But, the reader will say, Mr. Rudge with his companions were only trotting for much of the time. How then could it be fast? Mr. Rudge and his companions had no fences to jump, nor were they compelled to change their line "to look for places." Let men ride ever so well they cannot go so "straight" as some who do not hunt,—and also some who do,—are apt to imagine. It is an easy thing to trot along a road at the rate of ten miles an hour; but that pace is fast enough for anybody when hounds have to get over their fences. Unless a country be very open they cannot go faster.

At the lower corner, by the bottom of the gorse, there is a hunting-gate through which it behoved the horsemen to pass. It is a well-known spot, and the passage is not to be avoided by jumping except at the cost of a long circuit. Then there came a play of wit, almost amounting to anger, as some of the more eager were kept waiting. "Now Charley, are you going to stick in there all day?" "Give the gate a shove back, old fellow." "Take it off its hinges." "Come and take it yourself, and carry it away with you." "I say, sir, it's no good your riding over my horse's tail." "That brute of Walker's kicks like the mischief." Then by some awkwardness the gate is allowed to shut itself, while "Walker," with his kicking brute, who together had been guilty of the mischance, gallop away on the other side. It was, no doubt, pleasant to him to hear the oburgations of those he had impeded, while the world is free before him where to ride.

Up the hill on the other side the pace was very quick. Tony had come through the gate first. With him were Breakaway and three others whom our friend Walker contrived to catch at the top of the rising ground. In this way there were six in advance of all the others. There always will be five or six whom the chance of the day has favoured, and who will feel themselves called upon to



do their best in maintaining the pride of their position. From the hill down to the Boozey brook there was fair riding, chiefly meadow-land, with big fences, but safe,—such as a horse can see, and, if the animal can and at the moment will jump, may surmount without peril. At one of them friend Walker's horse, who no doubt could jump, wouldn't jump. When pressed against the fence he made half an attempt, got his feet into the ditch at the further side, blundered over and fell into the dike on his back, with our friend under him. Tony gave a look at him and felt that duty carried him on. Breakaway gave a look at him and declared to

himself that he couldn't hold his mare. Another gave a look at him but, comforted by seeing that there was not water enough in the ditch to drown the man, he also passed on. It certainly is hard to stop for a friend just when the chance has come of being one among the three first in the "best thing of the season." Then Dick came up, and he with two of those who had been shut out behind at the wicket, and who had thus lost their chance of glory, stopped and extricated poor Walker from his troubles. They were the men whom Mr. Rudge saw coming up after he had arrived at the finish.

Then there was the brook,—the well-known



Boozey brook. It is a remarkable thing, but one which, nevertheless, occurs often in hunting, that when you shall be sure that you are first, or one of the first—that you have been going more than ordinarily well and that you have never been away from the hounds for a moment, you shall suddenly find that, at some special point in the run, there is a whole crowd of men before you! It makes one for a moment almost resolve never to ride straight again. So it was at the Boozey brook. There were already a dozen horsemen there floundering at the overflowing ford. The brook was high, and the ford is always two feet deep in mud.

Only one at a time can pass, and that one, if with an uneasy horse, will seem to take five minutes. This was grievous to the heart of young Breakaway, whose bosom was swelling with pride not altogether on his own behalf, but for his mare. The young violent five-year-old filly had, for the first time, been made to jump her fences well, and promised to make a character by her conspicuous bearing and foremost position. Now there were a dozen of them before her,—a dozen who had unfairly taken a short-cut, not following the hounds! And must he wait till all of them had tumbled and fumbled through the brook?

Not if his name was Breakaway, and hers Virago! Not such had been his or was to be her character in the G. W. hunt! He had leapt the brook before,—but not flooded as now. But what are four feet of extra water to him in his noble rage? He knows the spot and presses her mare at it. Eager enough, apparently very eager, she makes at it as though it were nothing to her. As he nears the edge the young rider feels that the difficulty is already accomplished,—so eager is his mare. But the perverse brute stops herself dead upon the very margin, putting Mr. Breakaway uncomfortably on to her neck, and then takes her jump,—of course too short! They both go under,—but both come up again, and he with his wits all about him, takes care to get her out on the right bank.

I will add just one word about the danger of hunting. If a man trusts himself to sit upon a horse, or to travel on a coach, if he trusts himself to the deep seas, if he takes a gun in his hand, or, as I have said, clammers among the rocks or the glaciers of the moun-

tains,—there will of course be danger. It was but the other day that a gallant friend of my own, a man as well known in the world of literature as in that of hunting, came to his end by falling from his horse in the hunting field,—a catastrophe, alas, full of ruth! Another man I knew and valued much, a man known to all the world as a master of hounds, some few years since came by his death in the same way,—a man in every way to be regretted. But in neither case did the accident come from any violent accident. A horse fell in the field,—and the rider was killed. So it was with Sir Robert Peel. So it was with Dr. Wilberforce, the Bishop of Winchester. A man may be killed by jumping over a hedge as he may by tumbling down a rock. But if a man is to avoid all danger of circumstance he must sit at home and hardly even walk abroad lest the chimney pots may be flying. With much experience and a long memory in such matters I hardly think that half an hour's hunting is more dangerous than other half-hours spent in the open air.

## FRENCH SILK MANUFACTURES, AND THE INDUSTRIAL EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.

**I**N the world's history of human industries there is no more curious chapter than that of the silk manufacture. No existing records show what nation first discovered the secret of shaping into textile fabrics the thin, but hardy, thread thrown out by the silkworm for effecting his wonderful transformation, and all that is known is, that the Chinese practised the art about two thousand eight hundred years before the commencement of the Christian era. As far as can be gathered from the ancient Chinese chronicles, the spinning of silk, and its manufacture into garments, was entirely in the hands of women. According to the chronicles, or rather legends, the Empress See-ling-chi, consort of Hoang-ti, who reigned about the year 2800 B.C., a native of India beyond the Ganges, brought the art from her own country, and instructed the ladies of her court in the mysteries of breeding cocoons, and unravelling the delicate fibres into a web of cloth. Successive empresses, it is related, took pride in the same occupation, which gradually descended from rank to rank, becoming the favourite employment of all the ladies of the Celestial Empire. There are two striking facts con-

nected with the earliest known manufacture of silk which stand forth prominent. They are, that the spinning of silk was both the work of women and was considered one of the great peaceful arts of the world. The latter idea was embodied in the story of the land of Serica, or Sereinda, the home of the Empress See-ling-chi, reputed to have introduced silk into China. War, with all attendant miseries, was said to be absolutely unknown in Serica. Blessed with a fertile soil and a delicious climate, the men, with light labour, occupied themselves solely by raising food substances and cultivating all sorts of delicious fruits, while the sole task of the women was to make beautiful silk garments for themselves and their families. Thus what is generally called the golden age of the world was really the age of silk.

The first European country to which cocoons were brought, and where silk manufacture took root, was the district around Constantinople at present forming part of European Turkey, after having been for centuries the centre of the Byzantine Empire. The way in which the production of the silkworm came to be transported from Asia to

Europe was very singular. Carrying with them their own luxurious habits, the Roman founders of the Byzantine Empire delighted in wearing garments of silk, and this was taken advantage of by the Emperor Justinian, who reigned from A.D. 527 to 565, to impose a very heavy duty upon all imported silk fabrics. The source of revenue thus created was most productive, but, on this very account, the emperor's cupidity was aroused when one day he was told that the receipts from silk might be raised tenfold, or more, if he would transplant the manufacture of it into his own dominions and forbid all imports. His counsellors were two monks who had travelled through the whole of India and China preaching Christianity. They had been astonished to see in these countries the masses of population, especially women, clad in silk, and they had been able to ascertain that the whole production of the beautiful cloth was based on the incessant labours of a small worm, the *Bombyx mori*, which spun the delicate threads. The weaving of these threads into textile fabrics, the monks declared, was easy enough, and might be done anywhere if only they could obtain the original makers, the worms. The emperor, a highly intelligent man, listened attentively to all that was told him, and the result was, his offering a bountiful reward to the two monks if they would bring to Constantinople a sufficient quantity of the tiny creatures which made Asia rich in silk. So the monks bent their faces once more towards the East, and at the end of four years, A.D. 552, presented themselves before Justinian, announcing their success. They had managed, under great difficulty, but aided by some of their Christian converts, to obtain four ounces of eggs of silkworms, which they hid in two hollow canes, serving each of them as a staff. One of the canes was lost, but the other was presented with its priceless contents to the Emperor Justinian.

It was owing to the successive invasions of the empire that the silk manufacture finally spread, and came to be transferred to other European states. King Roger II. of Sicily, one of the earliest invaders, carried, about the year 1140, a whole colony of silk-weavers, provided with all necessary apparatus, and with masses of eggs of silkworms, from Constantinople to Palermo, establishing in the latter city a business which flourished for a long time. In the next century the Venetians, and also the Genoese, appeared on the scene, and the endeavours of both these tribes of enterprising traders and conquerors to trans-

plant the silk manufactures into their own dominions were so successful that before long it had got a firm footing throughout the greater part of Northern Italy. It is on record that in the year 1300 there were more than twenty thousand people engaged in the manufacture of silk, including the growth of cocoons, in the districts of Venice, Modena, Florence, and Genoa, and it was from this period that "Italian silk" obtained a name throughout Europe. "The Italian manufacture retained its high repute for more than two hundred years, until the first half of the sixteenth century, when France entered as a rival on the field. The initiative in this case, the same as in the Byzantine Empire and in Sicily, was due to royal protection and encouragement. King Francis I., a shrewd prince, anxious to improve the welfare of his realm of France, was struck while pursuing his conquests through Northern Italy with the importance of the silk manufacture, and, partly by persuasion and partly by force, brought a number of silk-weavers from the duchy of Milan to Avignon, Tours, Lyons, and Fontainebleau. The last-named settlement did not flourish owing to climate circumstances, but Avignon, Tours, and still more Lyons, in a very short time rose to high importance as centres of the manufacture of silk. Before the end of the seventeenth century the fame of "Italian silks" had vanished, and for it was substituted that of "French silks."

From France the silk manufacture spread into England—once more under royal patronage. It was King James I. who, the first of English sovereigns, took a great interest not only in silk garments, but in the industry itself, and made several efforts, though not sustained ones, to let it take root in this country. Among others, he ordered a Mr. Stallenge, acquainted with the manufacture through travels in France and Italy, to print and publish a book of "Instructions" on the subject; and he likewise sent a French gentleman, M. de Verton, all over England to sell mulberry-trees at the low price of six shillings a hundred. On the king's recommendation, another Frenchman, Robert Therie, obtained the Freedom of the City of London, in 1609, to set up a small manufacture of silk; and the fact stands entered in the "Corporation Records" of that year, of his "being the first in England who hath made stuffs of silke, the which was made by the silk-wormes nourished here in England." The business thus established made quick and vast progress through the arrival in the country of



great numbers of Protestant refugees known as Huguenots, driven from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. "French silk" was thus dethroned, together with "Italian silk," and the palm of excellence awarded to "English silk."

The pre-eminence thus gained, in a comparatively short space of time, for England was not of long duration. Like many other industries, that of silk was destroyed by monopolizing tendencies fostered by bad legislation. From the beginning of the reign of Charles I. the silk-weavers of London, who had almost the entire trade in their hands, had formed themselves into a corporation, with the openly expressed aim of keeping the profits of the industry to themselves, to the exclusion of all others, whether foreigners or natives. In this endeavour they succeeded but too well. By a statute passed in the year 1661 it was enacted that "on the petition of the Company of Silk-Throwsters in London," employing, as stated, forty thousand individuals, men, women, and children, no person should "enter that trade without an apprenticeship of seven years." It was further enacted that, besides such apprenticeship, the silk manufacture should be prohibited to all persons, except those who, by payment of fees or otherwise, succeeded in "becoming free of the Throwsters' Company." A long succession of Acts of Parliament, all devised for the "protection" of the silk industry, followed in the wake of this one, the ultimate result being the ruin of the trade. During more than a century and a half, while the "protection" lasted, the manufacture of silk made scarcely any progress in England; and while other nations, more particularly France, made long strides in the art, ours stood still. When the trade was falling off, visibly even to the horn-eyed inspection of the members of the "Throwsters' Company" of the City of London, the cry was not for improvement in the manufacture, but for more "protection." It was called unpatriotic to use any but English-made silk, and even poor servant-girls were attacked in the streets for ornamenting their bonnets with cheap and handsome ribbons from Lyons—"paying a tax to the King of France," said the patriotic "Throwsters"—instead of buying dear and homely home goods. The end of "protection" came in 1824, from which year may be said to date the real commencement of the silk manufacture of England, freed from its trammels. The industry of France never suffered from any such, and hence the enormous start which our early

competitors have over us at the present time. It may be illustrated in a few figures. We imported the following articles of silk, raw and manufactured, from France in the year 1877:—

Waste silk knubs and kunks . .	92,049
Raw silk . . . . .	602,004
Thrown silk . . . . .	96,238
Manufactures, stuffs and ribbons .	6,430,307
Silk plush for making hats . .	28,846
Unenumerated silk goods . .	1,044,785

Total . . . . . £9,191,319

Our total imports of silk manufacture in the year 1877 amounted in value to £12,631,822, so that the lion's share of this vast expenditure for textile fabrics, once produced entirely at home, went to France. The old fame of "English silks" is again supplanted by "French silks."

The rise of the French silk industry, simultaneous with the decline of that of England, is easily explained. France progressed while England stood still. While the English manufacturers were lifting up their hands to Parliament and the nation crying for "protection," the silk producers of France set their hands and their brains to work to improve their trade. Mindful of a good old proverb, "Aide toi, et Dieu t'aidera," the men of Avignon, of Tours, and of Lyons were ambitious enough to think that, with proper organization, always progressive, they might succeed in getting into their hands the silk manufacture of the world. And they did succeed, as far as was possible. At this moment the silk industry of France not only far surpasses that of any other country in Europe, but even that of China, the ancient home of the manufacture. It is estimated that the annual value of the silk produced in France is considerably over three milliards of francs, or thirty millions sterling.

The causes of the progress of the French silk manufacture, which gave it the lead of the world, may be summed up under two headings. They are, first, technical education; and, secondly, the employment of women under new conditions and arrangements. The manufacture of silk consisting of a series of very delicate operations, from the first unwinding of the cocoons till the final weaving of the threads into the most exquisite fabrics, the leaders of the industry in France had the wisdom of coming to the resolution, at a very early period, of making the whole a scientific study, thereby lifting themselves above the mere necessities of trade, and reaching the higher regions of art. Schools of design, of industrial art, and others directly preparing

for the manufacture of silk, became numerous in France at the very time when the London "Throwsters' Company," abhorring all such things, prayed to Parliament to impose high duties upon all foreign silks, so as to keep their own monopolizing trade alive. A Société des Amis des Arts, specially endeavouring to teach the knowledge of all the stages of the silk manufacture, was established at Lyons early in the eighteenth century. How much these Amis des Arts were in earnest about securing the progress of the industry, was shown by an incident really touching in its simplicity. According to tradition, the first mulberry-tree planted in France was brought from Italy to the little village of Allan, near the town of Montélemart, not far from the river Rhone, by a knight who accompanied King Charles VIII. in his Italian campaign of 1494, by name of Guy de St. Auban. It was believed that from this one tree sprang all the millions which subsequently served to feed the silk-worm in France; and so sacred did it appear on this account to the Amis des Arts, that they surrounded it with a railing, and did all they could to prolong its life. The beloved tree died a natural death, in spite of all nursing, in the winter of 1802, but to this day the spot where it grew is shown to curious travellers.

Within the last thirty or forty years technical education has made enormous progress in France, descending to the very lowest ranks of industrial workers. In the silk industry, no less than in others, technical education is universal, the very children of the workman, when at school, being taught the various processes of it together with the mysteries of the three R's. At the head of French technical education stand two great model institutions deserving the name of industrial universities. They are the École Centrale des Arts et Manufactures, and the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, of Paris, the latter possessing the most complete and best-arranged collection of models in the world. Besides these two industrial high schools are Ecoles des Arts et Métiers at Aix, Lyons, Angers, and Chalons-sur-Marne; Ecoles de Dessin at Paris, Lyons, and Dijon; and a vast number of smaller establishments for technical education, called Cours Industriels, in all the manufacturing centres of France. Taking all this into account, and comparing things on the other side of the Channel with our own, there is not much to be wondered at that England buys annually silks to the amount of nine millions sterling from France.

Hand in hand with the progress of technical education, which placed France at the head of the silk manufacturing countries of the world, there went another movement, springing directly from it—the employment of women on a large scale and under new forms in the industry. Other countries, before France, made use of female labour, but the French were the first who employed not only, as we do, the hands, but also the brains of women. The technical education of female workers took place simultaneously with that of the men, and it is to the results of this that not a little of the excellence of the French silk manufactures of the present day is due. In fact, the industry may be said to be in the hands of the women quite as much as in those of the men. It is natural enough, and the only wonder is that such a manufacture as that of silk, requiring taste, nicety of manipulation, and all that women can give, has not always remained their monopoly. However, history is repeating itself; it is the old story expressed in the serpent grasping its tail. In the earliest of human records, women were the silk makers in China, and at this moment they are even more assuming the same position in France.

There are two distinct systems under which the French silk manufacture is now carried on. The first, prevailing chiefly at Lyons, and to some extent also at Avignon, is what may be denominated the small-master system. With very few exceptions, the so-called silk manufacturers at Lyons are no manufacturers at all; they are merely merchants, or agents, possessed of a certain amount of capital, which they employ in ordering silk stuffs from the makers, paying them in cash, and finding a sale for the produce, on credit or otherwise, wherever they can. In fact they are what we would call "warehousemen." The actual manufacturers of silk at Lyons are almost altogether practical workmen who, by talent, and industry, and thrift, have risen from the ranks and set up in business for themselves. They are known as *chefs d'atelier*, or heads of workshops. In but very few instances do these *chefs* possess manufacturing establishments extending beyond the area of three or four rooms in that crowded quarter of Lyons, filled with tenements of immense height, known as the Croix Rousse; but the majority of these small masters are, notwithstanding, not only men of excellent character, but distinguished by a good education, thoroughly technical in the first instance.

They themselves work as hard, and often harder, than any of the assistants in their

employ and pay—assistants, not servants, for they are called *compagnons*, although in precisely the same relation to the *chefs* as ordinary workmen in England, receiving daily or weekly wages from their employers. But there are *compagnons* not only, but *compagnonnes*, that is, female artisans, and they are generally admitted to be superior in skill, taste, and eager desire to turn out the highest class of workmanship, to their male colleagues. The great majority of these *compagnonnes* are trained in the workshops of the small masters, the *chefs d'atelier*. They are never out-door apprentices, but invariably form part of the family, being treated by the master's wife, who has always herself been a *compagnonne*—as otherwise it would be nearly impossible for him to carry on his business, which rests quite as much under her as under his superintendence—as children, or, when grown up, as sisters. The position of these girls or young women, many of them from the country, is expressed by a name commonly given to them, that of *enfants de l'atelier*. The *chefs* always take great pride in training their female apprentices to be expert workwomen, and many of them make sacrifices, when meeting an exceptionally intelligent girl, to bring her up to the higher branches of the industry, to become designers of patterns, and modellers of new materials for the ever-varying behests of fashion. For such technical education there exist extraordinary facilities at Lyons. All workers in silk, apprentices, *compagnons* and *compagnonnes*, may get instruction at a merely nominal cost, but under the best masters, in the rooms of the Société d'Instruction Première, where the elements of a general education, but more especially drawing, are taught in evening hours, generally from eight to ten. There are, on the average, not less than eight hundred pupils attending this school. Old people and young alike profit by the lessons here given, and father, son, and grandson sometimes sit at the same table practising drawing, painting, or geometry. Those who have passed through the course of teaching of the Société d'Instruction Première, usually visit some of the numerous Écoles de Théorie of Lyons, where all the processes of the silk manufacture are specially taught. The lessons here include chemistry, and practical demonstration in the art of colouring silk; and the effect of the various dyes upon the tissues. At the head of these Écoles de Théorie stands the institution of La Martinière, a model establishment of its kind, with pupils not only from all parts of France

where the silk manufacture is carried on, but from Germany and Italy. To those who more especially wish to study drawing, there is found at Lyons the École des Beaux-Arts, likewise a far-famed establishment. It is well endowed, and its pupils not only get instruction under the masters of the profession, but may gain *grands prix*, enabling them to devote themselves entirely to art for periods of from three to five years, visits to Rome being included in the course. There is a consensus of opinion in France that no school devoted to technical education has rendered higher services to the silk industry than the École des Beaux-Arts of Lyons. No doubt this is true. Silk is the most admired and precious of all textile fabrics, because the most beautiful. The manufacture of silk, resting on beauty, therefore is truly an offspring of art. This the French have come thoroughly to understand. And equally well, almost as a corollary to this, the fact has become generally recognised that the progress of the silk industry rests greatly on the employment of women.

The system of manufacture practised at Lyons, including the employment of *compagnons* and *compagnonnes*, was once general in all the districts of France where the silk industry is carried on, but within the last forty or fifty years another has grown up almost the opposite in character. It may be described as the convent-factory system. Under it the manufacture is almost exclusively in the hands of women, but their position differs greatly in this case from that of the workers trained in the small family circles of the *chefs d'atelier*. The idea of convent-factories is a very old one, though its practical application to the silk industry is of quite modern date. It is simply to gather a number of girls, or young women, under one roof, together school and factory, and give them a general education together with a technical one, the latter devoted to the manufacture of silk, which is practically carried out. In the early stages of the Italian silk manufacture it was usual for nuns to devote a part of their time to the making of silk stuffs. As drily related by old chroniclers, there were "nine hours praying and three hours weaving." The French silk-makers of modern days have altered this simple rule. With them it is "nine hours weaving and three hours teaching."

In the French department of Ain, Burgundy, a district of valleys, cut up by the lines of abrupt rocky hills, branches of the Jura Mountains, there stands, not far from



the river Rhone and the Lake of Nantua, the little village of Jujurieux. It was here that arose, some forty years ago, the convent-factory-system of silk manufacture. The founder of it was a Monsieur Jean Bonnet, a native of the village. The son of a poor agricultural labourer, he quitted Jujurieux when a lad, making his way to Lyons, and there entering himself an apprentice to one of the numerous *chefs d'atelier* in the Croix Rousse. By dint of great intelligence and persevering industry he soon became a *chef* himself, and after that a merchant-manufacturer, in which position he entered into large contracts with Paris houses, which brought him a speedy fortune. Still young, he then returned to his native village, with great plans before him to elevate it from a miserable place, filled with half-starving and otherwise suffering men and women, into a prosperous centre of industry. The first thing to be done was to improve the sanitary state of Jujurieux. A number of small water-courses coming down from the neighbouring mountains and losing themselves in the plain on which the village had been built, made it very unhealthy at certain seasons of the year, and this he remedied by a complete system of drainage. To carry out this plan he had to buy a great deal of land, which he obtained at a comparatively low price, it being ill cultivated. This made him continue purchasing, until nearly the whole of the village, with the neighbouring district, had become his own property. The next step was to pull down all the old houses—tall, rotten, and unsightly—and erect pretty little cottages instead, surrounded by gardens, in what is called in France the "English style." New streets were laid down at the same time; then came a large handsome church, school-houses, and library. Finally, Monsieur Bonnet set out upon the greatest of his undertakings, which was to crown them all. He built a large silk factory, solely destined for the employment of women.

As in many other parts of agricultural France, so in this district, the education of the women of the lower classes had been grossly neglected when M. Bonnet set out to give them employment. Many of them worked at the side of the men in the fields, clad in tattered garments, while nearly all were ignorant of even the rudiments of education. It was this class of girls which M. Bonnet invited to enter his factory, under promise to give them board, lodging, clothes, and all that they required; together with small wages, and to teach them not only the art of silk

making, but to give them a general education. As may be expected, the girls were not too anxious, notwithstanding all the advantages offered, preferring, like gipsies, the wild freedom of the fields and the open air to the seclusion of a factory. However, the parents, shrewd like all French peasants, and eager for money like none others, saw the matter in a clearer light, and brought their girls to M. Bonnet, at first sadly against the will of both of them. To tame these little savages into order, and accustom them to not only regular industry, but to such delicate tasks as are involved in the silk undertaking, might have been deemed an enterprise before which most men would have recoiled as before an utter impossibility. But M. Bonnet had foreseen all his difficulties and made due provision against them. The weapon which he employed was the noblest under man's command—religion.

Before opening the doors of his factory, the proprietor of Jujurieux had allied himself intimately with the bishop of the diocese, who took a warm interest in his plans, and to carry them out placed at his service a select body of nuns, taken from the order called the *Soeurs de Saint-Joseph*, devoted more especially to teaching. The task given to the "sisters" in this instance was an entirely new one. They were not only to undertake the ordinary education of all the girls in the factory, together with their religious instruction, but to superintend the factory labours, to keep the accounts, and to be, to a great extent, the managers of the business. It was under these auspices, which to many might have seemed very hazardous, that M. Bonnet started his silk factory at Jujurieux in 1850. At the outset the demands for admission were not numerous, but they came to be before twelve months had gone, and then to such an extent that the "sisters" were able to select their apprentices, the number of whom was fixed at four hundred, choosing only those with good characters. The rules laid down at first had to be slightly altered in consequence, and finally were made to embrace the following conditions:—All candidates to be between the ages of thirteen and fifteen, and in the enjoyment of perfect bodily and mental health; they bind themselves, through their parents or guardians, to remain in the factory for the term of four years, during which period they receive clothing, board and lodging, and all the elements of a practical education required by women, including cookery and dress-making. They likewise receive a salary

rising from 75 francs, or £3, to 150 francs, or £6, which may be largely augmented by premiums for careful work and good behaviour, in accordance with a system of "marks" carefully kept from day to day, and made public every week. Not included in the four years' engagement was a time of probation, fixed at six months, but with liberty on the part of the employer to break it earlier.

How did the great experiment answer? It was successful even beyond the expectation of the enthusiastic and philanthropic founder. His one fear had been that the human material he was alone able to draw into his factory would prove unmanageable, in spite of the dominant power of religion under which it was placed, and that, perhaps, in the end his factory would be looked upon by the wild girls from the fields as a prison. Absolutely the contrary took place. Before half-a-dozen years had elapsed all the wild girls for miles and miles round Jujurieux were yearning to become apprentices in M. Bonnet's factory, looking towards it as to a paradise. The good treatment which it had become known all were receiving had something to do with it; but more still, a cause not calculated upon in the previous reckonings of good M. Bonnet. His apprentices, it was soon found out, all got married. Indeed, there sprang up a demand for wives from Jujurieux, far above any possibility of supply, among the whole agricultural manhood of the department of Ain, including the most respectable *paysans*, envied owners of four or five hectares of land. The demand, though not foreseen, was natural enough. In fetching a girl from M. Bonnet's factory, a man knew that he got a well-educated, thoroughly virtuous wife, a good cook, domesticated, with a trade at her five fingers' ends, and, what was not at all to be despised, a little "dot," or marriage portion, of from six hundred to a thousand francs. A man who himself had risen from the ranks by dint of thrift, M. Bonnet was extremely anxious that all his girls should leave his establishment with a purse full of money; so, to aid this, he set up a savings-bank within the premises, into which all the apprentices put their earnings, having no cause for expenditure of any kind. The result was the "dot." A higher ambition there is not for the true Frenchwoman than to have a "dot," be it great or small, to bring to her husband. There is a kind of belief, particularly among the working classes, that a man feels no respect for a woman, and will never truly love her, if she comes to him without a "dot."

The success of the Jujurieux silk factory led to the usual imitations. Many of them did not succeed, either for want of proper organization, or, more commonly, for want of sufficient capital. It was forgotten frequently that the employment of female labour, in the form of that of the Jujurieux establishment, required considerable means, inasmuch as provision had to be made for glutted markets and stagnation of trade. Whether selling or not, the manufacturer who has engaged a certain number of workers for a fixed term must keep them employed at whatever temporary loss it may be. Notwithstanding this difficulty, which made itself specially felt in the great commercial crisis through which France had to pass, in common with other countries, the employment of women on the Jujurieux system has been spreading in France to this day. There are three great establishments in the south of France, strictly on the same model, at Tarare, at La Varare, and at Bourg-Argental, the first two also under the *Sœurs de Saint-Joseph*, and the last under the *Sœurs de Saint Vincent de Paul*, whose discipline is less strict than the former. A number of other silk factories, in which the same system is carried out, have no religious element united with it, the place of the nuns being taken by female lay superintendents proficient in the trade. As far as is known, the majority of these establishments are successful to a high degree.

Shall we repeat the old saying, "They manage these things better in France"? Perhaps the experiment is too new to do so with confidence. But there is nevertheless very much to be learnt from this bold experiment of Jujurieux. While the employment of female labour is one of the burning questions of the age, the whole matter, as must be admitted by all reflective minds, really lies within a narrow compass. It is admirably expressed by a lady who for years past took a leading part in furthering the employment of women in France, Mademoiselle Marchef-Gérard. In reply to a pointed question, put to her by the Minister of Commerce, in what the whole movement consisted, and where its success was to be found, she said, "C'est de rendre les femmes à la fois plus intelligentes et plus spéciales." There can be no doubt of the truth of this dictum. What is wanted is to give women a better general education, and to complete it by a technical education, directed to a definite pursuit.

## SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

Born December 17, 1778; died May 29, 1829.

"**T**IS sixty years ago"—and had the question been asked at that time, Who is the most notable man of science in Britain, not to say in Europe? very few would not have promptly responded, Sir Humphry Davy, and have been proud of the knowledge. During the fifty years which have sped away since his death, the novelty of his discoveries has passed from them; his personal qualities, like those of other brilliant men, have faded from his successors' memories; and his very name would have been altogether forgotten, except by a few specialists, had he not made an invention which has kept it as a household word, familiar throughout the land. Singular revenge of the whirligig of time! that the invention which his towering reputation was the occasion of his being summoned to make, should be that by which he is best remembered, when the great discoveries by which he became famous should be well-nigh forgotten.

In the middle of last century, the county of Cornwall, and Penzance, its chief town, were much more out of the way than they are now. There were only bridle-paths from one place to another, there was one cart in the town, and the arrival of a carriage with strangers was justly considered an event. The business of the shopkeepers was got over early in the day, and the chief social relaxation seems to have consisted in tea-parties, which began about three o'clock in the afternoon, and ended, after an unexciting game of cards, about eight in the evening—the guests then returning to their homes. All the so-called amenities of society and blessings of civilisation, which are supposed specially to cultivate ingenuous youth, were unknown, and what a man became must, therefore, have been in spite of the deprivation of these advantages.

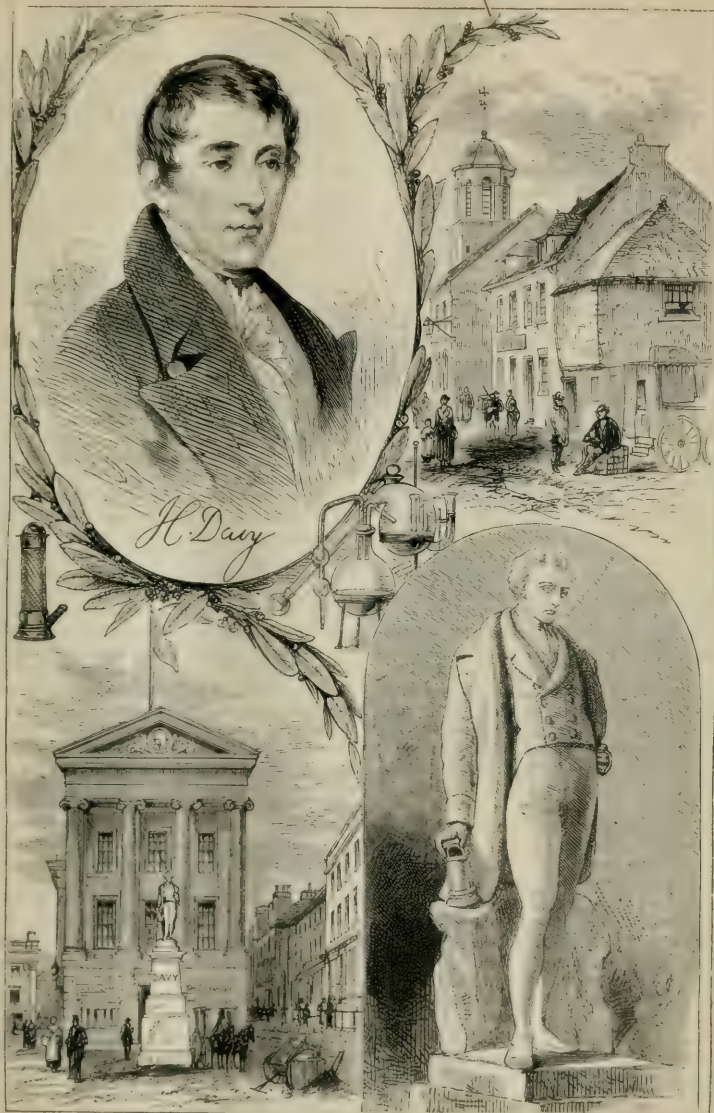
It was in old Penzance, and amid the old surroundings, that Humphry Davy was born on the 17th December, 1778, just a century ago. His father, Robert Davy, had been a successful wood-carver in his younger days, and, by the death of an elder brother, afterwards became possessed of a small estate called Varfell, a couple of miles from the town. His mother was a certain Grace Millett, who had been left orphaned of her parents in one day, with two sisters to share her loss, and with no one to look to for advice and assistance but a cousin and the

surgeon who attended her father and mother in their last illness.

The estate to which Mr. and Mrs. Davy removed when Humphry, their eldest child, was some six years old, had been in possession of the family for a couple of hundred years; and there is some ground for believing that the pedigree could be carried much farther back, if that could serve to make Humphry Davy more famous than he is. It is, however, quite the other way; for we might rejoice to know that both the Davys and Milletts "came in with Richard Conqueror," because, far down in the ages, there was born of their name and blood one whose reflected glory lightens up these vague ancestral shapes.

Humphry's boyhood was not unlike that of other children. He learned to read quickly, and his favourite books were the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Arabian Nights." He was robust and active, took naturally to walking and swimming, fishing and shooting. In his rambles he began to observe outer nature, collected minerals and ores, with which Cornwall has been identified from prehistoric times, gathered natural history specimens thrown up by the Atlantic. His preliminary education finished, he was sent to school at Truro; but partly from the character of his master, partly from want of system, he was left much to himself. So, though by his inherent ability he was distinguished in his classes, he obtained no real training, and his course of study was shaped by himself. He read history and the writings of the Scotch philosophers; he harangued his school-fellows on moral subjects, or amused them with stories compounded of his favourite Oriental myths and legends of Cornish fairies and pixies, which he learned from his grandmother; he wrote their valentines, for he had a fertile and fervid invention, a store of words, and a ready pen; he wandered by the shores of the bay, writing poetry on St. Michael's Mount and the bygone Druids, or declaiming his own or another's verses against the lash of the rushing surf; he argued on the mysteries of ontology with any one who would engage with him; but his master failed to detect any marked ability, and confessed that he could claim but little credit for educating him. Davy, indeed, congratulates himself that at school he was left to develop his tastes and powers pretty much as he pleased.





What he meant by self-education will be understood by what he proposed to himself as means to this end: seven languages, among which German does not and Hebrew does appear, history, logic, rhetoric, ethics, theology, pure and applied mathematics and physics—and this when he had designed medicine as his profession, including anatomy, surgery, botany, pharmacy, and chemistry. After leaving school at Truro, he had, by his father's desire, been apprenticed to a surgeon named Borlase, in Penzance, with the intention of afterwards graduating at Edinburgh, and becoming a practitioner in his native town. Had he fulfilled his intention he might have carried out the above programme of studies, for with the exception of the modern languages, Hebrew, and theology, these subjects were all required for a degree in Arts and in Medicine in the Scotch universities, and it is possible that his course may have been sketched and partly carried into execution in prospect of going to the North. But it was immediately after his apprenticeship that the bent of his mind appeared, and so decidedly, that it demolished the splendid educational code he had sketched out, and finally cut down the professional part to one of the branches he had designed. For, whereas before he could gratify at home his desire for examining the more striking chemical phenomena only by pressing pots and pans, tobacco-pipes, and other such improvised apparatus into the service, he had now in his master's shop the use of flasks and retorts, glasses and measures, and even a furnace, and thus could make without much inconvenience the remarkable gases which Priestley and Scheele had discovered, examine in a desultory way the properties of acids and alkalies, and then meditate on the experiments, and in turn experiment on his meditations.

Henceforth there was not so much book labour. He could work out the experimental answer in a more satisfactory shape and in a shorter time than by reading what others had done, or had failed in doing. And there was as little of medical practice or study; for when he should have been dispensing drugs and attending to his master's customers, he was in some back laboratory decomposing salts and frightening the household with a stray explosion.

Thus had he been profiting by his own untutored strivings, and amassing much knowledge of the chemical habitudes of different bodies, when he became acquainted with Gregory Watt, son of James Watt, the engi-

neer. Davy had lost his father in 1794, and his mother, who had but a limited income, and was encumbered with debt, and had besides five children to bring up, of whom Humphry, the eldest, was only sixteen, had opened a boarding-house for those who came to profit by the mildness of the Cornwall climate. It was in this house that Gregory Watt, who suffered from a disease of the lungs to which he finally succumbed, took up his abode. He had already attained a merited reputation for scientific investigation, and his fame having gone before him, Humphry was ambitious to converse with a live philosopher. The talk, which was upon metaphysics, did not make much progress; but chemistry having been touched upon, Watt was surprised to find much knowledge and originality of thought concealed in the somewhat uncouth boy. The friendship which soon grew up between them was of great service to Davy, for while he profited by the greater compass and more formal exactness of the other's knowledge, he had gained in him one who could introduce him, if need were, to the scientific world. By Watt's advice Davy got Lavoisier's *Elements*, in which was summed up all that the antiphlogistian chemistry could teach him in the way of generalities. He had no sooner become acquainted with it than he thought he detected a weak place in that panoply which, Dumas exultingly asserts, has never even been dented in. Though not successful, perhaps, in some of the conclusions he arrived at, neither the attack nor the investigation was without fruit; for while the former was the first proof of the almost intuitive antagonism to some of Lavoisier's generalities which the fresh unbiassed mind of Davy entertained, the other issued in the "Experiments on Heat and Light, and the Combinations of Light," which formed his first scientific publication. Nor must it be forgotten that the opening experiments in his tract have become famous in the history of heat. For in these he showed the melting of two pieces of ice and the elevation of the temperature of the water by friction, and enunciated the proposition that heat is some kind of motion, and is not due to a fluid called caloric, or to anything material whatever. This is one of the first steps in the modern dynamical theory of heat, which has been since wrought out by Carnot, Fourier, Mayer, Joule, Clausius, Sir William Thomson, the late Professor Rankine, and others.

It was about this time (1797-8) that there was founded at Bristol, by the care

and liberality of Dr. Beddoes, Mr. Thomas Wedgwood, and Mr. Lambton, an establishment intended to try the therapeutic effects of the different gases which had been recently discovered. Dr. Beddoes, Professor of Chemistry at Oxford, was appointed resident physician, and a few patients were got together, strong in the belief that the inhalation of oxygen and other gases might cure those who were afflicted with that last century disease, "the vapours." But an assistant also was wanted for the laboratory to prepare the substances to be employed and to investigate their properties.

Mr. Davies Gilbert, afterwards President of the Royal Society, who had been introduced by Gregory Watt to Davy, and had admired his great intellectual energy, immediately thought that he was the very person for the post. There was some preliminary correspondence about duties and salary, then Davy had to be freed from his apprenticeship—to which his master readily consented, as he had no wish to oppose the advancement of so promising a naturalist—and at last, when all was satisfactorily arranged, Davy bade his friends farewell, and thus, in October, 1798—before completing his twentieth year—started for the scene of his first labours and first triumphs.

As superintendent of the Pneumatic Institution, as it was called, he lacked no means of gratifying his taste for experimental research, which had now become almost a passion with him. Beddoes thoroughly believed in him, and it was with no small pride that he gave to his assistant's ingenious theories, and still more important experiments on heat and light, the place of honour in his "West Country Contributions to Medical and Physical Knowledge," which was printed at Bristol in 1799.

Before eighteen months had elapsed, however, the author had got greater experience, and was the first to publish his regret, perhaps his chagrin, at what he considered his hasty generalization from insufficient data. This semi-recantation appears in the preface of his "Researches, Chemical and Philosophical, on Nitrous Oxide, and its Respiration," his first separate work, which bears date 1800, and is well worthy both to introduce the latter researches of its author, and to act at once as the conclusion of the chemical science of the eighteenth, and the inauguration of that of the nineteenth centuries.

An American physician, of the name of Mitchell, had asserted that nitrous oxide, a

gas discovered by Priestley, was not only poisonous, but was the active infectant in many diseases and plagues, and that it had only to be breathed undiluted to produce instant death.

It devolved on Davy to confirm this statement, which he only partially credited. He prepared the gas, and having accidentally cut his hand, exposed the cut without hesitation to its action. No bad results were experienced. He then tried to inhale it when much diluted with air; but as the gas on which he worked was neither pure nor plentiful, he had first of all to find out a convenient source of it; and in this way he was led to a reinvestigation of all that had been done on the composition of nitric acid, nitrous gas, and ammonia. By a long series of experiments he showed what was the composition of the aqueous yellow nitric acid, and the amount of oxygen and nitrogen it contained; he did the same for ammonia, showing both its composition and the amount of the gas dissolved in water for different specific gravities; and then examined the compound formed by nitric acid and ammonia, the *Nitrate of Ammonium*, as it is now called. It was this substance which formed the chief part of his inquiry. When heated in a retort, it melts, emits some vapour, then seems to boil, and begins to give off gas. This decomposition is the resolution of the body into nitrous oxide and water, and it takes place generally between 450° and 480° Fahr. This is the method now invariably followed in preparing this gas.

The gas thus obtained was next subjected to complete examination. Its obvious properties, its power of supporting combustion, and its sweet taste were demonstrated; and its specific gravity and composition were also determined. The rest of the research is occupied with the properties of nitric oxide, or, as it was then called, *nitrous gas*, and with the mode of obtaining nitrous oxide from nitric oxide and nitric acid. The combinations of nitrous oxide with water, with solutions of salts, and especially with potash and soda, were also described; and it is well worthy of notice that from the last of these Davy classed nitrous oxide along with the acids. Having further determined the products of the decomposition of the gas by combustion with hydrogen, carbon, a burning candle and other bodies—the results of which are given with great precision and detail—he came to the chief part, that for which he had taken all the previous trouble, the effects of the gas when breathed. He first tried it on small



animals, some of which died after immersion in the absolutely pure gas for a minute, while others recovered. Davy now thought that though there was some danger, a single inspiration of the gas could do him no great harm; and he tried it. He used pure gas carefully prepared, which passed readily into his lungs. No effect was produced. He inhaled it for a minute and a half. Slight giddiness followed, loss of distinct sensation, and a feeling analogous to incipient intoxication. These symptoms wore off, and there were no bad results.

Not content, he inhaled still more of the gas; the former feelings were reproduced, but these gradually diminished, and were "succeeded by a sensation analogous to gentle pressure on all the muscles, attended by a highly pleasurable thrilling. The objects around became dazzling, and his hearing more acute. Towards the last inspiration the thrilling increased, the sense of muscular power became intense, and at last an irresistible propensity to action was indulged in. He recollected but indistinctly what followed: he knew that his motions were various and violent."

In ten minutes he had recovered his usual state of mind; but the thrilling still continued. No languor or exhaustion followed this or any other experiments with the gas which he made. He found only that he never could inhale it continuously for five minutes; before that time voluntary action was suspended, and the mouth-piece dropped from his lips. Among the various degrees of

energy with which he was affected by the gas and the different feelings he experienced, there are two that are noticeable: the first is that a slight attack of headache was removed or diminished by inhaling the gas; the second is best given in his own words—

"The power of the immediate operation of the gas in removing intense physical pain, I had a very good opportunity of ascertaining.

"In cutting one of the unlucky teeth called *dentes sapientia*, I experienced an extensive inflammation of the gum, accompanied with great pain, which equally destroyed the power of repose, and of consistent action. On the day when the inflammation was most troublesome, I breathed three large doses of nitrous oxide. The pain always diminished after the first four or five inspirations; the thrilling came on as usual, and uneasiness was swallowed up in pleasure. As the former state of mind, however, returned, the state of the organ returned with it; and I once imagined that the pain was more severe after the experiment than before."

Such, then, was the discovery, not only of the falsity of Mitchell's hypothesis of infection, but of laughing gas,—that compound which so amused and titillated our grandfathers and grandmothers, who attended the popular science lectures of the day, and which has made dental surgery—once a horror—now a comparative pleasure, to their grandsons and grand-daughters.

J. FERGUSON.

(To be continued.)

## NIGHT.

SLOWLY, the sunset fades;  
Night's shadows fall;  
The pale moon glimmers thro' the shades  
About the poplars tall;  
The river's waves amid the reeds  
Like wan grey serpents crawl.

A hushing wind doth go  
In secret, where  
The rushes bend with the waves' flow,  
And the reeds twist like hair—  
Slow stealing, till it takes the ashen boughs  
With sudden gusts of air.

Somewhere, a too-late bird  
Makes shrilly sound;  
Close by, the marsh frogs are heard  
Upon the weedy ground;  
A white owl flits on ghostly wing,  
And the bats swarm around.

The quivering planets shine  
Through the black night;  
They seem to hang like fire-flies on

The tree-tops all alight:  
The rustling topmost leaves all gleam  
With silvery white.

The pale moon grows apace  
A warmer hue;  
It draws a veil across the face  
Of night, which looketh through;  
It floods the hills and hidden dells  
With misty, yellow dew.

Like pale gold dew it lies  
On half-seen trees;  
With broad and yellow sheets it clads  
The sloping flowery leas;  
Its misty smile in the far skies  
Lights up the restless seas.

A hushing wind doth go  
In secret, where  
The reeds within the river's flow  
Wave like long twisted hair,  
And dies in silence on the lips  
Of lilies lying there.

WILLIAM SHARP.

## ST. CHRISTOPHER: A SERMON TO CHILDREN.

BY A. P. STANLEY, D.D., DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

Preached in Westminster Abbey on Innocents' Day, 1878.

"Like as the arrows in the hand of the giant even so are the young children."—PSALM cxxvii. 5

THERE is an old story, a kind of Sunday fairy tale, which you may sometimes have seen represented in pictures and statues in ancient churches (there are two sculptures of it in King Henry VII.'s Chapel in this church), of a great heathen giant who wished to find out some master that he should think worthy of his service—some one stronger than himself. He went about the world, but could find no one stronger. And besides this, he was anxious to pray to God, but did not know how to do it. At last he met with a good old man by the side of a deep river where poor wayfaring people wanted to get across and had no one to help them. And the good old man said to the giant, "Here is a place where you can be of some use, and if you do not know how to pray, you will, at any rate, know how to work, and perhaps God will give you what you ask, and perhaps also you will at last find a master stronger than you." So the giant went and sat by the river-side, and many a time he carried poor wayfarers across. One night he heard a little child crying to be carried over; so he put the child on his shoulder and strode across the stream. Presently the wind blew, the rain fell, and as the river beat against his knees he felt the weight of the little child almost greater than he could bear, and he looked up with his great, patient eyes (there is a beautiful picture in a beautiful palace at Venice, where we see him with his face turned upwards as he tries to steady himself in the raging waters), and he saw that it was a child glorious and shining, and the child said, "Thou art labouring under this heavy burden because thou art carrying one who bears the sins of all the world." And then, as the story goes on, the giant felt that it was the child Jesus, and when he reached the other side of the river he fell down before Him. Now he had found some one stronger than he was, some one so good, so worthy of loving, as to be a master whom he could serve. In later days the thought of the giant Christopher (the bearer of the child Christ) was so dear to men, that his picture was often painted very large on the churches, so that those who saw it far off should have a pleasant and holy remembrance through the day which would save them from running into evil. But we all

may learn two useful lessons, which may keep us from evil and lead us into good.

The first lesson is that often, when we know not how to believe or how to pray, we at any rate know how to work for the good of others, and then God accepts this as if it were a prayer. There is an old Latin saying, *Laborare est orare*—or, if we were to turn it into English, we should say—

"Good working and good praying  
Is almost like good praying."

Or, as some one else has said,—

"He prayeth well  
Who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast."

We ought all of us to say our prayers; they will help us to do what is good; but we must also all remember that our prayers are no use unless we strive, both in our work and in our play—

"To live more nearly as we pray."

That is one lesson which we may carry with us from the story of St. Christopher, and this applies to all, whether grown-up people or children. Pray and work, work and pray, do as much good as you can, and God will reward and receive you at last.

But there is another lesson which more especially applies to the sight of a congregation of children with their parents and friends. The child Jesus who, according to the story, was carried on the shoulders of the giant, was the type and likeness of all children. That is one reason why we think so much of Christmas; why Christmas is so much more loved than Easter or Whitsuntide. It is because we feel that even the birth and the childhood of our Lord contained the promise of His manhood, because we have our hearts drawn towards the tender, innocent child who, when he grew up, suffered so much and endured so much for the good of mankind. And that may be the case, more or less, with all children. That is why our Saviour looked upon them with such confidence, such reverence, and such affection. "Of such," He said, "is the kingdom of heaven." Of such and out of such characters as were wrapped up in the little beings which He saw before Him, and which we now see before us, is the hope of the coming time. You who are the parents, you who are responsible for the training of these children, you bear upon

your shoulders a burden like that which the giant of the old story carried; you bear a burden greater, perhaps, than you know how to bear—the burden of forming their characters; the burden, perchance, of the destinies of the coming age. Rejoice in them, and while remembering how heavy is the responsibility which presses upon you, be encouraged to carry your little burdens safely over the great river of life, which is also the great river of death. Remember also that as St. Christopher in the old story was saved by carrying the Child, so we may be saved by the children carrying us; they may help by their innocence and truthfulness to teach us now and to help us hereafter; they may be as that little child which Elisha cured, who it was supposed afterwards grew to be the great prophet Jonah; or that other little child in the Gospels who, as the early Christians believed, grew to be the great Christian martyr Ignatius.

But as the children are the burden, the quiver on our shoulders, so they are, as the text says, "Like as the arrows in the hands of the giant," like the arrows which a mighty archer shoots into the darkness, piercing hearts which are far away. These children if rightly trained and rightly nurtured, may indeed be blessings far away; nay, more, they may be blessings even while they are yet children. Let me give you one simple instance. It is a story, not like that old fairy story with which I began this sermon, but a story of our own time—I found it in a sermon\* by a powerful preacher in one of the strange cities of North America—but describing what happened in our own country on a cold winter day like those which we have just had. Listen to it, parents; listen to it, dear children, for if you have understood nothing else of what I have said, you will understand this. Not long ago, in Edinburgh, two gentlemen were standing at the door of an hotel one very cold day, when a little boy with a poor thin blue face, his feet bare and red with the cold, and with nothing to cover him but a bundle of rags, came and said—"Please, sir, buy some matches." "No, I don't want any," the gentleman said. "But they are only a penny a box," the poor little fellow pleaded. "Yes, but you see we don't want a box," the gentleman said again. "Then I will gie ye two boxes for a penny," the boy said at last; and so to get rid of him (the gentleman who tells the story says) "I bought a box; but then I found I had no

change, so I said, 'I will buy a box to-morrow.' 'Oh, do buy them to-night, if you please,' the boy pleaded again; 'I will run and get ye the change, for I am verra hungry.' So I gave him the shilling, and he started away. I waited for him, but no boy came. Then I thought I had lost my shilling; still there was that in the boy's face I trusted, and I did not like to think bad of him. Late in the evening I was told that a little boy wanted to see me; when he was brought in I found it was a smaller brother of the boy that got my shilling, but if possible still more ragged and poor and thin. He stood a moment, diving into his rags as if he was seeking something, and then said, 'Are you the gentleman that bought the matches frae Sandie?' 'Yes.' 'Weel, then, here's fourpence out o' yer shilling; Sandie cannot come; he's very ill; a cart ran ower him and knocked him down, and he lost his bonnet and his matches and your sevenpence, and both his legs are broken, and the doctor says he'll die; and that's a'.' And then, putting the fourpence on the table, the poor child broke down into great sobs. So I fed the little man, and I went with him to see Sandie. I found that the two little things lived almost alone, their father and mother being dead. Poor Sandie was lying on a bundle of shavings; he knew me as soon as I came in, and said, 'I got the change, sir, and was coming back; and then the horse knocked me down, and both my legs were broken; and oh, Reuby! little Reuby! I am sure I am dying, and who will take care of you when I am gone? What will ye do, Reuby?' Then I took his hand, and said that I would always take care of Reuby. He understood me, and had just strength to look up at me as if to thank me; the light went out of his blue eyes. In a moment—

"He lay within the light of God,  
Like a babe upon the breast,  
Where the wicked ceases from troubling  
And the weary are at rest!"

That story is like an arrow in the hand of a giant. It ought to pierce many a heart, old and young. Whenever, dear children, you are tempted to say what is not true, or to be hard on other little boys and girls, or to take what you ought not to take, we want you to remember little Sandie. This poor little boy, lying on a bundle of shavings, dying and starving, was tender, and trusty, and true, and so God told the gentleman to take poor little friendless Reuben, and be a friend to him, and Sandie heard him say he would do it—the last thing he ever did hear; and then the dark room, the bundle of shavings, the weary, broken little limbs, all faded away,

\* "The life that now is;" Sermons by Robert Collyer, of Chicago, in the United States of America, pp. 260-264. The story is taken from this volume almost word for word, and I have incorporated some of the preacher's forcible remarks.



and Sandie was among the angels, who could look at him in his new home, and say one to another, "That is the little boy who kept his word, and sent back fourpence; that is the little boy who was tender, and trusty, and true, when he was hungry and faint, and

when both his legs were broken, and he lay dying." This story is told you now because, whether it be hard or easy, we want you to be tender, and trusty, and true, as poor little Sandie, who did not forget his promise, and who loved his little brother to the end.

## LOCHABER AND THE PARALLEL ROADS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HARBOUR BAR."

AMONG the remarkable effects resulting from the intense cold which, according to geologists, prevailed in Great Britain at a comparatively recent period, may be instanced the famous "parallel roads" of Glen Roy and adjacent glens of Lochaber. Last summer the unusually fine weather tempted us to make a long-projected visit to this classic district of Inverness-shire, and on a bright autumn morning we stepped into the train for Stirling on our way to Glen Roy. Thence, instead of approaching it by the ordinary road from the east, by a few hours' drive from Kingussie, or Dalwhinnie, on the Highland railway, we took the route by way of Tyndrum, and through Glencoe to Loch Leven, not only for the sake of the beauty of the scenery, but also in order to familiarise ourselves with the wonderful exhibition of ice-action in the form of old moraines, erratic blocks, and *roches moutonnées*, visible at every step on this route, and which prepared us for a better understanding of the exceptional effects due to the same causes in Lochaber.

On the evening of the 12th of August, we arrived at Mr. MacIntosh's comfortable inn at Bridge of Roy, well situated as a centre from which to explore the phenomena in Glen Roy and Glen Spean, through both of which the parallel roads extend. Here the still snow-specked mountains on the south side of the Spean reminded us how insignificant were these white crevices on their summits compared to the mantle of perpetual snow and ice that enfolded the country in days primeval, and the evidences of which were visible on every rock around us.

On the following morning we proceeded up the beautiful valley of the Spean, on both sides of which the lowest of the parallel roads is wonderfully well exhibited. But while charmed with the scenery, we were still more struck by the marvellous display of glaciated rocks and glacial debris underlying the fair surface of the country.

A few miles up Glen Spean to the right,

in a glen joining at right angles, is the lonely Loch Treig, rarely visited except by the naturalist or sportsman. We were delighted with its wild beauty; but here again it was the extraordinary exhibition of glacial action which had rounded and polished the rocks to a height of 1,280 feet above the surface of the loch, or more than 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, that engrossed our interest. It was in this deep glen that accumulated the vast glacier which, according to geologists, issued into and spread over Glen Spean, so as not only to fill that glen, but also to ascend the hills on the opposite side, and then, turning westward, passed down to the great glen of the Caledonian Canal, while another branch of it was deflected eastward, and passed into and over Loch Laggan. The view of the blue waters of this loch was certainly fine, yet it is tame compared to its wild neighbour of Treig. Loch Laggan now discharges itself through Strath Spean into the sea on the west coast, but during the existence of the great lake which filled the valley to the height of its parallel road, its outflow was, like that of the lake of Glen Roy, eastward, through the valley of the Spey to the shores of the German Ocean.

As we descended Glen Spean on our return to Roy Bridge, we needed no confirmation of the extraordinary old glacial conditions. Wherever we met with the bare surfaces of the rocks, they were worn and rounded by ice-action, and the striae, graved by the old natural ice-tools, showed even the direction in which the gigantic glacier had moved. It was to this glacier that Mr. Jamieson ascribes not only the blocking up of the entrance to Glen Roy, but, by its confluence with the Glen Arkaig glacier, the barring up of the valley of the Spean.

Early next day, with a cloudless sky, we had passed through the village of Bohuntine (where dogs seemed as numerous as householders), and were well on our way up Glen Roy, where the lines of parallel roads are best exhibited. But for those to whom this

Highland valley is a *terra incognita*, it may be well to give a few words of description.

Glen Roy, in Gaelic *Gleann Ruadh*, or the Red Glen, is a long and rather narrow valley, opening into the wide and beautiful Glen Spean; its deep ravine is the channel for the salmon stream that bears its name, and though green and fertile in the very foreground at its entrance, it is elsewhere bare and barren. From Roy Bridge to the head of the glen the distance is about ten miles; its height above the sea at its entrance is 400 feet, and at its upper end 800 feet, while the mountains bounding it on either side rise abruptly to the height of from 2,000 to 2,500 feet.

Intent on observing the peculiar features of the glen as they were gradually disclosed, we thought not of the narrow road which was carried along the slopes to its left side, and which, before we were half-way, skirted abrupt declivities without any parapet, winding in and out as it followed the sinuosities of the gravel terraces. There were also many dangerous bits where the clefts had been widened by recent rain, and where, in consequence, in the hollows, the width of the road—which had nothing to lose—had been sensibly diminished. But our eyes were riveted by the sight that presented itself, and which was altogether unique. Heath-covered from summit to base, and in a red glow from heath-bells in blossom, the steep mountains on either side were bare of trees, except where, down in the ravine of the river, a few were to be seen growing as if they were strangers in the land, and had a struggle for existence. Looking neither at the heather nor the hills, we looked only at the three "parallel roads," for a glimpse of which we had travelled so far.

Stretching in lines as straight as if "drawn with a ruler and pen," these grassy terraces, or shelves, are carried grandly round the contour of the steep slopes which bound the glen. Unlike any natural display of the kind to be seen elsewhere, it is the firmness of the lines and their faultless horizontality that are so remarkable. Perfectly "parallel to each other and to the horizon," the level of each corresponds exactly with its counterpart, or rather its extension round on the opposite side of the glen.

The height of the highest road in Glen Roy has been ascertained to be 1,155 feet above the sea, the middle road 1,077 feet, and the lowest 862 feet; hence the space between the upper and middle lines is less than that between the middle and lower, the

former giving an interval of vertical height of 78 feet, and the latter of about 215 feet. Each of the roads measures from 50 to 60 feet in width, and inclines slightly to the centre of the valley. The relative distance is strictly maintained between each, and the parallel roads stand out, as far as the eye can reach, the prominent features of the Red Glen. They are rendered still more conspicuous by a slight change in the vegetation, their level surfaces giving rise to a greater growth of grass, with less of the wild gale mingling among the heather.

About half-way up the glen, and before passing Achavady, a solitary farm-house, we climbed the side of Bohuntine Hill, whence one of the most comprehensive views is to be obtained. There was no shelter from the glare, and the pervading colour of the glen was almost dazzling. But the air freshened as we mounted higher, and we at last stood upon the Col, or pass, from which we looked down Glen Collarig. From this height of 1,000 feet, we were able to scan the parallel ledges on the opposite side of the glen, girdling each flank and fitting into each recess and hollow; and involuntarily one began to speculate on the probabilities of the origin that local tradition had assigned to them, and which probably remained unquestioned for centuries, until science interposed.

These *casan*, in Gaelic literally "roads," were evidently never made by the hand of man. The first tradition, however, was that they had been fashioned by Fingal and his mighty men; then again, that they had been made by the early Scottish kings for purposes of hunting during their residence at Inverlochry Castle; but if heroes and kings ever used them as hunting paths, they found the roads ready-made, and defined in as strong relief on the mountain-sides as they are at the present day.

The carriage road continued passable until within two or three miles of the head of the glen, where it is joined on the left by a side glen, known as Glen Turret. Thence, climbing the hill in front, which is lined by the two upper parallel roads, we traversed the middle ledge, No. 3, and soon found ourselves standing on the upper ledge, No. 2, whence the prospect extended in one direction to the head of Glen Roy, and in the other for some miles downward; while to our right we had a fine view up to the head of Glen Turret. Here we noticed likewise how continuous the "roads" were, and that breaks only occur where the naked rock protrudes, shorn of its masking of gravel, or

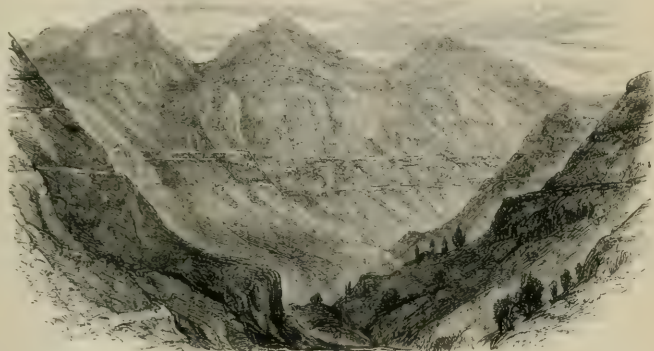
where breaches have been made by the descent of the hill-side torrents.

From the head of Glen Turret a Col conducts into another deep glen, opening out into the Caledonian Canal. In this Glen Gluoy there is also another parallel road, equally well marked, but it is 17 feet higher than the uppermost in Glen Roy, and is generally known as No. 1. No traces of Nos. 2, 3, and 4 are met with in this glen.

From the point just named on the upper terrace of Glen Roy, we enjoyed a perfectly level walk of a mile up Glen Turret, our heathery path being about 60 feet in width. Then the bare rock coming to the surface of the "road" which we had followed so far, began to fade, and was not traceable further on this side of the glen. Guided

by sheep tracks, we threaded our way down to the only cottage in this glen, on the side of the stream which flows from the Col separating Glen Gluoy from Glen Turret. But by this time the shadows had begun to lengthen, and we had to direct our steps to our vehicle, crossing rough hillocks of coarse gravel and sand—vestiges of the shoals and débris deposited in the old lake.

How glad we were now to quench our thirst from the linns by the way, and from the rills that trickled down every slope! for notwithstanding the northern latitude, the heat of the day had been suffocating, with scarcely a cloud visible. Oppressed by this heat, how much I was refreshed by the sweet scent of the wild gale which abounded among the heather! In this remote spot there was



Glen Roy, with the Parallel Roads.

no inn where we could find food or shelter. We discovered, however, that our driver had coolly entered the stable of the solitary shooting lodge, and had there put up his horse. Not only was this liberty condoned, but when we were discovered, though strangers, we were kindly taken in, hospitably treated, and sent on our way refreshed.

It had been altogether a day of intense interest, one to be henceforward a landmark of memory.

As we drove back we could only wonder and ponder on the very different physical conditions that must have once existed, to leave such traces as were evident throughout the length and breadth of the glen. On thinking upon the theories advanced to account for the formation of the parallel roads,

one felt compelled to dismiss the heroic origin already alluded to, which has long been fully disproved, and obliged to seek, in the several theories that of late years have been advanced by men of science, for a more probable solution of the problem.

It is now a doctrine of universal acceptance, that the parallel roads owe their existence to purely natural causes. But there is some difference of opinion among geologists as to whether they are shores of fresh-water lakes or beaches of marine origin. Numerous papers have been written on the subject, and a number of distinguished geologists have recorded their views at length.

The first who directed attention to the parallel roads was Pennant, in 1776, in the Appendix to vol. iii. of his "Tour in Scot-



land," but he seemed inclined to accept the traditional theory of their artificial origin.

The next notice of them appears to have been in 1816, when a theory equally incredible was set forth, its author suggesting that they might have been aqueducts for artificial irrigation, similar to those in Valais, near Brieg.

In the following year, however, Dr. MacCulloch, then (1817) President of the Geological Society of London, brought forward a paper in which he showed that the "roads" must in all probability have been margins of fresh-water lakes. Henceforward the hypothesis of their being lines of water level was never called in question, and this important step in the argument has since been demonstrated almost to a certainty.

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, the accomplished historian of the "Morayshire Floods," submitted a valuable series of observations to the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1818, in which he came generally to the same conclusions as Dr. MacCulloch. But the difficulty experienced by these two writers was to conceive what possible barrier could have closed up the mouth of the glens, so as to allow of the formation of the lakes, and in what manner the barriers could have been removed.

More recent writers tried to obviate this difficulty by suggesting a detrital barrier formed by the heaping up of debris by the sea as the land emerged after a first glacial period. It has been called the Detrital theory, and its able advocate, Mr. Milne-Home, has supported his views in a series of three elaborate papers.

The objections raised to this theory led to the suggestion of another, termed the Marine theory. Admitting the parallel roads to have been formed by water action, it was contended that they were not lines of old lake level, but lines of old sea beaches, left when arms of the sea filled the glens; their successive levels resulting from movements of upheaval of the land, when, to speak more clearly, the land stood at a lower level, and the lakes formed straits. This Marine theory, originally brought forward, though since abandoned, by Darwin, has been strongly advocated by the late Dr. Robert Chambers, also by Professors Rogers, Nicol, and others. But the opponents to it contend, that as the parallel road in Glen Roy known as No. 1 stands at an elevation of 1,173 feet, or 18 feet higher than any "road" exhibited in the other Lochaber glens, the hypothesis of a marine origin is virtually disproved. Besides, they argue that if the sea filled Glen

Roy, Glen Gluoy, Glen Glaster, and Glen Spean, it must have risen to the same level in the surrounding glens; whereas there is no evidence outside these Lochaber glens of any such parallel lines. The absence of marine shells is also another argument adduced against this theory.

The question was surrounded with these perplexities when, in 1840, Agassiz, visiting the district, offered an entirely new solution. He had been studying for some years the glacial phenomena of Switzerland and the Alps, and detecting the similarity which existed between that region at the present time and what had once obtained in the glens of Lochaber, suggested that the parallel roads might have been formed by lakes dammed back by glaciers descending from Ben Nevis and the neighbouring mountains during that reign of ice and snow, which by geologists has been termed the Glacial Period.

It remained for Mr. Jamieson, of Ellon, whose important paper, "On the Parallel Roads of Glen Roy," was published in 1863 in vol. xix. of the *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society*, to strengthen by new data, gleaned by careful investigation, the suggestion made by the philosophical mind of Louis Agassiz. And it is this glacial view of the Lake theory, as interpreted by Jamieson, that has received the most powerful support, and can claim as its advocates the largest number of distinguished scientific men, including Lyell, Geikie, Sir H. James, Tyndall, &c.

Thus we have:—1st. The Fresh-water Lake theory, with detrital barrier. 2nd. The Marine theory, with submergence. 3rd. The Fresh-water Lake theory, with ice barrier.

From evidence of old ice-action of the same nature as that which have been so frequently described in these pages, geologists have come to the conclusion that the whole of Scotland was once covered with ice and snow, as Greenland is at the present day. This Glacial theory, which was so startling at first sight, now meets with general assent.

According to the Scotch geologists, this intense cold was followed by a more temperate period, in which the ice and snow disappeared. This again they consider was succeeded by a second cold period of less intensity than the first, during which local glaciers descended from all the high mountain ranges. It was at this latter period that Mr. Jamieson places the formation of the Lakes of Lochaber, and he describes how a great glacier descending from Glen Arkai and traversing the Caledonian Valley, would block up the mouth of Glen Gluoy and partly

that of Glen Spean, whilst another great glacier issuing from Loch Treig, crossed Glen Spean and blocked up Glen Glaster and also Glen Roy.

Sir Charles Lyell, adopting the general views of Mr. Jamieson, makes the following remarks on the period at which the lakes were formed:—"On the whole, therefore, I conclude that the Glen Roy terrace-lines and those of some neighbouring valleys were formed on the borders of glacial lakes, in times long subsequent to the principal glaciation of Scotland."

Before leaving the district we were desirous of examining the lower parallel road, No. 4, which is so well defined on each side of Glen Spean. Ascending from Achluachrach, about a couple of miles eastward of Roy Bridge, by a track carried up the side of Craig Dhu, and which merged in the natural "road," we continued our walk on it where it swept grandly round the mountain flank, and were thus enabled to look down upon Glen Glaster before we began the descent to the hamlet of Boheenie.

I was much struck in passing along this little-frequented track, which is a mountain pass between the glens, by cairns of stones, similar to those we had seen standing in groups of three, four, or more, elsewhere in this district, scattered at various points like landmarks in the distance. These cairns are raised to mark the spots where, in bringing the dead across the hills for burial, the bearers for rest deposit their burden. It was touching to come on some of these rude monuments, hoary and lichen-spotted, thus hallowing for ever the ground whereon the body of some dear one had been temporarily laid.

Our last excursion in Lochaber was to the lower part of Glen Spean—to Larig Leachan, one of the uninhabited glens opening on the south side of the Strath. To reach this, we drove down to Spean Bridge, and crossing it and back two miles on the opposite bank, began the ascent by walking through the long heather to the lonely cottage called Achnafraschoille, which stands in the midst of a wild heath. Here, to save time, we fortunately found a guide—fortunately, because the rain beginning to fall, blurred the outlines of the chain of dark hills, deeply scored as they were by wild corries and glens.

On and up we toiled with this "son of the soil," through deep heather, starting coveys of grouse that rose with a whirr near our feet, when, after a long though gradual ascent in pouring rain, we found that, as usual, we were mounting over hillocks of heath-grown gravel, with here and there a large rock boulder, the now familiar evidences of old ice-action prominent at the entrance of all those side glens. Beyond these moraine heaps were rounded glaciated rocks at a height of 1,500 feet. The portion of the lowest parallel road reported to exist and to terminate here, was of course not to be recognised in rain dense enough to blot out the contours of the mountains.

The phases of the discussion are altogether so curious and so numerous—and we believe they are not yet ended—that we can only make this broad statement, and would refer our reader to study for himself the fascinating literature of the parallel roads, or better still, counsel him to go and investigate the ground for himself.

## AN UNAPPRECIATED CHARITY.

IN the winter of 1860, when great distress prevailed in the metropolis, some gentlemen of position and fortune were in conversation together, the subject being the distress then existing in London, and the best method of relieving it. Some one, however, having expressed doubts if the distress was as extreme as was described, the question arose whether a society could not be formed, the members of which should be resident in the more fashionable districts, personally unacquainted with the poor, who should, by some organization, visit them, and judge for themselves how far the statement was founded on fact.

After some deliberations they formed them-

selves into a society for the purpose of inducing the rich, personally, to visit the poor; and then they held a meeting in the Thatched House Tavern to determine in what manner it should be constituted. There was no difficulty in finding supporters. In fact, the results of the proceedings of the meeting were so cheering, that it was decided the originators should at once form themselves into a committee and commence their operations. It was resolved the Association should be called "The Society for the Relief of Distress," and some modest offices in King Street, St. James's Square, were secured. But now another question to be decided arose,

and one of considerable importance. Some instances having come under the notice of the committee of gross extravagance being proved in the expenditure of charitable funds in establishment charges, they decided that the committee themselves should subscribe to a fund, apart from their charitable donations, sufficient to defray the whole of the working expenses, so that every shilling received by the society should go, without deduction either for rent, or advertisements, or any other items, absolutely to the relief of the poor.

They had now to select their body of almoners, and the committee sought among their own friends for recruits. These came in abundance. At first sight, however, they appeared to be of a most unusual character for labours of the kind; in fact, totally unadapted for the work, though it turned out afterwards that such a conclusion would have been a most erroneous one. The volunteers consisted of noblemen, members of the House of Peers, Members of Parliament, their sons, ladies of standing and position, the sons of many of the principal bankers in London, as well as many others, among whom might be counted no fewer than twenty-five officers of the Guards, and among them five colonels. The whole of the volunteers expressed their willingness to personally attend any case of distress which might be pointed out to them, no matter in what portion of the metropolis it might be.

But now arose the question in what manner funds were to be obtained to carry on the work. The members of the committee, and those of the society in general, expressing a strong objection to the idea of continually soliciting alms from the public (although they did not object to one or two advertisements being inserted in the papers for that purpose), determined to contribute from their own pockets a certain proportion of the amount required, and appeal to their private friends for the remainder. The result was a most satisfactory one. In a very short time they had accumulated no less than £5,000 with which to commence operations. Nor was this all; for many of the almoners, being persons of fortune and position, frequently supplemented to a very great extent the amounts allotted them by the committee. Of cases of this kind many instances might be quoted, of which the following, certainly an extreme case, may be mentioned in point.

One morning, when the honorary secretary on duty—for there were no fewer than three, who acted on alternate days—arrived at the

office, among the other letters was one from a clergyman in South Lambeth, narrating a case of extreme destitution which had come under his notice, and begging that an almoner of the society might be told off to visit it. The case was that of a poor woman who had lately been confined, having her two other children in the same room with her, as well as the dead body of her husband, who had died the day before the birth of the infant. The letter also gave the address, which was situated in a low court at the back of Vauxhall Gardens.

The secretary had hardly finished reading the letter when General A——, one of the society's almoners, arrived at the office. The secretary immediately placed in his hand the letter he had received, and the General, without further hesitation, put himself in a cab and drove off on his mission. He had some difficulty in finding the house, so squalid and degraded was the locality in which it was situated. At last he found it. The house was comprised of two wretched little rooms, one above the other, and the whole place appeared in a filthy and dilapidated condition. The General being informed that the poor woman was in the upper room, immediately went up the stairs, and entering it, found a picture of squalor and misery which could hardly have been surpassed. The poor woman was on a mattress stretched on the ground, which, with one or two other articles, comprised the whole furniture of the room, and her two children appeared in rags, and half-starved. The body of her husband, however, had been removed from the room.

The General questioned the woman, inquiring into her history, which she gave shortly, although it struck him that occasionally she answered somewhat obscurely certain questions which he asked her. At the same time she seemed fairly well educated, and had evidently been respectably brought up. Somewhat oppressed by the fœtid atmosphere of the room, he left the poor woman sufficient money to buy food and firing for herself and children for some days to come, and descended the stairs to have some conversation with the woman of the house. The landlady spoke of her in warm terms, saying that she was a very good woman, and a very good mother, but that she and her husband had lately been in very distressed circumstances; having, in fact, barely food to eat. "They were very respectable formerly, sir," continued the woman, "and that's the reason she don't like to let her husband be buried by the parish. There he is, poor fellow! if you



would like to see him," and she conducted the General into a yard, in which was a sort of shed or lean to, with a plank inside, on which, covered over with a sheet, was stretched the dead body of a man. The woman now pulled down the sheet so far as to expose the face, when the General, to his surprise, recognised the features of a captain in a regiment which he had commanded as colonel in India. He now was able to trace the whole of the circumstances which appeared mysterious in the description given by the woman. The dead man, who was a remarkably handsome, dashing fellow, had fallen violently in love with a girl beneath him in position—in fact, she occupied the post of half ladies' maid, half nursery governess in the family of an officer's wife at the station. After his marriage, however, he experienced considerable annoyance in consequence of the other officers' wives not liking to associate with a person who had been in a somewhat inferior position. The result was that a year after his marriage the captain sold out and returned to England, where he embarked in the wine trade. Totally unacquainted with business matters, however, he was obliged to leave it at the end of the year, having lost the whole of his capital during the time; and also, unhappily, acquired the habit of drinking. For some time they were in considerable distress, when he obtained an appointment as adjutant to a volunteer corps. Unable to break himself of his drinking habits, he was obliged to resign; and, being shortly afterwards seized with *delirium tremens*, he died in the wretched hotel in which the General found his family.

The question now arose what should be done for the poor woman. No further claim was made on the funds of the society by the General; instead, he applied to the other officers who had been in the regiment. They managed to collect for her benefit a sum nearly reaching to £900. With this money they bought orphanages for the two boys, engaged a house for her, which they furnished, so that she might let lodgings; and then setting apart enough to pay the rent of the house for the next seven years, they left her to make her way in the world as successfully as she could.

It might be supposed that any charitable institution having a staff of almoners, such as we have described must have been lamentably open to the deceits of impostors. Such, however, was hardly the case; for the organization of the society was not without a very strong common-sense element to be detected in it. Without entering

into a lengthened description of its organization, it may be stated that the metropolis was divided into districts, in each of which the committee had their own especial correspondents, and these were selected from among those who took great interest in the charitable working of the neighbourhood. Besides these, the almoners were directed to put themselves in correspondence with the ministers of religion of all denominations, their ministrations being directed to all cases of distress to which they might be sent, without distinction of religious creed. They were also particularly directed to make the acquaintance of the parish surgeon, or any other medical man accustomed to mix with the poor, who, from their profession, were far better able to detect the female impostor than either the relieving officer or a police sergeant. The result was, that it would be difficult, perhaps, to find any charitable society\* in London on which less imposition was practised, or whose agents effected a greater amount of good, and that without cost to the public.

From the records of the society many interesting anecdotes might be quoted, in which, occasionally, the ludicrous was closely allied to the pathetic. For example: One evening a poor woman called at the office to thank the secretary for the great kindness she and her family had received from one of the almoners of the society. She mentioned that her husband had been seized with fever, and had been many weeks confined to bed. For some time they were in great distress, when their case was brought under the notice of the society, and an almoner told off to attend to it. He had treated them with great kindness, supplied them with food and money during the illness, and when the fever was over had released her husband's (a journeyman carpenter) tools out of pawn, and he was again in full work. The secretary, not remembering the particular case alluded to, asked the woman who was the almoner who had attended her. "I don't know his name, sir," she replied; "he seemed a very comfortable sort of relieving officer, but, for all that, quite a gentleman." The relieving officer alluded to was no other than the present Marquis of X—, one of the oldest titles in the kingdom.

Many other singular instances might be quoted. Nothing was more common than

\* It should be stated to the honour of the medical profession, that not in a single instance would the parish surgeon or general practitioner accept of any remuneration for his services.

for a plain, simply-dressed, unostentatious-looking gentleman, to visit some poor house in Bethnal Green, in company either with some local charitable tradesman, or parish curate, or Roman Catholic priest, and listen to the wants and sorrows of the inmates with genuine sympathy. Afterwards he would leave the house in company with his guide, and they would proceed together to some grocer's, or butcher's, or baker's shop, where a limited credit would be established for the family they had visited, the guide alone being aware that possibly the almoner had two or three hours before been on duty either as a colonel in the Foot or Life Guards, or was the scion of some noble house, or the son of some wealthy banker.

Among the lady almoners, also, singular incidents occurred. Two young married ladies, one residing at Rutland Gate, the other in Eaton Square, who had volunteered to act as almoners among the poor women in St. George's-in-the-East, were placed under the direction of the vicar of the district. This gentleman pointed out to them more than one deserving case, which they attended with great regularity and kindness. Not content with these, however, they extended their ministrations to other poor women who were brought under their notice, and this without the knowledge of the vicar. On making a report to the society of their efforts, they mentioned the fact that, in some of the districts they had visited, the women appeared of a description to require the visits of the agents of the City Mission, or some similar institution. On the secretary making inquiries as to the particular localities alluded to, they were found to be the notorious Bluegate Fields and Tiger Bay. Of course the ladies were advised never again to visit in this neighbourhood, or any other, unless under the direction of some minister of religion, no matter of what denomination. To this they readily agreed, though they assured the secretary that not an immoral nor disrespectful expression had reached them during the whole of their visits.

Another example may also be mentioned of tact shown by some of the lady almoners. A letter had been received from a clergyman in Lambeth, calling the society's attention to a poor distressed family, consisting of the husband, wife, and two children, a girl and a boy, who were all living in one poor unfurnished room, without coals or food. A lady almoner calling, found the applicant at home, who gave a most lamentable account

of the distress that she and her family were in. The almoner merely told her that she would bring the case under the notice of the committee, and that she would hear from them again. The reason of the lady's not affording relief at the time was that she very much suspected the woman was not of as respectable a character as the reverend gentleman had described her in his note. The district parish surgeon was applied to on the occasion, who gave her, confidentially, his experience of the family. The husband, he said, earned, as a skilled mechanic, no less than 30s. a week; the son 8s. a week; and the daughter nearly, if not quite, as much. If, however, the husband, son, and daughter had earned double the amount they did, the mother would have spent the whole of it in gin. It need hardly be said, the woman received no assistance from the society.

The society is still in existence, though, as some eighteen years have passed since it was originated, numerous changes have taken place among its members. Many have passed away, while others have fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, and are unable to exert themselves on its behalf in the manner they were accustomed to do at its commencement. They, in common with all others who have been connected with its working, have not only done great good in a quiet and unostentatious manner, but have themselves acquired experience which has taught them many valuable truths. They have learnt, for example, that the drunken wife-beating ruffian of the police court is not the type of the working man; that he is the exception, not the rule, even while admitting that intemperance is still too rife among them. Nor is the unhappy, half-insane female profligate of the low music-hall and public-house, the type of the English working woman. That among both men and women, even those in the deepest poverty, may occasionally be found specimens of the brightest integrity, as well as brotherly love and Christian charity; while the poor, had they known the private history of the society's visitors, might have learnt that the wealthier and higher classes possess as much latent kindness of feeling as those of the poorer; and there is only lacking more frequent personal communication between the two to develop it to the advantage of both.

Among other rules established by the society for their method of action, is one, never to importune strangers for money; and, possibly, we may, therefore, be taking upon ourselves a liberty which will hardly meet

with their approval, when we state that an addition, both of money and efficient almoners, would be highly acceptable to the committee. True, it may be said that donations and subscriptions are still coming in, if not with the liberality which distinguished the society at the commencement, at least sufficiently so to prove that the old kind feeling of those acquainted with the society is very

far from being extinct. Any accession either to its funds, or to the body of efficient almoners of the society, would certainly be of great use to many who are now suffering the direst distress, and yet have too great a spirit of independence and honourable feeling to either place themselves in the position of mendicants, or receivers of parochial relief.

WILLIAM GILBERT.

## CATHEDRAL BELLS AND NEW YEAR'S EVE.

ONLY a year ago—

And do you remember how

We sat as we're sitting now,

And the fire was low?

And all the room was dark

Behind us, table and chair,

Save when a restless spark

Leapt from the embers there:

And the tick of the clock on the stair,

Or a creak in the oaken floor,

Was all we heard—no more.

For the bells in the minster-tower

Had ended their muffled chime:

And we watched through the solemn time

Before the strike of the hour.

How long it seemed, as with breath

Bated, and straining ear,

We sat as still as death—

So still we seemed to hear

The wings of the flying year

Beat, as it sped apace

Above, through the night and space!

How fast the years go by!

We are sitting here again

As we sat together then

To see the old year die.

Hark! how the wind outside

In the garden among the trees

Sighs with the sound of a rising tide

In far-off seas;

And blown on the fitful breeze

The roll of muffled bells

Swells and sinks and swells.

There—they have stopped at last:

And all the air is dumb,

And wizard memories come

To conjure up the past.

The ghost of days gone by

In well-known shape begins

To rise before my eye.

Old sorrows, joys, and sins,

Dead triumphs and chagrins,

Long-buried hope and pain—

I see them all again.

These moments leave one space

To slip aside from the crowd,

Where the race runs hot and loud,

And meet self face to face.

They give us time to whet

Our wills, and rear a heap

Of aims we soon upset,

And vows we cannot keep,

And know we cannot keep.

How eagerly we weave

This hollow make-believe!

Yet, if it were not thus,

We should almost die of despair;

So let the illusion fair

Stay and encourage us.

Whenever we will what is good

We are better because we willed;

And there's worth in an honest would,

Although it be not fulfilled.

For 'tis not with success that we build

Our life, but with noble endeavour.

Full success is a prize won never.

But, listen! the bells ring out

To usher in the year.

Farewell to every fear!

Farewell to every doubt!

It seems so easy now

(Bells touch one's blood with flame)

To compass every vow,

And realise each aim:

But will it be the same

By to-morrow morning's light?

Oh, ask not that—Good night.

EDMUND WHYTEHEAD HOWSON.

## THE BRIDE'S PASS.

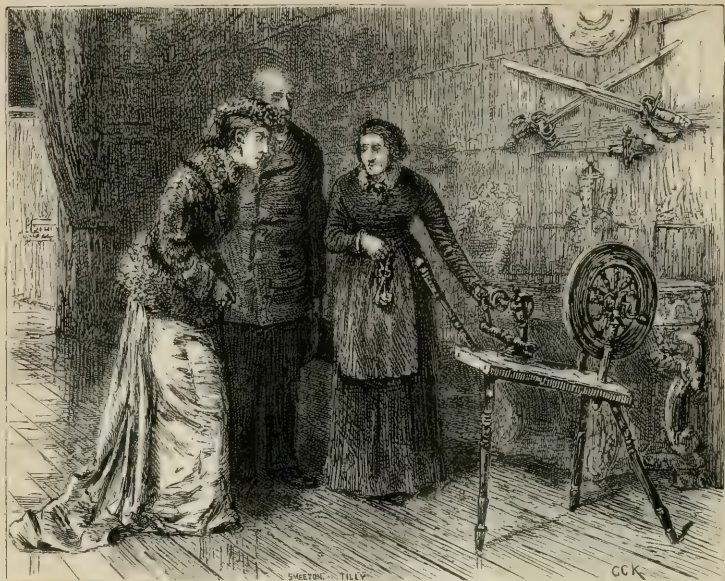
By SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH," "LADY BELL," ETC.

### CHAPTER III.—DRUMCHATT AND COUSIN DONALD.

DRUMCHATT, the house of the "biggest" laird in Fearnavoil, lay beyond the Bride's Pass, miles off by the regular road, but there was a hill track much shorter. The

delicate young laird was lonely in his ancient, rambling mansion, empty of all save servants. What could be more natural for him than to come across the hills on his Highland pony, which never missed a step in fair weather or foul. His plaid protected him from the weather, and if it grew worse at nightfall





he could always command a bed at the manse when he had taken refuge with the family of his kinsman, his old tutor and his minister rolled in one—like the hero of the once popular riddle of “the Minister, the Dominie, and Maister Andry Lamb.”

The house of Drumchatt was lonely indeed. There was nothing save a wilderness of heathery hills, without the nobility and awfulness of mountains, and the gleaming head of a long sinuous loch lying like a serpent in their recesses, where the ancestors of the Macdonalds of Drumchatt had laid the foundation of their fortress. The prospect even on a summer day was dreary rather than picturesque. And to many people there was absolutely no beauty in these sterile ranges of low heights, standing shoulder to shoulder, as the old Highlanders made their battle array, with equally bleak and bare hollows between, where flocks of sheep were smothered in the winter drifts, or a shepherd found his untimely grave once in a dozen years, and where the snow lingered in genial seasons till May.

But to the minister and to Unah, not to

say to Donald of Drumchatt, whose nursery the braes had been, there was a peculiar, let it be a savage, space and freedom in the sombre monotony of the hills, which changed only with the bloom or withering of the heather. There the birch and the oak, the mountain-ash and the wild cherry, the primrose and the wind-flower, the foxglove and the harebell, hung out fresh signals of spring, summer, autumn, and winter, as they budded, blossomed, and withered like the shrubs and flowers in the manse garden.

The house was built of stone, rough-dashed, and white once on a day, but long become grey and discoloured. It had two little pepper-box turrets which, as they were not modern antiques, but formed the original shells of a pair of singularly useless little rooms, were proportionately prized as evidences of the antiquity and dignity of the building. Of course Prince Charlie had slept a night in Drumchatt, though he must have made a dangerous private expedition and gone far out of his ascertained route to confer the obligation.

The young laird and his cousin Unah

devoutly believed the tradition, and were inclined to be indignant with the minister when his sense of historical integrity compelled him to cast doubts on it. But surely it was better, as far as posterity was concerned, that the estate of Drumchatt had not lain near the line of the rebels' route, or that the laird of the day had not been a person of sufficient consequence to become the host of a knight-errant prince, than that the lands should have run the risk of being laid waste and forfeited. The present Drumchatt was better qualified to admit the force of the argument than Unah, who was only a girl; still the young laird stuck to the shadowy honour which his house had appropriated, and in undeniable proof of it brought forward—not the veritable lock "cut from his ain lang yellow hair," but a harmless-looking wine-glass, very like any other glass, out of which it was alleged the Young Chevalier had drunk.

After all there were far older and less questionable relics in rusty dirk and battered broadsword, silver-bound quaiçh, and ivory-mounted spinning-wheel, stored among the treasures of Drumchatt, so that the laird and his little cousin—not to say a crafty domestic showing the house for a fee—might have let go the apocryphal chronicle.

It was almost a shame to young Drumchatt and his cousin Unah that they could not, because of a species of mental snobbery so common as to be well-nigh universal, appreciate the great superiority of their own ancestress "Fair Janet," and their own kinsman stout Keppoch, who advanced to the last hopeless charge on Drumossie Moor with his drawn sword in one hand and his pistol in the other, over a passion-driven Queen Mary or a fate-mastered Prince Charlie.

Drumchatt, in spite of its advantages of antiquity and position in the county—which Mrs. Macdonald of the manse, while she rather eschewed such unregenerate heathens as "Fair Janet" and Keppoch, was not the last to count upon—could not well be anything save a dull habitation fifteen years ago. The last laird and his wife, who was his cousin, had not only both died young, they had passed away in the very flower of their age, after the melancholy example of several brothers and sisters who had preceded them—victims of a fate that hung over a race decimated generation after generation by the great national malady, consumption. The pure, keen, heather and peat scented hill breezes around Drumchatt, which brought with every breath vigour and animation to the

healthy, were of small avail to the sick who were pining under a mortal malady. That rare and spicy air early and late tingling with frost, only worked more cruel havoc on the stricken lungs which could not inhale it without pain, and to which its biting favours—welcomed by the strong as gifts to brace and stimulate—caused only swifter wasting. There was a hard destiny involved in the fatal flaw in the family constitution in the days when travelling was not made easy, and few even of the most adventurous thought of exile as preferable to death.

The poor young couple in question provided for a brief troubled season at Drumchatt, and then shared the lot of their family. They were laid one after the other, with an interval of months, not of years, between them, in that corner set apart for the laird's family in the island burial-place of the clan at one of the bends of the river Fearn, which long antedated the kirkyard round the kirk on the skirts of the hamlet. The pair left a son and heir, a feeble baby, with regard to whom none, except perhaps his nurse, cherished the faith that he could ever reach the term of early manhood, which had for half a century been the short allotted span of the Macdonalds of Drumchatt.

Everything was left as it had been in the old house; none even of such changes as a long minority admits of, were thought worth while, when the great change of all was expected, first monthly and then yearly, for the hapless young heir. The old dark dining-room continued badly lit, and furnished with drugget and tartan, and well scrubbed pine and haircloth. The drawing-room, rarely opened, retained its long-legged, bent-backed, languishing looking chairs of imitation ebony; its closed tuneless box—like a coffin on legs—of a piano; its peacock's feathers and rosy lipped shells, which were considered proper and pretty ornaments in innocent, inexpensive days.

The garden, with its high box-hedges, which the minister could demonstrate beyond a doubt shaded and impoverished the ground, stood as the last laird and lady had left it, with its perennial plants dwindling year by year, and its fruit-trees gnarled and burdened with unsightly lumps like the ailing joints of rheumatic patients, still capable of what proved a mocking wealth of blossom, but bringing little fruit to perfection. Only the natural park, where the heather blossomed as on the other side of the wall, and fallow-deer flourished in the room of the roe and red-deer outside, did not suffer by the kind of apathy which had fallen on the trustees of

young Donald of Drumchatt, as they waited for his confidently expected decease.

For a long time there was a perfectly comprehensible and merciful, if unexpressed idea : where was the use of trying and torturing by elaborate training and education the child whose little grave was all but dug for him in the wild grassy nook of the island round which the Fearn rippled or raved? Poor little Donald might lie on his nurse's knee or totter out and pull flowers in the sunshine as long as he could.

When the boy grew a little older and stronger, it became advisable that he should know his letters, though he might never put them to any practical use. The minister, therefore, kindly undertook to give his small cousin a lesson every fine day that he could be brought over to the manse. Farquhar Macdonald's own active hardy boys got their early education at the parish school; and even if they had learnt their lessons at home they would not have been altogether safe class and play fellows for a sickly comrade, with regard to whom they could not be expected always to recollect that he was privileged in more ways than one. But there was Unah who, in her perfect health and the progress she had made in the studies which were already a labour of love to the minister, was more than a match for the puny, backward little laird.

Thus Unah and young Drumchatt for years conned the same book and played together at the same girl's games of dressing dolls, keeping house, and nursing kittens, protected from the occasional rude interference and derision of the manse boys by Mrs. Macdonald's vigilant care.

Later, Donald had a tutor for himself up at Drumchatt. But as it was still judged inadvisable that the pupil should be pressed in any way, or that he should be committed entirely to the discretion of some over-zealous, inexperienced divinity student, the minister continued to overlook his kinsman's education, which was still conducted partly at the manse, and shared in to a certain extent by Unah.

Young Drumchatt was not sent to any university or from home at all, as it was feared by his guardians that the danger to be encountered would outweigh any gain to be derived. In fact, these worthy seniors had not grown familiar with the conclusion that their charge, in spite of all prognostications to the contrary, had attained a prospect of living at least as long as his immediate progenitors, and of transmitting his lairdship

and lands with his feeble constitution to another generation.

Young Drumchatt was now of age and his own master, owner of a great tract of moorland rapidly increasing in value, as the propriety and possibility of letting spare shootings and fishings, as well as sheep farms, began to take shape in the minds of Highland lairds, and the rents of such property rose like quicksilver in the market. At the same time, he presented the marvel of a laird who had spent nearly the whole of his young life at home in the wilds of the Highlands, who had never strayed farther from Drumchatt than to Edinburgh, which, however beautiful and interesting to a novice who had never seen so great or fine a town before, was yet not very large or stirring among modern capitals.

Latterly, of course, it had been Drumchatt's own doing that he had not seen more of the world. He was fit enough to travel—for that matter it might have been in his favour, as his doctors had hinted, if he had quitted Scotland at least in winter for a more genial climate.

But one consequence of the young laird's stationary and immured existence, had been the growth of a considerable stock of self-will and obstinacy. And just as people who have been denied some not very uncommon privilege in their youth, and felt sore enough under the particular restriction, have turned round in the end and come to take a morbid pride in the deprivation, so Donald of Drumchatt, who in his boyhood had envied the lads at the manse their powers of locomotion, and even their early exodus and rough adventures in the colonies, now when he had the power, absolutely declined to move from Drumchatt, and professed himself perfectly satisfied with his parish as the limit of his enterprise.

There was no pardonable hypocrisy under the profession, no romantic devotion to Unah or to any other girl which kept him fixed in Fearnavoil. He was fond enough of Unah in his way, but it was the easy, dictatorial fondness of conscious proprietorship, undisturbed as yet, which made him satisfied that he might leave her behind him at any time with the certainty of finding her just as he had quitted her, when he chose to return and claim her affectionate regard.

Thus Donald lived on among the brown hills in the grim grey house of his fathers, which, as it had been his home all his life, though it might be dull at times, was not haunted with any funereal gloom to him. He



amused himself with a little farming on his own account; he fished or shot in the season when he was able for the sport. He was not a naturalist like some of his kinsfolk, neither was he so much of a desultory reader as might have been looked for in a man who, whatever his tastes, was compelled during at least a third of his time to lead a sedentary life. But the laird of Drumchatt, though not a dunce, had so little of bookishness that the study of the newspapers and an agricultural journal or two served him. The probability was that if he had been robust he would have been a practical farmer, an active justice of the peace, a keen sportsman, and nothing more. As it was, he had one favourite study, that of Highland genealogy, with the Gaelic records and traditions, which he and his cousin Unah pursued together diligently but not very learnedly, since neither of the two could read, they could only speak and sing, Gaelic. They had to submit to fall back on the unpatriotically cool and cautious minister to translate the requisite documents for them.

Mrs. Macdonald never once interfered with these researches, though she had been known to make a conscientious stand against Lord Moydart's devotion to Highland customs when he was in the country, and she had objected to her husband becoming editor of a Gaelic magazine which had not a direct religious bearing.

Donald was also more decidedly musical by nature than Unah, and could coax away some of the long hours with his violin or at the piano.

It would be hard to say how soon, on seeing little Donald continually with Unah, and in being one of the first to remark that the boy was gradually overcoming and not succumbing to the seeds of death in his constitution, Mrs. Macdonald began to dream of a future alliance between Drumchatt and the manse. It would be a graceful earthly recompense for all the family had done for the young laird. It would restore Unah to the position which some carpers supposed her mother had forfeited by becoming the wife of a man who was a worthy minister of the gospel as well as the laird of Craigdbhu. Whether the vision had been entertained sooner or later, certainly it was now the cherished purpose, so far as it could be brought about with dignity and honour, of a woman whose strong will balanced her passionate impulses.

Donald was rather a handsome fellow in his own style. He was tall, while he showed

a tendency to the length of neck, slope of shoulder, and hollowness of chest which had been for more than half a century the ill-starred personal distinction of a once stalwart race. But the plaid which he wore nearly always when he was abroad, and very often when he was in morning dress at home or at the manse, muffled up these defects and the slightness of his figure. He was not unlike the minister in face, only where Farquhar Macdonald's complexion was a hale brown, Donald's was the florid pink and white of a girl, not without a pathetic hectic beauty. He had the same soft brown hair and heavily-lidded brown eyes. For that matter brown eyes are said to be the clan distinction. The very origin of the name Donald, or Dhoneil, is derived, according to some philologists, from the Gaelic for brown eyes. Fifteen years ago the mouth was no more masked by a moustache and beard in young Drumchatt than it was similarly veiled in his elderly clerical kinsman. But if Donald did not lead the van in the beard movement just then setting in throughout the country, he had the comfort of a manly pair of tawny whiskers to qualify the feminine delicacy of his complexion.

His shrewd observation, which was only slightly warped by an exaggerated sense of his own consequence in the world, and the idle or malicious gossip of the parish, quickly apprised him of the compliment which Mrs. Macdonald was paying him in those plans of hers.

He was not sufficiently sensitive for his old friend to be hurt on her account, while on his own he was half flattered, half amused. It gratified as well as tickled his *amour propre* to be deliberately schemed for in a decorous, upright manner—as he was told, and the evidence of his own senses confirmed the tale. Mrs. Macdonald was laying herself out, in as far as dignity and duty would permit her, to bring about a match between him and her daughter.

Such an idea was also like a good omen for the prolonged life which he craved. The notion that people were looking forward—granting they were actuated by motives of self-interest, to future years for him, came to him like a cheering prophecy, which helped to beat back those hours of depression and morbid anticipations which could not but visit him on occasions—though he was not a nervous or apprehensive man.

At the same time he was not so unlike other young men as not to feel a little restive at the thought of the disposal of his

destiny being summarily taken out of his own hands. He was provoked to baulk the designs of the aggressor. He felt tempted to take some mischievous entertainment out of their discovery. Therefore Donald would indulge in a little perverse neglect of his best friends, alternating with fitful attentions when his manlier, more generous instincts gained the sway over him—an inconsistency which perplexed and pained the unsuspecting minister and Unah. Donald became ostentatious in his devoirs to neighbouring county houses where there were young people. He allowed himself to be drawn into more visiting in the Moydart and Hopkins' sets than was altogether good for him. He got up a pretence of being the humble servant of Lady Jean Stewart, Lord Moydart's daughter, who was kept up for a much greater laird than he was.

Donald philandered with Miss Laura Hopkins, who was like her maid in not feeling content unless she had a young man of some sort to "keep company" with her wherever she tarried for a few weeks. And he either left Unah and her family out of count among his other attractions, or he took them up when the fancy struck him, and put them down again without ceremony.

Unah was a little wounded in her girlish friendship, but she felt no particular resentment. The minister concluded gravely it was the way of the world with his old pupil, of whom he had hoped better things.

But Mrs. Macdonald only smiled, and said to herself they had experienced quite enough of such foolish behaviour on young Donald's part; although she saw clearly it was all working towards the accomplishment of her object.

#### CHAPTER IV.—THE FUTURE LADY OF DRUMCHATT.

MRS. MACDONALD chose her time when the shooting season was nearly over, and the Moydarts and the Hopkins', with their houses thinned of company, were about to return to England till the next 12th of August. The fine weather had broken and was succeeded by a raw and misty October day, with a melancholy anticipation of the gusty blasts and piercing sleet showers of November.

Donald, by a piece of unwonted rashness, had run the risk of allowing *ennui* to carry him on an inclement day to his nearest neighbours, the manse people, whom he had not looked near for the last fortnight of fine weather.

Mrs. Macdonald happened to be the only

person at home to receive the laird, and she met him with the greatest kindness. She paid no heed to his small bravado of superiority to the weather, uttered with chattering teeth. She inducted him, nothing loth, into the minister's easy-chair in front of the drawing-room fire, forcing him to swallow a little brandy, and filching a hot basin of soup from the coming lunch to solace him still further. Then she improved the opportunity to inform him blandly that she had a project of sending Unah south under the chaperonage of Mrs. Hopkins, to remain over the winter with a cousin, of whom Donald had not heard before—but then she had been in India, had just escaped from the rebellion, and was only now settling down in Yorkshire.

"Send Unah away for the whole winter!" cried Donald in such dismay that he blurted out his consternation without disguise. "How am I—I mean how are you and the minister to get through all the dreary winter months without her when the rest of the people are gone too?"

Mrs. Macdonald smiled more graciously than ever, while she gently shook the silvery ringlets beneath her little lace cap.

"The other people, even though they stayed over Christmas, could do little for her father and me in the absence of Unah," she said with a reproach, which was altogether playful, in her tone. "It is different with you, of course, but we, who are really concerned, must put aside every consideration, including our own feelings, for the child's good—that is the way with fathers and mothers, Donald—and at the same time we must not make an idol of Unah."

"If you think I don't care for Unah's going, or for her good, you are very much mistaken, Mrs. Macdonald," said Donald hastily and resentfully; "but I must say I don't see what advantage she is to gain by wandering away without any of her people at this season, to England, where she may get into all kinds of trouble, fall ill and die among strangers, or when we may all be dead and buried here before we can see each other again. A girl whose life is to be spent in the Highlands—what acquirements can she pick up in England among self-indulgent folks like the Hopkins', that will make up for the risk, or for that matter be of the smallest use to her afterwards?"

Donald urged all this at once imperiously and a little fretfully.

"My dear Donald, our life or death are beyond our own control, but we may be thankful that if we have a Christian's faith, we can

leave the time and the place in the darkness in which I believe they are mercifully hidden."

This was Mrs. Macdonald's way of rebuking him gently. Then she took up the lighter parts of his remonstrance, and resumed her rallying tone of seniority and superior wisdom, while she remained firm in her opinion.

"Unah's life has been spent in the Highlands hitherto, it is true, but we are far from knowing that she is to be always in the north. Her brothers are in a different hemisphere; we are not to cheat ourselves with the delusion that her father and mother are to live for ever, and that we are to go on for the next hundred years or so, staying in the manse of Fearnavoil. When we are gone there is no saying where Unah's lot may be cast, so she ought to see a little more of the world when she is young, that everything out of the parish or beyond the Grampians may not be strange to her when she is too old to learn to accommodate herself to novelties."

"Ah, well, there is something in that," said Donald, reflectively, and half to himself.

"A shy, timid girl is one thing, Donald, and a shy, timid, middle-aged woman is quite another; the last is a pitiable object," she resumed. "As for the Hopkins', whom you call self-indulgent, I don't deny that the world has a great hold upon them; but let us look at their temptations and not judge our neighbours too harshly. The Hopkins' are certainly perfectly respectable, and far nicer than one might have expected of such *nouveaux riches*. I see a great improvement in them since I knew them first; but why need I say all this to you, Donald? Have you not been getting on quite intimate terms with the Hopkins' this autumn? I have even been doubtful whether I ought not to congratulate you on inducing Miss Laura to forego England, with London and Brighton, in order to settle in the parish for the rest of her life."

"I don't care a rush where Laura Hopkins settles," said Donald ungallantly; "not that she would ever bury herself alive, as she would consider it, in Fearnavoil, for the sake of any man, without the glory of a handle to his name, like Lord Moydart, or even Sir Duncan. Miss Laura, and still more her mamma, would dearly like to have a ladyship among their valuable properties." He had meant to correct himself for a rude inference, but in his ill-humour he had fallen into further strictures on his recent associations.

But Donald was not really minding the Hopkins', his thoughts returned at once to the injury which was about to be inflicted on himself by Unah Macdonald's going away. During the interval she might meet with all manner of counter-attractions. She might, instead of sickening and dying without the benefit of relations or old friends, do what was more likely in the case of a young girl who had never suffered from a serious illness in her life, see and be seen, marry, or at least engage herself to marry, some horribly rich snob of the Hopkins' set, who had never crossed her path before, or some rudely healthy Yorkshire squire.

Donald dwelt on the cold which he was sure he had caught this very morning, and every sign of which had become suddenly aggravated and intensified till a whole host of shivers ran through his system. Who knew but that it might lay him up for the whole winter? He imagined how dismal the days would be without Unah walking up with her father or mother to inquire for him, and staying to play and sing to him when he could not do either for himself. Unah was not a great musician, not nearly so well-trained as Miss Laura Hopkins was; and the little Highland girl had not heard one of the multitude of operas of which Lady Jean could give snatches. Still Unah could play the old Highland music—the laments and the pibrochs—better than Lady Jean could do, with all her efforts.

And there was that English version of the Red Book of Clanranald, which Donald had so long wished to get, and that Hector Maclean, the schoolmaster, had at last obtained for him. The prize had arrived when the company were in all the county houses for the shooting season, and though Donald knew that Lord Moydart would neglect the very birds to study it amidst the fit surroundings, he, Donald, had kept it *perdu*. He had laid it aside during the autumn, meaning that Unah and he should have the first eager examination of it all to themselves. The Red Book of Clanranald lost half its charm without Unah. It was very ungrateful of Unah to forsake it and him for new friends such as the Hopkins'—vulgar, purse-proud people, in spite of their superficial refinement. It was cruel of Unah to go to a foreign country like England, knowing all the while that he had sworn to live, for the short time he might spend on this earth, in his own Highlands and in his own home. She was perfectly aware that in winter for him to gad about and run off as far as the Yorkshire



dales to catch a glimpse of her, would be as much as his life was worth.

"Does Unah care to go?" he asked abruptly, after he had nursed his knees and stared in silence into the fire for full five minutes, during which he had been considering that he had tried for himself and had found that he would give all the Laura Hopkins' and the Lady Jeans to boot (save the mark!) that the world held, sooner than lose Unah Macdonald.

"Unah does not know yet that there is any chance of her going," said Mrs. Macdonald, still with the same friendly but perfectly disengaged voice and manner. "I have thought it better not to mention it to her till everything is fixed. It is unsettling for a home-keeping girl to have such a proposal put before her; not that I expect Unah will be greatly elated at first. It would not be worth incurring the fatigue and expense—in a manse household one must be very self-denying and careful, Donald—for a shorter time. But after the wrench is over, no doubt she will enjoy the variety like other girls."

"I don't believe it," declared the spoiled young laird doggedly; "but I will find for myself what is Unah's mind on the matter, and whether it is her pleasure to leave us all in the lurch."

"My dear Donald," Mrs. Macdonald exclaimed again in mild expostulation, "you are surely well aware that Unah knows her duty better than to object to the will of her parents, even were they to set her a much harder task than this. Another thing: you are a young man, and no longer a boy, Donald; you have sense and the feelings of a gentleman to appreciate the proper restraints of society. Though I trust you and Unah will always remain true and dear friends, you must see that as you are not her brother in reality, there can be no question of your will and pleasure in her going or staying. I speak plainly, because, after all, you are like one of our own boys in our hearts, and I am convinced you are too just and generous not to see the force of my argument. You would not sacrifice Unah's interests to the fact that you have not a sister; and you would only be the less likely to be guilty of such selfishness—I must call it so," said Mrs. Macdonald—"because I have been proud and happy to have you for an adopted son. Now, be sincere with yourself, I beg, Donald, and look beyond the present in order to comprehend your true relation to Unah. You like her very much, and her companionship is a great boon to

you just now, but when you have brought a wife to Drumchatt, will it be anything save a trifle to you what Unah may do? unless, indeed, she were so left to herself as to propose to take some very rash and foolish step."

"As if you and I who know Unah, could ever suppose her doing anything of the kind," cried Donald, losing all patience and politeness. Then, as one of the salmon of his own river, that has with half-conscious infatuation swallowed the bait offered to him, then dived and swam and dragged the line in fruitless resistance for a space, suddenly collapses, flaps his fins in mingled exhaustion and despair, and allows himself to be landed without further opposition, the young man added vehemently: "No wife shall ever come to Drumchatt that will put out Unah, none unless Unah herself, if she consent—you might have guessed that, Mrs. Macdonald," he went on as reproachfully as if his mind had been made up from the beginning, as if he had never resented the hook cleverly slipped down his gullet, never either fought or played with the line.

"Donald, you take away my breath," cried Mrs. Macdonald in her turn; and, indeed, as she was an excitable woman, her heart beat fast at the quick realisation of her hopes. "This is changing the question with a vengeance. But are you sure you know your own feelings? Do you know what you are about? The most momentous decision of your life, only to be approached with the greatest thought, and—you will forgive the word from me, my dear boy—humility; your own happiness and Unah's, the well-being of two immortal creatures, depend, under Providence, on your being right in what you judge your present wishes," said Mrs. Macdonald, as earnestly as if she had never indulged in a speculation regarding his choice. She was actually for the moment, as forgetful as Donald or the salmon could prove of her share of bringing about the crisis. It was as if the angler also had suddenly become a Mahometan and a fatalist, and conceived that his past instrumentality went for nothing. "It was written. Allah willed it!" Nay, it was as if the successful fisher showed himself so impartial as to end by adjuring the hapless salmon, if he had no mind to be boiled and eaten presently, to return to the flood from which he had been severed.

"I should think I know my own wishes," asserted Donald, with a confidence that was beyond suspicion. "I only wish I were as

certain of Unah's inclinations." But though he had the grace to give Unah the option of a choice in the matter, there was very little doubt in his look or accent—rather a restless longing to go on and finish what he had begun, and insure his escape from the jeopardy which threatened him. "As for Unah's happiness—so far as it rests with me, I promise with all my heart to care for it before my own."

"I know it; I believe you. There is no one I would sooner confide my daughter to; and you have not to be taught that an only daughter is a precious possession," said Mrs. Macdonald fervently, with ready tears softening the fire of her dark eyes, and smiles glistening through the tears. "And on your side, dear Donald, if Unah does you the honour to accept you for her husband, and leaves us all for you—to go over and bear you company and share your burdens at Drumchatt, you will not think me a very foolish woman, or much too partial a mother, if I admit that I am satisfied you have done well for yourself, and that my little Unah will make you the best and dearest of wives. But we are forgetting that there are more persons to be consulted in the affair than you and I; some who, though they love you as well, may not be so easily won over to approve of your suit. Women and mothers are soft-hearted, Donald Macdonald; fathers are of sterner stuff; and little girls who have never been from home may open their eyes wide in terror at the first proposal to quit it finally."

"I will speak to the minister this very morning, whenever he comes in," cried Donald. "I will do what I can to bring round Unah; she is not cruel, and I need her more than you need her. Drumchatt is only next door, a mere step across the hills; it is not like going away from home at all, far less abandoning it. To start off for England and stay there for months as you have been suggesting would be a thousand times harder." He tried to turn the tables.

Mrs. Macdonald laughed at his warmth, but was not convinced. "Unah, as your wife and the mistress of Drumchatt, will be far less our own little daughter, to praise and to blame and to order about, than though the gates of the Highlands, and the Tay, and the Tweed were all passed. It is idle to shut our eyes to the truth, though you may be a good son to us in the room of the sons who are far away—I have called you an adopted son already, and I have said also that the

fathers and mothers must give way in one sense to the children. It is the elders' right and privilege, which you may understand for yourself one day."

Donald kept his word. He spoke to the minister that very afternoon in the retirement of the study, where Donald had once been accustomed to say his lessons, and where Unah had often helped him along the rough road to knowledge. He could see some of their lesson-books still in the corner of the bookcase. The blackboard on which they had done their sums had never been removed.

Farquhar Macdonald had his breath taken away. But when the shock of any man's seeking to carry off Unah, and the idea of Donald of Drumchatt's being that man and becoming Unah's future husband, grew a little familiar to him, it did not seem either unnatural or undesirable.

He had a fatherly liking for the young kinsman in whose training he had taken so prominent a part. He clung to the hope that Donald, who had outgrown so many forebodings, might be spared to run the ordinary length of a man's race. In spite of what were held the minister's levelling tendencies, he had his share of a Highlander's respect for the head of a branch of the clan, and for the laird of Drumchatt. The minister also would take pride and pleasure, though in a simpler and less worldly sense than his wife, in seeing Unah preside worthily in the old family mansion where her great-grand-aunt—the link that connected Drumchatt with Craighbhu—had reigned with distinction and credit in her day. Then Drumchatt was within an easy morning or evening's walk from Fearnavouil; and—granting the truth of what Mrs. Macdonald had said of the severance which marriage, like death, causes between the members of a household—the kindly nearness of neighbourhood went a considerable way in the feelings with which the minister was disposed to regard his daughter's destination. As to any undue advantages accruing from the marriage to Unah, at which the minister, in his position as former trustee to the problematical bridegroom, might well have scrupled, the very unworldliness of the man saved him from the doubt.

But Mr. Macdonald, though he expressed his startled surprise with forbearance, and heard the speaker patiently and kindly, made certain conditions of his consent to the suit, which Donald, knowing all the time that the minister in his mildness was exceedingly difficult to move from a position he had

taken up, received as vexatious and savouring of fatherly red-tapeism.

Donald was welcome to pretend to Unah's hand; he might even speak to her, young as she was, on the subject, and do his best to secure her precious "Yes" as the seal to her father and mother's consent. The minister went farther, and spoke approving words, pleasant for a young man to hear, and doubly valuable coming from lips the honesty of which had never been questioned, on Donald's unsullied character.

But not the less did Unah's father maintain that there was to be no word of the immediate marriage for which Donald craved. Both he and Unah were young enough to wait a year—twelve months could not be called a long engagement; let the lad think of Jacob's probation, and be ashamed of his intemperate haste. If Unah and he did not require to be better acquainted, they would not be the worse of having a winter and a summer in which to regard each other in a new light. Further, though Donald had no near relations to consult and was of age, and though both he and the minister were conscious that all his late guardians who were concerned for the young man's welfare would look upon an early marriage as the most fortunate event that could befall Donald, Mr. Macdonald remained resolute that the laird should communicate his intentions to what kindred, apart from the family at the manse, were left to him. He ought also to pay the remnant of his former trustees the proper compliment of announcing to them in due form his marriage, some time before the event took place. If they objected he must hear what they had to say against his choice. In short, Donald was to go about so serious a step, his most important worldly act, with fitting deliberation.

Donald, headstrong as he was, had to submit; but at least he might speak to Unah—speak to her that very morning before he mounted his pony and rode home again.

He was so well acquainted with the ways of the house that he had no trouble in finding Unah, the moment she had come in, and laid aside her hat and gone up to the old nursery, where, among much antiquated and dilapidated furniture, she still kept many of her heterogeneous belongings. There were her pressed specimens of dried plants, and the living geraniums which had displayed their beauty in the glass porch during the summer and were to be coaxed to exist as leafless skeletons through the winter; the mother-dog with its puppies in their basket in the corner; and a

somewhat messy array of paints and varnishes, earthenware, wood, and leather, with which Unah dabbled in enterprising girlish attempts at what, it is to be feared, would have shocked an austere truth-loving artist.

"Don't come here, Donald," cried Unah, when she saw who was her visitor. "My mother has not given me a fire yet. Oh, don't attempt to shake hands with me, for I am sticky all over, from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot;" and in proof of this alarming announcement Unah made a wry face and held out two well-shapen little hands, red with cold and smeared with gum. "Go away back to the drawing-room," she continued in her utter unconsciousness of his mission. "What are you doing following me here, on a cold day like this? Be a good boy, Don, and wait patiently till I wash my hands and do my hair;" and Unah craned her neck to glance disconsolately at the ruffled auburn locks in loose coils on her shoulders. "How well off you boys are to have short hair! Why are you still standing there, when I have told you I am coming? What do you want so very much?" Unah demanded with a little aggrieved air of oppression and a regretful glance at the trashy implements of her beloved occupation.

Donald paused for a moment before he answered her, impelled by an instinct to look at her with new, enlightened, or was it bewitched eyes? At least it was with an additional sense—that of his spoken-out and determined purpose, that he regarded his old playmate. She stood there clad in no daintier or more gorgeous attire than one of her unobtrusive frocks. In this case the frock was composed of a thin, light, sandy-coloured woollen stuff well warranted to wear, and not requiring any great proof to testify that it was in material and dye one of the most modest of fabrics. It was for the last quality as well as for the economy that Mrs. Macdonald had selected it.

"Never mind that nonsense, Unah," said the young laird in his lordly way, advancing to the girl in defiance of her prohibition, and taking her hand without regard either to the gum with which it was daubed, or to her surprised resistance. "I have come to speak to you of something of consequence—of great consequence to us both—so I do not care for the cold or for anything else except what I am saying and what you will say to me in return. Did you ever hear that your mother was thinking of sending you off with the Hopkins' to spend the winter in England?"



"No!" cried Unah, opening wide her grey eyes in wonder and dismay. "How could I go by myself? What should I do away from you all?—away from Fearnavoi! My mother would not make me do anything so terrible. My father would not hear of it."

"But your mother has thought of it, for she told me herself," said Donald, taking rather an unfair advantage of his friend and ally, "and I dare say she would have brought round your father to think it was best for you, but I have put a stop to it."

"Oh, thank you, thank you very much, dear Donald," exclaimed Unah gratefully; "only I don't know how it could have happened, or why they should have thought of sending me off now with the Hopkins', after I had escaped going to school. I did not even hear that Mrs. Hopkins had asked me particularly to pay them a visit," with a little lingering incredulity bred of her loyal trust in her father and mother's affection for her.

Donald's conscience had smitten him faintly at the expression of her gratitude, and he now hastened to say, with a little rising agitation—

"Don't thank me in the least, Unah. I was considering my own interest first of all," he admitted, with more entire truth than he was quite sensible of. "What should I do up by myself at Drumchatt all the winter, and you away in England? Unah, I am going to ask you instead to come to Drumchatt for good, and never to leave me."

"Never to leave you!" repeated Unah in a stunned, bewildered way, not at once arriving at a full comprehension of his meaning, though even in her slowness her cheeks grew suddenly red, and her grey eyes began to shift their gaze with a startled restlessness and to shun meeting his brown eyes. "That would be impossible. What would my father and mother say?"

"Nothing against my happiness, darling. They both know what I wish, and they agree to let you come if you will. They are even good enough to say that they are glad to give you to me. Unah, you won't be less kind than they are?"

She could not mistake him now, girlish, almost childish, as she was. All the dawning womanhood in her sprang up in answer to his appeal and interpreted its character. As her mother had guessed, the first feeling of the shy girl who shrank naturally from all that was new and untried, was one of almost unmingled affront and distress.

"Oh, don't speak so, Don," she implored him, turning away her frightened face, twist-

ing her hands out of his grasp. "What has put such a strange idea into your head? Oh, let us be as we have always been. I am sure we were happy enough," she finished piteously.

"No, no, not a hundredth part so happy as we shall be," protested Donald sturdily, accustomed to the nervous timidity of his companion, and not a bit discomfited by the coyness—in which, however, there was not a grain of coquetry. "At least I know that I shall be as happy as the day is long, if you will be my wife, Unah. If you refuse me I shall be the most miserable fellow on God's earth—only not for long—such grief would soon do for me; you would not be long in getting rid of me."

"Oh, Donald, Donald, how can you say such wicked things!" exclaimed Unah, ready to cry with alarm and with her own misery at the present moment.

"Well, Unah," alleged Donald, half doggedly, half with an air of candour, even of humility, "you know very well that I am not strong like other fellows."

"You are much stronger than you used to be," Unah interrupted him, with wistful, eager affection, and glancing over her shoulder at him in rueful deprecation. It was so bad for Donald to give way to apprehensions about his health. It was so bad of her to arouse such apprehensions in Donald; she had been so used from her very babyhood to sparing, sheltering, and humouring Donald—the reverse position which the two sexes usually hold towards each other.

"Perhaps," assented Donald, with recovered cheerfulness. "But it would not take very much—now would it, Unah?—to make an end of me and my re-established health, while such a disappointment would be the greatest blow I could receive. However, if you don't care for me, Unah—if you don't think you could ever care for me, of course I should not like you to let any considerations on my account prevent you from doing what you felt inclined." He did not speak sulkily or even with any soreness, for indeed so far as his knowledge went, and forewarned as he had been by Mrs. Macdonald, he did not have any reason to distrust the favourable result of his proposal. He only meant to be magnanimous. He had not the smallest suspicion that he was taking an unfair advantage of his old playmate and companion.

"But I do care for you, Don," Unah denied, weeping outright; "you know that I have cared for you all my life, very much—only not in this way, not to think of marrying

you. Oh, I don't wish to marry anybody, but to live with my father and mother all my life."

"What! be an old maid, Unah, 'a lone woman,' a single lady with a lass and a lantern; you who are so bonnie and so—so charming! I don't know the best word to sum up what you are in my eyes, you see I have not been accustomed to pay you compliments." He began to laugh at her resistance, it struck even him as being based on such very youthful and untenable grounds.

"I dare say not!" exclaimed Unah in disgust; "and I don't think, Donald, you or anybody else had any right to begin troubling me with questions about marriage,"—she stammered at the very word, and as to its forerunner love, she would have died sooner than breathe it—"not for a great while yet, not till I am much older and wiser, and able to face such a subject."

"Why, Unah, how old do you think you are?" he demanded lightly; "how old is Miss Laura Hopkins, who has already rejected half a score of suitors—as her mamma for her, if not she herself, will confide to you? How old is Lady Jean, for whose sake poor Hunter got the sack for presumption, and had to take himself out of the Country a whole year ago? How old is Flora in the kitchen, of whom you told me the last time I was here that she and Eachin Roy are to be married at the term? And I was not going to ask you to take me and make a kirk or a mill of me on the spot. Yet I must confess I might have been so bold; but your father will not hear of your having anything to say to me—I mean before him as our minister—for a year, a whole twelve months, all this winter and next spring and summer."

A year was a long time, like a lifetime, to Unah; a ray of light broke through her dismay, she looked up with an air of relief, and in the relief there suddenly came to her a bashful sense of pride in the promotion of having received her first offer. Some one thought a great deal of her—Unah, whom even her father and mother, while they loved her dearly, held as little better than a child, and whom Jenny Reach was always making game of in an indulgent way—some one wished to make her the mistress of his house and the sharer of his counsels. It was odd and comical as well as overwhelming; but when she came to consider it, it was not without its delicate flattery, notwithstanding that the somebody was only her cousin Donald. And she had a whole year to think of it, so that there was no need to distress and vex

herself—and him, by forcing herself to give him an answer all in a moment.

Donald was wise enough to content himself with breaking the ice. He got Unah to grant that she would think of what he had said, since she had not to take any decisive step for twelve months—then he let her go.

There was a considerable relapse into Unah's agony of affront and trouble when she had to face at luncheon not only Donald, but her father and mother, with regard to whom he had said that they knew the wonder that had befallen her. Poor Unah crept into the dining-room looking very silly and sheepish, as she was quite aware, and knowing herself horribly uncomfortable, having her ordinary fresh cool cheeks dyed with blushes and her eyes lowered.

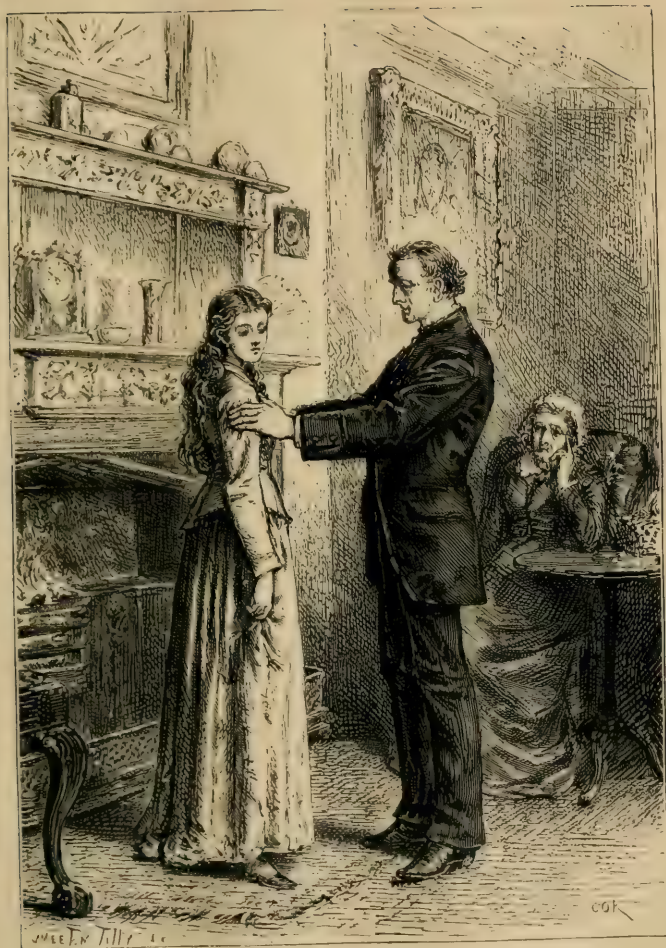
But it seemed as if everybody had conspired to spare the girl, and even to cause her to feel small in an opposite direction, by taking no notice of the great event of the morning, and looking and speaking as if nothing had occurred. Mrs. Macdonald entered into the merits and demerits of frizzles (a native term for Highland hens), and the minister talked of the varieties of Glenlivet, Campbellton, and Islay as he took his tonic of whisky and water.

After Donald left, to be sure, Unah's mother did allow herself to greet some trifling service—the bringing of a footstool or a work-basket—which her daughter rendered her, with a whispered tender reproach, half gay, half pensive, as if she were already realising—which indeed she was—that the attainment of her greatest ambition for her daughter would not be without its drawbacks to herself. "So, Unah, I am to do this for myself in time to come? My little girl is going to leave me."

"Oh, mother, I don't wish to leave you; let me stay with you and my father always," cried Unah, breaking down, and imploring urgently to be kept still in tutelage.

But Mrs. Macdonald only shook her head with the faintly smiling negative of superior wisdom. "So you all say, little woman, but you don't mean it, and it would not be well if you did. We poor fathers and mothers must make up our minds to be separated from our children with the best grace we can muster; nay, with something better than grace, submission to the Divine laws."

Unah might have contradicted her mother further, only she had not been brought up to contradict, and when Mrs. Macdonald spoke of submission to the Divine laws it sounded conclusive.



"THE BRIDE'S PASS."





Rather to Unah's surprise her father did not allude to Donald's proposal for days. But his very silence, his sympathetic shyness and reluctance to speak on the subject which was so near to them both, tended more than any speech could have done to subdue and hold in check all trembling half-formed questions.

"God bless you, child, and Donald for your sake," was Mr. Macdonald's first allusion to the marriage which was in prospect. He made it one night, holding the girl back an instant for the purpose, as she was bidding him good night. He had not doubted

Unah's consent to Donald's wishes, even though he had not under-estimated his daughter's worth in the compact; and how could Unah, who did not know her own mind, make him doubt? She shook like a leaf and averted her face, now red as a rose, now pale as a lily, at his words; she quickly withdrew herself from his light grasp, but she received his blessing for herself and Donald in silence, which was of itself consent. And the longer she remained silent, the longer she suffered the imputation to rest upon her, the more certainly the conditions of her fate were being fulfilled.

## THE ESSENTIALS OF RELIGION.

Lecture delivered in Westminster Abbey on St. Andrew's Day, 1878.

By PRINCIPAL TULLOCH, D.D.

IN former years, on this day, when the Church asks for a blessing on its missionary work, the cause of missions has been eloquently pleaded from this place by those who had the highest right, by personal knowledge and otherwise, to plead on behalf of such a cause. I could not add anything to what has been so well said on the general subject on these occasions. But I may be allowed to go behind the more obvious claims of the subject, and to consider what is virtually an answer to the question,—why the Church prays for the triumph of its missions throughout the world? The great reason of this prayer—what gives inspiration to it—is undoubtedly the belief that Christ is the one and only source of true religious life in all the world. Our prayers ascend that His way may be known on the earth, because we believe that He and no other is the Saving Health of all nations.

Other religions have, it is true, been actuated by a missionary spirit no less than Christianity, and have gathered zeal for their work of propagation from the faith that they possessed the power to regenerate and bless mankind; and no enlightened mind would deny either the honesty of this faith, or that it has rested on certain true foundations wherever it has proved a deep and wide-spreading enthusiasm. That God has never "left Himself without witness" on the earth, and that all great religions have contained more or less the seeds of Divine life, those who know most of these religions will be most prepared to admit. Still all Christians must hold that it is in the religion of Christ alone that the

world can be truly blessed; that Christ is a living power of religious good—of spiritual elevation and culture—of consolation and of discipline—such as can be found nowhere else. It is this inspiring thought which sustains all missionary enterprise and excites all missionary zeal—which glowed like a Divine fire in the hearts of men like Xavier on the one hand, and Heber on the other, or in our own day in men like McKenzie and Duff, and Livingstone and Selwyn. These men and many others bore in their bosoms an enthusiasm for humanity; they were stirred by the passion of doing good to their fellow-men; but the spring of their philanthropy was faith in a living Saviour as the Light and Life of the world. They went forth with the conviction born of their own deep experience, that from Christ and from no other source can spring that righteousness which exalteth a people; that ministry alike of law and of love which is needed to meet the weaknesses and miseries of humanity. Is this conviction, which has been the ground of the Church in all ages—the inspiration of all its ministries—the only foundation of its enduring hope that good shall yet triumph over evil, and the kingdoms of the world become the kingdom of our Lord—is this something of which we may assure ourselves in our own hearts as a living experience? Is it not rather something from which men are turning away as finding no life in it?

It is an unhappy fact that many have turned and are turning from this Divine faith. There is a strain on the old religious bonds

more general perhaps and more fatal than the Church has hitherto known. Many have left the home of their religious childhood, not knowing well whither to go, but walking no more in the light of a Divine love or the awe of a Divine fear—and many, too, apparently who love religion, who crave for its aspirations, who are devoted even with a passion of self-sacrifice to the good of their fellow-men, who would free life from the old burdens of suffering, and set it in a more glorious freedom than it has yet known. It is the deeper natures in whom the life of thought has sprung into most vigorous action who are often most moved in this way. There are others, happily, who go on as they have begun—to whom religion, as they were taught it in youth, becomes a habit, which lays fast hold on them, and guides them in an even course; and this immunity from inward disturbance is a blessing to be thankful for. A man's religion may be very real, although he has not won it by spiritual struggle. But it is certainly more than ever the case, that the religion of intellectual manhood is a religion which has to be fought for in the depths of our own spirit, and which we must verify for ourselves as a living power or possession.

When once the spirit of unrest in us has been really stirred we can only meet it by some deeper thoughtfulness. We can never merely retie the broken bonds of an old authority. We must renew them in some fresh form. We must go down to the foundations of religious life in us, and ask ourselves what they are—what do we need as religious beings, and how can our needs be satisfied?

Our present concern is not with those who deny the reality of religion, and appeal to a new code of materialistic ethics as a sufficient guide for life. We suppose an awakened religious consciousness—a heart disturbed as to its old creed, but eagerly in quest of some spiritual authority to rule it—some spiritual light to guide it. To such a heart there are many voices calling in a time like ours. Here perhaps the chief strain lies. What voice are we to accept? Where shall we find the best nurture of our spiritual nature—the highest spring of its development? In what school of thought? in what ideals? Are not the old ideals of the Church dim and impotent? and does not man need a higher and less selfish inspiration? To reject religion altogether is no new thing, but it is strange to hear religion vindicated at the expense of Christianity, and men sum-

moned with prophetic earnestness to follow a nobler rule and cherish a brighter light than those which have so long swayed and animated the Christian heart.

In the present discourse we propose to show, in relation to some prevailing modes of thought, how the life of religion is to be found in Christ as nowhere else; how this life finds its rest and satisfaction in Him and in His words as in no other power and in no other words. And in treating of this subject we turn naturally to a touching incident in the life of our Lord and His apostles, recorded in the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel. The incident marks a crisis in the career of our Lord and the spiritual history of the apostles, which bears with a living meaning on some of our present difficulties, and helps us to see where the real claims of Christianity lie as a power not only to bless, purify, and enlighten our own lives, but to bless, purify, and enlighten the world.

Our Lord had been ministering more than a year in Galilee. Multitudes had gathered around Him as a prophet and miracle-worker. They followed Him with an enthusiasm which recognised no limits to His power. They would have taken Him by force to make Him a king. But their enthusiasm was low-minded if honest. Our Lord saw vividly its spurious side, and wearied of it. They sought Him, he said, not because they had seen signs, but because they did "eat of the loaves and were filled." It was necessary, He felt, to test the spirit of all His disciples; and so, in a strain of highly figurative and striking language, He began to search their hearts. The multitude wished for material excitement. He wished to raise their thought from the material to the spiritual sphere, in which His real power lay, and making illustrative use of the great miracle of the loaves, He spoke of His relation to the Father, and of Himself as "the Bread of God which cometh down from heaven and giveth life unto the world. . . . As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth me shall live by me." His words are no doubt full of difficulty. They are full of difficulty even to us, as we read them in the light which many centuries of Christian knowledge and experience have shed on them. They were unintelligible and offensive to the lower minds around Him. "This is a hard saying," they said; "who can bear it?" . . . "And from that time many of his disciples went back and walked no more with Him." It would almost seem as if there had been hesitation amongst the



Twelve,—when our Lord, in a strain of sadness, said to them, "Will ye also go away?" From the mouth of St. Peter—always warm-hearted and impulsive—came the answer, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of Eternal Life. And we believe and are sure that thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God" (that thou art the Holy One of God).\*

In such a moment it was only some vital bonds that could hold the apostles to our Lord. It was no commonplace or conventional answer that could meet His searching and pathetic question. The friendly associations in which they had hitherto lived with Him, the strong impressions of His miraculous power which they had recently received—these were not without their influence; but they would have proved unequal to such an emergency. The words of St. Peter, rising at once from his heart to his lips, go down to a still deeper vein of attachment. They come from an immediate experience touching the springs of all spiritual life. St. Peter felt that there was no good in him or near him save Christ—the consciousness which he had of Christ's Divine Personality and the revelation of eternal life in His words.

In these two great facts or forces are summed up, as we believe, the essence of all living religion.

1st. Conscious relation to a Divine Personality.

2nd. The revelation of Eternal Life.

I. It is of the essence of all religious life that it root itself in a Divine Personality. This is the teaching of Christianity. It is, we are assured, the teaching of all the highest experience. Of our Lord's attitude on this point there is never any doubt. His appeal is always to Himself and the claims of His person. "Will ye also go away?" Will ye leave me as others have done? It is not with Him a question of opinion or, as we say, of doctrine. The alternative He puts is not, choose my opinions or choose those of others—the Sadducees or Pharisees. The atmosphere of the schools nowhere pervades the Gospels—not even the atmosphere of the Church. It is not—this is orthodox, that is heterodox; before all things it is necessary to hold this or that doctrine. This may or may not be a rightful attitude; it is not the attitude of Christ. With Him the personal claim is always first. Believe *me*. Choose *me* or choose the world. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Come unto me all ye that

labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me." It is His person always, and not His doctrine, that He puts forward; and even when He puts forward the latter, it is by His personal authority still more than by its reasonableness or intrinsic excellence that He recommends it.

This assertion of personal authority is one of the most marked characteristics of Christ as a religious teacher. "I am the way, the truth, and the life." "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." "I am the door, through me if any man enter in he shall be saved." In other words, "all religious life and peace and strength have their root in me." And when we reflect on the meaning of such a claim as this we can understand how the Jews, who disbelieved in Christ, sought to put him to death as a blasphemer. "Is not this Jesus, the son of Joseph, whose father and mother we know? how is it then that He speaketh in this voice: 'I came down from Heaven'; 'I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger, and he that believeth in me shall never thirst'?"

But it is just this personal influence which, more than any other, is the chief power of the religious life. We are moved by character as we are moved by nothing else. It is at once the most intelligible and the most efficient of all forces. Opinions have their weight, and every rational and enlightened man will strive to have sound and clear opinions. Some men seem mainly moved through the intellect, and claim restlessly to reach in all things the "dry light" of science. But such a quest implies qualities of mind which are far from common. Even the highest minds can have no certainty of reaching religious truth, into the search for which there always enter elements which are not of the intellect so much as of the heart. Absolute truth of opinion in religion, no less than in other things, is hard to find. It is the possible quest of only a few. Men may be deflected from it at any turn, and lose it hopelessly, or grope blindly after it in darkness or prejudice for which they are not responsible.

It is this which makes the essential weakness of all schemes of traditionalism which identify Christianity with an exclusive set of doctrines. Christianity is always more than any set of doctrines, and Christ more than any traditions of the Churches. His Divine Personality moves freely in the human heart, and is not to be confined by human definitions. It reaches the heart through many channels; it

\* This is the more correct reading. (See Alford, and others.)

touches its springs by many ways. It is a life within our life, which moves us by its own power and transforms us to its own likeness. No system of opinions can move us in this manner, or reach the roots of all thought and life within us.

It is the same defect which marks our modern substitutes for Christianity. The Gospel of Science and the Gospel of Culture alike work merely on one side of human nature—and this the side most removed from conduct. Men generally cannot be brought under the influence of the one or the other; not merely because they are ignorant and on a lower level than they ought to be, but because the motive power of human life does not reach them through the intellect or the taste. Enlarge the intellect as we may and refine the taste as we can—the true man or woman lies beneath both. The higher life may be dead while the one is enlightened and the other disciplined. In other words, men and women are not made good by any mere increase of knowledge, or love of the beautiful. I do not say that they are not improved by both. I do not deny that these things are good in themselves, and the means of widely diffusing good. What I say is that you do not necessarily move man in the depths of his spirit—in those sacred sources whence are the issues of life—by any such knowledge or culture. The higher life does not spring from them. It may be helped by them. They may add to its strength or the fineness of its temper, but they do not quicken it. They do not give it.

But let the personal life in us be brought in contact with a higher personal Life—let the force of a true or noble character be made to tell upon us, and the springs of conduct will be at once touched. Place even a noble human being among others, and how powerfully does the influence of such a personality work for good all round! And for this reason, that such an influence is instinctively felt and appreciated. It is intelligible all round. Even when it may fail of effect it is yet felt and understood. It requires no key of special knowledge to unlock the secrecies of such an influence. It is diffusive by its own nature. It quickens the sympathies, stimulates the conscience, moves the will. It steals into hearts and moulds them they cannot tell how. It breathes life from its very being, and under its quickening touch a responsive life is everywhere awakened.

It is such a Power as this in a supreme

degree that Christ is, and has ever been, to all who receive Him. St. Peter is merely the spokesman of all Christian hearts. "Lord, to whom shall we go? We believe and are sure that thou art the Holy One of God." It is not merely that there is in the life of Christ, as in that of any noble or good man, something elevating, something drawing us nearer to God—there is all that, but there is at the same time something far more. Behind all the beauty and tenderness and helpfulness of His human character there is a depth of Divine Personality, a strength of Divine holiness, which search the heart and purify the conscience, and liberate the springs of action towards the Divine. The divine in us is called forth by the Divine in Him. The good in us, choked and struggling, is set free. The Higher Life takes hold of it and warms its feeble flame till it glow brightly. Only let the power of Christ's Divine Personality touch us and we are quickened to newness of life, and the strength of the Divine goes forth in us answering to the Divine charm in Him; and we put on the Lord Jesus and find all our activities perfected in Him.

Christ is no mere pattern character set beside ours for imitation. This would be an utterly inadequate and indeed very hopeless view, for the very brightness of the pattern would cast into deeper shadow our own poor maimed and broken lives. But the Divine life in Him encloses ours, takes it up in its feebleness, inspires it with strength, and re-creates it in the Divine image. It is not merely that the light of moral beauty shines forth in Christ and touches us—that we are moved as we look upon Him to admire His spiritual loveliness, and put on the garment of His Divine sanctity; but it is that He is of God "made unto us wisdom and righteousness," and that "with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord." Think what it is for poor struggling creatures such as we are to have this consciousness of a higher Divine Personality enclosing our own—an abiding Reality of holy Will not merely attracting our wills, but moving them from within—at once a light above us and a strength within us—transforming us, however faintly, to its own lustre and purity!

It was this living power coming from the Person of Christ which renewed the old world of Heathenism and Judaism, fast perishing in their rottenness. It was this which smote the heart of St. Paul with

irresistible insight and force on the way to Damascus, and which moved as with a consuming fire of love and duty the early saints and martyrs. Then as now there were philosophers and schools of thought in plenty. There were teachers of science and advocates of art and culture. There were men of tradition and men of ideas; Pharisees on one side and Gnostics on the other. An early Christian teacher tells us how he had consulted "Stoics and Peripatetics, and Pythagoreans and Platonists," and sought truth in their several schools, and failed to find it, till the gates of light were opened upon him in the revelation of Jesus Christ, and a fire was kindled in his soul responsive to the Divine Personality that looked out upon him from the Gospels. Even so the Twelve felt when the thought of leaving Christ was suggested to them. They had sought what good they could get in the synagogues. Sadducees and Pharisees had preached to them. But "Never man spake like this man!" Eternal life came near to them in His words, and Himself as an abiding, sustaining Presence was greater than even His words: "We believe and are sure that thou art the Holy One of God!" His was and is a power of love and holiness with which nothing can compare—a power reaching at once to the depths of man's moral necessities, and to the loftiest heights of his moral aspiration.

There cannot, we feel assured, be any substitute for this Divine Power—this Reality of living and holy will enclosing our wills and raising them in some measure to its own level. In the schools of Science we may advance our thought and rid ourselves of superstition. In the schools of Art we may cultivate our taste, and get quit of our narrowness and prejudice. We may gratify our quest for truth and order in both, and grasp with a true touch certain realities of the world around us and in us—a quality of lower insight in which religious people are sometimes greatly deficient. We may go beyond any mere disciples of science and culture, and make for ourselves—woven of our highest dreams—an ideal of righteousness before which we bow—after which we aim. "Moral idealism" has been set forth in the advanced schools of Holland, and at home, as the last form of religion—that which remains when Christianity has been purged of its superstition. Instead of the living Christ there is held before us a self-creation of our own moral aspirations—a generalization of our best thoughts as the

crowning idea of religion. But however enthusiastic a man may be, he will hardly be moved by an idea without some answering reality—an idea the essence of which is that it has no reality—no objective. An idealism which has living root, which speaks of a beauty or excellence beyond itself, is a noble inspiration; but that which from first to last is confessedly a dream, however fair, can have no inspiring or energetic effect. The power of movement—the life of character—can only come from a real, a living type, which has impressed its own image on the soul. As one has said whose service to spiritual philosophy has been second to none in our time, "When I am awed and subdued before the grace and grandeur of a moral superior, it is not because he suggests but because he realises a higher conception of excellence. It is as a living agent, as a personal embodiment of righteousness, that He wields authority over my conscience. Take away this element, tear the picture out of the volume of true history, and cast it to the transient wings of imagination and all is immediately changed. I may still admire; but of my compunction I am relieved; the strength of resolution is relaxed; the 'lifting power' of a devout enthusiasm is gone."\* My culture may be advanced, but my life is not transformed; my thought may be purified, but my soul remains dead.

II. But there is a second aspect of our subject to which we must briefly advert. The life of religion rests not merely in a living Power of Righteousness, but in the assurance of communication with this Power. Divine Personality cannot be conceived abiding alone and in silence. Character is only known by speech, while language again unfolds character. If there is a Living Power of Righteousness moving the world, and not a mere blind Force issuing endlessly into space—it must in its very nature make itself known to man. And so the Word of God grows out of the very conception of a living God; and the idea of Revelation clings to the idea of a Divine Word. The one implies the other. The life flows forth in light.† All these ideas on the Christian side are essentially co-related—God, Christ the Divine Word, Revelation; just as on the negative side they all consistently vanish away. With no Mind behind the curtain of the world and the transitory phases of human consciousness, all is darkness beyond.

\* Dr. Ma tineaue's "Ideal, substituted for God," p. 2. 1898.

† "In Him was Life, and the Life was the light of man."—John i. 4.



No light can travel from a sphere which does not exist. But if there is a Divine sphere, if there is an eternal life underlying, upholding, animating all the spiritual consciousness or life that moves in you and me, it cannot but reach us in Him who is its highest manifestation. His words will be words of eternal life. So the apostles felt, and so does every humble and receptive soul feel to this day—"Thou hast the words of eternal life."

The words of Christ remain the most perfect expression of that higher world of being out of which He came. It is this higher world—the Eternal—after which every religious soul craves. We cannot rest short of this, and we never feel so near it, we never get such real glimpses of it, as in converse with Christ, or in the quiet reading of His wonderful words—so divine in their very simplicity. They bring us close to God and a life which is as His life transcending the present—and abiding evermore. It is not merely that Christ delivered the doctrine of an eternal life, brought life and immortality to light. This He did—but the idea of immortality might have been learned elsewhere. The Pharisees taught it in opposition to the stricter Mosaic tradition of the Sadducees. But all that Christ said—nay, all that He was—was the revelation of eternal life; and all who enter within the spiritual charm of his speech feel themselves in contact with the Eternal.

No argument can make good an experience of this kind. It is not of the nature of argument to give a new experience; but the words of Christ are still as ever instinct with eternal life, and we can reach it through them as through nothing else. They speak straight to the heart of a Divine Father and of a house of God eternal in the heavens. In and through them we touch the reality of a Divine order as we never touch it anywhere else. We feel the outflow of the eternal life bathing our souls and suffusing them with its own deep serenity. How do they lift our souls towards the heavenly light in our moments of darkness! How do they meet our highest aspirations and give wings to them! How do they raise us out of the life of finite selfishness, so natural to all of us, and plant us

straight in the Divine! How poor and cold and empty of Divine meaning in comparison are all other words!

And so may we not truly say that these words are more than any other the life of the Church, and the message which it bears to a darkened and sinful world. I do not wish to disparage systems of Church doctrine or the words of any master in theology. They have their value. Still less do I wish to minimise the sum of Christian truth, and lead back the Christian world to a primitive or Ebionitic stage of thought. I would only emphasize what all will acknowledge, that the Christianity of Christ is the highest Christianity, that there is no Gospel can be so living and enduring as His words of eternal life. As the great historian of Latin Christianity has said, "The words of Christ, and His words alone, are the primal, indefeasible truths of Christianity, and shall not pass away."\* The Church has not yet exhausted the meaning of these words, nor has all their life reached the heart of the world. Here, if anywhere, are the power of God and the wisdom of God for the world's salvation. Here more than anywhere must be the weapons in the hand of the Christian missionary; mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds and the lifting of the burdened human heart to pardon and peace. It is the living Christ, the Holy One of God, rather than any doctrines about Him—it is His own words of eternal life, rather than any Church paraphrase of them, that the missionary will find as life from the dead to the heathen world everywhere. It is the seed of the Divine Word alone that will take root downward and spring upward and spread as trees of righteousness, making the solitary place glad and the wilderness to rejoice and blossom as the rose. Living Churches will grow from this seed as from no other planting or teaching. And while our prayers ascend this day for a blessing on all mission work, may we also pray that this work may be done in the divine simplicity of Christ, and be powerful—as alone it can be powerful—in Him and His words of eternal life.

\* "Hist. of Latin Christianity," vol. vi. p. 633. The arrangement of Dean Milman's words are slightly altered in the text.



## YOUNG MRS. JARDINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

## CHAPTER III.

"Who ever wooed  
As in his boyish hope he would have done?"

AND what man ever found the woman among women, in whom he fondly sees his bride to be, his ever new

that he had known it last night, and could have watched, Romeo-like, under the window of his sweet, unconscious Juliet!), and, entering the house like a whirlwind, fling himself at the dear lady's feet, proclaiming himself her unknown cousin, imploring her to take all Miss Jardine's money—and his too—if only she would give him her priceless treasure, her daughter Silence!

That she was a priceless treasure, this gentle Swiss girl, he never doubted, though it was only twenty-four hours—no, less, sixteen—since he had first seen her face. But the Reyniers loved her; and the Reyniers were most estimable people, and must know. In fact, having already made up his mind, it was easy to argue from foregone conclusions. And besides, the whole affair looked so like fatality—the fatality which secretly follows us all our lives, only some of us see it, and some do not.

When the lazy sun began to rise, and show his glorious face over the peaks of the Jung Frau, precisely as yesterday—ah, what strange things had happened since yesterday! so that in his life it was no longer dawn, but full day—Roderick felt as if he had come hither, not of his own will, but under the guidance of dear dead hands, his father's and another's; helpless once, but so strong and helpful now. Knowing what he did know, and guessing what never could be known in this world, he yet felt sure that if there was one person more than another whom his father would have preferred him to marry, it would be a Silence Jardine.

But he must be very cautious. That they were poor, the Reyniers had told him, though the fact had scarcely entered his mind—he knew so little about poverty and cared so little about riches. They might be proud; if so, perhaps it would be as well not to let them know he was wealthy. Some vague idea struck him of acting the Lord of Burleigh over again; but Silence had no need to grow "a noble lady,"—she was that already. Not a girl in Richerden was fit to tie her shoes. Even his mother and sisters—but there was a certain loyalty in the young man, which made him revolt from judging these as he judged other Richerden folk. They were his own—he loved them. But

delight," exactly when and where he had expected to find her?

This girl, Silence Jardine—Roderick smiled over the Gallicised version of the old family name; and yet how pretty it sounded—that she was meant for him; that she would one day be his wife, if by any human power or patience such a joy were possible, he never once doubted. All his life he had been accustomed to get every good thing he wanted. Why not this? Besides, he felt so strong; so capable of winning anything, everything. That one hour of passionate pacing up and down under the stars seemed to have made a man of him; like the solitary vigil which the young esquires of old were left to spend, previous to being dubbed knights. When he awoke, quite early, long before daybreak, he was no longer a dreamy boy, but a belted knight ready to go out and fight, with his lady's token on his helm and his lady's love in his heart. And yet, only twenty hours ago, his life had been so aimless that at breakfast he had actually tossed up a half-penny to decide whether or not he should go direct home to Richerden!

Now, what was to be done?

Not, certainly, what impulse prompted, to find out Madame Jardine's address (would

she, the new-found, all-perfect, "inexpressive she!"

"The stars shall fall and the saints be weeping  
Ere I cease to love her, my queen—my queen!"

He kept humming the song to himself in a passionate undertone all the way to M. Reynier's, whither he had determined to go and explain what Mr. Black, in the feeble French of his letter of introduction, had left wholly unexplained, the why and wherefore of young Mr. Jardine's visit to Switzerland.

How he got through that explanation, as he sat face to face with the kind old professor, in dressing-gown and slippers, Roderick never could tell. Nor what M. Reynier thought of it, though he veiled his opinion in most sympathetic politeness, and gave at once the address which the young man asked, or believed he had asked, in the most business-like and indifferent manner possible.

"Certainly, certainly, yes; and my wife and daughters shall call at once to congratulate the dear ladies on their good fortune in being discovered by so excellent a relative. Stay, perhaps monsieur would like Madame Reynier to go in advance and break to them the good tidings? It might startle them, and Madame Jardine is in very delicate health, and they are very poor, monsieur knows?"

Yes, he knew it; but he did not take it in—no more than the young queen who, hearing her subjects lacked bread, suggested their eating cake.

"I think, Monsieur Reynier," he said, with modest hesitation, "I should like to tell them myself. It is a family matter, and they would not feel my visit a liberty. They are my cousins, you see. If," with a sudden idea that almost made him smile—"if you would kindly vouch for me that I am—well, respectable, in short."

"Even if monsieur did not carry his letter of recommendation in his face, Mr. Black's guarantee would have been quite sufficient," answered the professor, with grave politeness.

Another time, Roderick would have laughed to think what his mother would have thought of her son's owing his sole credentials of character to Mr. Black the factor! but now he was in too great haste to linger an instant more than courtesy demanded; and it seemed hours, rather than minutes, before, armed with M. Reynier's *petit billet*, he found himself mounting the long stair (so like a Scotch one, only clean, scrupulously clean), *étage* after *étage*. Madame Jardine lived *au qua-*

*trième*, almost up to the roof of the tall house.

"Are they so very poor?" he thought with a sharp pang, followed by a wild delight. To come as the *Deus ex machina*—the good genius—the protecting angel—how delicious! Ay, even though it were actual want he was about to find.

But no such discovery presented itself to the eyes of the young man, delicate in his tastes, quick, morbidly quick, to detect and revolt from anything coarse or squalid. A little Swiss damsel, in sabots, opened the door of the *appartement* and showed him into a salon—very foreign certainly; his mother would have been shocked at the almost carpetless floor and curtainless windows; but exquisitely neat, harmonious in colour, refined in arrangement. The glaring grandeur, the heavy splendour, of those familiar Richerden drawing-rooms, were altogether absent; but there was a soft subdued light, a faint odour of flowers, some aromatic late autumn flowers, which lapped his senses in a strange bewildering pleasure. He sat down, wondering if he were dreaming, and whether he should not shortly wake and find himself back in Richerden, looking out into the muggy streets, the dreary park, glad to escape from himself, and from that luxurious habitation which was called "home."

And when she entered—not madame, but mademoiselle—he felt more than ever as if the whole thing were a vision of the night. She entered with a soft, silent grace, which made her Puritanic name seem the most appropriate possible, and standing still in the door-way, bowed to him in the distant foreign way. But she spoke in English—her sweet, slow, precise English, very correct in accent, though the sentences were sometimes arranged French fashion, and the "monsieur," translated into "sir," frequently appeared therein, in a funny un-English way.

"Mamma has sent me, sir, to present her regrets that she cannot see you." (He had announced himself merely as a friend of M. Reynier's.) "But she is a little more suffering than usual to-day, and she has not risen. Will you say to me that which you desired to say to her?"

"I know—I feel—it is I who ought to apologize," stammered Roderick, feeling it absolutely impossible to face those great, blue, innocent, ignorant eyes. "But I came on business—business which could not be delayed."

The young girl visibly shrunk. "Oh,



I hope—I hope it is no more sorrow; mamma has suffered so much.”

“Indeed, no; quite the contrary, I trust. May I be permitted to explain?”

But he could not explain. His tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth. All his self-possession, his good common-sense, even his good manners, seemed to have fled from him. He felt like a boor, an actual boor, in the presence of this young creature, whom he had so suddenly elected, or believed Fate had elected for him, as the angel of his life, the mistress of his heart, the queen and ruler of his destiny. So foolish, so romantic are some men, even in this matter-of-fact nineteenth century! O women—queens that might be—think, are you all found worthy to wear your crown?

“I am afraid—I— Pardon, but if mademoiselle would condescend to take these to madame her mother,” said he hurriedly, falling back into French, as if its formal phrases of politeness made a barrier against himself and his irrepressible agitation.

She received the letter and card without looking at him or at them; he felt a slight pang in noticing that though evidently recognising him, she showed not the slightest curiosity even to learn his name—and vanished from the salon.

“Vanished” was the most appropriate word for her. Some women—Roderick had known several at home—enter a room with a bounce and quit it with a bang; this girl stole into it like sunshine or any other blessed, silent thing, and departing, left darkness behind her. Or so the young man thought, the hapless or happy fellow to whom had come the first sunburst of that mysterious instinct called Love.

An instinct, which though not excluding reason, sometimes transcends it in a very remarkable way. For, had you asked, he could hardly have told you why this face had so charmed him. Now that he saw it in full daylight, he recognised that it was not really beautiful: in truth, he had often seen much handsomer women. Nay, by the odd contrast which Nature often amuses herself with, had he looked into the mirror opposite he would have seen features far more artistically “correct;” a finer figure and altogether a much more *distingué* specimen of humanity. But he did not look: he never thought about himself at all, only of her. He felt as if he never should think, except of her, to the end of his days.

Could his mother, who believed no woman alive too good, for her boy—perhaps not good

enough—could Mrs. Jardine have seen him sitting humbly there in a paltry Swiss parlour, all the contents of which might be valued at a few pounds, watching, counting each minute till the door should open to admit—what? a poor little Swiss girl, a mere music-teacher, neither grand nor stylish, whose dress—nay, whose whole wardrobe—could scarcely have cost the sum that the Richerden damsels were in the habit of paying for a pocket-handkerchief or a muff! Nay, who was not even a pretty girl, except for her eyes; since the wonderful expression which spiritualised her whole face into beauty, and which in the most perfect degree had been caught by Roderick when he first saw her gazing at the Jungfrau, was not likely to be detected by the lady who might one day be—oh, startling thought, had either known it!—her mother-in-law.

The link between them, the young man who already contemplated welding together such an union of opposites, sat for fully half an hour, forlorn as a sparrow on a house-top, and very near the house-top too, before any sign reached him that *his* possible mother-in-law—the sweet Swiss lady whom he felt he loved already, she was so like her daughter in some things—had recognised his existence or his eagerly claimed cousinship. At last the door opened.

Roderick sprang forward, then drew back painfully embarrassed. But Silence advanced with that gentle composure which nothing ever seemed to disturb, and with only the faintest added colour in her cheek, as, English fashion, she extended her little, soft, thoroughly English-looking hand.

“Monsieur my cousin, mamma bids me welcome you to our country, and to say that she will receive you at six this evening, if you will do her the honour to come.”

“Mademoiselle ma cousine, the honour is entirely on my side. I shall be only too delighted.”

And then he paused, half expecting she would say something more, or at least ask him to be seated; but she did not. Evidently it was not the custom of Swiss young ladies to hold morning interviews with young gentlemen in the absence of their mothers. He, accustomed to have young ladies more than civil to him, absolutely “running after” him, so far as he would let them do it; lively young ladies who danced and joked, flirted, and talked slang, meaning no harm certainly, but persisting in making themselves “jolly companions every one” to the opposite sex, he was struck into more than admiration,

reverence, for this gentle, reticent, womanly woman, who held herself aloof from all men, except in mere courtesy, until there should come the man to whom she could unlock her inmost soul. He fancied her sailing along, moon-like, in her calm, blue sky of maidenly life till—till she reached Latmos. And then, oh, the dream of the stretched-out longing arms, of the passion of meeting hearts, each as pure as the other, in a love old as the heavens and young as the ever-renewed earth.

He started—and truly he had need to start, this self-made Endymion, this very foolish shepherd—and remembered that he was a modern English gentleman paying a morning call, and that he must immediately take up his hat and go. The more so, as in spite of herself his young "cousin"—how he clung to the word and the tie—was, he could perceive, a good deal agitated. Her colour changed, her little fingers fluttered over her dress; yes, it was a grey dress, of the sort called Carmelite, for he recollected once admiring the same on some lady visitor, and his sister Bella had laughed at him, saying it only cost a shilling a yard, and was just "fit for table-maids." But upon *her*, with its soft folds and tender, dove-like tint, he could have knelt down and kissed its very hem!

"Mademoiselle—Miss Jardine."

She lifted up her eyes, smiling. "Yes, I am that by right, and I like to be called so. "Miss" reminds me that I belong a little to father's country."

"Then you are satisfied—your mother too is quite satisfied, that I am really your cousin?" cried Roderick eagerly.

"Not my cousin-german of course," she answered, again drawing back a little, "but my cousin much removed—how do you say it in English?—*très-éloigné*. That is, they had the same great-grand-parents—these three who were educated together, Mr. Henry Jardine, who was the father of monsieur, my father, and the lady I was named after, Cousin Silence."

"Then you too have heard of Cousin Silence?" cried Roderick, feeling every minute the mysterious chains more tightly drawn round him.

"Certainly; my father loved her very much once—always, I think—though it was years since he had written to her. Did you know her? Is she living yet?"

Then M. Reynier's note, which he had not seen, had explained nothing of the money affairs. Roderick felt glad. His welcome here was simply as "Monsieur mon cousin," nothing more.

"She is not living, but it is scarcely two months since she died."

"Ah, then I shall never see her, and I should have liked it so! Sometimes papa promised when I was older to take me to see his land, and Blackhall, and Miss Silence Jardine. Did you ever see her, sir?"

"Once—only once; the day my father died. I will tell you about it another time."

By a sudden instinct she seemed to catch his change of look, of tone. "Monsieur is very good," she said gently, and questioned no more.

There was indeed no more to say, no possible excuse for him to remain; yet he lingered. Shy as a school-boy, he felt as if he could not get out of the room.

"This evening at six, then," said Mademoiselle Jardine, with gentle dismissal, not again offering her hand, but merely bowing, as Roderick walked—he felt very much as if he were crawling—out of the salon.

And yet it was a glorious humility, a noble shame, a sensation more delicious than anything he had believed the world could offer. The world, so empty to him of sympathy, of love, that is, the up-looking love, since his dear father died. He almost felt as if his father knew it all; the reflex of what perhaps he too had known in his youth, the "love's young dream," which never comes twice. Happy those to whom it comes truly as love, and neither as passion or folly; who can say to themselves, as Roderick did during the weary hours between twelve and six, "Now, what shall I do for *her*? What would she like me to do? Something, I am sure, that would be good and right."

And with this intent, and perhaps another behind it, he sat down and did, what he had forgotten to do day after day, ever since he reached Neuchâtel,—he wrote a long letter home, to his mother. A very affectionate, amusing, clever letter, just what he knew would please her, and which, as he also knew, she would show to every near and dear friend she had. Consequently, it was not exactly confidential; indeed, Roderick was not in the habit of writing confidential letters to anybody; but it was quite honest, so far as it went; gave a glowing description of the Alps at Berne, and an amusing one of the soirée at Professor Reynier's; painted graphically the quaint little town of Neuchâtel, where he said he intended to stay a few days longer, and ended by stating briefly how he had found, among M. Reynier's guests, the object

of his search; at least, all that were left to find, Archibald Jardine's widow and only surviving child. Whether the "child" was old or young, boy or girl, he omitted to particularize—a degree of reserve which surpassed even the ordinary reticence of Mr. Roderick Jardine.

Poor mother! she was rather to be pitied, if she had known all. And yet, seeing it is from the first the parents who make the children, and not the children the parents, perhaps mothers who need pity for not receiving the full confidence of their sons, have in some way or other earned what they get. Alas! it is both a sad and awe-striking thought, that many a poor "black sheep" may have been dyed that ominous colour by the authors of his being, both after his birth and before it.

Poor dear woman!—paying sedulously her rapid, useless morning calls, doing her endless shopping, dining out, or arranging dinner parties at home, occupations which filled up the sum total of Mrs. Jardine's existence, and which she expected her family to conform to, as the old generation so constantly expects the new to grow up exactly after its own pattern—little she guessed that this untoward new generation had already taken its lot into its own hands. Little she knew, on receiving her welcome letter, that the instant her son finished it, he plunged into a world of dreamy delight, in which she had no part, wherein almost her existence was temporarily forgotten. Yet so it was; so it must inevitably be. Happy those parents who are wise enough to accept the inevitable—accept and forgive. Happier still those who are able even to sympathize: "I also have been in Arcadia."

How far the muggy atmosphere and swimming streets of Neuchâtel now resembled Arcadia, is doubtful; yet, when Roderick went out to post his letter, he seemed to walk on air. Every corner of the quaint old town looked picturesque; every passer-by interesting. For he had a vague hope—half fear too—that under some umbrella he might find the grey gown, black felt hat, and blue eyes.

Just on the faintest chance of this, he went round by the shore of the lake, where a sudden wild wind had caused the waves to rise and roll in, almost like a sea tide, greatly to the distress of the poor Neuchâtelerois. Various movables had been carried away, and a large market barrow was now tossing up and down upon actual breakers—while its luckless owner stood wringing her

hands, and two or three men were wading in, vainly trying to catch it with ropes.

Roderick went to help them; he never could forbear rushing to the rescue, in any case where his youthful strength was available. Presently he succeeded in saving the cart, and in wetting himself to the skin; which he hardly felt, for in wading ashore, the first sight he saw, fixed upon him, was those two earnest blue eyes!

She stood among the little crowd, her umbrella in one hand, a roll of music in the other; behind her the little white-capped *bonne* stood, full of sympathy—as indeed everybody was—first, with the owner of the cart, and then with its salvors. She recognised him at once.

"Oh, how good is monsieur!" she exclaimed warmly in French. "See, madame," turning to the poor market-woman—"your cart is safe, absolutely uninjured. How kind, how brave it was of these men, and of this English monsieur!"

And then monsieur, half-deafened by the storm of thanks and applause from these warm Swiss hearts, was glad to beat a retreat, and find himself, he knew not how, walking along by the side of Mademoiselle Jardine, and talking, still in French, about how it all happened.

"I have never seen the lake rise so," she said. "All the town has been down here, watching the waves, which are higher, they say, than has been seen for twenty years—never since the year I was born."

She was twenty then; he had thought her younger.

"Mamma happened to be at Neuchâtel, and remembers it well—that day—she had me in her arms, a little baby, and if papa had not held her fast, the waves and the wind would have swept us away, both of us. How strange it seems!"

"Very strange; but life is very strange!" said the young man, as he drank in, full of dreamy delight, the soft tones, the sudden sweet up-lifting of those lovely eyes. They rested on his soaked clothes.

"Monsieur ought to go at once to his hotel!" she said, with a pretty decision. "Pardon; but I am so accustomed to look after people—to take care of them. I always have to take care of mamma, you know. She has been an invalid so long, with her chest. I think it is that which has given me a morbid terror of damp and wet."

"Yet you are out in all this rain, *ma cousine*?" intentionally changing the word from "mademoiselle," and seeing with delight



that, though she took no notice, she half smiled, as if not displeased.

"Oh, I? That is quite a different thing. I am strong; nothing ever harms me. Besides, it is unavoidable. I give lessons; I must go out, you know."

That gentle, firm "il faut," to one who had never known an unpleasant "must" in his life—how it went to the young man's heart!

"Is it very hard work, this teaching?" said he, trying to hide the inexpressible tenderness that was already trembling in his voice.

"Oh no, not at all hard; quite pleasant, sometimes!" she replied cheerfully. "But monsieur must really go to his hotel at once. *Au revoir*, till six!"

And with a brief, sweet remorselessness, she bowed and passed on, picking her way through the water-channels and the mud, and never once looking behind. If she had!

But no. Roderick felt certain she had no more idea of what he was feeling than the moon has of those who stand and gaze at her, so entirely serene and composed was her bearing, so free from the slightest self-consciousness, or consciousness of him either, such as he had seen in some girls, who changed their manner on the instant any man addressed them. Now, this young Swiss girl seemed sufficient to herself and independent of every man alive.

It was not flattering exactly, in the mean way by which some young men like to be flattered; yet, as Roderick turned into his hotel, mechanically obeying her, and taking pleasure in doing so, he felt more and more that she was the one woman in the world whom he could love—nay, worship—whether she ever thought of him or not; and owning this he sighed. Already he had ceased to be satisfied with the "moon-struck madness" of abstract admiration, already had come the desire of possession, of having the beloved treasure all to himself, of hiding it close in his bosom, "lest his jewel he should tine." Fast as his love had grown, like Jack's bean-stalk, all in a night, it had already reached this height.

Another point it had reached also. To think of her—her whom he would have shielded from every harsh blast, and made life to her an actual bed of roses—walking through the soaking streets, giving horrible music lessons! It was to him positive agony. Was she so poor? And he, laden with that heap of useless riches!

This evening, with an involuntary and

quite inexplicable feeling, he did not seek for his diamond studs or any other resplendency of his always careful toilette, but dressed himself as simply as possible. He felt as if he could have gone in sackcloth and ashes, if by any means it could have advantaged her.

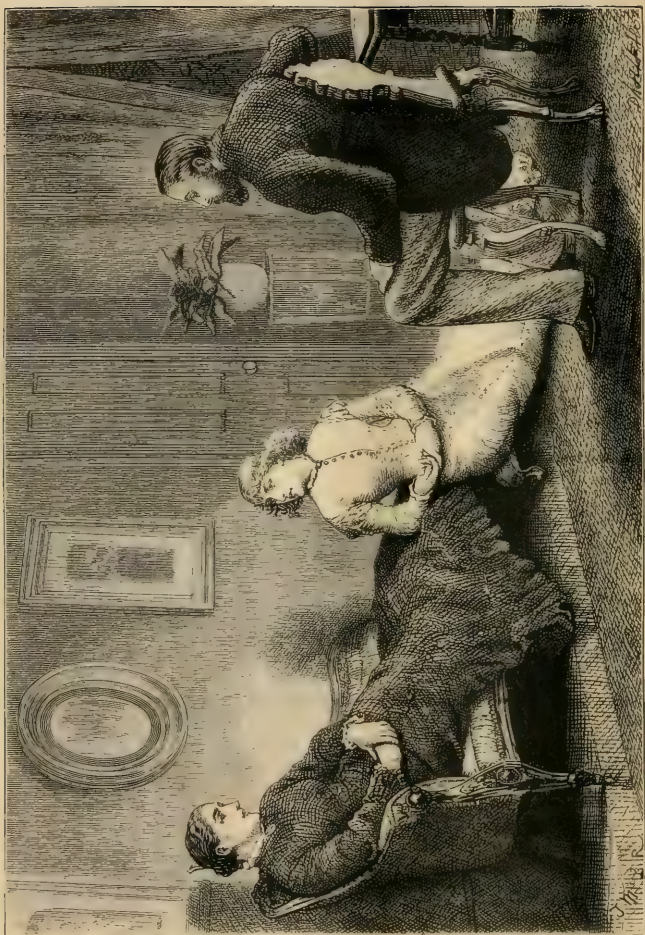
Again he climbed, but impetuously, joyously, as if it were the high-road to heaven, the long stair which led to Madame Jardine's door, and found that what he had hoped would be a party *à trois* was added to by the pleasant faces of M. Reynier and his daughters, and one or two other guests—not pleasant, however, to his eyes at all. Nevertheless, he made the best of it. Most young men would have delightedly acted *cavalier seul* to such a charming cluster of girls; but Roderick would a thousand times rather have sat beside this one girl and watched her pour out the tea and distribute the various condiments which seemed to compose this innocent evening meal, after the custom of the Neuchâtel folk.

How charming it was, and how charming they were! Had he had his full perceptions in use, and even with the proportion he had available, allowing for the unfortunate peculiarity of having always to listen for what *she* was saying, and watch what *she* was doing, the young man could not have failed to discover the extreme intelligence, mingled with extreme simplicity, of this little society, where all were poor (or what his mother would have thought poor), but all refined and cultivated. Never, even in his Cambridge life, had he heard better "conversation," that rare, delightful art or science—which is it?—which only well-bred and well-educated people can attain to, than he now heard round this simple board, in a far-away Swiss town, and in a widow's household too, where, so far as he could see, there was not a trace of wealth or luxury.

All the talk was in French, of course, but now and then "Miss" Jardine addressed him in English, to which he eagerly responded, as to a sweet secret felicity in which the rest did not share. And how he thanked the benign fate which dragged away the masculine element in the party to some lecture—half Neuchâtel seemed composed of *professeurs* or *écoliers*—and compelled an early breaking-up.

"But Monsieur Jardine, who is not at college, need not depart," said madame courteously. "Will he not stay and tell us a little of his beautiful Scotland, which my husband loved so, and sometimes thought to





"YOUNG MRS. JARDINE."



see once more, but he died without seeing it? Come and sit by me, *chérie*, and listen. She loves her father's land almost as if she had seen it, does my daughter Silence."

Afterwards, how like a dream seemed that first evening, that first talk, almost a family talk, in the dim light of the shaded lamp, with the wind howling outside round the roof of the lofty house, and inside peace, all peace. What a picture it made! the invalid mother half-sitting, half-lying on her sofa, and her daughter on a stool at her feet, Desdemona-like, listening, all eyes and ears, as this new Othello told them, not of his wars, labours, and sufferings, for he had none to tell, but of Scotland and of Blackhall, the little that he knew—how he wished it had been more! Lastly, of the only time he had seen Cousin Silence, when she came to his father's death-bed; and of that beloved father, whom he scarcely ever mentioned to strangers, but with these it was a feeling altogether different.

Mother and daughter, so sweet, so united, so simple, so good. "How I wish," he exclaimed once, "that my father had known you, or that you had known my father!"

And then Madame Jardine questioned him rather closely about himself and his college life, watching him with great intentness, and with a gentle shrewdness which showed that amidst all her simplicity she was a far-seeing woman, not altogether ignorant of the world and its ways. Finally she drew from him the story of his journey hither and its object.

Nothing could exceed the astonishment of both mother and daughter when they learned that they had "inherited"—Roderick carefully put it in that light, trusting to his good luck to be able to explain it away afterwards—inherited a sum of money from Miss Silence Jardine.

"How good of her! how generous!" cried Madame Jardine, clasping her hands with one of those impulsive gestures which we English think so strange, but which in her seemed perfectly natural. But they had not descended to her daughter, who, in mien and manner was not at all what we term "foreign," but as quiet as any English girl.

"I should explain to you, monsieur," continued Madame Jardine, "that in his youth my husband did his cousin a great unkindness—nay, a wrong. He could not help it; she made him so unhappy. But all that is past now, and I—I made him happy. And she has made us rich—this good Cousin Silence."

"Not rich exactly," Roderick confusedly explained. "It is only an old house, with perhaps two or three hundred a year."

"Two or three hundred a year! Why, that is a fortune, an absolute fortune! Let us bless the good God for it! Silence, my child, I shall not leave you in poverty."

She burst into tears, and then, wholly oblivious of the stranger's presence, mother and daughter fell into one another's arms and sobbed together.

Roderick knew not what to do. The sight of joy, as of sorrow, in any earnest, simple, passionate form, was to him almost unknown. He had never witnessed, even in womankind, anything beyond respectable grief and decorous pleasure. He remembered how in her inmost pangs of widowhood his mother had counted with evident satisfaction the ninety-seven letters of condolence which she had received; and he doubted if any family event, even a daughter's marriage, would have produced in her such a gush of emotion as he now witnessed in these poor Swiss ladies. What straits they must have gone through; how terrible must have been their fear of poverty, when a few paltry hundreds could so brighten the future as thus to affect them both!

Roderick could not understand it at all. He—could it be said he enjoyed it? Anyhow, he stood gazing at them in a passion of silent sympathy; until, afraid if he stayed longer he should commit himself in some frantic way, that would make these gentle ladies consider him as a dangerous lunatic and cut his acquaintance for evermore, he stole quietly out of the room and house, leaving a message that he would do himself the honour to call next day and explain his sudden departure.

Then he ran down the steep staircase, nor paused once to think till he found himself in the safe, calm moonlight by the lake shore.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"MARRY in haste and repent at leisure," was a saying Roderick had often quoted to his mother, when she urged him to that rash proceeding; and had instanced sagely the extreme imprudence of certain young fellows of his acquaintance, who, seeing a pretty face in a ball-room, had run after it, hunted it down—only too easily! caught it, married it—and woke up to find it a mere pretty face—no more.

"An Elle-maid, mother," he had said, laughing, one day. "I don't want to marry an Elle-maid."

"What's that?"

"A young lady something like a tin jelly-mould, only to be viewed on the outside. Now I would like a whole woman for my wife, including brains and a heart; and if I could get her, I would serve for her, like Jacob, for even seven years."

"Seven years? Nonsense! It was only seven weeks from the day I first met your dear father till the day he married me."

"Was it, mother?" Roderick had answered briefly, and dropped the conversation.

"*Festina lente*" is a most true aphorism; and yet, like most aphorisms, it has its reverse side. Fate now and then throws into a few days—a few hours—the history and experience of years.

From that auspicious morning when he had discovered himself to his Swiss "cousins," as he persisted in calling them, there was scarcely a day in which Roderick did not see them—at their own home or elsewhere. For the dear little town opened its arms at once to the handsome and courteous young Englishman, the friend of M. Reynier, the new-found kinsman of Madame Jardine. He was invited everywhere—to pleasant family dinners, homely as elegant, and never later than one o'clock; to social evenings, beginning at six and ending at half-past nine, after which—O felicity!—he often used the right of cousinship to walk with Madame Jardine and her daughter through the silent streets and by the placid lake-side, home.

It was a kind of society the very opposite pole of that at Richerden. Nobody was rich, and almost everybody was more or less well-educated. Consequently refinement and cultivation were everything—wealth was nothing. Roderick sometimes thought, with no small amusement, how ignorant everybody was of his own "well-off" condition, and how little it would have advantaged him here, at least with the families he liked best, such as M. Reynier's, who had been "savants" for generations, and Madame Jardine's, who said calmly, "We are poor, we have always been poor; but we do not mind it. Our poverty has never lost us one real friend, nor made us a single enemy worth fearing."

She often said these sort of things, simple and wise, to the young man, in the many hours he spent beside her sofa, devoting himself to her in her patient invalidism, in a way that his own mother and sisters would have thought impossible. Chiefly to her, for he soon recognised and accepted the exceedingly distant terms upon which young ladies and young gentlemen always meet in foreign

society, even such a simple society as this. He scarcely disliked it, for if it was a barrier between himself and his love—it effectually kept off all other lovers. Not one of the various young men of Neuchâtel was, he soon saw, more than the merest acquaintance to Mademoiselle Jardine.

He too, at a month's end, had never once been alone for five minutes with his Cousin Silence, had scarcely ever touched her hand—that dear, lovely hand, on which he sometimes saw in fancy the plain gold ring which he, and he alone, was to put upon it, when he asked that it might lead and guide him through life. It could, he was sure. Little as he had talked with her, he had watched her very closely, and seen in her, by a thousand small indications of character—

"The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;  
A perfect woman, nobly planned  
To warn, to comfort, and command."

Ay, gentle as she was, he had already found out, by the flash of her blue eye when encountering anything mean or base, that she was able both to "warn" and to "command." But he was too strong himself to be afraid of a woman's strength; and, oh! when he looked into those pure eyes, seeing not alone them, but heaven beyond them—how he prayed that they might guide him through this world, and meet him safely on the eternal shore!

For now all the things which his father had sometimes said—only half understood then—came back upon him, and that passionate craving for perfect union here and hereafter, which constitutes the only perfect love, seized upon every fibre of his being. They were both so young—so very young!—and yet he already dared to look to the time when they should be old, when all the delights of youth should have faded away. But he would love her still, and want her still. He could imagine no condition of being when he did not want her, when he ceased to feel that earth—nay, heaven itself—would be empty without her. But all this while he had not spoken a word.

And she?

Close as their companionship had become, it was still an absolutely mute companionship. She went on her way, as calm and moonlike as ever, doing her daily duties, which seemed endless, without reference to him at all. With her teaching, her house-keeping, her ceaseless charge of her mother, she was always active, always busy, in a way that, to Roderick, accustomed to live among

women who wasted half their day in weary, luxurious idleness, appeared something marvellous.

"How is it that mademoiselle finds time to do so much?" he said once to the mother, who lay watching her child—not the only watcher on that and many another day.

"She does not find time, monsieur, she makes it. We poor people are obliged to learn this; and I hope she will not unlearn it, even when she is a rich woman."

Roderick smiled and said no more. He

had not explained very much of business affairs, being, indeed, waiting anxiously till he could get an answer from his lawyer as to the possibility of transferring Miss Jardine's property to her Swiss relations, without the latter's suspecting that they had not inherited it direct. Until then, he persuaded himself, and wrote to persuade his mother, though in the wariest and briefest terms, that it was his "duty" to remain at Neuchâtel.

He likewise argued that it was far too late in the year for travelling or sight-seeing, and



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it was only when Mademoiselle Jardine one day represented to him, with a spice of humour, real Scotch humour, which sometimes flashed out in her, how ignominious it would be to go back home without ever having seen Mont Blanc, that he planned a day at Lausanne—a whole day—if his kind cousins would accompany him and take care of him.

"And I will take care of madame your mother," he said tenderly. "She shall travel with every possible luxury that she will let me provide. Indeed," he added, smiling, "I

assure you I can afford it. I am, at least, as rich as—as mademoiselle ma cousine will be presently if she chooses to take possession of Blackhall."

So it was arranged for the first fine day, which turned out to be one of those heavenly days which come even in November—transmuting the whole world into a beauty sweeter even than that of summer. As they sat in the railway carriage, they three alone together (Roderick had provided for that and every other possible luxury and comfort with a carefulness deliciously sweet and new), he



and the mother talked together, and Silence looked out of the window, absorbed in the delight of her rare holiday. It was not a very pretty country, the level region, half pasture, half vineyards, round the head of the lake, but she watched it with eyes which seemed to enjoy everything so intensely that she never noticed the eyes of the two who were watching her.

Suddenly these met—the mother's and the lover's. Roderick started and blushed painfully.

"I am glad it is such a fine day," said he hurriedly. "We might not have had another, and as soon as my sister's marriage-day is fixed, I shall have to think of returning home."

Madame Jardine regarded him with sudden sharp inquiry. "Home? Yes, certainly; yes, monsieur ought to be going home. He will probably not revisit Switzerland for some time?"

All the blood left the young man's face; he could keep up the sham of conversation no longer.

"Do you wish me not to return, madame? Do you dislike me? Does *she* dislike me?"

The words were said in the lowest whisper, and the hand he laid on Madame Jardine's trembled violently, till it was conscious of a feeble pressure, while a faint smile brightened the kind, worn face.

"Madame," he said, still in a whisper, "if I am alive I will return, and speedily. You must surely have understood that by this time."

She looked him full in the eyes—an eager, questioning, almost pathetic, look. "Yes; you are good and true—I feel sure of it. I am satisfied."

This was all, for immediately afterwards Silence turned round, making some innocent, unconscious remark about their journey. But fixed in Roderick's mind, with a thankfulness that afterwards became almost awe, were those few words—what he had said to the mother, and what the mother had answered.

She scarcely spoke another word, being tired,—and owning it, which was rare; for she was the most patient and uncomplaining of invalids. She left the other two to talk together. And so Silence, forced out of her shyness, if indeed it were shyness, and not a reticent maidenly repose, began to unfold, leaf by leaf, like a rose in sunshine. To Roderick, dreaming so long of the ideal womanhood which was to complete his manhood, and make that perfect oneness of

married union which all hope for and so few find, it was truly like walking in a garden of roses.

"I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse." The sister of his soul, as well as the spouse of his heart—there is a deep meaning in those words. He could believe it all when he looked into those dear eyes.

There are many so-called loves quite simple and comprehensible; passions, selfish and sensuous; fancies, roused often by vanity; rational, systematic, deliberate affections; but when the real love happens—the one great love which nothing ever alters, and which death alone destroys (no, not death even, God grant!)—it is always a mystery from beginning to end. Even they who feel it cannot understand it. There it is, rooted in 'the very core of them—life's supremest delight or sharpest agony. No effort can conquer it, no argument reason it down. Reciprocal or not, happy or not, it is there—a part of their being. Why it came, or what it is—this passionate necessity of one for another, only one other, none else—as deep in its way as the necessity of the human heart for God; whether it was meant for this life only, and whether, missing this life, it will find its satisfaction in the life to come, as many poor souls have died joyfully believing—who can tell?

Roderick could not. He only knew he was happy—perfectly and contentedly happy—that the mere sense of her sitting beside him, the mere sound of her voice in his ear, filled him with entire, satisfied rest, even as he believed he should feel (and with a strange jump his fancy even then took in the pathetically foolish thought) thirty or forty years hence, when he was old and grey-headed and her sweet girlish face was as faded as her mother's; yet he would be himself and she herself—everything in the world that to him was lovely, precious, and dear.

Poor young things! happy in a bliss still tremulous and serene, like the dawn before daylight, and which perhaps might only come again in the twilight before the dark. Any older person would have regarded them with a tenderness almost akin to tears.

"Is it Lausanne already?" said Silence, and then blushed, a vivid scarlet blush, the first Roderick had ever seen on her calm, colourless face. It made him start—nay, even tremble, as a young king might on suddenly hearing at the door the feet of the messengers who bring him a longed-for crown, which, when it comes, he is almost afraid to wear.

But it was Lausanne railway station—he must rouse himself. The dream-world was come to an end; the practical world began.

An hour afterwards he had safely located his charges at the house of a friend of Madame Jardine's, where she was thankful to rest, had shared the hospitable meal, and was lingering uneasily about, shy and strange, when some one remarked that the English monsieur ought certainly to climb La Signale, and see what, all travellers knew, is one of the finest views in Switzerland. But there was no one to show him the way, except two little boys, sons of the house, and Silence.

A sudden impulse, as of a man who is determined to have his way, conquered Roderick's diffidence.

"Madame, will you trust her with me? It is not Swiss fashion, I know, but in England I should be thought good knight enough to deserve the charge of any fair damsel, if she would so far condescend. Mademoiselle ma cousine?"

Silence looked up, looked down, and smiled. The mother cast a penetrating glance at the two, so innocently happy in one another's company.

"The good God makes it, not I," muttered she to herself. "My daughter, you, Adolphe, and Henri will show the view to our dear English cousin. He will acknowledge there is scarcely a more beautiful sight to be seen in this world."

He did acknowledge it, when, having climbed the steep hill alone—for Silence mounted merrily with a big school-boy at either hand—he saw the whole lake from Geneva to Montreux, with its girdle of mountains, from Mont Blanc to the Bernese Alps, spread before him like a picture, as still and as clear.

All stood and gazed, till, the boys slipping away to some frolic or other, the little group was reduced to two. Neither spoke for ever so long—merely stood together. He could barely see her profile; she was as absorbed as she had been that day at Berne. If she felt she was not alone, felt who was there, at any rate she did not show it. There was no restlessness, no wish to attract notice. Nothing but supreme content was in the sweet firm mouth, and earnest, out-looking eyes. If she were capable of love, it was a love so self-controlled, so entirely free alike from the delirium and the selfishness of passion, that the man who won it might well esteem himself as happy as the mythical Endymion, or Acis, or Numa Pompilius—Roderick thought of them all. Every man's first love is, or

ought to be, a sort of goddess, something half divine; but it seemed to him he could better understand heaven when he looked into this girl's eyes—as he did at last.

Then she spoke.

"Is this as beautiful as you expected, mon cousin?"

"Yes; almost as beautiful as that view from Berne. Do you remember it—the day I first saw you? which seems years ago."

She bent her head in acquiescence, but said nothing. For him, he could not speak; a great awe was over him, even amidst the rapturous delight.

"Look," she said at last, pointing westward.

Suddenly, through the grey, cloudy sky, the sun broke out, poured down a torrent of light, like a cataract of molten gold, into the lake, then spanned it with a bridge of rays from shore to shore.

"Oh, how lovely!" cried Roderick, and both of them, shading their eyes from the dazzling glory, stood watching it, till the descending sun, suddenly touching the verge of the mist, plunged into it and disappeared.

"Is all ended?"

"Not quite," said Silence; "wait a minute more." And through the death-like grey-ness which had fallen instantaneously upon mountains, lake, and sky, he perceived a gradual, wonderful change. "See!" She spoke in English, and touching him—the lightest possible touch, yet it thrilled through every nerve—pointed to the mountains nearest the sunset.

What a sight! Slowly a faint colour, like a blush, crept over the "everlasting snows," deepening more and more as it spread from summit to summit along the whole range of Alps.

"It looks as if an angel were stepping from peak to peak with a basket of roses."

"Yes," Roderick answered, also beneath his breath; "only their colour is not like earthly roses. We shall never see the like again till we see it in paradise. Please God we may!"

As he said the *we*, deliberately, markedly, intentionally, he saw a faint trembling in the sweet mouth, firmly closed though it was; and coming a little closer he took hold—not of her hand, but of her dress. Like a revelation, which some will no more believe in than a blind man could believe in that wondrous sight before these two, there came into him—perhaps into both—the love, the one passionate, yet pure and perfect love, of one man for one woman, which, if both have strength to accept and be true to its blessed-

ness, makes all life a joy, and death itself no longer a fear. For éven then, standing close beside her, with the mere touch of her garments and the stirring of her hair giving him a rapture indescribable, Roderick could think of death, of his own dead. Strangely enough the first words he said were—

"Oh, if my father could but have seen this sight!"

"Perhaps he does see it, and mine too. They were friends when they were young."

"Yes. And we? We must be friends all our lives."

"I hope so."

"Friend" was the only word he dared to say—a wiser word than he was aware of; for friends may be lovers some day, but lovers who are not friends will soon cease to be both.

The "colorisation" slowly faded, and that cold, grey, deathly shade which comes so suddenly after sunset here began to creep over sky and lake and mountains—even over Silence's face; till there came into those far-away eyes of hers an expression—Roderick could have imagined it that of an angel standing by a sealed grave, but looking upwards still, waiting for the resurrection day.

Love, like death, has its euthanasia—moments which seem to bridge the gulf between mortal and immortal, or in which, from some great height of joy or woe, we see our whole life spread out, before us and behind. But soon we drop from this high mountain into the commonplace valley of daily existence, and trudge along quiet as heretofore.

A few minutes after Roderick followed

Silence down the hill, which she descended as she had mounted, with a boy on either hand, and all went back to tea—that simple Swiss tea which he had long since begun to prefer to the grandest of Richerden dinners. Very pleasant it was, but quite commonplace, with Silence cutting bread-and-butter for the boys, who evidently adored her with all their school-boy hearts, or waiting sedulously on her mother, who lay on the sofa, saying only she was "very tired," and smiling still, but plainly more ailing than usual.

Dull too, to a certain extent, was the journey home, for Silence had neither eyes, ears, or thoughts for any creature except her mother; and Roderick, in the reaction after strong suppressed feeling, half fancied himself *de trop*. Shrinking into a corner, he scarcely spoke to either, but soothed himself by taking the tenderest silent care of both mother and daughter till he deposited them at their own door.

That kindly "Bon soir!"—"Au revoir!"—just the ordinary adieu which had taken place at that door so many times; this time it was almost briefer than usual, for he saw Silence was glad to get her mother home; and he, too, was not sorry to rush away, afraid lest the strong self-repression of the last few hours might give way and betray him by some unguarded look or tone. So he hurried down the stairs, having seen them safe, but scarcely looked at either, scarcely even answered Madame Jardine's gentle "Au revoir!"

"Au revoir!" How strange it all felt afterwards!

## CUPID'S QUEST.

Verses for Music.

DAN CUPID flew as a butterfly  
To the gardens of earth one day,  
And he sailed along through the summer sky  
In search of her flowerets gay.

He lighted upon an amber crown  
Which glittering leaves unfold:  
Alas! when to kiss he bent him down,  
'Twas not living, but molten gold!

He flew to a blossom with pure white crest,  
To rest him a balmy hour:  
The snow concealed but an icy breast,  
A stone was that passionless flower.

Then spying a ruby cup, he dips  
In the petals of loveliest red:  
The carmine stained his amorous lips,  
And Dan Cupid indignant fled,

*Singing:—*

Farewell, farewell to the flowers of earth!—  
Gold, and marble, and tinted o'er:  
I'll away to the realms that gave me birth;  
I shall seek this false earth no more!

HELEN K. WILSON.







"YOUNG MRS. JARDINE."

## THE MISSION FIELDS OF INDIA, CHINA, AND JAPAN.

BY THE REV. W. FLEMING STEVENSON, AUTHOR OF "PRAYING AND WORKING."

## II.—OLD AND NEW JAPAN.

Peasant carrying burdens (*Hokusaï*).

A FEW days before we reached Japan the Emperor, a young man of twenty-seven, and the hundred and twenty-first ruler of his line and dynasty, had opened in person an exhibition in his capital, walking with the Empress between the files of invited guests and ticket-holders. Less than twenty years ago the person of that Emperor would have been as invisible and sacred as a god. It is plain that those twenty years mark a period of as thorough and singular a revolution as any of which we have record.

A line of islands, curved like a crescent moon, almost rests its horns upon the coast of Asia, the northern horn reaching within five miles of the mainland, and divided from it by so shallow a strait that when certain winds prevail it is possible to walk across dryshod, and in some winters the journey may be made on the ice in an hour. Within these islands a nation has grown up in the most complete seclusion. It has a long

history that stretches back for more than two thousand years, chequered like other histories by wars and intrigues and darkened by the shadows of passion; but the history of a race of men who cultivated art and literature, and whose period of greatest brilliancé was reached under female reigns. Since Western nations began to know the East the land has been practically sealed. Stories of it were told by Marco Polo; Xavier and the Jesuit missionaries obtained a footing and wrote of splendid successes, which were soon swept out by the fires of persecution; a few Dutch merchants were allowed to settle on a few square yards of island formed for them near the shore of a southern port; but if they went on land they were hooded like falcons and caged like wild beasts. There our intercourse ended. Only tales of Japan filtered out into Europe—tales of a fertile and populous land, of vast cities, of castles of enormous strength, of palaces that were like cities for size, of barons who lived in feudal state, of art and culture and splendour, and of a court whose magnificence was scarcely rivalled in the East. The impression left was vague enough; yet it was of an ancient, stable, and haughty people, and conservative beyond even other Oriental races. It became all the more puzzling to hear that Japan was not only open to foreigners, but was copying foreign ways with a rapidity that was bewildering, yet with an amount of intelligence and purpose that showed capacity, and seemed to forbid the supposition of caprice. Japan grew more mysterious than ever. Here was a land where we could have a peep into the Middle Ages without the intervention of history. Here was mediæval Europe doffing its coat of mail, and hurrying by cabs to railway stations. Here was a country that, with a longer history, had passed through fewer changes than any of the West, a people whose records of government reached back to the time of Croesus, apparently changing the habits and the settled policy of centuries, and so publicly that all the world might look on.

There was fact upon fact to prove that this was not a dream. More than two centuries ago Christianity had been proscribed, and it was thought exterminated, and in some public place of every town, by road-side, ferry, and mountain pass, there hung the ominous law



that adjudged the Christian to death. The law was not a dead letter. So late as 1829 six men and an old woman were crucified as Christians at Osaka; for Christ was a name of terror and hatred through all the land. And now Christian missionaries were in all the open ports, and some were employed by the government as teachers in native schools. Foreigners who had been excluded by the strictest cordon ever drawn, were now living freely in the capital. I met a gentleman in Shanghai who told me that when he visited Tokio sixteen years ago the street was filled with scowling braves, who sometimes thrust at him with their long sharp swords between the files of his powerful escort. In 1868 one foreigner would scarcely visit another in that city without the protection of a military guard; and in 1877 it was reached by rail, and the traveller found a cabstand\* at the railway station. It had been death to leave the empire; yet in 1870 the Emperor allowed the Daimios to travel, and they are found in the capitals and picture galleries of Europe. Twenty-five years ago two young scholars, who had thought to see a little of the world through Commodore Perry, were punished so severely that, in spite of intercession, nothing was ever heard of them; but since then more than five hundred of the picked youth of the country have been sent to the United States, Great Britain, Germany, and France at the expense of the Treasury. The Emperor, or Mikado, was a veiled mystery; even in a book with portraits of living celebrities I found the present sovereign represented by a pair of feet that peeped out beneath a vague expanse of curtain; but in these days he drives about his capital, and his photograph sells in the shops.

We had reached the land of all these problems. There was no sound about the steamer, save the ripple of the tide as it ran gently past. When the sun rose we were to see old and new Japan under our eye at once; and we were too eager to lie still. After a broken rest we were early up. The sky was bright with the dawn, and the wooded bluffs grew distinct, and the ships in the offing, and the distant town. There was a noise of approaching oars and human voices, and we looked out to have the first peep at the Land of the Rising Sun. Now Japanese boatmen stand in the stern of the boat and scull rather than row, and this was what met the eye: a tall and well-made man, with skin slightly bronzed; he had laid his hat aside and come out in his gala suit; it was

a dining-coat that some one had once worn in England, but it had shrunk and would not meet across the middle; scissors, indeed, had continued the division of the swallow-tail some way up the back, but still it hung wide open in front, and, save a narrow girdle round the loins, it was the sole article of clothing which our visitor possessed; all the rest was pure natural bronze. I see the quaint figure still, the coat open behind as he bent to his oar, and always open in front, the cheerful face, as the man looked up, the unconsciousness of anything astray. One of our passengers maintained that he had seen another of these early boatmen clothed simply in a paper collar; but I remembered that when we were at the geyers in California our guide pointed to an overhanging spot in the soft rock, hissing with jets of hot steam, as the scene of a tragedy where a gentleman, against his entreaty, had gone in to take a bath, and how the only remains that were ever discovered of him were his collar and a slight smell of singeing. I remembered, and was unbelieving. There were sufficient novelties and oddities without creating them.

Safely packed in the hotel boat, the rowers chanting an incessant mournful groan as if expiring from want of breath, we threaded our way between monitors, gun-boats, swift China clippers, and such picturesque but ungainly junks as might have been built before Columbus. We landed at a custom-house, and had our luggage inspected as if it had been at Dover, while the porters who carried it withdrew attention from their want of clothes by the rich colour of the marvellous patterns with which they were tattooed in blue and red. We walked through streets bordered by tall stone buildings, and past shop-windows that would have been no discredit to a European city; then in a moment turned into a region of brown, dull, low-roofed houses, gay with coloured signs, while the road between was filled with figures that had walked off fans and tea-trays. No one would recognise the fisher-village of yesterday in the Yokohama of to-day, with its fifty thousand people, its broad streets lighted by gas-lamps, its handsome public buildings, and the lines of charming villas along its bluffs. But the population of the fisher-village is still about the town, and Europe and this primitive Asia meet at every corner. The watering-cart was a man with a pair of wooden buckets slung one to each end of a bamboo pole across his shoulders, a slight aperture where the bottom joined the side

\* But the cabs are the *jinrikishas* of the country.

allowing the water to splash out while he gently ran and sang. Sweetmeats could be purchased from another coolie, whose pole suspended a deep lacquer box as brilliant as vermilion. Sounds of smothered entreaty drew near, and a heavily-laden cart lumbered up, drawn by two men and pushed by two more, who were chanting a quaint sad refrain that seemed to express the weariness of life. A policeman, in dark frock-coat and white trousers, loitered in the shade; soldiers went past in the baggy trousers of Zouaves, and sailors in the garb of the British navy.

We strolled through the crowd of gay, lazy, curious folk, full of good-nature and politeness; then drove along the bluffs and out among the rice-fields. The carriage—little bigger than a child's perambulator, and of the same shape—was almost too large for the mud causeways that led through the farmer's lands. Here and there a light, brown house; here and there a village of them. The sun set as we toiled up the last hill. Then, at the summit, the paper lanterns were lighted, and we dashed down the steepest of lanes among a multitude of other lanterns, brilliant and restless as fire-flies, and past rows of quaint interiors apparently illuminated, shops and family parties, artisans at their trade and students at their books, some men writing accounts and others tramping oil and flour, down this interminable lane and past the railway station, with cabs drawn up in front.

We drove one morning to the station. It was not in a cab exactly, but in a "man-power carriage," the perambulator already mentioned, and known as a *jirikisha*, with hood and apron of oiled paper, and a man to run between the shafts at six miles an hour, for twopence a mile. This man-power wears a solitary garment, which, as he warms to his work, is hitched up, tuck after tuck, like reefs in a sail, until presently he is running under bare poles. If he is tattooed he is an art exhibition, and by judicious change a new picture may be studied every day. There are fifty thousand of these vehicles in the large cities of Japan, rushing about in all directions, swift, cheap, and convenient. We took tickets for Tokio, more familiar by our old name of Yedo—tickets that were printed in English and French, as well as Japanese. They were taken at the orthodox ticket-window, and nipped by the inevitable porter. As the luggage was checked we had leisure to look round the waiting-room. One corner was sacred to the bookstall, with its newspapers,

cheap books, and time-tables, the latter either with a map or on a fan. There were also the odds and ends of things that belong to this institution in other parts of the world, and a pile of little cushions, from which a third-class passenger could hire one for a trifle, and return it at the station where he stopped.

A narrow plain lies between the hills and the sea, and the train runs here through a land as well tilled, free from weeds, and neatly kept as any garden. The small fields are divided only by narrow footways, and the farmers and their men were busy all the way. Some were drawing water by a bucket suspended from a bamboo cross-pole; others were working an irrigating-wheel; a rude thatched platform rose above the cucumber plots—the Syrian watchman's "lodge in the garden of cucumbers." The guards were dressed in the familiar habit; the names of the stations were printed in English and Japanese. The villages lay thickly round in circular patches, the dark roofs contrasting with the pleasant shelter of the trees, and a temple rising up in each, the one house better and higher than the rest.

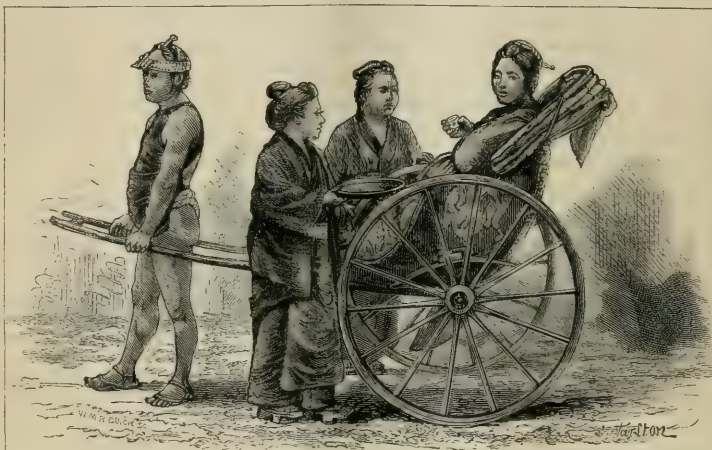
Close to the suburbs of Tokio we come upon the Tokaido, the great thoroughfare that for centuries has connected the eastern and western capitals. The sea stretched to the right, and the boats with their heavy sails lay becalmed in the soft autumn haze; to the left ran old Japan, this street of shops and tea-houses and ceaseless traffic, that has, perhaps, no rival in the world so picturesque.

Friends met us at the station; man-power coolies drew lots for our persons, and in half an hour we were sitting in the room of a former Daimio's home, in the native quarter of the modern capital of Japan, and with a missionary for our host. The house was surrounded by a trim grass lawn, crossed at more than one point by large stepping-stones that connected the walks and kept the feet dry. Big, vulgar, impudent crows pushed about here with a perpetual caw-caw that was dictatorial. A small basin of rockwork, where a few pretty ferns hung over the water, was filled with gold fish; and the rockwork, the fish, and some attempt at green, or perhaps a grotesque and twisted root or two or a dwarfed tree, are a universal arrangement for the house-yard; a walk along any street will reveal a hundred such interiors, sometimes of the tiniest and poorest, but always neat and clean. Broad eaves projected round the house, and covered a wooden ledge that ran outside and made a passage to the

rooms, which were formed at will by sliding panels of paper and bamboo, that could be pushed aside at any point; so that it was impossible to tell where one person might enter or another might emerge, or at what moment an inadvertent hand might reveal the strictest privacy. These frail and movable walls were hung with narrow scrolls, six or seven feet long, charmingly painted in faint colours, and varying in subject with the season of the year. The floor was formed of mats deftly woven of fine straw, and tightly stretched on frames about three inches thick, that fitted closely together, soft, pleasant, and spotless—for Japanese rooms are not to be entered with the reckless muddy boot of Britain, but in

slippers or on stocking-soles; and as these mats are of a uniform length and breadth throughout the country,\* they serve as a convenient measure, and a house or a room is simply so many "mats."

The house was Japanese, and so were the neighbours, but European children played about the floors, and Christians met for prayer; yet down the steep hill to the left, and not far away, there were the superb mausoleums of the Shoguns (known better as Tycoons), the hereditary foes of Christianity, and the sound of temple bells and the chants of the priests were swept by the wind into our room. These contrasts were endless. The present, and probably he will be the



Japanese *Jinrikisha*, or Cab.

last Shogun, lives in a dignified banishment near his old feudal town; and there some years ago he became almost the patron of a high school where the principal read the Bible with his students. Half a mile farther along the same ridge of hill that supports our host's house, there is the quiet residence of the President of the Board of Works, and while there one afternoon, as we spoke of the past and future of Japan, the steam hammer of the royal engineering works across the river beat time to our words. If we turned towards the city we passed through a lonely quarter where the dead walls faced the street, and where the great Daimios had lived in state with crowds of their feudal

soldiers: ten years ago those streets had been crowded with men in brilliant armour, and pages in gay dresses, and equipages all lacquer and gold; then the *Samurai*, or men with two swords, might have disposed of any wandering foreigner, now we saw nothing worse than the quick, restless eye of some old warrior watching us through an embrasure. The Samurai were driving man-power machines and grooming foreigners' horses; they were teaching schools, and doing clerks' work in public offices; but the swords had disappeared. They were not exactly proscribed, for that would have been an attack upon an ancient privilege; and though the military

\* Six feet by three.



class is only one-fiftieth part of the population, yet as it ranks first, and represents education as well as war, it was imprudent to assail it. But sword-wearing was not adapted to a European dress, so that when the dress was copied swords were laid by; and the final blow was struck by a royal decree which permitted any one to wear two swords; and when the weapons had lost their exclusiveness they rapidly found their way to the pawnbroker, the pawnbroker shipped them as curios to Europe, and the country became so bare of them that during the late insurrection they rose to a premium. So "the old order changeth, giving place to the new," and

the two swords and even the venerable *hari-kari* have given place to barracks and policemen, water rates and gas.

In the open space close by the railway station there is a busy Japanese market, where bargains are made and dresses are worn as they were five hundred years ago. The Bridge of Nippon is almost as sacred as a temple: a little bridge over a sluggish stream, but all distances in the empire are measured from it, and all government notices are posted up upon it; and this bridge is approached by a broad boulevard lined with houses of two stories, and lighted as if it were the Champs-Élysées. It is useless to banish



Japanese Furniture Shop.

the foreigners to Concessions. The tides of life that rush through the crowded streets are Japanese, but they are tinged by foreign influences, and foreign dress is easily discovered among the mass of moving blue. It may be the trousers minus the coat, or the coat minus the trousers; it may be the soft felt hat or the laced boots; it may be a melancholy combination of these several parts after original designs by native artists, or a completely misfitting suit, even to the Albert chain, stiff collar, and short cane. It is rarely that this affectation is becoming. A young aide-de-camp, who was commissioned by the governor to show us the sights of Kioto, was as much at his ease as in his own more

sensible costume; and among our fellow-travellers on board a steamer was one of the ambassadors to Europe, whose charming wife spoke pretty French, and dressed like a Parisienne, and was as graceful in this novel costume as need be, amusing herself when she went on shore by the indignation of the spectators, which they dared not express because she would know what they said. But these are exceptions, and there are shrewd counsellors of the State who think that the young men of the town have gone too fast, and that there are graver dangers than a misfit.

We met a carriage driven rapidly down the broad road that leads by the Castle;



it was built in England, was quiet and luxurious, the coachman and footman wore English livery, and the occupant, dressed like an English gentleman, was one of the most powerful nobles in Japan. We glanced to the right and saw the far-reaching mighty moat, winding like a broad river by our side, and covered with a glory of lotus flowers, from which rose up on the opposite bank a magnificent pile of masonry, of huge stones as well laid and with lines as sharply defined as if it had been an English pier, and above this massive wall great grassy slopes until the summit was fifty or sixty feet above our heads; watch-towers with multiplied angles and roof above roof stood at the corners; and here, in a palace that covers a square mile with its buildings and parks, the Shoguns had lived for centuries. The entrance is stately, and in keeping with the splendid strength of the design; and the grounds are charming, for, with one or two exceptions, such as the artificial cascade described by Baron Hübner, the landscape is allowed the broad freedom of an English park; but opposite the entrance there runs a line of slender posts from each of which waves a foreign flag, and the embassies of Europe and America face the haughty places of Japan.

Each of the three great cities has its distinctive features; and in each of them the new life grows up beside the old. Tokio, as the modern capital, is the largest, and occupies the greatest space of any city in the world next to London: but the town proper does not cover one-sixth of the ground, and does not reckon more than 800,000 people. Kioto, the more ancient capital, comes next, with about 600,000 people, and, like Tokio, with space for four times the number. The temple grounds in Tokio are as large as the proper town; but in Kioto, where there is a temple or shrine to every hundred people, the grounds are vastly larger. Osaka is given more to commerce than to priests—a strange Holland-suggesting city of one-story wooden houses packed together in a circle, beyond which there is no waste of suburbs, but only the country with its fields, yet a city that harbours a population almost as large as Kioto, and with as many bridges as it has temples.\* In Tokio the palace is more like a fortress; in Osaka it is a fortress; but in Kioto reverence for the Mikado was considered a sufficient defence, and the palace grounds are merely surrounded with a wall for privacy. So late

as 1871 Baron Hübner relates the stubborn refusal of the Government to open these sealed doors even to one who, like himself, was accorded the supreme favour of an audience with the Emperor, and only equal stubbornness and shrewdness on his part overcame the difficulty; while entrance to the more private apartments was even then denied. In 1876 foreigners were permitted into the city during a national exhibition, hotels were opened, and most of the palace was made visible; but on the closing of the show, the city was once more closed except to passports, and the palace was guarded as before. The courtesy of the governor, however, secured us the permission now, and the attendants freely opened all the rooms. The endless corridors with rolls of Brussels carpet to be laid over the mats; the antechambers with quaint panelled pictures; the audience hall with full-length oil paintings of the Emperor and Empress; the private rooms, some furnished in native and some in foreign fashion; the Empress's boudoir, with its pictures of birds upon a gold ground; the bed-chamber, which seemed to be the centre of the house, with neither door nor light save such as came from other rooms when the sliding panels were drawn, and which encouraged sleep by having a series of wall paintings each representing a tiger in some different attitude of springing on a victim; the dining-room arranged for both native and foreign modes of eating; the quarters for servants and grooms of the chamber; the strange kitchen, with its rows of clumsy circular fire-places; the garden, with its miniature lakes and bridges, and distorted trees; the order of the stately ceremonies, and the places of the great nobles, were all shown with little more than an occasional scruple; but the power of the long seclusion was traceable in the mingled awe and curiosity of our attendants. The fortress at Osaka was also guarded, but it was more a military than a State seclusion. The moats of Tokio are here reproduced upon a smaller scale, but the curious inner walls zigzagged into infinite turns and pierced for arrow-rests, the gates of enormous strength, and the Cyclopean blocks of stone, sometimes 40 feet by 20, are characteristic of this ancient stronghold. A corporal in modern uniform took us round, the sentries presented arms, and from the summit we overlooked the chimneys and spacious buildings of the Mint, and the Town Hall with its rows of stucco columns. The old order was changing. The ships were filled with goods from Manchester and New

\* In 1872 the population of Kioto was 567,334, with 3,514 Buddhist temples and 2,113 Shinto shrines; the population of Osaka was 530,885, with 1,251 bridges, 1,380 Buddhist temples, and 530 Shinto shrines.

England, the click of sewing-machines fell upon the ear, English books stood upon the booksellers' shelves, English umbrellas shielded Japanese costumes from the rain. "Let us go into the country," we said, "and see Japan as it was."

Among the courtesies received at our Embassy in Tokio not the least were the suggestions of what it was best to see, and what, with our limited time, it was needless to attempt. The ride to Nikko would have given the best impression of the country, and finding that impossible we did as we were told, and chose the ride to Narra, with its temples and its great bronze Daibuts, or image of the sitting Buddha. Narra lies twenty-seven miles out of Kioto, and as we proposed going and returning the same day we started early. Our hotel, which belonged to the Temple of Chionin, was formerly a residence for priests, and is on one side of the temple gate, a lofty but doorless gateway of reddish wood; and as these temples abound, the Government does not scruple to appropriate them to hotels, barracks, hospitals, and other secular uses. The night before, as we sat in our room, and the Japanese waiters moved softly in and out, it was curious to feel that we were the only foreigners in the house, fifty miles away from the nearest open port, in a dense city of half a million of people whose language we did not understand; and that only eight years before, when Sir Harry Parkes and his suite left this very temple to be received by the Mikado, a daring attempt was made to cut them down. There was no glass in our room, one side of which, the longer, was perfectly open, admitting both air and light, under a deep fringe of bamboo thread that hung down for eighteen inches; while beyond it there was a small open court, and then another room, the bedrooms opening off a narrow wooden side-walk, protected from the weather by projecting eaves. The usual paper partitions divided the rooms, and paper screens, that slide past each other, served as doors. Under the bamboo fringe we saw, over the low roof next us, a steep mountain wooded to the summit; and out of the dense and lovely foliage fragments of pagodas peeped, and the quaint curved roofs of shrines. It was dusk, and the music struck up in a tea-house across the narrow roadway, a monotonous twang of strings and beating of drums, likely to continue for hours. Two men passed down the street from their work, singing, exactly as if the one big baby had struck the other, and the other had begun to cry. A sweetmeat seller passed, beating on

a little bell, his wares slung from one end of a bamboo cane across his shoulders, and from the other end a brilliant crimson lantern with white letters. The street was very quiet; but down the next there was a wonderful flickering and moving of gay paper lamps as far as the eye could see, almost every person carrying one, besides a string of them in front of the shops, and swaying in the gentle breeze. We could hear the hum from the theatre street, where plays are acted night and day; huge emblazoned banners rising higher than the houses, and seeming to fill up the passage, while the crowd swayed before each house of entertainment. Another sound came from close by, the deep tone of the temple gong, calling the people to prayer.

It was little less curious the next morning, and long before it was day, to hurry through the silent streets, the brown houses all shut up and lying in dark shadows, fragile, and, indeed, rickety-looking now that the gaiety of life had deserted them. A young student from the Christian College was our companion, and no one could have a more thoughtful or a better. As the journey was long we had engaged three coolies for each *jinrikisha*, and these humble, but most comfortable carriages had even the luxury of splash-boards. We crossed the long bridge at Fujimi half an hour before the dawn, and full twenty porters, their bundles slung from bamboos, stood to watch us pass. We had made the first seven miles in an hour, and let our thoughts wander to Xavier, who reached Fujimi walking, with a wallet on his back, frozen feet, and a body covered with ulcers. As the light broadened we found all round us a sweep of lofty mountains, and from the woods that clothed them the smoke of charcoal-burning rose straight into the sky. The road was irregular, sometimes on the top of an embankment that divided the waters of a still lagoon, where tall white cranes and Japanese fishermen vied in their motionless watch; and sometimes between fields, or bounded by the curious glint of the bamboo groves that spread their feathery crowns fifty feet above our head. We ran for miles between tea plantations, and noted how the shrub took the place of the cabbage in the peasant's plot at home, and that it was not shy of even winding in and out between the open spaces of a village, and making the hedge round a villager's garden. Rice shared the culture with tea, and at some points the freshly-picked cotton was spread upon a mat or a tray for sale. As the sun rose so did the people, and, like children of the sun, came out

into the light. The paper screens disappeared, and the quaint, neat, modest interiors came into view. Women cooked the early meal, the father dandled the baby in front of the door and made him laugh to see the white-skinned strangers, and toilets went on without reserve. Endless shops revealed their wares, for in Japan every one has something to sell, yet so little that a pound would buy up a large establishment. There were pots and pans, vessels of wood, kerosene lamps, blouses and sandals, hats and umbrellas, books and stationery, and mysterious forms of cookery; while fox-like curs haunted the doorsteps.

Our men sped on with their ceaseless chant, steering carefully among the ruts in the sandy track, and when a plunge was made looking round with a merry smile. We crossed wooden bridges, and passed Shinto shrines with the priest's house beside them like a manse; we climbed low hills where the mosses and ferns were as vivid as at home; we ran by the bank of a rapid river, then disappeared among narrow paths through the weedless fields, wound in and out among the walls and houses of a village as if we proposed to visit every family in turn, and without warning emerged on a country road as wide as one of our own. There were few birds and few flowers, and of the latter little more than some patches of chrysanthemums, the purple bell of the egg-plant, and coxcombs that stood six feet high, and were sometimes broad in proportion. We met perambulators packed with vegetables on their way to market, and men with the bamboo shoulder-pole, innumerable; one carried sixteen barrels, presumably empty, eight to each end; and another rose up from a well with seventeen small kegs of water; if one basket was full, a baby, an umbrella, or a hat was slung into the other. Messengers met us; a parcel-post swift as Mercury, and no better clothed; and porters pushed their loads; and farmers with broad hats pressed forward on business to the nearest town; bands of pilgrims clothed in white, long staff in hand and wearing huge rosaries and scalloped shells, with usually one that had a bell about his neck to keep the rest from straying, would stop as we went by. Every one was good-humoured, and every one said, "Good morning" ("Ohaio"); and the boys from school curtsied low as they did this pretty piece of manners. Only the yellow-robed priests, with shaven crowns and sly small eyes, looked at us askance, as if some evil speech was in their heads. And all the way it seemed as

if every one was bent on doing the opposite of what we do at home. The cows had bells on their tails instead of their necks; the horses are clothed in winter, the men naked; the draught bullocks wear straw shoes, carry an extra pair, and leave the worn ones untidily about the streets; the horse stands in his stable with his head from the stall, and when he is brought out the rider mounts him from the right; when acquaintances meet, each tenderly shakes his own hand; people write down the page, and they kneel at dinner; the tailor sews from him, the carpenter planes to him; the teeth of the saw and the thread of the screw run in the opposite direction to ours, and their locks turn to the left; the blacksmith pulls the bellows with his foot, the cooper holds the tub with his toes; house-contractors begin to build from the roof; gardens are watered from a little pail with a wooden spoon; it is not the nightingale, but the crow, that is their bird of love; the lamb is an emblem of stupidity; suicide is a pleasure which has to be prevented by royal decree; and it is a compliment to be called a goose.

We made four halts; at the second our passports were inspected; the others were merely for rest at some tea-house of the village, for tea is an institution of the country; there can be no visit paid nor purchase made at a shop without it. The tiny cups with the almost colourless but insidious liquid, and a flavour like boiling water poured on hay, as Mrs. Brassey says, is *de rigueur*. A cabinet minister will brew it himself for a visitor from abroad, and every country inn has a bevy of maidens waiting to press it on the traveller. It is probable that our men found stronger reasons than tea for halting when they could, for, as a rule, the life of the coolie is a short one, and his sudden heats and chills and exposure to all weathers induce him to consume an ardent native spirit that is common enough, and as fatal as elsewhere. There are Japanese drunkards as well as European, but outside the treaty ports the European public-house is almost unknown. At such resting places we usually left our small carriages and walked slowly forward. As we passed an excellent school building of the modern type, the temptation to see a foreign lady was irresistible, and a hundred merry lads broke out through the door, while the lessened chant of the learners inside streamed through the open windows. A hundred chubby faces were soon inserted through the railings, a hundred voices cried "Ohaio," and a hundred



heads would have nodded a courteous welcome but that one got wedged between the bars and would move neither way, to the discomfiture of that small lad and the most scandalous delight of his companions. As we walked through these country towns everybody came to the door, and then a sound of muffled voices, and whispers, and many pattens, rose up behind, and as we turned to see we faced a crowd of blue dresses that filled up the street with colour, the children and the women pressing near the front, but all rushing back with a huge clatter and with peals of laughter when they were noticed. It was with difficulty we could induce them to approach, but some of Marcus Ward's charming cards completely conquered them. The Bible verses on them were explained; and

the happy owners of these trophies withdrew with endless courtesies, and each attended by a little admiring crowd, to place their treasures in safe keeping.

We crossed a broad river by a long, low bridge, the views up among the mountains suggesting more than one in Wales. We wound up a hill, passed some well-kept family burying-grounds with ancient inscriptions on the tombs; from the summit, which was already a street, we looked down upon the scattered holy city placed among wooded hills and pleasant parks, itself embowered in trees, from which a rare pagoda shot up into the sky; then, with a whoop and a bound, the men swung us down at a gallop, never drawing breath till they reached the gate of the great temple of Daibuts.

## "JAMRACH'S."

By "GOOD WORDS" COMMISSIONER.

LONG before "Ratcliff Highway" had been refined into "St. George Street, E.," Jamrach was a familiar name there. Indeed, for a much longer period than that, it has been a familiar name with the sailors and naturalists of many nations.

The father of Mr. Charles Jamrach, the head of the East-end firm (a naturalised British subject), was the chief of the Hamburg River Police, who, through boarding vessels manned by mariners from far countries, who had brought foreign birds, beasts, &c., over with them, acquired a liking for natural history and a knack of making it pay. Both taste and trade he handed on to his son, who has been settled in St. George's for nearly half a century. His establishment consists of a bird shop and a museum in St. George Street, a menagerie in Bett Street, and a warehouse in Old Gravel Lane. They are dingy enough outside and cramped within—full of dark corners. The plumage of some of the inmates makes sunshine in very shady places. But a good deal of money is turned over in the course of the year in the dusky little office, on whose shelves the museum begins. To both museum and menagerie drive members of the English Royal Family and nobility to make selections for themselves. Mr. Jamrach receives orders not only from the Maharajah we have settled in Norfolk, but also from many of the independent princes in India. For them to order wild beasts from England seems at first sight like ordering coals from London for Newcastle, but it is

African and American specimens the rajahs require for their menageries. Zoological gardens in Europe and America, aristocratic owners of aviaries, and ornithological clubs on the continent are Mr. Jamrach's other chief customers. In England, it seems, the fancy for keeping foreign birds is not nearly so prevalent as on the Continent, but it is extending, especially, as might be expected, among the wealthier classes. The animals, &c., are collected in various ways. Sometimes collectors are sent out to India, Africa, and America; but this mode of collection is far more "risky" in a pecuniary point of view than the purchase of specimens delivered in Europe.

Runners board vessels at Gravesend and in all the London Docks, which are likely to have brought anything which Mr. Jamrach might wish to purchase; and he has agents at Liverpool, Southampton, Plymouth, Deal, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Hamburg, and other ports, who telegraph for instructions to purchase on the arrival of likely commodities. Masters of merchantmen, again, before sailing, call on Mr. Jamrach for a priced list of animals, &c., required, and bring back as many of the things ordered as they can lay their hands on. In one transaction they very often make more than their whole year's pay. Five thousand pairs of cockatoos, &c., have been brought home in one vessel. A master sometimes receives as much as £1,000 for the produce of one voyage.

When I was last at "Jamrach's," I was



shown some china and three black panthers which had been brought over by a ship-master, who had brought over at the same time the Sumatran rhinoceros (priced at £1,000), at present lent to the London Zoological Gardens, for which, as she is a popular favourite, she will probably be bought. How queer, if her sea-voyage had not dulled her senses, the huge beast must have felt when she found herself in Ratcliff Highway.

Another of the "Zoo's" rhinoceroses, the hairy-eared "Begum," captured by elephant-hunting British officers in Burmah, was bought from Mr. Jamrach for £1,250. On my last visit to his place, he had only a stuffed elephant in stock; but I may mention here that he "quotes" live elephants at £300 a head. Of the other animals of his ever-varying stock which did not happen to be on hand at that time—his slack season—I may also as well jot down the prices:—

Zebras . . . . .	£100 to £150 each.
Camels . . . . .	£20 "
Giraffes . . . . .	£40 "
Ostriches . . . . .	£80 "
Polar Bears . . . . .	£25 "
Other Bears . . . . .	from £8 to £16 "
Leopards . . . . .	£20 "
Lions . . . . .	£100 "
Tigers . . . . .	£300 "

The rations in Ratcliff Highway for full-grown lions and tigers are eight pounds of meat each per diem. To show that the above prices are calculated according to popular taste—as well as others afterwards to be quoted—I may add that having struck a pecuniary keynote for my children, and then read out to them a list of Mr. Jamrach's animals, they guessed the prices at which he had appraised them in the majority of instances very closely—in some cases exactly to a pound. They were out in the case of the giraffe; and, indeed, £40 seems a low price for that fleet creature, of which fifty years ago there was only one live specimen in England, a present from Mohammed Ali to George IV., which soon afterwards died at Windsor.

An American, wishing to exhibit it, offered £20,000 for the Ratcliff Highway museum, but the money was refused. The museum includes tropical beetles glorious with shards of green and gold, and tropical butterflies like tropical blossoms, or costliest satin and velvet embroidered with creamy lace, and be-dropt with precious metals and precious stones.

The collection of shells contains some not to be found at the British Museum. Dr.

Gray, of that institution, has named a rare volute after its discoverer, *Jamrachi*. Amongst his treasures of the deep he has another rare shell from the Pacific—the *Cypræa aurora*, if I remember rightly—which, when found, is reserved for the decoration of the chief. With East-end dust instead of South Sea sand upon them, those many-coloured shells with their whorls, cones, spires, and spines, and linings of iris-shot mother-of-pearl, have a very curious effect. The muddy bustle of the squalid Highway rumbles and rattles past them instead of

"The league-long roller thundering on the reef."

A French professor once gave 6,000 francs for a *Spondylus regius*, and then, to his horror, sat down upon it, as Sir Walter Scott did upon the royal wine-glass, which his, in this case, snobbish loyalty had induced him to put in his pocket. I do not know whether any single shell at Jamrach's would now cost so much, but you might soon get rid of a good bit of money in a very unpleasant way by making shell-purchases there, and then sitting down on them.

The museum contains also the stuffed elephant mentioned before, which died in the menagerie; two bisons' heads and an eland's; African antelope horns; skins of the almost extinct owl-parrot, and the apteryx, or kiwi, that queer bird which looks so much like an old gentleman, with a very long and "picket" nose, tucking in a scanty Inverness wrapper between his knees. The museum has, moreover, a Maori's model, in wood and glass, of a Great Exhibition building; a mummy found in a saltpetre mine; Peruvian pottery—water "monkeys" with very small apertures, and porous, so as to have had the property of keeping their contents ice-cold—found in the tombs of the Incas; clay masks, with projecting chins and hideously grinning teeth—very like little death's heads—found in the tumuli of Mexico, and supposed to be likenesses of a primeval pigmy race; German *repoussé* work; implements of war with which the Crusaders and the Saracens banged and hacked and prodded each other; Japanese swords, with stone-ray handles, and "happy dispatch" supplementary daggers; waddies, nullahs, boomerangs, spears, womeras from Australia; more implements of war, and curious cloths, and podgy little idols—drowsical-looking divinities—from Fiji, New Zealand, the Solomon Islands, &c.; Sèvres ware in satin-lined cases at £5 a plate; old bronzes; quaint and dainty ivory carvings—some of pagodas; grotesques carved

in tea-root; droll, unperspective screens; porcelain Chinamen laughing from ear to ear; porcelain dragons with dimmed gilding; old China ware of all kinds from Kaga, Satsuma, &c.; vases in porcelain and in metal, some inlaid in curious patterns with ground turquoise, others that once belonged to the Great Mogul adorned with texts from the Koran, running from a foot to six feet in height; the price of these blue grenadiers being some £200 per pair.

The museum is the depth of a house and the height of two floors, a gallery fringing it midway up; but it is so crowded that progression as discreet as that of a cat walking among broken bottles on the top of a brick wall is necessary on the part of a traverser of its alleys of curios. Mr. Pardiggle would be in agonized dread of bankruptcy if his spouse were to find her way there, even in these days of figure-fitting skirts.

"What for plunder!" a stranger is apt to meditate, like Blücher—although, of course, with non-personal reference—as he looks upon the fancy-priced riches of the show. But the proprietor professes himself quite free from apprehension on this head. No burglar ever tried his premises; it is a vulgar error, he says, to suppose that any professional robbers are to be found in the district of East London, frequented by the modern mercantile Ulysses and Calypso. Perchance a salutary dread of being gobbled for supper by a lion or a tiger, or dark-choked by a boa-constrictor, may have had something to do with Mr. Jamrach's immunity from depredation. On my last visit there was only one snake on the premises—a python snugly coiled up for the winter in his blankets. His Longness's price was £3.

As for birds, one room was full of cockatoos, cackling and fussing about in their white robes like a lady's school alarmed by a cry of fire. A bird-shop needs no shop-door bell. To those who have seen the white cockatoo flying free in flocks, like rooks at home, making the dusky creek-side roosting-tree suddenly burst forth in milky or rosy-snowy blossom, when the circling, screaming flock has at last settled in the westerling sunbeams, it seems at first hard to find Pretty Cocky in captivity; but he grows such a familiar, saucy fellow when his wings are clipped—so ready to "show his blanket" and to bite his master's imperfectly-slipped heels—that the pity cannot last long.

"Leadbeaters" were priced at £3 each, a "Nosecus" at £2, grey parrots at £1 each,

a white-fronted Amazon at £2, a "cut-throat" parrot at £1, a masked parrot from Fiji, a funny-looking, black-faced fellow, at £10; a pair of Australian king parrots, looking very much like pompous flunkeys in their green coats and red waistcoats, at £4; forty-two Yendaya parakeets at £3 each; bloodwing, Nanday, macaw, ring-neck, half-moon, blood-rump, blue-bonnet, and Pennant's ditto, at prices varying from £1 to £6 each. Two blue and yellow macaws were set down at £5 each, and a red one, like a flame of fire, at the same price.

For a wonder, there was not a single specimen in the shop of the budgerigar, or betcherrygah, as the zebra, or shell parakeet is also called, a name which, however spelled, means simply, I believe, the "good" or "beautiful" bird. Most certainly these tiny parakeets, sometimes confounded with love birds, *are* little beauties; plumage the colour of spring corn, striped and speckled with yellow and bloomy black, a yellow forehead like a golden fillet, and purple beauty-spots upon the cheeks. The dainty little creatures have also a fitly dainty little voice. In Australia they sometimes swarm about the gum-trees, with whose dull bluish-green, verdigrised-metal-like foliage their bright plumage so piquantly contrasts; but they had never been seen alive in England until Mr. Gould brought home a specimen about forty years ago. Now, however, Mr. Jamrach sometimes buys a thousand pairs at a stroke, and exports them at once to Paris, Antwerp, and other places on the Continent (where, as well as in England, they will breed), at 8s. a pair, instead of the high prices they once commanded. In South Australia the little beauty sells for 6d., and is bought, *heu, infandum!* for shooting matches; 8s. a pair is also the price of the zebra finch, of which there were flocks at Jamrach's on the occasion to which I refer. The air of one room, with a sloping platform of perches, whirled with the flutterings of the pretty little fellows. In another room stood a pile of tiny cages, in which a number of small birds, priced at 4s. a pair, had just arrived from Africa. Amongst other late arrivals were a coop of painted grouse, the first ever imported, and a big-headed, bright-eyed, Australian night jar, almost as innocent of body as a cherub, known as the morepoke or morepork, from the cry it utters as it floats about on silent, unflapping wing.

For £20 I might have bought two squashes, for £3 a hen bird of paradise, for £12 a pair of fruit doves from Cochinchina, for £10 a green-billed toucan, for

£15 a black and white hornbill (both of these birds having a disagreeable suggestiveness to a visitor at Christmas time), for 5s. a pair of St. Helena waxbills, and for £150 five vulturine guinea fowls from Zanzibar, which, in spite of their high price and haughty look, were very contentedly pecking at some wilted cabbage.

Black swans, with their red ceres, white pinion feathers, and musically fluting voices, are no longer *rare aves* in our lands, or rather ornamental waters. Those sprawling in their straw at Jamrach's were priced at £5 each.

There were also there a fine Australian caw-sowary, £50; a native companion, so called from the readiness with which, although a very wary bird when wild, it can be tamed, an Australian blue crane with no tail to speak of, a red hood, and a black comforter, £20; eight piping crows and three white-backed ditto, from Tasmania, at £2 each.

The goose was represented by one horned one, £6; three barheaded, £4 each; and two Sebastopol, £2 each: the duck by a smart Mandarin drake, £4; and Carolina ducks at £3 a pair. The price of the pair of crowned pigeons from New Guinea, more heavily plumed than hearses, was £40; of the Nicobar pigeons, £5; and of the harlequin doves, £1 per pair.

The Rev. Harry Jones, rector of the parish in which Jamrach's is situated, has said in one of his books that he believes he is the only clergyman in England who, if he wanted a lion before breakfast, and had money to buy it, would only have to send round the corner to get one. But this does not always hold good. There were no lions, or tigers either, in the menagerie on the occasion of my visit. It had, however, four black panthers, £150 each, which growled and sprang at the bars of their cramped cages as if they would like to make a meal of one. Since Jamrach's was established there has been only one alarming escape from confinement there—that of a tiger that got loose some years back. A striped hyæna, £10, also regarded all passers-by with a very unamiable expression of countenance. But, on the other hand, a pair of pumas, £50, and a pair of cheetahs, or hunting leopards, £80, allowed their keeper, a little man very like Phil who waits on Trooper George in "Bleak House," to fondle them, and in return rubbed their heads against him, just like domestic cats. The caracal, £12, Indian or African, notwithstanding its reputed wildness, put up its back as it walked to and fro, looking very

like a long-shanked domestic cat, as if it would like to be tickled when the little man went by. He was on excellent terms, also, with a Persian greyhound, £25, and a handsome eland, £60; and two male South American tapirs, £40 each, let him twist their long, lithe snouts about as if they had been bits of indian-rubber. The spotted ocelot, £10, seemed fierce, nor did the civet cat, £2, appear to covet caresses. Long-haired Persian cats, like locomotive rugs, were priced at £3 each. An Asiatic deer was priced at £15. I forget the variety, but it was not, I think, the elegant wide-antlered one, whose coat, like the earth, changes from dull neutral tint in winter into summer's glorious gold. A Boubaline antelope was priced at £40; a ram moufflon, the wild sheep not only of Asia Minor and Cyprus, but of Corsica and Sardinia, a favourite quarry of Victor Emmanuel's, at £6.

The menagerie is largely supplied from Australia. It has often held wombats, a somewhat badger-like burrower, except that it has none of the badger's fierceness; but Mr. Jamrach tells me that, although he has given order after order to ship-masters, he has never succeeded in procuring a live specimen of the koala, or native bear (*Phascolarctus cinereus*). Either from cold, or failure of its favourite food, fresh eucalyptus leaves, the poor constrained emigrant has generally died when about three days out at sea. This curious creature wears a grey paletot, with a white cravat, and a white patch on the other extremity of its person, which looks like a shirt-tail hanging out, and on this it carries its young, tiny chips of the old block. It has a hairless face, beaded with black eyes, and no tail.

Her bats are other of Australia's curious animals—flying mice, flying squirrels, and frugivorous flying foxes. One of these last frightened a man of Captain Cook's—a Cook's tourist of the period—into the belief that he had seen the devil; and, indeed, they have not a much better reputation now with Australian owners of gardens and orchards, when they come floating down at dusk, like fallen cherubim, to feast upon the peaches hanging from the standard trees like apples in England. Of these queer things—the flying foxes, I mean—Jamrach's, at the time of my visit, had fifteen young ones, hanging up by the heels like hams, and priced at a pound apiece. It also contained a "boomer," or rather boomah, kangaroo, £25, a marsupial famous for its size and the savoury soup made out of its tail; a doe black wallaby, £12; a kangaroo rat, £2—a kangaroo in



miniature, which prefers running on all fours to hopping; and an Australian phalanger—less learnedly, a 'possum—£2, a good deal sleepier than it would have been if at home on that hour of the twenty-four. In that case, instead of snoozing in frost-foggy London daylight, Possey would have been scampering, growling, up and down a gum-tree by silvery Australian moonlight, swinging from a bough, or seated on it embossed upon a gold-dotted onyx sky; or, if a domesticated pet, opening cupboard doors in midnight burglary, and abstracting the contents of the sugar-basin.

Two Spanish donkeys, 12½ hands high, were priced at £40 each; a Japanese ape at £15; and a black-and-white shaggy Iceland bull and cow, 32 inches high, at £15 each.

I have nothing further to state, except to assure my readers of naturalist tastes that, for whatever they want, from a hippopotamus to a humming-bird, Jamrach's is the very place to go to; and to thank Mr. Jamrach and his son for their courtesy in allowing me to inspect their curious place of business, and giving me information concerning it.

## GLAD TIDINGS.

BY THE BISHOP OF TASMANIA.

GENESIS iii. 15.

### I.—UNCONDITIONAL LOVE.

I AM anxious, in a few papers, to vindicate the ways of God before men, and to rescue them from the glosses which false religious education has led men to accept. Too much have we "made the Word of God of none effect by our traditions," not only the traditions of darker ages, as we sometimes call them, but of modern sectaries. By the "Word of God" I do not mean exclusively the New Testament. When our Lord so warned the Pharisees, not a letter of the New Testament was written, nor was an intimation given, then or afterwards, that it should be so written. At the first creation "the Word of God" said, "Let there be light," and it was so. "By the Word of the Lord, the heavens were made." God's Word, *i.e.* God's Will, was written on the starry heaven, on every blade of grass, on the down of the tiniest moth; it is heard in every breath of wind, and every sound that tells of the arrival or departure of every living thing. That Word expresses itself alike, as it speaks to the reason of man, or the instincts of animals, or to "holy men of old as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." As nature is now yielding up in an unprecedented degree her secrets to the intelligent inquirer, and physical science is proclaiming more and more clearly the reign of Universal Love, many traditional views of modern theology are out of harmony with these revelations; and readers of popular works upon such subjects become unsettled and shaken in the older beliefs. The Word of God, as revealed in His works, proclaims a love, universal, unconditional, boundless. The Word of God, as

men of the age read it in many popular books, and hear it, in most popular evangelistic missions, called in grim mockery "the Gospel of Glad Tidings," is something that is limited to country, to individuals, to some narrowing conditions. Our attempt is to bring the two voices of God into harmony, to blend the refracted rays into the white solar light that shines upon the universe from the unaverted face of its all-merciful Creator.

Let us trace "the glad tidings" from the beginning. When our first parents lived, amidst the teachings of nature in her most attractive moods, the serpent whispered the lie, as he now whispers it in the ears of self-satisfied science, "Ye shall be as gods," and with that lie would lull to sleep modern unbelief in all direct revelation. *This* is the lie, that men can exist and be happy independent of the great Father. In Eden the injected moral poison did its fatal work. But when our first parents asserted practically their independence of God, and set up *self*, that they might be as gods, Love, infinite and unconditional, was on the watch, and provided at once the antidote. That antidote is the "Gospel of Glad Tidings," the gospel in Genesis to Adam and to Abraham; the gospel in Leviticus, in Isaiah, in the Jewish Church; the gospel sung by David, ritualised in the worship and sacrifices of the Old Testament and in the sacraments of the New. That antidote was perfect in its aim, unlimited in its reach, unconditional in its freedom. It was given to Adam as *Adam*; to man as *man*. Given to Adam first, it was renewed to Abraham, "in whom *all the na-*

tions of the earth shall be blessed." It was proclaimed to the shepherds by angels—"the glad tidings which shall be to *all people*." It is important to examine the terms in which the first glad tidings were originally delivered. We find them in the third chapter of Genesis in the sentence passed, you observe, not upon our first parents, but upon their deceiver—"I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; *it* shall bruise thy head, and *thou* shalt bruise his heel." There is a striking correspondence between the disease and the antidote. The disease arose from listening to a temptation to be as gods, which came *from without*; the antidote was to listen to the argument of an all-pitying Love, which came also from without. Adam and every generation of his children have had this alternative placed before them; a choice between depending upon the false promise of the devil—"Ye shall be as gods," so resting upon *self*, or upon the promise of God, and resting upon Him. Herein is love, that God has made Himself, from the beginning, the Avenger of our injury and quarrel with our destroyer. No sooner has sin entered the abode of man, and death by sin, than God has set Himself to undo what has been done; and there is, and can be, but one hindrance in the way of the Divine victory; one cause of delay in that promised restitution of all things. For in God's will and purpose there is to be a restitution of all things; sin is *not* to triumph over love; the serpent over God; unpromising appearances over that blessed promise—"Where sin abounded grace did *much more* abound." That hindrance is the perverted free-will of man. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." "Why *will* ye die, O house of Israel?"

Is there not in this sentence passed upon the deceiver (a sentence mercifully passed before that upon Adam) the promise of a final victory over evil? It was first in order as it was first in magnitude. In a descendant of Eve a Deliverer is foretold, Who, in a way not then explained, should gain a final triumph over one that had dared to stand between God and His purposes of love. It is true that a sentence is also passed upon the offenders themselves, but that sentence is one of fatherly discipline, and not of judicial condemnation. That sentence is in harmony with all Scripture written in after ages, and shows to us that our departure is from Him; not His from us. The terms of the sentence require that His pardon, though free and full, shall not extend to the removal of

the *earthly* consequences of forsaking God. Those must be left to do the work of moral discipline till God is once more restored to His place in the hearts of men. We were driven from Paradise because Paradise would be no Paradise to us, even though we be His children still, until through bitter suffering and the fear of death we seek His face once more, and knock at the door of Paradise to be let in. Ah, how calculated is this wonderful history of Genesis to dispel the wrong and mischievous view in which so much modern theology represents the disposition of God to men! Is there anything here to justify the limiting views of redemption, or to make salvation the reward or consequence of some change effected first within ourselves? Is not the natural lesson to be learnt *this*? that the Father loved our first parents and us in them; that to this love we owe the promise that cheered them and us, and raised them from despair; that the promise was of a Deliverer, who should come, not to avert the Divine wrath, but to prove a Father's love; not to intercept that wrath in His own suffering lest it should fall on us, but to fulfil all righteousness *in* us, and show Himself true to the prophet's ideal—"I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save." On another occasion I shall try to show *how* this righteousness is fulfilled in us. I am content to say now, that His mightiness to save was not because He was the victim of Divine wrath and justice, but as the doer of God's will and the restorer of the breach, through which Adam passed from Paradise lost, after a life of trouble and of suffering, to Paradise regained. Oh, it is grievous to see what pains men take, men that set themselves up as the teachers of men, to distort and to darken the character of God. God has, indeed, permitted Adam's children to be involved in the consequences of their father's fall. They are involved in the destiny of a physical and moral death. They are in soul prone to sin, and in body to death. They must till the earth in the sweat of their brow. They weep, they sicken, they die; but before judgment was passed He has in the promise to the woman's seed brought comfort to *all* men; and from the first we see the dawn of life and hope in the distant horizon.

In one way or another, conscience tells the most unenlightened that, if they accept their sufferings as the punishment of sin, and cast themselves upon His mercy, the Divine image is being restored through One, and for the sake of One, of whom they know little, perhaps nothing, but the tradition of whose Advent,

as the promised Deliverer, has in broken fragments drifted into all heathen lands, more or less obscurely, in the witness of conscience, or in the form of sacrifice. God had said to Satan in the hearing of our trembling first parents, "The woman's seed shall bruise thy head." How misty and dim the promise. They knew not *when*, they knew not *how*, but they did know and recognise His all-pitying love that would follow themselves and their posterity through all their wanderings. Now where is there a single word of limitation or condition in this primeval promise? Nothing is said of the reward of works, or faith, or *anything* from themselves. There is nothing to obscure the deep everlasting love which determined from the first to work a *moral* change, by *moral* means, upon the *moral* nature of men, in a way which Almighty love and infinite wisdom only could contrive, as the antidote to their fall. The mistake that men make is, that they think it necessary that some change must be made in their relation to God, in order that *they* may change the relation of God to them. But all Revelation declares the contrary. "God waiteth to be gracious." The Father watches with open arms for the return of His prodigal. The board is prepared and the fatlings are killed, and the invitation goes forth again and again—"Come, for all things are ready"—"Compel them to come in"—"Come unto me, *all* ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." All that is wanted is a faith in God's love, which carries with it all you need—*pardon, acceptance, holiness, peace*. To be "justified by faith" means, not that faith has any merit or power to justify you; for Christ, your Deliverer, only can justify, or put you right with God, by putting you *at one* with His holy will; but, for all that, without faith the antidote to sin remains unapplied. To be "justified by faith" in the love of God, and in His willingness to bless, is to "have peace with Him, through our Lord Jesus Christ." Adam could have had but very misty views of the *how*, but he believed in the *what* God had promised in the woman's seed. Look at that long list gathered from Jewish history, and catalogued in Heb. xi., beginning with Abel. They could not have had equally distinct views of the *how*, but they simply took God at His word. They believed that sin had not alienated the love of God, and they were justified by this faith. That faith made them capable of receiving the sense of God's love, and under the power of that conscious love they went and sinned no more. God's anti-

dote is suited to the moral nature of His creatures—"I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." From that day to this there has been no other way of justification, or pardon, or holiness. There is no other way of making self identical with God's will. Without this men pursue their own ends to gratify their own selfish desires. They feed upon the husks in common with the swine. You must, if you would recall the wanderer, tell him not of any partiality, or favouritism, or caprice on the part of God, nor yet of any prevenient change in himself; but tell him that the same universal love displayed in nature and in providence, as free as the air and sunshine, has sent into the world "One mighty to save," by helping us to set up in our hearts the throne of God in the place of self. Tell him that the glad tidings are not for a favoured few, but for *all*; that "God *so* loved the world," and that "it is worthy of *all* acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save *sinners*." Tell him that the theory of many modern sects—that God has no thought of love but to the few that attain to certain feelings of faith or assurance—is a terrible heresy; tell him that faith in any truth is only of value so far as it produces the natural fruit of that truth; that the old belief of the Church is true and precious, that "there is one baptism for the remission of sins;" that it is more true than any of the narrowing doctrines which men have put in its place; that that doctrine proclaims, as with trumpet tongue, "God will have all men to be saved," and that His salvation is not to be bought. Tell him that as grace abounds over sin, so Christ's covenant embraces the little ones born in sin, and their baptism bears witness that on God their Father's part there is no hindrance whatever to their salvation; that He bids them come to Him, though men in their narrow systems forbid them; that, as the Church of England teaches, He for His part makes them "members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of Heaven;" that He has restored to them in the second Adam all that they have lost in the first, for there is no unrighteousness in Him; that their baptism is a simple manifestation of God's love; that whatever Christ did in the way of reconciling us to God, God has been all along doing it Himself, and positively needs nothing in order to be reconciled to us; that He was the spontaneous, self-prompting origin of our forgiveness, and all its moral results, for He was in Christ reconciling the whole world unto Himself, and if the world, then every individual born into it.



## THE DUTCH FLAG IN THE NORTHERN SEAS.

By ALBERT HASTINGS MARKHAM.

## PART II.

"And when we came to that cold countrie  
Where the white snow always lies,  
Where the storms, and the cold, and the big whales blow,  
And the daylight never dies."

THE first few days at sea were necessarily uncomfortable ones to those on board the *Willem Barents*, for, to add to their discomfort, strong gales and heavy seas were encountered. A gale of wind is at all times unpleasant, both at sea and on land, but it is more especially so on board a small vessel, whose very liveliness deprives one of rest, and where space is so limited that it is impossible to obtain shelter, even for a brief moment, from the volumes of water with which the upper deck is inundated, and which flowing down the hatchways find their way into the cabins and into the very bunks themselves. To lie down on one's bed is quite out of the question; to attempt a walk on the upper deck is equally impossible. There is nothing to be done but "grin and bear it!" And that this was done by all on board the little schooner, who with her sails close reefed was gallantly struggling against the elements on her northward course, there is ample evidence to prove. It took some little time before everything had settled down into its proper place, and every one had got accustomed to the motion of the lively little craft; but the boisterous weather experienced at first starting had the effect of proving the sea-worthy capabilities of their ship to the satisfaction of everybody. It was the unanimous opinion of all on board that although, perhaps, the *Willem Barents* could not boast of great speed, she was at any rate an excellent sea-boat. They knew she was also strongly built, so that they felt the greatest confidence in their vessel as being thoroughly well adapted for the service she was about to be employed on.

On the fifth day out they sighted the coast of Norway, and, being fine weather, were able to enjoy the wild, picturesque scenery for which the coast of this country is so deservedly famous.

It was indeed a treat to them to stand once more on a dry deck, and, basking in the glorious rays of a May sun, behold the wild and rugged shores of North-Western Europe as they softly glided through a smooth sea. Running close into the land they picked up a pilot, and boldly entering the Kars fjord

at midnight, dropped anchor off the pretty little town of Bergen at noon on the 12th of May. It must be remembered that in the latitude of Bergen, during the month of May, the sun at midnight is so few degrees below the horizon that there is little or no darkness, the twilight being sufficiently bright for all navigable purposes. Their arrival in harbour was signalled by the outburst of heavy rain, which lasted, more or less, during their stay. This was all the more aggravating as they were informed that Bergen had not been visited with rain for the last six weeks!

In spite of weather, however, work had to be performed; a small leak had been discovered when at sea, and this had to be remedied, whilst a few other alterations and improvements for the general welfare and comfort of those on board were also made.

Nothing could exceed the civility and hospitality displayed by the inhabitants; their kindness was unbounded. As a slight acknowledgment of the gratitude of the officers for the unvarying courtesy and attention shown to them by the Dutch Consul, he was presented, before the schooner sailed, with a handsome silver cup bearing the following inscription, "Aan Jacob Kramer, Souvenir, Willem Barents Etat Major, May 17, 1878."

The ship having been swung for the adjustment of her compasses, and the chronometers having been rated, she was towed out of harbour on the 18th of May, and by midnight the entrance of the fjord was reached, the pilot was discharged, and the *Willem Barents* was once more alone on the North Atlantic Ocean.

Again, however, was she subjected to the caprices of adverse winds and stormy weather, against which she contended bravely. During an interregnum between two gales, for one would invariably succeed another with marvellous rapidity, the sounding apparatus and engine were tried and found to work satisfactorily, bottom (soft mud) being obtained in two hundred fathoms. The dredge was also put over, and in half-an-hour's time hauled up with a rich prize of crinoids, echinodermata, and other speci-

mens of deep-sea zoology, which were duly preserved by the naturalist.

On the 30th of May, according to astronomical observations, the Arctic circle was crossed in a north-westerly gale accompanied by rain, snow, and hail; a fitting reception to those who dare to invade the Ice-King's realms. To celebrate the occasion a good dinner, with the best of everything at command, was prepared, but had scarcely been done justice to when the storm increased, and, as if to show them that they were not permitted to enter the mysterious region presided over by King Frost with impunity, they were driven back into the Atlantic Ocean. Two days subsequently, however, the Dutch flag was hoisted inside the polar zone, and the national tricolour was again seen floating proudly on those waters where, for more than one hundred years, it had been a stranger.

They had now arrived in the region of perpetual day; darkness for the few months they would remain in those waters would be unknown; this was, indeed, a new experience to them, for, with the exception of Beynen and Grant, none had ever beheld the novelty of a midnight sun.

How wonderful are the works of nature; and how marvelously are they suited to the undertakings of us poor mortals! Without continuous daylight navigation in the arctic seas would be so hazardous as to be rendered almost impossible, but, thanks to the bright sun which lights up the northern portion of our globe during one long day in the navigable season, exploration may be readily, and even recklessly, carried out.

On the 5th of June a falling temperature was a sure indication that ice might at any moment be seen. The crow's-nest was accordingly sent up and fixed in its place on the fore-topmast. Without such a place as a look-out, whence to watch the movements of the ice, and thereby take advantage of any little opening that might offer, the task of piloting a ship amid the heavy ice-floes of the north would be difficult and dangerous. The crow's-nest is simply a long narrow cask capable of holding one person, and fitted with a small trap-hatch in its lower end, through which the occupant creeps, shutting down the hatch when he is inside, and standing upon it. It affords complete shelter, and enables a man to remain in it on the look-out, even in the very coldest weather that is likely to be experienced in the summer, for many hours at a time.

The island of Jan Mayen, situated in

71° 30' N. latitude and 8° W. longitude, was the first destination of the *Willem Barents*. But although the distance to be performed to reach it was not very great, the succession of head winds and the general bad weather that prevailed made the voyage extremely monotonous, and began to exert an influence on the crew. It was the reaction following the excitement that had hitherto stimulated and borne them up. The officers had plenty to occupy their minds—hourly meteorological observations were taken by them and duly registered, winds and currents were regularly noted, and they had their journals to write, books to read, besides other things to beguile the time. But with the men it was different; even if they had the will they rarely had the opportunity to indulge in literary pursuits, and what else could they do in their idle moments but review their situation and prospects? Already had the commander, turning over the subject in his own mind, begun to consider that it would be better to relinquish the idea of reaching the island, so persistent was the wind in its contrariness, when a favourable breeze sprang up driving away the horrid mist and fog that had enveloped them for so long, and early on the morning of the 8th of June, right ahead, was sighted the high mountain of Beerenberg, its snow-covered summit rising proudly in the air against a background of light blue sky.

This remarkable volcanic peak is the highest part of the island of Jan Mayen, and is 6,800 feet above the level of the sea. The island itself is about thirty miles in length in a north-east and south-west direction.

On approaching the land they again ran into thick weather, so that it was only occasionally that glimpses of it could be seen. At noon, however, of the 9th, to their great joy they found themselves close in, and preparations were at once made to visit this solitary and uninhabited island. Hope and joy were depicted on the faces of all on board the *Barents*. None appeared to enjoy the prospect of a run on shore so much as Speelman's black retriever "Sailor," who distinguished himself when last on shore at Bergen by murdering a cat!

Orders were given to hoist the tricolour, and as it fluttered out bravely before a fresh north-westerly breeze, the thoughts of those serving under it were rapidly taken back to the time when, two hundred and sixty-eight years before, it had been carried there by their countrymen whose names they were now

desirous of immortalizing on the scenes of their discoveries. Towards evening the mist cleared off, and the midnight sun shining on the snow-covered coast revealed a scene such as can only be enjoyed in the far north. It was a lovely evening, whilst it lasted; the wind and sea had both subsided, and everything appeared calm and serene on that still, clear night. Their old and constant attendants, the gulls and stormy petrels, had deserted them, but these were replaced by rotges, doves, and others of the feathered tribe peculiar to high latitudes, who flew and swam around, as though welcoming them to their domains.

From the ship, except for a short distance from the coast line, the whole island, including its peculiar cone-shaped mount, appeared one mass of snow and glacier; no vegetation could be distinguished, and no animal life could be observed on it.

The island is of volcanic formation, Beerenberg bearing evidences of being an extinct crater. A little thin wreath of smoke, lazily curling upwards, was observed on one of the slopes, by which it is presumed that volcanic agency is not altogether extinct on the island. Many years ago half-a-dozen Dutchmen, hoping to make it a whaling station, tried the experiment of passing a winter on Jan Mayen. It was a fatal experiment, for none survived to relate the tale of their miseries; they were all found dead by the next visitors to the island.

It was indeed an enjoyable evening for all on board, and the seamen confessed themselves amply rewarded for all their troubles and trials by thus accomplishing the first part of their mission.

But "L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose," is a proverb that must not be lost sight of, more especially when engaged in such uncertain work as Arctic exploration. Whilst sailing along the coast in search of a safe anchorage and a spot where they could land, the wind and sea rose suddenly, a dense fog surrounded them, and to their great disappointment they were compelled to abandon all idea of visiting the island, and standing away to the northward, they shaped a course for Amsterdam Island, in Spitzbergen.

On the 11th, being still in sight of Jan Mayen, the first ice was sighted. It consisted of "loose sailing pieces" only, but it warned them that they were in the neighbourhood of the main pack; the temperature also occasionally fell below freezing point. Every day now added fresh pictures from the book of nature. Sometimes a whale would be

observed spouting a jet of water into the air as he lazily floated on the surface, or perhaps a seal would be seen lazily basking in the sunshine on a piece of ice, until frightened away by the approach of the schooner, or a bullet from the rifle of one of the men. The fragments, too, of floating ice assumed all kinds of fantastic shapes, rendering the whole scene one indeed of romantic novelty to those who witnessed such a picture for the first time. Magnificent indeed was the scene that surrounded them, "beyond," as one of the seamen truly observed, "the power of any pen to describe!"

Although the presence of ice necessitated a greater amount of vigilance on the part of the officers, still they had the comfort of being in comparatively smooth water; an opportunity that was frequently taken advantage of to obtain soundings or to get a haul with the dredge, thus largely assisting to contribute to our knowledge of the inhabitants of the great deep.

Once having arrived at the edge of the ice, the *Willem Barents* seemed to be more fortunate regarding the weather than she had hitherto been, and favourable winds became the order of the day.

Sometimes a fog or mist would surround them, during which they would unconsciously drift into the pack, along the edge of which they were desirous of sailing; but immediately this was perceived the commander, faithful to his instructions not to run the risk of being beset, would work his way through the ice until the edge of the pack was again reached.

On the 18th of June Hakluyt headland, the north-west point of Spitzbergen, was sighted, the southerly winds lately experienced having apparently cleared the northern coast of ice. From the crow's-nest, along the northern horizon was seen a sharp white line, which was supposed to be the edge of the polar pack; otherwise the sea, so far as they could distinguish, was perfectly free of ice.

As Spitzbergen was approached they were more fully able to realize the appropriateness of its name; sharp-pointed peaks rising up from amidst glaciers and snow-clad valleys formed the most prominent features of the landscape, whilst the dark shadows of the hills formed a striking contrast to the whiteness of the snow over which they were thrown.

As the barometer was falling, and there was every indication of bad weather, the commander decided upon pushing on for Amster-



dam Island, and there anchoring; but tide and wind were against him, and the little ship had to undergo a tough fight before a place of safety was reached. Eventually she glided round the steep cliffs of the little island of Zeeuwsche Uitskyk (Zeelander's Outlook), and let go her anchor for the first time since leaving Bergen. Being additionally secured by two stout hawsers made fast to a couple of large stones on shore, the little vessel lay in safety behind huge masses of rocks, completely sheltered from the storm that was howling around. All looked dreary and deserted—a cold, desolate, wintry scene, bleak and cheerless beyond description. The dense snow-drift, driving before the fierce gale, totally obscured the land from their view, except during a lull, when they obtained occasional glimpses, and saw it was all covered in its snowy mantle. It was not pleasing to contemplate, and turning from it, not without a shudder, they were glad to seek refuge in the cabin, and consolation and warmth in a hot cup of coffee!

The weather continuing unfavourable, the *Willem Barents* was compelled to remain at anchor until the 23rd; but, although the ship was idle, those belonging to her were most indefatigably employed carrying out their researches in those branches of science in which they were respectively interested. A neighbouring island, named Goose Island, was visited, and on it was found between fifty and a hundred graves, though in a lamentable state of ruin. The coffins were in many cases open, though the wood of which they were constructed appeared to be but little decayed. The bones of the poor fellows who had perished in this dreary far-off land, and, in some instances, portions of their clothes, were visible in the majority of the coffins; the latter appeared simply to have been placed on the rocks, and then stones piled over them. It was never clearly ascertained whether these graves were those of Russian walrus-hunters or their own countrymen, for, in the days when the Dutch whale fishery flourished, a boiling-oil place had been established on Amsterdam Island. But so jealous were the Amsterdammers of their rights, that they would not permit the Zeelanders to use the same place as themselves; so it is more than probable that the Zeelanders had selected this spot for boiling their oil, and also as the last resting-place of their poor comrades who perished whilst so employed.

The four days following her departure from this anchorage the *Willem Barents* was

engaged in examining the pack, along the edge of which they ran to the eastward for some distance. During this time they experienced very changeable weather, at one time "laying to" under storm-sails, with the seas making clean sweeps over them, and at another time rolling lazily in a dead calm, a bright sun lighting up the picturesque peaks and snow-clad hills of Spitzbergen. From the observations they were able to make concerning the state of the ice in the neighbourhood in which they were cruising, they came to the conclusion that it was a most favourable year for exploration in that latitude, the strong southerly winds having driven the ice to the northward, leaving only a little in the bays and indentations in the land.

Struggling with loose streams of ice, the *Willem Barents* succeeded in reaching Verlegen Hoek; but here was met ice of a heavier description. Following the edge of this pack to the north-west, they again experienced very bad weather, which, as one of the officers remarked, "taught them what it was to cruise in a small ship in 80° N. latitude." When this gale moderated the ice to the northward was examined, which proved to be light, and only of one season's formation; it was about twenty miles from the land, and appeared to be drifting slowly to the N.N.W. A dark water sky to the northward gave promise of a long stretch of navigable sea, whilst it was a sure sign of the great distance of the heavy polar pack. Serial observations were obtained whenever practicable with Negretti and Zambra's deep-sea thermometers.

It was a beautiful sight for those on board the *Willem Barents* to behold the different capes, bays, and headlands, all more or less clothed in their wintry garb, as their vessel passed rapidly along the coast. Those who had previously beheld and admired the grand scenery of Greenland declared that, although the splendid glaciers were wanting, still the general effect of the scenery in Spitzbergen was superior to anything they had seen in North Greenland.

Many of the points of land past which the little schooner glided were historically associated with the deeds of the old Dutch navigators; for was not that Vogeltzang, the first land sighted by the intrepid Barents in his last and fatal voyage? There, to the southward, lay Zeeuwsche Uitskyk, the place they had so recently visited, sacred as the burial place, in years long gone by, of their departed countrymen; and there, on their right hand

and on their left hand, were islands and bays rendered famous by the days of hardship and suffering spent in those lone and dreary spots by the old navigators, no less than by the sanguinary conflicts that occurred between them and the fierce ice bears. In front of them rose the high, grey, and grim Greij-hoek, bringing to their remembrance the fearful catastrophe that occurred only six years before, when no less than sixteen ships, belonging to the Russian walrus-hunters, were driven against its dark frowning cliffs and utterly destroyed.

On the 27th of June they came to an anchor in Hollandsche Bay, on the east

coast of the island of Amsterdam, the second place where, according to their instructions, they were ordered to erect a memorial stone. The ruins of the old boiling establishment of Smeerenberg were plainly visible as they entered the bay, situated in a low, marshy flat. A mass of debris covered the site of the old settlement, consisting of the remains of the furnaces, whales' bones, rotten rope, and other rubbish. The old burial-place, however, presented a still more dismal appearance; most of the coffins were exposed and in a dilapidated state, and bones and skulls were scattered about in all directions. Some of the graves had originally been furnished



Old Dutch Graveyard on Amsterdam Island, north coast of Spitzbergen.

with head-stones, but these had all fallen down; the inscriptions on a few, however, were perfectly distinct and legible. On one coffin was announced that it contained the remains of one Captain Cornelis Dek, who expired on the 19th of July, 1778—just one hundred years before; yet the features were still distinguishable, and the long white locks peeped out from beneath a moss-grown cap!

The graves were put in order, and the head-stones and crosses placed again in position, and there, in the centre of the burial-ground, was erected the stone which had been brought out from Holland for the purpose. It bore the following inscription:—

IN MEMORIAM.  
SPITZBERGEN OR NIEUWELAND  
DISCOVERED  
IN 79° 30' N. LAT.  
BY THE DUTCH.  
HERE WINTERED AND DIED IN 1634 AND 1635  
JACOB SEEGERSZ AND 6 OTHERS.  
HERE WINTERED AND DIED IN 1654 AND 1655  
ANDRIES JANSZ OF MIDDELBERG AND  
6 OTHERS.

It was placed fronting the sea, and on it was deposited a cross of immortelles, on which, in white letters on a red field, was the name, "Willem Barents," the whole surmounted by a blue border. A tin cylinder, in which was a paper recording the movements of the expedition, was also deposited in close proximity.

mity to the stone; and as a reward for the finder, whoever he may be, a bottle of Geneva and some biscuits were concealed near by. All the arrangements being concluded, the entire crew of the schooner assembled round the simple memorial stone to listen to the words of their commander. He spoke to the following effect:—"Men, by the placing of this stone we fulfil the wish of the Dutch nation, which is to do honour to our forefathers, who in these seas have contributed so largely to the honour and greatness of Holland. This spot, where we now stand, the burial-place of Dutch seamen who died long ago, has been selected as a suitable one

for the erection of the memorial, in honour of the brave deeds and noble spirit of enterprise of our undaunted navigators. For centuries have their ashes rested here, and when we look around we see that little or nothing is left of many of their graves. But what is still with us, what will never decay, so long as the flag of Holland floats proudly o'er the sea, is the respect and admiration in which we, their successors, hold the memory of those men, who died hundreds of years ago, after having done so much for the honour and prosperity of our much-loved Fatherland. And to commemorate this feeling is the placing of this stone a proof."



Glacier in Smøreenborg, Spitzbergen.

Grant, who had in the meanwhile been preparing his apparatus, took a photograph of the group directly the commander had finished speaking. It was an interesting picture to see the fourteen stalwart men, worthy successors of the brave heroes over whose remains they were standing, grouped together round the stone that a grateful country had taken such trouble and so much pains to erect as a token of respect to the memory of their countrymen! This photograph, it may be interesting to know, was taken at one o'clock in the morning!

On the 2nd of July the schooner was got under weigh, and a few hours after safely secured in Robbe Bay, where they were able

to replenish their tanks with excellent drinking water.

On Dane's Island was found an iron cross that had been placed there in 1869 by Dr. Bessels, of *Polaris* fame.

Dane's Island appears to have been a land of plenty, for our explorers succeeded in getting no less than three hundred ducks' eggs during the short time the vessel was in Robbe Bay; and one of the seamen naively remarked that "if we wanted roast meat we had only to go on shore with our guns for half an hour, when we would return laden with birds!"

Sufficient water having been obtained, and the larder stocked, the schooner again



weighed, and after sailing for some hours through loose drifting ice, the clear water was reached, and a course shaped to the southward. From Captain Kjeilsen they received the pleasing intelligence that the Barents Sea, which they were about to visit, was this year more free of ice than usual, the easterly winds that had prevailed during the spring having driven it to the westward. This was indeed joyful news. So far the expedition had prospered well; they had accomplished all that was expected of them up to that time, and they still had the best part of the navigable season in which to carry out the remainder of their orders.

The voyage to Bear Island was a dull and monotonous one, a thick fog prevailing the whole time. So dense at times was the fog that they were unable to distinguish the bowsprit when standing on the quarter-deck. Whenever they were sure of their position soundings would be obtained, once in as great a depth as 1,360 fathoms.

Nothing tends so much to depress the spirits of sailors as continual thick weather; they are uncertain as to their exact position, they can see nothing beyond their vessel, and in the little *Willem Barents* they had nothing whatever to relieve the boredom of their situation. The officers attempted chess, but the lively antics of the schooner effectually put a stop to the game, as it was found impossible to keep the pieces on their proper squares. It was a relief to every one when, on the 13th of July, Mount Misery, black and gloomy though it appeared, was sighted

ahead, and two days after they anchored at Bear Island. As birds innumerable were seen congregated on the rocks, sportsmen were quickly dispatched to "shoot for the pot," and it was not long before a sufficient quantity was obtained to keep the crew in fresh provisions for some days. But what caused greater joy than even this welcome addition to their everlasting stock fish and beans, was the discovery of a mail which had been left for them by the Swedish steamer *Voringen*. On this being made known, loud and many were the hurrahs that greeted the intelligence. Sport for the time was forgotten, and all hurried on board to obtain the "last news from home." In grateful remembrance of the receipt of this mail, a thank-offering of tobacco, with a case of long clay pipes, were deposited in the place where the letters had been found!

Leaving Bear Island on the morning of the 16th, it was determined to steer to the southward, and, putting into some port on the north coast of Norway, forward letters and telegrams to Holland, so as to relieve their friends from any anxiety they might experience concerning them, and also to inform them of what had already been accomplished. They would then proceed towards the fulfilment of the remainder of their orders. Acting upon this determination the *Willem Barents* came to an anchor in the harbour of Vardo, on the north coast of Norway, at eight o'clock on the morning of the 22nd of July.

[The illustrations to these articles are from photographs by Mr. Grant.]

(To be continued.)

## LAY SERMONS.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

### I.—FAITH.

"Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."—HEB. xi. 1.

I HAVE often wondered, having been a church-goer in churchly Scotland for half a century and more, how amid all the prominence justly given by all thoughtful men of all parties to the great Pauline and Protestant doctrine of salvation by faith, those who enlarge on this theme have so often, or I may say, in Scotland, almost universally, taken the key-note of their discourse rather from the Epistle to the Romans, than from that notable chapter in the Hebrews to which the prefixed verse belongs. For without entering into the disputed question of the authorship of this

epistle, which cannot in the slightest degree affect its place in the canon, it must strike any person who applies even a superficial amount of thinking to the study of the New Testament, that this chapter is the only one in which a formal definition of faith in a purely scientific shape is given; and not this only, but given with a long sequence of striking illustrations, which must render the practical significance of the abstract definition patent to all understandings: whereas, in the Epistle to the Romans, through the whole sweep of the argument down to the end of the eleventh chapter, where the practical

part commences, the writer has certain sacerdotal pretensions, Pharisaic conceits, presumptuous imaginations, and vain-glorious notions, mainly in his eyes, with reference to which the doctrine of salvation by faith is stated in a peculiar contrast to works, which does not, and, indeed, could not occur in the more wide and general view of the moral principle given after the philosophical definition in the Hebrews.

Let any man, therefore, who wishes to know philosophically and practically the length and the breadth of the glorious principle of Christian faith—the great root of all moral soundness in society—breaking loose bravely from the crust of local prejudice and the pressure of an inherited terminology, look this chapter of the Hebrews freely and fully in the face, and see what it means as the great authorized interpreter of the moral history of the world, not only in the case of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Moses, and Daniel, and Samuel and all the prophets, which are the examples on which the writer of the epistle in his circumstances most naturally and most appropriately dwells, but also in all the leading assertions of human worth and social dignity in later times, whether against sacerdotal intolerance in Constantinople and Rome, or political atrocity in Naples and Milan.

On the technical words used in the definition—for they are in a manner technical, having been appropriated both in metaphysical theology and in logic—it is not necessary to make any detailed remarks. The English word *substance* is merely the curtailed form of the Latin *substantia*; and this, again, is merely the Latin transference of the Greek *ὑπόστασις*, meaning that which stands under or underlies, *substratum*. That, therefore, which distinguishes a reasonable faith, conviction, or belief from a vain wish is simply the amount of solid substantial element which it contains. In other words, faith is a reasonable and a substantial hope, and it is at the same time a proof (*ἔλεγχος*, *elenchus*); for, as neither the future nor the invisible can be seen—the future because it is not arrived, and the invisible because it is incognisable by sense—the one proof or evidence that belongs to both is the reasonable substratal element which they imply.

Of faith, conviction, or belief, there are three kinds which must not be confounded, all of which, to a certain extent, seem to have been within the view of the writer of this chapter. *First*, there is historical belief, or faith in the reality of some fact not

known directly to the believer. *Second*, metaphysical or theological faith, faith in an inward invisible power, not distinctly apprehended, but necessarily inferred from its significant manifestation. *Third*, moral or practical faith, an abiding conviction of some truth, which necessarily leads to action tending to a realisation of that truth. This last is peculiarly the living faith of Christians, which has produced all the victorious apostleship, fruitful martyrdom, and triumphal progress of the moral world: and it is this, of course, which the writer of our chapter mainly insists on and largely illustrates. Nevertheless a word or two, by way of contrast and qualification, may be profitable on the other two kinds, which, like the axioms and postulates in Euclid, however relatively small in bulk, are necessarily implied as the starting point or root of the rich ramifications of the third. As for the first, the historical faith, or the belief in credibly attested facts, there are religions, such as the ancient Greek, in which the historical element is so small and so accidental to the system, that it need not be practically taken into account. Greek religious mythology, or mythological religion, was so purely the growth of a reverential imagination, acting on the powerful forces of the physical and the powerful passions of the moral world, that a devout Pindar, Æschylus, Socrates, or Xenophon, might feel his faith firmly rooted in it, without having been called on to append his credence to a single seriously attested fact; but it is otherwise with our Christianity, a religion so deeply grounded not only in the personal character and lives of its founders, but in the accredited history of continuous centuries, that for this very reason the writer of our epistle as a matter of fact rather assumes the historical materials of his faith, than sets himself, like a professor in a university, to prove the necessity of a firm foundation of historical belief to every man calling himself a Christian. The early Christian Churches, indeed, stood where they stood, and professed what they professed, on the basis of certain generally accredited historical facts; and a mason could no more pile a pyramid or a palace without bricks or square stones, than the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews could argue as he does, without the postulate of a strong substratum of received facts. As for St. Paul himself, it is quite certain not only from several notable places in his epistles, but also from his missionary discourses in the Acts, that he considered the literal reality of the resurrec-

tion of our Saviour as the key-stone of his whole preaching. Nevertheless this historical faith, being rather a necessary reasonable postulate of Christianity, than Christian faith as a vital principle of action, is not specially alluded to in our chapter, unless indeed we assert that the creation of the world mentioned in the third verse, as apprehended by an act of faith, must be understood to mean a belief in that grand manifestation of Divine wisdom, on the authority of the author of the Book of Genesis. We prefer, however, to regard the faith spoken of in the third verse by which we know God as the creator of the world, and the act of faith likewise mentioned in the sixth verse, without which it is impossible to please God, as falling under our second category of metaphysical, philosophical, or theological faith, that is, the belief in an ultimate unseen cause or principle, of which all outward, visible, and sensual things are the manifestation and the effect; and what the apostle states as the ground of this faith in the Romans, that every reasonable manifestation of effects necessarily implies a reasonable cause of that manifestation, is precisely the same as the argument of Socrates, that I have as much cause for believing in God by his manifestation in the world, as I have for believing in myself or any of my friends, by the expression of their character, in their features, and in the dramatic process of their life. This is the language at once of all profound thinking, of all sound theology, of all high poetry, and of all healthy instinct; and if there be any that think otherwise, as in this age of feverous transition there haply may be, who boast themselves of the hollow vacuities and negative absurdities of *atheism* or *nihilism*, we must just let them lie like drunk men in the ditch, till the fit is over.

The second great fundamental article of the Christian's creed, as stated by the apostle, is, as we have stated, the moral government of the world. This, though no doubt, as much as the first, a metaphysical proposition, to which a merely intellectual assent may be conceded, is, nevertheless, very different from it, for it concerns not the world of thoughtful speculation, but the world of moral energy, and cannot, without a manifest force on nature, be believed seriously, without leading to a deliberate and determinate course of action. A man may believe that two and two make four without counting his pennies; but he cannot believe that decapitation is the penalty of high treason, and at the same time indulge lightly

in familiar confabulation with conspirators. As to the ground of the moral law, and the reality of the Divine government from which it derives its sanction, we come to acknowledge it by an infallible manifestation of its power, exactly as in the case of physical law, only in a different region, and under more various and complex conditions. Society is an organism as much as a plant or an animal, and as such exists only by the cohesive power of certain moral laws, the cessation of whose action would instantly be followed by its resolution into an aggregate of hostile, confounding, and mutually exterminating elements. One does not require to travel to Bulgaria, or to be familiar with Turkish misgovernment, or no government, in any part of the world, to be made startlingly alive to the fact that the normal state of human gregariousness, which we call society, may at any moment cease when the cement of society, which we call sympathy, ceases to act, and the controlling power of justice or practical reason is disowned. Man is man essentially and characteristically by his consistent, reasonable action in relation to his fellows; in other words, by acknowledging the moral law. The moment he throws this law aside he becomes a beast, a tiger or a fox, or a combination of the two, with the addition of intellectual ingenuity to make the ferocity of the tiger more systematic, and the cunning of the fox more treacherous. And thus, as Mephistopheles says in *Faust*, he becomes "more brutish than any brute can be," becomes transformed, in fact, into a fiend, a demon or a devil, in the fashion of which the records of our criminal courts, and the lives of unbridled men, drunk with power and pleasure in high places, furnish only too numerous examples. There can be no doubt, therefore, that man is by the constitution of his nature essentially a moral animal; and, as the constitution of human nature, as of all nature, is Divine, and comes directly from God, the belief in the obligation of the law finds its root instinctively in the acknowledgment of the law-giver. It is possible, no doubt, for an atheist to be a moral man, but it is not natural. The natural keystone of all moral ideas is God. "He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him;" in which verse seeking God and coming to God can only mean seeking to know and to conform to the Divine law of which God is at once the author and the administrator. And this order of things is not arbitrary, but inwrought into the very



conception of a social organism; it is, in fact, as absurd to suppose that the driving in of a nail or a screw should not tend to the binding together of two planks, as that the observance of the moral law should not tend to the well-being of society; for if, without law, society, as we have seen, cannot exist at all, much less can it exist comfortably or enjoyably. What we call a disorderly life and an ill-governed country is simply a person in whom, or a country in which, the action of moral law is feeble or irregular; and in all such cases it follows, as surely as ashes from flames, that the vitality of the person will be lowered, and the power of the State decline. God cannot deny his own nature; and the laws of nature, both physical and moral, which are the marshalled display of the Divine wisdom, power, and goodness, cannot in any one case be contravened without a certain departure from the source of all Divine reality; which, if repeated and continued in the same negative direction, may end in that separation and divorce from all essentially vitalising influences, which we call death—physical or moral, as the case may be. Look round about you, not far but very near, and see how the sorrowful records of broken fortunes, shattered health, and degraded character, in which novels and newspaper columns abound, give constant confirmation of the truth of this text. The persons who afford these sad illustrations of shipwrecked faith and ruined lives, did simply, in foolish thoughtlessness, insolent presumption, or unbridled wantonness, tear themselves away from the Divine law, which, as in the person of our Saviour specially, so everywhere, is the stem of the vine, giving support and sap to all the branches; and the branch now lies soulless and sapless, of all green beauty and purple glory divested, fit only to be cast into the fire. No doubt the extreme penalty which human authorities, as ministers of the Divine law, impose on social offenders, may sometimes be escaped; but the inward rottenness remains, eating surely and silently through the heart of a life at whose outward flourishes and painted prosperity the envious gaze of a thousand fools may be directed; and no one can tell what amount of misery, degradation, and corruption may, in the natural process of the generations, evolve itself from the taint of one ancestral crime. The Greeks, as may be seen in their tragedies, had a strong feeling of this law of moral retribution; and we Christians should be quick at once to see its operation more largely, and to feel its terrors more effectively.

We now leave the ground of abstract principle, and consider how faith in God and in His moral government displays itself in the formation of character on the stage of history, and in the great drama of human life; and we shall start here with the illustration of Columbus crossing the Atlantic ocean and discovering the new world.

Columbus was a poor boy, son of a Genoese woolcomber, who had gone to sea in his youth, and also, by study at the university of Pavia, had acquired such knowledge of geometry, geography, astronomy, and navigation, as was to be had at the time. His adventurous genius was fired by the accounts which he read of far distant parts of the world, whether in the books of the ancient geographers, or in the travels of the famous Venetian, Marco Polo. These accounts, taken together with the sphericity of the globe, in which he believed, warranted the firm faith that, if he only sailed far enough westward, he would certainly arrive, by a course the reverse of that generally practised, at the extreme east parts of Asia, China, Japan, and some vague extent of country beyond, known to poets down to the present hour under the name of Cathay. This conviction, as every one sees now, was in the highest degree reasonable, it being quite certain that, if he could have held out long enough, and had the West Indies and America not stood directly in his way, he must have arrived at the far east land, by steering ever more and more to the west. But the inspirations of genius and the prophetic indications of science were alike disowned by the prudence, the fear, the laziness, the indifference, or, in a single word, by the lack of faith in those to whom he made his appeal for the means to make this voyage of discovery; and even when fairly embarked, it was with the utmost difficulty, and with the help of a pious lie occasionally, that he could induce his doubting and despairing crew to obey his command, and follow out the adventurous quest. This example brings out most emphatically one essential quality of Christian faith, as displayed in most of the illustrations given by the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, viz., courage, resolution, determination, and persistency; courage, be it observed, not only of the common military kind, which a man, like a dog, naturally has, being a fighting animal, but moral courage, to face without flinching whole batteries of ridicule and sneers, and words of grave authority and prudent warning from those who are wise in

the wisdom that lies behind and around us, but who lack the vision and the prophetic faculty to see beforehand the reasonable possibilities of the future. This vision belongs to faith; *faith removes mountains*. The man of faith must succeed; because, to have a reasonable object, and to follow after that object with a wise persistency, are the two conditions out of which all high achievement grows. Nature, as Schiller says, is in league with genius; or, to use the language of religion, God, the author of external nature, being also the author of the inward reasonable convictions which are summed up in faith, cannot fail to make the external and the internal factors of human action meet in a common result. As the eye seeks the light, and the light finds the eye, so every grand inspiration, whether of prophet, or poet, political or ecclesiastical reformer, geographical explorer, or cunning engineer, finds the materials and the tools which it requires abundantly provided for the need. But the man who will succeed must seek, and he must see, and he must strike, and, above all things, he must believe. Nature does nothing for doubters.

Let us now take an example of living, active faith in the field of devout patriotic achievement, which the apostle, in this chapter, had more directly in view; and we cannot do better here than take the example whose features himself touches most in detail, viz., Moses. The position of the Israelites in Egypt was that of a band of foreign settlers, favoured originally, no doubt, by the patronage of the native monarch, but falling soon into the neglect and contempt which is the natural lot of an alien minority, and, under an absolute monarchy such as prevailed in Egypt, liable always to be reserved for doing the lowest kind of forced labour, under the most galling penalties, whenever an inconsiderate or ambitious ruler chose to strain his privilege to the utmost. Add to this, that besides being politically in Egypt, as prostrate before the native authorities as the helots in Greece were before the Spartans, the Hebrews under the Pharaohs were living in a state of open and declared antagonism to the established religion of the land; a state which, in a sacerdotal country like Egypt, necessarily added the bitterness of sacred bigotry to the insolence of despotic authority. Well, under these circumstances, Moses, a comely son of a stout Hebrew mother, providentially rescued from an early death in the swelling waters of the Nile, grew up under the notice and favour of a princess of the royal house, and, in this position, had

prospects of worldly honour and advancement opened up, to which no limits might be set; for in all absolute monarchies, where there is practically no aristocracy, any man of talent, as we may see in Turkey and in modern Egypt at the present hour, may lightly leap to the right hand of the throne. A worldly man, that is to say a selfish man, who lived merely to wield a selfish power, and to gratify his vanity by the adjuncts of a brilliant social position, would never have allowed the advantages of such a situation to slip through his fingers. He would have served the Egyptians faithfully, as certain notorious Italians served the Austrians in Milan, that he might rise and rule; but he would have done so, as worldly men always do, only by sacrificing his best affections as a Hebrew, his moral dignity as a man, and the human ties by which he was naturally bound to his race, for a position of eminence, which however worthy in itself, he could not honourably hold. But Moses was a man of honour; or let us rather say a man of faith; for he not only scorned to abandon his poor oppressed countrymen that he might become a court-favourite, but, as his future career showed, he had that in him which marked him out for being the deliverer of his enslaved kinship, and the creator of a mighty people; and the sacred narrative makes it abundantly plain that no man can do these things without faith in God, who is ever ready to help those who are willing to help themselves. The liberation of an enslaved people is, indeed, at all times, an achievement which requires the highest exercise of faith of which a moral being is capable. For the difficulties in the way of such a systematic reversal of social position are immense, and the dangers of failure great; so that whosoever undertakes such a work, whether an ancient Hebrew lawgiver, or a modern revolutionary captain of volunteers, like Garibaldi, must do so under the assured conviction that God is with him, that he is fighting, and willing to give his life for the constitution of things which from the beginning God ordained for all times and all places. This is the foundation of what Dr. Paley, I think, calls "the sacred right of insurrection;" insurrection, indeed, never lightly to be advised, or hastily to be undertaken; but there are unquestionably extreme cases, in which a man who firmly believes in a Divine government of the world dare not allow himself to live under conditions which lend a continual sanction to the most shameless rapacity and the most systematic atrocity.

When those who wield the sword wield it in the service, not of God, but of the devil; when the fundamental maxim of those who sit in the seat of authority is to promote all baseness, and to crush all nobleness; when, in fact, civilised man becomes more ignoble under a civilised magistracy, in many respects, than the uncivilised savage and the vague wandering nomad, then the man of faith stands up and says: "I will tolerate this no longer. God will help the man who helps the creatures of God to the free use of their natural faculties, and the free exercise of their natural rights." And whatever the advocates of peace at any price may say, this abnormal state of legalised lawlessness and authorised oppression is the real justification and the sacred necessity of war. "I came not to send peace but a sword!" as the Evangelic text has it; or, as it stands on the pedestal of the statue of stout old Maurice Arndt, on the esplanade above the Rhine at Bonn, "*Der Gott der Eisen wachsen liess, der wollte keine Knechten.*" "*The God that caused the iron to grow wished not that slaves should be.*"

We shall now take a hero from the modern world, in one of its most recent and notable achievements, VICTOR EMMANUEL, the late King of Italy, and understand how the same principle operates under circumstances considerably different. Here, however, to avoid misapprehension, let us distinctly premise that we hold up this monarch as an example only in his public capacity as a king of men. His faults and offences in one private direction may have been as great as they are commonly accredited, or may have been much more venial; anyhow, the examples of Solomon and King David in sacred Scripture, and of not a few others well known in secular story, seem to carry with them a special lesson of charity. With this proviso, let us endeavour to cast a sympathetic glance into the notable public career of Victor Emmanuel.

The Congress of Vienna, in the first quarter of the present century, which wound up the long series of political throes and convulsions that arose out of the great French Revolution, issuing its ordinances after a military triumph over the great Continental despot and usurper, General Napoleon Buonaparte, naturally placed its results on the page of history as a *Restoration* of the previous state of things, which that transcendental fulminator had overthrown; but though naturally, by no means wisely; for Napoleon, however selfish in his nature and

despotic in his proceedings, struck into the neighbouring European nations not in the vulgar style of an Asiatic conqueror, but rather, to adopt one of Hazlitt's well-known phrases, as the armed apostle of democracy, and, as such, along with his imperialism and Gallicism, had brought both into Germany and Italy a democratic element, which, when contrasted with the feudalism and petty princedom it overthrew, was of decidedly beneficent operation. But this the men of the Restoration, with Metternich, the great Austrian diplomatist, at their head, could not or would not understand; they restored wholesale the bad along with the good that had been overthrown; and a war which had been undertaken in the name of liberty, to free Europe from the intolerable yoke of one great French tyranny, ended in re-establishing a number of petty tyrannies in the countries which had been made links by compulsion of the great French Empire; and poor Italy, the garden of Europe, whose beauty had long made her a marked prey for voracious neighbours, was not only parcelled out among the troop of petty absolutists under whom it had suffered such degradations, but was handed over without limitation to the disposal of Austria, the most blind, bigoted, persistently and ruthlessly conservative of all the great European powers. Only a nation sunk in the lowest depths of social degradation could tolerate this; so, in the year 1821, the great secret conspiracy of the Carbonari arose in Naples, and planted there the small seed of the glorious tree of Italian unity and independence with which good men in these later days have refreshed their eyes. The first outbreak of this noble conspiracy to make one free Italy, and shake the Austrian out of the saddle, as generally happens in such cases, failed. It was not till the year 1848, under the influence of the famous Liberal manifestoes put forth to the electric joy of Italy by the late Pope on his accession, that Charles Albert, the King of Sardinia, who had succeeded to the throne in 1831, came boldly forward and asserted from Turin the principles of constitutional freedom in the face of the foreign government by soldiers, priests, and policemen, which had its dark fortress, and enacted its grim tragedies, at Milan. Of this Charles Albert, Victor Emmanuel was the son; and when the father, after the unfortunate issue of the campaign of 1848 resigned the throne, for the wise reason that he did not feel he could do any more good in that position, his son Victor took his place, and had to



transact the humiliating conditions of peace that followed the defeat of the Italian cause at Novara. Now this was the moment in which the faith of the king was tried as the faith of Moses was tried in Pharaoh's court, and in the modern, as in the ancient case, came out triumphant. The Austrian general, Marshal Radetzky, in a meeting with the young king, when he naturally hoped to find the petty sovereign of Turin as meek and yielding as a small pigeon between the claws of a great hawk, proposed as the prime postulate of the most favourable conditions of peace, that the Italian sovereign should abolish the constitutional statute, or charter, granted to his people by his father, and adopt the policy of repression and obscurity followed by Austria as the great representative of absolutism in Italy. But Victor Emmanuel, though in a position as riskful and as apparently hopeless as that of Moses beneath the shadow of the Memphian pyramids, would not betray his people. He was a man of faith; and his faith taught him to believe that the government of Italy by German foreigners, with the conditions and qualities which are inherent in such a government, was contrary to the will of God and the right moral order of nations and peoples; that, as a king, the trustee of the liberties of his people, it would be high treason in him to sell those liberties to Austria or any other power for a mess of pottage or a bag of gold; that in obedience to the will of God he must absolutely reject all conditions, however favourable, that would stamp his name with dishonour and brand his people with slavery; and that hopeless as it at first appeared to dislodge the great enemy of Italy from the seat of power, changes in the political world were sure to occur, perhaps at no distant date, which, if wisely taken advantage of, would result in the long-desired ejection of the Germans and the gathering of all Italians under a native government. The following accordingly are the recorded words with which—his first public act—the young king replied to the proposals of the Austrian marshal.

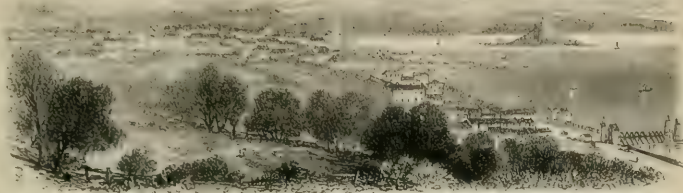
"Marshal, I reject your proposals; and sooner than subscribe to such degrading conditions, I am ready to renounce, not one crown only, but a thousand. The charter which my father granted to his people, his son will maintain. Is it a war to the knife which you desire? Be it so; you shall have

it. I will make an appeal to my people; and, severe as is the blow with which you seem to have crushed us, you may yet find to your cost what a general rising of the Piedmontese people can do; or, if we must succumb, we will succumb without shame. The House of Savoy knows the path of exile, but not the path of dishonour." On hearing this declaration the marshal, though he was obliged to withdraw his conditions of a more favourable peace, yet had the generosity to make his noble adversary certain concessions, which, in default of that nobility, had been withheld; and history narrates that, after the conclusion of the peace, on parting, he made the observation to his generals: "*Dieser Mann ist ein edler Mann; er wird uns viel zu thun geben.*" "*This man is a noble man; he will give us much to do!*"\* And so verily he did. Victor Emmanuel, through his whole life, remained true to his principles, and had not, as all the world knows, to wait long years before favourable events in France and Germany, wisely taken advantage of, enabled the king of little Sardinia to become the monarch of big Italy, bravely redeemed at last from the iron hoof of a foreign despotism, and from the nightmare of a secular priesthood.

From these and such-like examples, those who are accustomed to interpret with humility and reverence the lessons of Divine Providence in that concatenation and sequence of things which we call history, will understand that all heroism, of whatever kind, whether in the political or the religious world, or the world of individual achievement, is the result of some sort of faith, a faith if not always in God and the Divine government of the world, which is the culminating form of all faith, at least in a fixed order of things and the progress and happiness of human beings, as dependent on an unconditional and self-sacrificing recognition of that order. How far this sort of faith is from the merely intellectual faith of tight-laced, self-styled orthodoxy, or the sectarian faith which believes chiefly in the exaggerated importance of its own shibboleths, St. Paul's doctrine in this epistle teaches plainly, and the history of the Church through many dreary centuries largely confirms.

\* See "Vittorio Emanuele II., Re d'Italia," by Felice Venosta. Milan, 1878.





View of Penzance, from the west.

## SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

Born December 17, 1778; died May 29, 1829.

## II.

**F**IRED with the success attending his first effort, Davy resolved to inhale other gases; and in the trial he was very near losing his life. None of them produced any pleasurable effects:—oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen always caused oppression, and finally suffocation, which compelled him to stop. Carbonic acid he could not inhale at all; the wind-pipe closed of itself against it. He next tried nitric oxide. Knowing the tendency of the gas to combine with oxygen, he gave his lungs and wind-pipe a wash of laughing-gas to remove atmospheric air, and then drew in a mouthful of nitric oxide. Immediately a disagreeable astringent taste was perceived, a burning in the throat and spasm in the wind-pipe so painful that he had to desist. On opening his lips to breathe, nitrous and nitric acids were formed in his mouth, which corroded his tongue and teeth, and produced severe inflammation. This was a very narrow escape, for had he succeeded in passing the gas into his lungs, its conversion there into acids by the residual atmospheric air, would have been probably followed by fatal consequences.

But the attempt to breathe carburetted hydrogen—one of the constituents of common coal gas—was even more alarming, for he found that it could be inhaled. He breathed three quarts for a minute; giddiness and loss of voluntary power ensued, but these went off. Then he employed freshly-made gas, nearly pure. The first inspiration produced a numbness in his chest; the second was followed by loss of perception of external

things, and terrible oppression. After the third he seemed to be sinking into annihilation, and had just power left to throw down the mouth-piece. After a little time consciousness returned; his pulse he describes as rapid and thread-like; he went into the open air; giddiness came on, he staggered down on the grass, and the oppression on his chest threatened suffocation. He now got some nitrous oxide and felt better, but he remained very weak. After a couple of hours he believed himself recovering, when he again grew giddy and sick, and memory and sensation were partly in abeyance. These symptoms ceased, but were followed by excruciating headache and pains in the chest, and it was a day or two before he was again well. He himself repented of having made such experiments, and warned others against subjecting themselves to similar risks.

The appearance of these researches, the details of which are almost unknown to the present generation—although the use of nitrous oxide as an anæsthetic is now quite familiar—immediately established Davy's reputation as a careful and persevering, rapid, ingenious, and accurate experimenter, as well as an able thinker and discoverer. The whole four researches, which, filling a volume of upwards of three hundred pages and containing a great amount of work, were executed in less than twelve months, is evidence of the truth of the first of these opinions, and the contents themselves fully bear out the second.

He had worked so hard at this investiga-

tion, he had subjected himself to such severe trials, he had been living so constantly in an atmosphere of nitrous oxide—for he seems to have been smitten with a passion for it, he was constantly inhaling it, and to such an extent that he himself notes that a desire to breathe the gas was always awakened in him by the sight of another person breathing it, or merely by that of an air-bag or an air-holder—and he had thus made such inroads upon his health, that for a time he gave over work and returned to Penzance to recruit. But he could not long remain there. He went back to Bristol, and now turned his attention to a fresh subject, quite apart from the objects of the institution, which, indeed, were found to be not very practicable. His new work was on the effects of Volta's pile, and during the year 1800 he published four papers, full of experiments on the decompositions of various compounds by that electrical arrangement, and the peculiar chemical effects of various metals upon conductors. The details are too technical for description on the present occasion, but they occupy an important place in the history of the science, and, indeed, are obscured only by their author's own subsequent discoveries in the same direction.

The rapid appearance of all this work drew the attention of several persons to Bristol, and there is little doubt that it was the proximate cause of his receiving the offer of a situation in the Royal Institution of London, which had been quite recently founded by Count Rumford and others, for the especial purpose of investigation, and, incidentally, for promulgating by lectures the principles of science and other useful knowledge among the middle and upper classes. At this time there was a vacancy in the chemical department, and Rumford was looking about for some one to fill it, when he got the "Researches on Nitrous Oxide," and otherwise heard of Davy's ability. The cautious Count agreed to see Davy, who accordingly went up to London in February, 1801, had a conference with Rumford, and came to terms about the duties. He accepted the post of assistant lecturer and director of the laboratory, but it was on the understanding that he should be appointed professor as soon as he was qualified. This appointment was made the year following, on May 31st.

The first lecture of his first course, which was on Galvanic Electricity, was given to a select audience on April 25, 1801. There was probably some curiosity, some anxiety, some doubt, about the success of the new

provincial, but Rumford, Sir J. Banks, and the other managers, were most charmingly disappointed with the energy and fluency, the knowledge and adroitness, of the lecturer. The room was too small for the audience that afterwards came, and the scene of oratorical display and lucid instructive illustration was removed to the larger theatre in the building. There for ten or twelve years Davy lectured to one of the largest, most varied, and most fashionable audiences that London could assemble, discoursing at one time upon the general principles of science, or upon the elements of chemical philosophy, which he had worked out in great measure experimentally, and which he had entertained the ambitious desire of finishing in the same way; at another upon the applications of these principles to other sciences, especially to geology and mineralogy, in which he was well versed and took a great interest, or to arts and manufactures, as in his lectures upon tanning and the astringent principles in vegetables. To the Board of Agriculture also he gave repeated courses upon agricultural chemistry, which bear the same relation to the later work of Liebig, Boussingault, Mulder, Dr. Anderson, and others, that his paper on Heat does to the subsequent development of the science of Energy, already referred to. In perusing what now remains of these lectures, it is obvious that Davy has had an extraordinary influence directly upon the lectures subsequently given in the institution, and through it upon chemical lectures throughout the whole country.

But while thus delighting the audience in the lecture-room, he was engaged also in the laboratory in his second great research, that upon electro-chemistry, the results of which were embodied in the Bakerian Lectures of the Royal Society for 1807 and 1808, and which fairly took the whole world, not the scientific part of it alone, by surprise.

Toward the end of the eighteenth century, Galvani had re-observed what the Dutch naturalist Swammerdam had already noticed forty years before, that a frog's leg, with the muscles and nerves respectively in contact with iron and copper, convulsively moved when the metals were made to touch. The controversies as to the source of the electricity and the function of the animal fibres which had ensued, had resulted in the electrical pile of Volta. The power of this instrument was not suspected till accident revealed it to Nicholson and Carlisle in 1800. They observed that in a drop of water which



had been used as a conductor, effervescence took place at the wire from one pole when dipped into the drop, while the other wire tarnished. Further inquiry showed that the gas was hydrogen, while the tarnishing was caused by oxidation, and that when platinum wires or poles were employed, hydrogen and oxygen were both liberated; that the undecomposed water, moreover, exhibited certain acid and alkaline properties which could not be explained.

Before leaving Bristol, Davy, as we have seen, had worked with and broached a theory of chemical action in the pile, but when he came to London he found a large battery at his disposal. On considering all the circumstances, it seemed to him of some importance to ascertain exactly the phenomena attending the decomposition of water; for the wildest theories had been advanced, and while it was affirmed on one hand that water was simple, or that it contained substances besides oxygen and hydrogen, it was asserted on the other that electricity had the power of producing new matter, or of reorganizing matter already existing.

Davy, for once on Lavoisier's side, set himself without prejudice to examine the whole subject from the beginning. He began by decomposing the purest distilled water in clean agate cups. After eight-and-forty hours the water showed distinct acidity in one and alkalinity in the other. This result was quite unexpected after the precautions used, but he was not thereby convinced that electricity had created these effects. He now substituted glass for agate, when the alkaline matter was increased many fold. Again he reverted to the agate, treating the cups again and again, and observing that, though the reactions diminished, they never wholly ceased. But though the effect was evidently due in part to the vessels, might not the water contain some impurity? This was possible, so he next used gold cups—but the perturbed spirits were not yet at rest. He therefore re-distilled the water at a low temperature, and found about a grain of saline matter. Once more he filled his gold cups, and decomposed the water. The least trace of alkali was still apparent. He warmed the water—at last it was gone, and the mystery was solved. The nitrogen of the air dissolved in the water formed the volatile alkali with the liberated hydrogen, while it formed nitric acid at the other pole with the oxygen. He now electrolysed pure water in gold cups in an atmosphere of hydrogen for

twenty-four hours, and at the end of that time there was not the slightest apparent effect upon delicate reagents.

This research of Davy's ought never to be forgotten in the great controversy which has been waged about the discoverer of the composition of water. The claims that have been set up for Lavoisier, for Cavendish, for James Watt, may be and have been supported by a variety of arguments. But after the question had been apparently disposed of, and the composition had been settled both analytically and sympathetically, it was reopened by the electric decomposition, and once more it was asked, Does water consist after all only of hydrogen and oxygen? is it not capable after all of being converted into something else, as was the opinion before Scheele and Lavoisier? To this question it was Davy, as we have just seen, who gave a definite reply.

In the midst of the excitement and difficulties of this research, Davy, whose mind one might think would be wholly taken up with devising means for escaping from the hindrances and disappointments as they appeared, had not failed to notice one little fact, which he laid up for future consideration; that was, the decomposition of so refractory a body as agate by the electric current. Having settled finally the composition of water, he now took up the other point, which led him into a varied and elaborate inquiry relative to the general action of electricity in decomposing salts, in transferring their constituents from one vessel to another, and in apparently suspending or reversing ordinary chemical action. These results completed his electro-chemical theory: and he applied them also to explain various geological phenomena, more particularly the formation of metallic and mineral veins.

In concluding these papers he remarked that the new instrument of analysis might lead to the discovery of the true elements of bodies, since however strong their chemical attraction for each other, yet, as he had shown, it can be overcome by the battery. His own surmises he was the first to realise, there being none fitter by knowledge of all the niceties of chemical and electrical manipulation.

The preceding applications of the galvanic battery were all directed to the analysis of alkaline salts and refractory natural compounds. During the year 1807, Davy employed a very powerful battery upon the alkalis themselves. In solution they gave nothing, the water only was decomposed.

The solid alkali was then tried, and to exclude moisture, and at the same time make it conduct, it was kept fused in a platinum dish. When the dish was connected with the positive wire and the negative wire was plunged into the potash, brilliant combustion ensued. When the conditions were reversed, a vivid light appeared, and gaseous globules arose which caught fire as they escaped. Reasoning upon these appearances he varied the circumstances of the experiment—solid potash slightly moistened, while negative was touched with a positive wire. There was a disengagement of gas, and at the same time small metallic globules like mercury appeared. Some of these caught fire spontaneously, others became covered with a white film. It was what had been often sought for; it was what Lavoisier had dreamed might be; it was the metal potassium. This was on the 6th October, 1807. Soda, decomposed a few days later, yielded as its basis the metal sodium.

It is hardly possible to describe the effects of these discoveries not only upon students of science, but upon people of all classes. Davy had been steadily rising in reputation. His brilliant style of lecturing—not a dry rehearsal of facts, but a humanising of science—attracted hundreds to the Institution; among them men like Coleridge, who came, as he said, to get ideas. His manner became polished and lofty by mixing in the best society; his originality of thought and conversation, and

the power which was evinced in every look and movement, made his company courted by the most distinguished in the metropolis. While on the one hand Davy's lecture was the fashionable resort during the day, the evening assembly was considered incomplete at which Davy was not present. And now the isolation of potassium and sodium from all other substances not only delighted philosophers and placed Davy high in the list of experimenters, but the properties of the metals themselves, which strangely floated flaming upon water and had to be kept away from the air, were not less attractive to wonder-seekers. The laboratory—and a dingy place it was—where these curiosities were to be seen, was crowded with visitors, and Davy was kept in a continual excitement, which, coupled with the severe mental fatigue he had undergone, brought on an illness from which it was feared he would not recover. Through Albemarle Street streamed carriages to the Institution, and so numerous were the inquiries, that bulletins of the state of his health were regularly issued, until he was pronounced out of danger. As soon as he was well he returned to his labours, and in the next Bakerian Lectures announced that by decomposition of the alkaline earths and the earths proper, metals or metallic indications had been obtained from them all, of which magnesium and aluminium, like sodium, have since become articles of commerce.

J. FERGUSON.

## THE FEMALE DISCHARGED PRISONERS' AID SOCIETY.

**I**N a recent number of GOOD WORDS we placed before our readers a description of the Princess Mary's Village Homes at Addlestone, in Surrey, for the reception of the daughters of female prisoners and those discharged on ticket-of-leave, and we will now attempt another of the parent institution, in Vauxhall, for the reformation of their mothers. In fact, though differing in name, the two institutions may almost be considered as one. The active governing body, all of whom are ladies, perform the whole of the duties of supervision and management, in so admirable a manner as to render it doubtful whether it would be possible to mention another charitable institution in which so great an amount of good is performed at so small an amount of cost.

The institutions date their origin from the year 1865, when Mrs. Susannah Meredith, the present hon. sec., her sister Miss Lloyd, Miss

Cavendish, and two or three other ladies who, from their experience in mission work among the degraded and fallen of their own sex, easily understood the great difficulties in the way of the female ticket-of-leave convicts, as well as those newly released from prison for minor offences, in obtaining respectable employment, resolved on establishing a laundry for their use, with a mission-room attached. It was especially to be applied for the use of those who, from age, personal appearance, frequent committals, or other causes, were not fitted for employment in private houses, and who would be more than ever exposed to temptation if they obtained work in public-houses or other places where a strict discipline would not be maintained over them. In the laundry, on the contrary, they would be able to obtain remunerative labour, besides being taught by moral and spiritual teaching how to reform

their bad habits and again become respectable members of society.

Having now determined on their plan of operations, Mrs. Meredith and her friends had to select a locality in which they could establish their mission home. At length they selected a quiet-looking house, with a somewhat broad frontage to the road and a large garden behind, situated in the Vauxhall Road. On taking possession of the premises and before fully commencing their mission work, Mrs. Meredith and her friends erected in the garden some very commodious and extensive laundries, with drying, ironing, and mangling apparatus complete, together with a good mission room in which prayers might be offered up and the Holy Scriptures expounded to the women employed. These buildings having been completed, operations commenced, the workwomen at first being principally convicts discharged on ticket-of-leave whom the government permitted Mrs. Meredith to take under her protection, giving her at the same time great authority over them, and with power to call in the assistance of the prison officials in case of disturbance or disobedience of her orders. At first sight it might appear that Mrs. Meredith and those assisting her in her good work had a somewhat difficult task to perform, especially when the previous character of her workwomen is taken into consideration. That they had a difficult task is indisputable, but not to the extent which might be imagined; inasmuch as any insubordination, proved to the satisfaction of the prison authorities, might incur the withdrawal of the ticket-of-leave, thereby obliging the woman to return to prison to work out the remainder of her sentence, and thus discipline was maintained with greater facility than might have been expected.

The business transacted at the laundries in a few years had increased to such an extent, that large additions had to be made to the buildings in order to complete the many commissions they received. They now took contracts to wash for the hospitals and other public institutions; and in all these the work was performed in so satisfactory a manner that fresh customers applied to them, and that, too, in such numbers as to render their premises far too small for their operation. They had now to determine what further steps should be taken to perform the increased labour thrown upon them. After great consideration and entertaining many suggestions made to them, it was resolved

that the best, as well as the most practical, plan which could be adopted, would be to pull down the present house and erect another with more commodious offices as well as a larger mission-room upon the site. But here a terrible obstacle started up before them. Hitherto Mrs. Meredith and her friends, supplemented by private subscriptions and donations of some benevolent gentlemen who had taken great interest in the good work, had contributed the funds necessary for the house and establishment charges, the laundry together with the wages of the workwomen being self-supporting; but to carry out their present idea would necessitate an outlay of some £5,000, an amount far in excess of what from their private means, even with the help of their friends, they would be able to bestow upon it. Still the work had to be done and they resolved to perform it. Possibly with the reliance that the same Providence which had hitherto sent them friends in their need would again help them, they commenced rebuilding their premises. If so they were not altogether disappointed, for some liberal contributions were forwarded to them. More is, however, required, and it is to be hoped that other generous contributors will come forward and enable them to complete the good work they have on hand.

But although the front building, mission-room and offices, are not complete, the laundries are in full working order, and efficient in every respect. Perhaps the best idea the reader can obtain of them is the description given by a contemporary (a perfectly truthful one), and since published as a little *brochure* by the managers themselves. "Happily," it says, "the laundries are complete, and astonish the uninitiated visitor. Here the discharged prisoners are hard at work amidst piles of linen from hospitals, tanks and troughs of disinfectants, through which pass the doubtful articles, steam washing, wringing, and drying, and mangling machines. Some are vigorously scrubbing the coarser clothes with brushes, others washing, others ironing, others turning the wheels of old-fashioned mangles, or rolling or placing the linen within the embrace of the majestically moving steam contrivances. Some are drying, some are folding the clothes, and all are occupied. There is no idling here. The one shilling paid for a day's work is well earned, and there have been four thousand two hundred and thirty-nine days' work done here during the last year. This speaks for itself."

It must not, however, be imagined that



the whole of the workwomen employed in the laundries are female ticket-of-leave convicts, for that would convey a very erroneous idea of the difficulties the lady managers have to contend with. They have, on the contrary, many others of a far more intractable character—women who have for various offences been subjected by the police magistrates and others to short terms of imprisonment, and who, on their release, are their own mistresses, and under no government surveillance whatever. The greater portion of these do not apply on their liberation to the laundries for work, but are met at the prison door, kindly spoken to by the mission ladies, and earnestly advised to betake themselves to honest labour, and to become respectable members of society. The manner by which this class of recruits are obtained for the laundries is exceedingly interesting. The female prisoners who have completed their term of punishment, say at the Tothill Fields Prison, are released about half-past nine in the morning. About half an hour before they are liberated may be seen small knots of individuals collecting at short distances from the doors. These appear of all grades of disreputability. Their appearance also is characteristic of their grade in society. Some are well, even showily, dressed, while others exhibit signs of the most squalid poverty, yet all alike debased, and all there to meet the prisoners on their release. There may also be seen a little group of plainly but well-clad women, displaying under the simplicity of their attire the unmistakable stamp of the lady. These also are waiting for the discharge of the prisoners, although, unlike the other groups, they may be totally unknown to them. No sort of acquaintance either appears to exist between these and the other groups. On the contrary, at first sight it would almost seem that a direct antagonism existed between them, if not a direct angry feeling. This, however, is far from being the case. On the contrary, not a word is uttered by the disreputable-looking groups against the other, although the most searching and inquisitive glances frequently pass between them.

Suddenly the prison doors open and those waiting outside simultaneously advance to meet the liberated women. And now a scene generally presents itself well worthy of the attention of the psychologist. It would be difficult indeed to describe the expressions visible on the countenances of the discharged prisoners, so various, and distinctive of their different tempers and dispositions. Some,

especially those who have been incarcerated for the first time, stare wildly around them, as if incapable of believing themselves once more at liberty, so deeply are the scenes and events of prison life stamped on their imaginations. Others, on the contrary, show no more excitement than travellers alighting from a railway train, who look half-curiously, half-indifferently around them, to discover if any of their friends or relations are waiting for them on the platform. Others appear rather dejected than pleased at their liberation, or if any positive expression can be detected on their countenances, it is that of being puzzled which way to bend their steps, yet indifferent what fate may await them. And then the disreputable-looking individuals whom we have described as waiting near the prison gates, address those among the liberated women with whom they are acquainted, and after a little conversation generally pair off with them, most probably to the nearest gin shop. It would be interesting to inquire what proportion of these owed the proximate cause of their imprisonment to the influence of gin—probably a large majority; and yet their first act on their liberation is to apply to the poison itself that brought about their punishment for consolation, possibly considering it, and with some scientific basis to go upon, in the light of chloroform to the mind in pain. From this stand-point it shuts out from their view the annoyances they have been subjected to, allowing them to believe that for the future they will be at liberty, while at the very moment they are possibly preparing for themselves another, and, not unlikely, a more severe punishment.

But while the acquaintances of this class of discharged prisoners were employed in leading them to the public-house, the little group of respectable-looking women had been far from idle, and had entered into conversation with those who appeared to be friendless. These they accosted in a kind and amiable manner, inviting them to a breakfast prepared for them in a mission room in the neighbourhood, where they would receive a hearty welcome. There also they would meet with friends who would not only assist them in obtaining respectable employment if they wished it, but would also teach them, from a religious and moral point of view, the danger they ran, not only here but hereafter, if they persevered in their present vicious courses. Several of the women refused the invitation, while the rest thankfully accompanied them to the mission room, situated in a lane leading from Tothill Street, where, in

an apartment decently furnished, they found some ladies awaiting them, who received them kindly and seated them at tables, on which was spread an abundant breakfast, consisting of hot coffee, toast, bread-and-butter, and rolls. On these occasions Mrs. Meredith, or some lady of the mission staff, well acquainted with the habits and manners of their guests, addressed them in an appropriate manner during their meal, as a rule concluding by offering those who are willing to accept it work in the laundry of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society in Vauxhall.

It might easily be thought that an invitation of the kind would be readily accepted by all, as with very few exceptions the guests all seem touched by the kindness which on these occasions they invariably receive from the ladies present. They go still farther, and readily admit the sinfulness of their lives, and express the desire to reform them. This feeling, alas! is frequently only momentary with them, and the immediate effect of the address over, it is not difficult to perceive that, with many of their number, depravity has become chronic. They have sufficient knowledge to be aware that the lives they are leading are at the least utterly unprofitable either from a moral or worldly point of view, and admit the fact with many bitter tears of repentance. But their sorrow is sadly evanescent, for scarcely are their eyes dried from the tears which had gathered in them than they form some excuse for evading the honest labour offered them. Again, others from mental or bodily infirmity are but ill adapted for labour. Of the most painful examples of the former class may especially be mentioned those who from a life of excitement, stimulated by gin, have overworked the brain and nervous system generally, and the alcohol wanting, a distressing lassitude of the mental and bodily faculties is the result. These, it is true, may again be stimulated into action by another dose of the same poison, but only in its turn to leave a depression still more distressing than before. Among the younger women, some of this class of cases are often particularly painful. Mrs. Meredith, in the little tract above alluded to, mentions a typical case, and which is described so graphically that we will quote it verbatim.

"There was a most pitiful case of a young woman, who appeared almost a child, and who seemed deficient in intellect. She was very pretty, pale, with large grey eyes and long black lashes. Her answers to questions were strangely incoherent. She did not

know why she had been sent to prison. She thought it was because she could not do her work at the Union. She was ill, and wanted to go back to the workhouse in the Fulham Road, where they were kind to her. She had liked being in prison, particularly the last week, because there she was quiet. Her head was in a whirl as if she had something inside of it, and sometimes she fell down. She could not bear being pushed and knocked about in the streets. She thought she had friends, but she did not know where they lived nor where to find them. She only wanted to be quiet and go back to the workhouse. While she spoke she kept winding and unwinding a piece of black tape. Her soft clear eyes were dry, and it seemed as if all hope of life, present or future, was dead within her."

Should the above case appear to the ordinary reader as anything singular, to the man of science it will be accepted as a very common occurrence. In our great metropolis examples of the kind may be counted by hundreds. The future of the poor girl and others like her is distinctly marked out. The apathy of the brain will gradually become more profound. True, it may be excited into abnormal action by a glass of gin, the effects of which may again introduce her to the prison, which she will leave again with her mental faculties still weaker, and so on for a few months longer, when she will be released by death from her wretched existence.

Without touching upon other branches of the mission work of the Society, some idea of the good they effect in the aggregate may be judged from the fact that in this the Green Court Row branch alone, during the last year no fewer than 3,772 women were received and hospitably and kindly entertained. If among these the failures were numerous, the successes vastly surpassed them, even when the cases similar to that of the poor girl mentioned above are taken into consideration. It would occupy too much of our limited space to go at any length into the amount of good effected by the combined action of the missions and the parent institution in Vauxhall. Some idea of their utility may be formed from the fact, that apart from the number of women just mentioned, during the last four years no fewer than 25,273 days' work have been performed by the liberated prisoners in the laundries alone, and in the East-end mission 10,773 more. In addition, nearly three-quarters of a million articles have been washed, and nearly as many breakfasts

and teas given to the women in the different missions and the laundries at Vauxhall. Nor is this all. It should be further borne in mind that the Princess Mary's Village Homes, where some two hundred children of female ticket-of-leave convicts and prisoners undergoing their sentences are educated, fed, clothed, and religiously and morally brought

up, is but a branch of the same institution. All the branches alike were originated, and are at present unostentatiously conducted, by a little band of ladies who have not only taken upon themselves these onerous duties, but have carried them out with great perseverance, combined with tact, energy, and economy.

WILLIAM GILBERT.

## THOUGHTS FOR QUIET HOURS.

BY THE EDITOR.

### III.

THE spirit in which the early Church regarded the prospect of death and of the life beyond the grave is certainly not characteristic of the average experience of Christians in the present day. The future world and the solemn step which is to usher us into the presence of the Redeemer are associated by us with terror rather than with that joy which made St. Paul exclaim, "To me to die is gain"—"I would rather be absent from the body and present with our Lord," and which made the cry, "The Lord is at hand," the watchword of courage.

Among the many causes which might reasonably be assigned for this common dread of the inevitable change which awaits us, the unknown character of the future life certainly contributes a very natural element of fear. When the Scriptures are searched for information, there is much imagery discovered evidently not intended to be received as anything more than imagery. There are many hints, also, suggestive of the vast increase of knowledge and perfection which is in store for the children of God. But when positive statements are sought which may clearly delineate the nature of the life beyond the grave, not only are few found, but an almost consistent silence is maintained. Such natural questions as, Where is heaven? Is there an intermediate state, or do the souls of believers immediately pass into glory? What is meant by "the spiritual body"? How and under what circumstances shall friends meet and be recognised?—these and a thousand similar inquiries are left absolutely without a definite answer in the Word of God. When we earnestly ponder on them, when they are vividly suggested, as some dear one passes from us into the great unknown, and we ask, "Where is he now; what is he feeling, seeing, doing?" when we search out the grounds of popular beliefs, or try to put into clear shape the vague expressions which content

the unreflecting, we are appalled at the darkness which still enshrouds the momentous change from the seen to the unseen.

And that sense of ignorance is connected with other feelings which tend to deepen our horror of death. Not only is the other world unknown to us, but we love this present world. Life, with its warm friendships, is very dear to us. We rejoice in the beauty of earth—in the flush of its morning glory, and in the splendour of its sunsets. The excitement of business, the advancing history of humanity, the progress of the Church, the discoveries of science, the mines of literature yet unexplored by us, the world of art, and poetry, and song, the flash of kindly humour, and the every-day tale of sweet domestic bliss—all these have an inexpressible charm for us. We are loath to leave them. To close our eyes on those heavens which have canopied us since childhood, with their drifting clouds and changing lights, to take the last look at hill and woodland, or on the old home whose every room is linked with blessed memories, and to pass from the circle of dear familiar faces into that vague, mysterious life "beyond the veil"—it is this which fills many a religious mind with an uncontrollable awe, or rather dread of death.

But if such feelings are natural, they are none the less unworthy. Scripture may not give much positive information regarding the exact conditions of the life to come, yet there are suggestive hints afforded which, if duly considered, ought to inspire us with joyful expectancy. One of the most pregnant of these incidental expressions is the promise given by our Lord to His disciples before His death: "I go to prepare a place for you."

As we ponder on this saying, the first thing which occurs to us is the fact, so frequently stated in Scripture, that this "place," the world which we have found so fair and



precious, was "prepared" by the same Person Who now tells us that He is gone to prepare another suitable for a higher range of existence. "All things were made by Jesus Christ." The eternal Word has ever been the agent of Divine manifestation in nature as in grace, and He Who made the earth seems to have prepared it for man. It was His prescient wisdom which stored those mines of silver, and iron, and coal, which man now opens for his use; which poured forth the mighty rivers running as channels of intercourse through continents; which hewed out the sheltered harbours, and which spread the seas as the pathway of commerce from shore to shore. Physical geography, with the variety of climate and the distribution of plants, shows the fitness of this planet for educating the human race and developing those qualities which give a moral value to its history. The beauty of the earth is also His gift. If we delight in the majesty of the mountain range, or the marvellous colouring of the richer landscape, we know that all that is lovely for eye or ear has been made by Him. He, also, has constituted the social system in which our affections find their education. The names of father, child, brother, sister, husband, friend, represent the blessed relationships in which He has placed us. In like manner the charm of social intercourse, the ties which bind communities together in mutual dependence, the thirst for knowledge, the joy which springs from loyalty to truth, or from the sacrifices of devoted love, are various elements in that system of things which He has constituted and which make this world so full of interest to us that we cling to it as to a home from whose familiar and blessed associations we fear to be parted by death. But it has been prepared only for the first stage of our education. There is much to indicate the inadequacy of this present life to be the ultimate sphere of bliss. The imperfectness of our physical powers, the existence of sin and disease, the comparatively limited range presented to our observation, the manifold objects regarding which questions are suggested that are necessarily insoluble here, these and many other particulars indicate the incompleteness of this present system as a theatre wherein life can reach its complete development.

But He who has prepared this place, which has been found so suitable for our present stage of advancement, tells us that He has gone to prepare another place fitted for our eternal growth; and if we love so well what He has given us in the lower world,

with what confidence ought we to expect the priceless gift of a new sphere proportioned to our everlasting progress! He may not give us such details as would satisfy our curiosity regarding the conditions of that future life, but He affords enough to inspire an assured and courageous hopefulness. He speaks of it as His Father's house, and therefore the home of our continual abiding—as having many mansions—different spheres suitable for that variety of pursuit which is needful for our manifold requirements. He Himself is there, and finds His joy there, and in calling us to be with Him He would make us partakers of His joy.

There is, besides, much to be inferred from this statement calculated to strengthen our faith and to comfort our shrinking hearts while we remain ignorant of details. The fact that He who made this present world has also prepared the world to come, teaches us that there will be a certain similarity in both. The sameness of the Creator not only implies unity of purpose, but all we know of God's ways of working here, may lead us to expect that the change from the lower to the higher will be gradual. There is a certain smoothness in the gradations through which life passes here from the lowest to the highest types. Each law is intertwined with another, and every step upwards in the scale of being contains in itself a kind of prophecy of the next. We are, therefore, warranted in expecting a certain harmony between the present and the future, because we believe that He will act there on the same principles as He acts here. He who has given us the thirst for knowledge here will not quench that thirst in the life to come, but rather afford an infinitely wider sphere for its exercise. He who has kindled these undying affections will not ruthlessly destroy the sweet ties which bind us to our beloved ones, but will surely restore to us the objects of our love; for to eradicate the holiest instincts of our nature would be to deny the principles by which He has educated us in our earthly home. He who has made social intercourse, the activities of enterprise, and the self-sacrificing charities a source of blessedness to our nature in this life, will not abjure the principles on which our humanity has been made to rest; but will in the higher place provide higher opportunities for the play of sympathy and the exercise of every faculty. We may confidently believe, therefore, that the good, the true, the loving elements which constitute the joy of redeemed humanity in this world will find their counterpart and fruition in

the place which He has gone to prepare for us. It may be that many elements of joy here may be transfigured there into new forms of glory, absorbing without destroying the imperfect types to which we now cling. It may be that life, when disenthralled, may expand into fresh conditions which will strike into unexpected harmony a range of chords, now slumbering, but ready to awake on the first touch of the eternal dawn.

But however this may be, the hope which is set before us is infinitely glorious, for it represents this world to which we cling so fondly as but the first step in the march

towards perfection, as but the scene of our spiritual childhood and the first stage in our endless education God-ward. And as regards other matters which are necessarily concealed from us, we may well trust that God who has placed us here and made this life so sweet to us, and, leaving all else in His hands, rejoice that He who made this world, placed us in it and has given us our friendships and our many interests, is, out of the infinitude of the same love, educating us for a higher and better world—and is preparing that higher world for us.

### ICE AND ICE-MAKING.

AT an early stage in the history of mankind the mode of making a fire was discovered, and the advantages of artificial heat were appreciated. The lowest savages who now exist like to cook their food over a fire, even though they may not need to warm themselves before it. In the most civilised communities the warming of houses has become an art of the first class, and the best way in which to employ fuel in the kitchen and the sitting-room has taxed the skill of men who, like Count Rumford, are both philosophers and inventors. Yet in all previous ages, as in our own age, millions of people are as much concerned about diminishing the heat which makes their lives almost unendurable, as others are about supplying the heat which is essential for their comfort. In the East and the West Indies nothing is more desired, from the beginning to the end of a year, than to keep cool. The sun is scarcely ever veiled from eyes which suffer from its glare over a large part of the habitable globe. Tell the natives of these places about a hereafter in which they will be tormented with fervent heat, and they cannot realise a material difference between the state which is depicted and that in which they live. Dante knew this so well that he painted the lowest deep of his "Inferno" as a region of perpetual ice. His countrymen are more easily frightened at the prospect of pining in frost than about groaning in Milton's fiery furnace. The Esquimaux, on the other hand, whose home is among the hills of everlasting ice, think no torture greater than to swelter in tropical heat.

People born in a temperate clime suffer the most from the high temperature at the tropics, and the low temperature near the pole. They try to modify the rigour of nature

by the aid of art. Before Europeans went to the East and West Indies the use of ice was unknown there. Nowhere is the custom of using ice to cool liquids more general now than in the United States and Canada, yet there is no record of the aboriginal inhabitants employing ice in any other way than to preserve the fish caught in winter for use after the frost had departed. So habitual is it in those countries to cool liquids by means of ice that few persons willingly drink a glass of water which has not been iced. Nothing surprises a citizen of the United States more, when he visits this country for the first time, than to find, upon calling for water, that it is brought to him without the vessel containing it having been placed in ice, or without ice being placed in it. He usually arrives at the conclusion that this denotes utter ignorance on the part of the English people. In his own land iced water appears to be a necessary of life. Filters containing it are to be found in all the hotels and places of refreshment, in every railway car, and on board every steamboat. There are many cities of the Union in which barrels containing iced water are placed at the corners of the principal streets during the summer time. The habit of drinking water so cold as to be swallowed with difficulty has been condemned as injurious by many medical men. The result is, the water-drinker experiences a sensation not dissimilar from that enjoyed by the drinker of alcohol. Ardent spirit produces an effect of burning when taken into the mouth and swallowed; so does icy-cold water. Hence, though the after consequences may differ, the momentary feeling is almost identical whether iced water or whisky be drank. Though the result of taking too much cold water is very different from that of drinking spirits to excess, yet

some physicians are quite as emphatic in condemning excessive drinking of iced water as others are in forbidding the use of spirits. Whatever be the effect on the system, there is no doubt that icing water renders it more uniform in its effect on the palate. Every one knows the difference between a glassful of water from a spring and a glassful of water from a river; the latter is far the more insipid of the two, while rain water is more insipid still. Let the water be thoroughly iced and these differences will be merged into the single sensation of a fluid which is intensely cold. This is well known to persons who wish to disguise inferior wine. When the wine has been kept in ice long enough, the best champagne is undistinguishable, at the moment of drinking, from the worst. The sensation of cold deadens the sense of taste. It is scarcely needful to add that, though bad water and inferior wine are more palatable when drunk at a very low temperature, they are none the less injurious in their effects on the human system.

While extreme cold destroys the power of distinguishing flavours, it also mitigates or removes the sense of pain. The use of ice in surgery is of comparatively modern date, and it is one of the many improvements which have been made in the healing art. A surgeon of our day who has no ice at his command feels himself to be shorn of a portion of his skill. This is specially true of wounds in battle. During the late wars between France and Germany, and Russia and Turkey, it was the rule to employ ice more largely than at any previous period in Europe, the result being both to alleviate much suffering and to save many lives. In the United States' great civil war an example was set by the army surgeons which has been followed since then. Indeed, they are more disposed to make use of ice than their brethren in other countries, both because they have a firm faith in its many virtues, and also because they always have it at hand.

The earliest use of ice was to preserve food. Frozen fish or meat can be kept for an indefinite period; viands are as fresh and wholesome when thawed as they were before exposure to cold. To the operation of this natural agent for preventing decay we owe our knowledge of the extinct mammoth. Some of these monsters of a pre-historic age were encased in the ice of Siberia when they died. When disinterred, millions of years afterwards, it was found not only that they were unimpaired, but that their flesh was perfectly eatable. Though food can be pre-

served in this way, it is not quite so delicate in flavour as that which has not been subjected to the like process. Moreover, it soon decays after being thawed. The like drawback does not take place when the food is kept at a very low temperature without being actually frozen. In this way thousands of tons of meat are now brought across the Atlantic from the United States and Canada, and sold in this country as fresh meat. This is one of the recent and most useful of the many applications of ice. The method is merely to employ on a large scale, and with some extra appliances, the refrigerator which is employed in many houses to keep meat, vegetables, and milk cool and sweet during the hot summer months. A large space in some of the Atlantic steamers is set apart for the purpose. The oxen or sheep are slaughtered immediately before the ship leaves harbour, and the carcasses are hung up in this compartment. Several tons of ice are stored in an adjoining chamber, and air which has passed over the ice is forced by a rotary pump into the compartment containing the meat. Thus a dry, cold temperature is maintained there during the voyage, and the meat is landed at Glasgow, Liverpool, or London in the same condition as it was when put on board at New York, Boston, or Quebec. The ice consumed may amount to fifty tons. Should the voyage be unduly protracted and the supply of ice prove insufficient, the meat soon decays and has to be thrown overboard. This is a misfortune of comparatively rare occurrence. An attempt has been made to bring meat preserved in the same manner from the still more distant continent of Australia, but, though the project is feasible, it has not yet proved successful.

The uses to which ice can be put are many, and they are capable of infinite extension. Hitherto the problem has been not how to deal with ice, but how to procure it. At the North Pole, in the United States, in Canada, and Russia nature has solved the problem, and provided quite as much ice as the dwellers there can consume; but in the tropics, where it is the most wanted, nature has made no such beneficent provision, nor in such a temperate region as ours, where ice is greatly in demand, can a supply be always obtained from rivers and lakes in winter sufficient to last during summer. Here art has supplied the defects, or omissions, of nature. Just as the shivering native of a cold country can create for himself an artificial tropical region with the aid of fire, so



the native of the tropics, who is longing for a cool beverage, can manufacture the ice wherewith to produce it. Before ice was an article which could be made by machinery the people of the country in which frost was unknown imported ice from countries where it abounded. Much of the ice used in this country comes from Norway; that which is used in the East and West Indies is imported from the United States. It is half a century since Mr. Tudor, an enterprising merchant of Boston, thought that he might make money if he forwarded a cargo of ice to Calcutta. Before that gentleman undertook the venture, a little natural ice was obtained at a place about forty miles from the capital of Bengal. Shallow troughs were dug in the ground, pans of porous earthenware were placed therein, a layer of straw being interposed between the bottom of the pan and the ground, and a little water was poured into each pan. If the wind blew from the north-west during the night the water in the pans would be frozen before the morning. This ice fetched a high price in the market. In 1833 there was no longer any necessity for resorting to this process for getting it, as in that year Mr. Tudor's first ship sailed up the Hooghly with a cargo of ice on board; the cargo was sold in the market for three pence per pound. Since that day the export of ice from Boston has become a regular and most profitable branch of trade. In the warehouses there, as many as 300,000 tons of congealed water are stored away at a time. Many thousand persons are engaged in the ice traffic throughout the United States. The capital invested amounts to six million dollars. It was shortly after the beginning of this century that Mr. Tudor began to export ice from Boston. For several years the quantity shipped was small. A quarter of a century after the trade had commenced the number of tons of ice exported was 4,352; at the close of the first half century the quantity had risen to nearly 160,000 tons. The commercial success which attended this operation inspired an ingenious Yankee with a more ambitious notion. He proposed to go in quest of an iceberg, to grapple it, and tow it to a convenient place for distribution. The scheme, though a plausible one, has not yet been carried out.

Four years after Mr. Tudor was exporting from Boston the ice which was a superfluity in New England, an eminent chemist of this country, Sir John Leslie, devised a method for producing ice artificially. His process is the foundation of the improved apparatus to effect the same object which is now in daily

operation. All ice-making machines are based on an application of the process of evaporation. To make ice it is necessary to remove latent heat from water, just as, in order to form steam, it is necessary to surcharge water with heat. When water is heated to its maximum point it is converted into steam; when water is cooled to a certain point it is converted into ice. The cooling process is a very simple one. Any person can practise it by moistening the skin with water, and blowing on the moistened spot. A sensation of cold is thus produced. If spirits are employed instead of water, the sensation of cold is increased, and if ether be substituted for spirits the cold is more intense still. In all these cases the cold is the result of evaporation; the more rapid the evaporation the greater the cold. In any ice-making apparatus there is an arrangement to do on a large scale, and in an intense degree, what is done when the skin is moistened and the breath is blown upon the surface. Ether is the chief agent in some machines; ammonia in others. One of the earliest was the Harrison apparatus, which was invented in 1858. The active agent in it is ether. Steam-power is employed for the purpose of producing the requisite vacuum, the result being, that with the consumption of a ton of coal four tons of ice are made. An apparatus, capable of working on a small scale, was shown in the London International Exhibition of 1862. Here the active agent was ammonia. In order to make ice, it was enough to heat the chamber containing the ammonia over a fire, and then to place the heated chamber in cold water. A space was provided for containing the water to be frozen, and it was easy to get a pound of ice in this way in the course of half an hour. Larger apparatus subserve the same end, with the same agent, and at a moderate cost. The ice-making machine of Mr. Reece, in which ammonia is used, and which is one of the most practical of recent inventions in this department of industry, produces ice at so moderate a cost that a ton can be produced for five shillings. Mr. Gamgee invented a device for producing artificial ice for the use of skaters. Two years ago a real ice rink on this plan was opened to the public in the Swimming Bath moored alongside of the Thames Embankment; and other rinks of the same kind have been opened in other places in England. The cost of keeping the ice in proper condition has prevented this process from proving remunerative to its introducers. Ice-making, accord-

ing to the invention of Mr. Reece, ought to be profitable even in countries where ice is comparatively cheap. He has succeeded in making the ammonia process yield the best possible results. If common air be employed, then no more than one ton and four hundredweights of ice can be produced by the combustion of one ton of coal. The ether process enables three tons of ice to be produced when one ton of coal is consumed; whereas the same quantity of coal, when burnt in the apparatus invented by Mr. Reece, yields no less than twenty tons of ice. In consequence of this enormous economy in the manufacture of congealed water, it is possible to supply artificial ice in this country at a much lower price than the cost of freight for bringing natural ice by sea from Norway or the United States. Hence,

it is no exaggeration to say that science has vanquished nature in the trade of ice-making. The frost suffices when all the surrounding conditions are propitious, when the air is cold almost beyond endurance, when the ground is hard as iron, and when winter reigns supreme. Artificial ice, as good in all respects as that which is the product of nature's handiwork, can be produced in any quantity and at any time, in the height of summer or the dead of winter, in London or Calcutta, at a cost which competes in the market with that formed at one season only in lands which are subjected to the sway of King Frost. The power of making ice at pleasure, and at a trifling cost, is one of the modern and most valuable gifts for which the civilised world ought to thank the men of science.

W. F. RAE.



## THE BLUE-BELL.

### A Story for Children.

"OH, auntie, a story! A story, please,"

They cried as they clustered about her knees,  
As she sat alone in the gathering gloom,  
With the firelight dancing about the room.

Now auntie was sad at heart that day;  
She was thinking of one, long gone away,  
Who, in bitter sorrow, had crossed the wave,  
Now sleeping alone in a stranger's grave.

And tho' she loved dearly the children's noise,  
Of bright laughing girls and shouting boys,  
It was hard to tell about giants old  
To Arthur, and Willie, and Norman bold.

And the elves and fairies were quite in vain  
Which Mabel with kisses had begged again;  
When from her lap came a sweet little voice—  
"Oh, let us to-night have dear auntie's choice."

"Yes, I shall tell you a story true,  
Tho' you think it too sad and grave for you;  
Perhaps it may help you to 'watch and pray'  
In the battle which all must fight one day.  
'Tis only because I love you so well  
I can tell you about one little blue-bell.

"My hero was once just a boy like you,  
Handsome and loving, fearless and true;  
His home on the shores of a blue loch lay,  
'Mong the mountains of Scotland far away.

"Underneath that sweet ever-changing sky  
Stood the old grey manse with the church close by,

Where his father told in that lonely glen  
God's wonderful message of love to men.

"How his parents loved him God only knew,  
And the golden days of his boyhood flew,  
Till his chosen life-work must begin  
In the world of struggle, sorrow, and sin.

"So he went in his youthful pride and joy,  
And they left in God's hands their cherished boy,  
And hopefully thought of his untried life  
As one in the great city's toil and strife.

"Till one day the terrible tidings came  
Of a ruined life, and dishonoured name.  
How it all happened they needs not to tell,  
He was sorely tried, he yielded, and fell;  
But the last spot seen ere he crossed the wave  
Was where blue-bells grew o'er his mother's grave.

"Then a dreary wandering life began  
For the joyous youth, now a reckless man,  
And thoughts of all once so sacred and dear  
Grew dimmer and fainter each passing year.

"Till one day afar in the distant west  
He had turned aside at noontide to rest,  
Under giant trees, where the dusky bowers  
Are radiant with beautiful scentless flowers.

"On one barren spot, near a lonely dell,  
His eyes on a cluster of blue-bells fell;  
How they came there, no one ever knew—  
God's hand had cared for them, so they grew.

"Ah! the arrows of conscience pierced at last,  
And God rent the veil from his sinful past,  
And to One who stood knocking long before,  
That poor lost wanderer opened the door;  
For, children, unlike our best earthly friend  
The love of Jesus endures to the end.

"And when in an hospital ward he died,  
With only strange faces to stand beside,  
He sent unto one who had loved him well  
This message of comfort—a withered blue-bell.

"Nay, Mabel, I know you are sobbing, dear,—  
It is a sorrowful story to hear;  
But we know when the ring of angel's voice  
Re-echoes in heaven, 'Rejoice, rejoice;'  
And tho' we now find it so hard to say,  
We'll join in that anthem together one day.

"So when auntie sleeps in her quiet grave,  
And her boys are working—true men and brave,  
They may one day be glad she tried to tell  
The story of that little Scotch blue-bell."

J. C. A.

## THE BRIDE'S PASS.

By SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH," "LADY BELL," ETC.

### CHAPTER V.—EVENTS SHAPE THEMSELVES.— A FISHER'S STRAIT.

THE report of the coming marriage circulated speedily, with characteristic rejoicings and lamentations—the last much less defined and audible—through two households, the manse and Drumchatt.

The Drumchatt retainers, though a little reluctant to lose their comparative liberty as a bachelor's household, and a little jealous for the young laird's honour in mating with nobody higher than the minister's daughter, were at the same time accustomed to the predominance of the manse influence up at the old mansion-house. The servants were used to the gentle presence of Unah, who had grown up like a daughter of Drumchatt, and recommended herself to every gillie and dog-boy among them by the absence of assumption on her part, and by her familiar knowledge of their lives and interests.

In the manse household, Malise Gow was especially uplifted by the news, which was yet scarcely news to him. Like his mistress, he had projected the marriage since the couple were children. Malise swaggered about our young master up at Drumchatt, our carriage and new furniture that were to be, our own lady's taking precedence even over Lady Moydart and Sir Duncan's lady in all future Ford games, because Drumchatt was lord of the manor at the Ford. Malise behaved himself in a manner not altogether becoming in a Christian who was given to professing himself the vilest of the vile, a worm of the dust, until Jenny Reach saw herself compelled to call her fellow-servant to account. "We are not out of the wood yet," she asserted with provoking dubiousness; "and even if we were, there are as

good sticks left behind as that we have got."

"An' there's unco few o' that same," responded Malise, with a dry voice.

"Oh ay," Jenny went on, "Drumchatt is of an old family, a very old family,—grown mouldy, maybe, and not without the thick clay of loose-lying siller, forby the bare moors, and he's a pretty enough young man. I've no quarrel with his appearance, unless that I think it would better serve a pinging lassie than a bold lad—if he were as stout as he is well enough favoured. But the whole race in my day have had no more pith than a slip of saugh that you can bend between your fingers, and their life has gone out like the snuff of a candle."

"Oh, he's got well over that, as the mistress says."

"Oh ay, the mistress says he has got over the family weakness. I've no objection, poor lad; only I've a notion he's not got his turkey's neck, his falling shoulders, his pink and white cheeks, and that winter cough for nothing. The mistress says, too, that she finds Drumchatt's affliction has been blest to him, which is the great matter. With all my heart, I say again, but I cannot see any difference in the young man from other young men, save that he has not the ability to run wild and get into splores, such as you have some knowledge of, Malise."

"Jenny," began Malise furiously, "I am afraid you are little better than a scoffer; and if you can taunt me with what is my bitter sorrow, I must take that, too, as part of my punishment."

"Hout! I did not mean you to take it like that, Malise," said Jenny a little compunctiously; "why will you always be so deep in earnest?"

"And why will you always make a mock



at natural affection, and sorrow, and sin itself?"

Malise directed the counter-charge passionately. But this was going too far, in Jenny's estimation.

"As to scoffing," she returned, to his earlier accusation, "who is the scoffer? He who moralises on misfortunes—let us say at once, of the Lord's sending—and twists and makes use of them without fear or remorse to serve his own ends, or the body who cannot help seeing through the dream?"

But Malise, with his *tête montée* matching his irascibility, was incapable of following such reasoning.

The summer neighbours of the couple, the Moydarts of Castle Moydart, and the Hopkins' of the Freat, heard the tidings on the eve of their flight.

The Moydarts, with more or less interest in the natives, agreed that it was an excellent and suitable arrangement, which had their entire approbation, and would receive their congratulations as soon as they returned next August.

The Hopkins' stared and shrugged their shoulders a little. That girl at the manse to be a bride! She was treated as a mere child, though she was no child in reality, only she was suffered to run wild in spite of her mother's pretensions. Unah Macdonald had no beauty, no style, she had not an accomplishment. She could not sketch; she could not even dance. Her mother's bigotry or poverty had prevented her from so much as learning to dance. Worse still, she could not speak above her breath in general company. She could not come into a room filled with guests without rushing, or stumbling, or sidling like an overgrown school-girl; she was a gawk—a tomboy to boot.

There was only one thing which prevented the Hopkins' from deciding that the announced marriage of Drumchatt (the English family were not averse to employing the territorial titles of the district)—who was in himself not a bad sort of fellow, or "ungentlemanlike," though he was only a raw, sickly, Highland lad, and thoroughly provincial—did not mean an utter misalliance too bad to be passed over, but only a stupid union between natives.

Mrs. and Miss Hopkins had not forgotten to this day what Lady Jean Stewart had said to them the first autumn that they were leaving Fearnavoil. It was in answer to an observation which Mrs. Hopkins had hazarded, that she supposed although Mrs. Macdonald at the manse was a foolish, stuck-up sort of

woman, and maintained an absurd establishment for her means, there could be no objection to Mrs. Hopkins' sending over for the use of the girl Unah, who was so shabbily dressed, such clothes as Laura did not care to take south with her, and which were at the same time much too good for giving to Sunday-school pupils, or people of that description. Mrs. Hopkins always made a point of lending such assistance to the curate's family at home.

"Of course, you will do as you please, Mrs. Hopkins," said Lady Jean very calmly and sweetly; "but forgive me for saying that I am afraid you do not understand our ways. I know you mean to be generous, but I should not like to have an offer of old clothes made to myself, even though the clothes were not much worn, and had been cast off by a friend like your daughter."

That year of her engagement to which Unah had looked forward as to a lifetime, passed quickly enough, and very like other years. The strange thing was that it did not make Unah much older in heart and mind. Almost certainly, had she been promised in marriage to any other man than to her cousin and old playfellow, Donald of Drumchatt, this year would have seen a great development, and the bursting of the child-and-girl chrysalis, which had so long enwrapped Unah's womanly nature. As it was, after the crisis of Donald's declaration everything had so soon subsided into the old routine, that the girl, clinging to the shelter of her early youth, was tempted to forget that such a crisis had come and gone. Donald, who was always an affectionate fellow, and especially attached to Unah, was not so different in the light of a lover, as to disturb the charmed peace of the sleeping princess by the ardour of his wooing. The truth was that Donald, whether from mental character or bodily constitution, or in the light of the circumstances, was not much of a lover, but continued from first to last far more of the brotherly cousin who needed Unah and claimed her.

And Unah was well content that it should be so; any more romantic or passionate demonstration would have startled her, and covered her with confusion and fright. Unstartled, she grew accustomed to allusions, and even to early preparations as to matters of course. She ceased to gasp inarticulately, and feel fit to sink into the earth, and oh! so wanting to run away and bury herself in the recesses of the Pass or the moors which she knew so well, when any of the humbler parishioners—who were the most cordial and jocose—

wished her joy. She left off minding much when she went—as she had always gone with her father or mother—to Drumchatt, where Donald was confined to the house for several weeks of midwinter, as usual.

Summer came and went. Each lady birk shook out her green tresses over a gowan-strewn carpet, according to pleasant old figures of speech, and there was not one of Donald's former trustees who made any serious objection to the suitable marriage, even though the more cynical raised their eyebrows and professed to think that the minister of Fearnavoil had played his cards well for his daughter, where his kinsman, his *ci-devant* charge, was concerned. Still the auspicious event remained in the background. The marriage was deferred mainly owing to an architect, who had been employed to work some improvement on the old grey house, the weather stains of which were like tear blots, and lent it a woe-begone aspect. After the fashion of architects, he had not been able to do the little required of him without suggesting more, and turning the whole building topsy-turvy, driving Donald into a corner.

It appeared certain that Unah would have another winter's reprieve, over which her heart sang. Her spirits grew so gay that she took to teasing Donald with the pretended conviction that he did not care to have her over at Drumchatt at all; while old Callum, who had polished the swords for a display on the marriage, shook his head and put the weapons back among the store from which he had extracted them. "Missy is fey," he said shortly.

"Away with your feyness and your freits!" said Jenny Reach, taking Unah's part; "you'll be having the second-sight next, and spying us all in our winding-sheets, and that would be a cheerful sight to please a daft auld Highland man. Let charity begin at home, Callum Macdonald. Our Miss Unah is only a foolish young lassie, not worth making a work about, I grant; hardly knowing what she is doing, though she has reached the years of discretion; just such a white-faced, dark-eyed bairn as men run wild after, and as lead others and are led themselves to destruction—that I should say the word of my master and minister's daughter. But masters and ministers are but men, and their daughters no more than women, or silly lassies in this case. However, I'll vouch Miss Unah means no ill, and so I hope she will come to none, as there is nought like to befall her, that I can see;

unless, indeed, it be in buckling with a poor billie like Drumchatt. Oh! you need not in gloom, Callum. I'm in a free country, and I'm a free woman to speak my mind."

One afternoon in the first week of August, Unah Macdonald found herself not in request either by father or mother, or intended bridegroom, left to her own devices in a happy, if dangerous, state of idleness for the busy season. Mr. Macdonald had set out "to visit," in the Scotch parochial sense, in the remotest part of his parish, fourteen miles long. Mrs. Macdonald was gone on an errand of mercy to converse with an interesting penitent, whose penitence did not yet make her a desirable acquaintance for Unah. Donald of Drumchatt was well enough to be out with his gamekeepers most of the morning in anticipation of the 12th; but this inferred some loss of his company at the manse, since he had not the inexhaustible elasticity of spirit and sinew which might have enabled a young man in his strength to add the ride or walk across the hills between the two houses to his morning's occupation, without the slightest inconvenience.

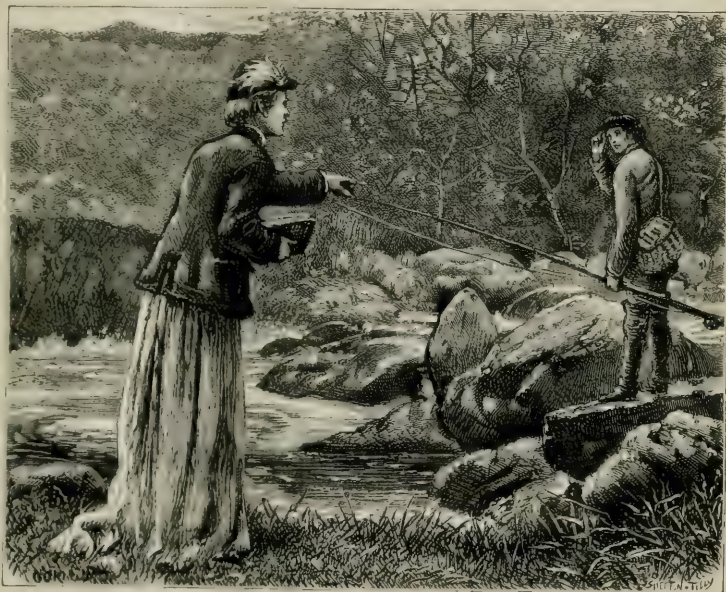
Unah was the most unexact and least jealous of mistresses. She was not mortified by finding that grouse or ptarmigan, not to say roe or red deer, promised to be for a time her successful rivals. She was calmly glad that Donald was able to occupy and amuse himself like other gentlemen. In her secret heart, she thought Donald a little in the way when he hung much about the manse as an idle man, though she had been accustomed to the infliction; and she was too kind-hearted to show her feelings, or even to fail to reproach herself for entertaining them, since poor Donald could not altogether help being idle and *dilettante* in all he did. But she could have wished he had been a minister with sermons to write, like her father, seeing that Donald was not able, in the nature of things, to follow his bent and come out as an active country gentleman or a keen sportsman—who would cheerfully lie down in the open air, ay, in the nipping frost, among the sprinkling of snow of a late autumn or early spring night, watching a wild cat's den or seeking to get a shot at a wild swan.

Therefore Unah did not mind being left alone on the summer afternoon; rather, she prepared to make hay while the sun shone. She first strolled about the garden picking up the shed rose-leaves, and coquetting with the half-ripe strawberries, and then she started to wander down the Pass. She carried, as

an apology for idleness, her knitting in the pocket of her gown, and in her hand a copy of "Dred," a tale of which Mrs. Macdonald did not disapprove, being lenient to the book, not so much on its own merits as because it was written by the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Unah was a little better dressed than when she appeared to the reader muddling among her plants and her attempts at art in one of the manse garrets. Over her buff muslin she wore a brown cloth jacket with coat lapels turned back. The jacket was

thus half open, like an old-fashioned riding-habit, and seen within the opening were the little collar and plaited front belonging to another abolished article of female attire, the very name of which is exploded—a habit-shirt. Unah's habit-shirt was of blue and white striped calico, with pearl buttons fastening the plaits, and had blue and white calico sleeves, the cuffs of which appeared beneath the jacket-sleeves in what looked a saucy imitation of a man's shirt, while under the collar was tied a no less saucy fac-simile of a man's black silk neckerchief.



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It may seem strange that Mrs. Macdonald should have countenanced, in her daughter's slowly dawning fancy in dress, the adopting of various portions of costume which made game of traits in men's dress; but when it is stated that these details were very becoming, were modest in their roguishness and inexpensive in their cost, and that the fashion of wearing them in Fearnavouil had been set by no less an authority than Lady Jean Stewart, it is to be hoped that the reader does not imagine the minister's wife was such a monster of consistency as not to

betray a hole in her armour by encouraging Unah to follow where Lady Jean led.

The Bride's Pass was perhaps not in its perfection of beauty early in August. In spring there were broader, more exquisite contrasts between the tender green of its foliage and the low-toned brown and grey robes, broken by the white fur of snow, of its mighty guardians. In autumn there were richer, mellowed dyes of leaf and berry and purple heather. But at all times the Pass was a grand and beautiful page of God's broad book of nature, and the August writing



on the page was not without its own attractions. Summer was late in these high latitudes, and so August in Fearnavoil, though it still left the kingly sentries unclad in their royal mantles, while it had dulled and dimmed the vivid June green of beech and oak, and seen the last of the red and white dog-roses, was yet the season of honeysuckle. Mingling with the pale maize, golden and crimson pipes and plumes of the honeysuckle, were great clustering purple vetch flowers, like bunches of grapes. Down in rushy and sedgy nooks by the water-side stood tall irises. As if to remind one that this was a Highland pass, and these were hunched shoulders of the Grampians that hemmed it in, heather constantly broke the wealth of lowland flowers and the tangled growth of the underwood—blue-green juniper, small-leaved blaeberry, vine-leaved bramble. Heather tufted the mossy bank, overhung by branches of hazel, and further shaded the rock, every cleft of which was feathered with spleen-wort. The ling was only budding pink, but the rarer bell-heather was in its soft purple flush, showing at long intervals that loveliest variety where the bells are waxen-white and rose-tinged.

Down in the gorge of the Pass, running, leaping, and breaking among its grey rocks and foaming white against every barrier, resting only here and there in sunshiny or sombre pools equally treacherous, over which foam bells were sucked into the eddy that ended their brief existence, was the Fearn, umber brown from the mosses and moors it had traversed in its course.

These were the petty furnishings, as one might say, of the Pass, which were as nothing to its great framework. It has already been said that moderately-sized hills looked like mole-hills in the lap of the mountains, and birch-trees, measured against the height of the ribbed and scarred sides of Benvoil, showed no bigger than bushes of bracken. The blue sky was seen through the rift immeasurably far up in the heavens, and an eagle, or more frequently a wild swan or goose, for the royal bird is fast forsaking the Scotch mountains, took the dimensions of a thrush, as it appeared for a moment and then vanished from the vacuum.

Unah walked leisurely in her own domain, familiar with every noble and lovely feature, and yet not missing one of them or overlooking a single change a week might bring. This was the first bright day after a period of rainy weather, and the Fearn was a little flooded. From the same cause water-courses

like silver threads in the sunshine were flowing down the mountain sides, and pouring in miniature waterfalls over the lower banks and rocks. Yonder was the first August foxglove, the first in a very forest of foxgloves. Unah stood and looked at them swaying in a drowsy, stately fashion in the light wind. Their long purple or white cups were still unsealed, their spotted hairy throats unclosed, but in another week they would be open to the fairies. A second singularly delicate and beautiful effect was just beginning to show itself. It was the blending of the silver grey of the seeded grasses with the pale blue of the harebells, in such quantities as to transfer the fair, pure tints of the sky on some summer morning to the roadside at Unah's feet.

Unah was not impressed by the deep silence of the Pass, no longer vibrating with choruses of birds, and only broken by the rush and tinkle and splash of water, as it might have impressed the denizen of a town newly transplanted to the wilds. Such silence was her native atmosphere, and in it she detected minor notes of bee and beetle which would not have been perceptible to a less fine and accurate sense of hearing.

She sought out a favourite tree stump—there were always plenty of such about—and sat down between the road and the river, one may be sure in a spot which commanded the venerable and beloved bald head of Benvoil. There in a Highland glen she began to read of American swamps and forests, of morning glories and passion-flowers, of negro foster-parents to the desolate children of dead planters, of wild emotional revivals of religion, of the half-frantic, half-inspired outcasts of persecution, and of God's terrible judgment of pestilence. But Unah did not read long; she glanced at the end of the book, and found to her dismay that its poor simple little heroine became the victim to her own innocently generous efforts to repair too late the selfish neglect of her forefathers, and to stay the vengeance of the living laws they had outraged. It seemed too sad that Unah's far-away Western sister should have died in what had promised to be the zenith of her bright young happiness, with lover and friends and faithful slaves all striving vainly to avert the blow of that fellest of human diseases, cholera. It was not so much a shock at the winding up of the story by death that scared Unah from her book. For the young Highland girl having lived a life of comparative solitude among primitive nature in a spiritual world of reverence and piety with a good father and a religious mother, had

her own version of death, in which there mingled, with much solemnity and a natural shrinking and shuddering, a faint realisation of an awful bliss as well as a heavenly peace bought by a Divine sacrifice. But to read in the Bride's Pass on an August afternoon of a young girl on the eve of her marriage, dying of cholera—could associations be found more cruelly antagonistic, more piteously mournful? Unah shut the book and took to reading the nature around her, which was all in keeping—serene, smiling, and bountiful, full of promise of blossom and fruit in unending succession with hardly a hint that the Fearn raved wildly in its autumn bed, and Benvoil hid his head sullenly behind the thick gloom of November clouds; nay, in summer the river sometimes came down "roaring and reaming," with rent fresh boughs instead of dead leaves coursing along its current, and the swollen carcasses of lambs swirling in its jaws and dashing against its jagged teeth. As for Benvoil, one of the most fearful spectacles to be seen in the district presented itself in the blue-black clouds of a July thunder-storm falling like a pall over its crest, and the steely gleam of the lightning leaping out and illuminating, with an instantaneous ghastly flash, every rugged peak and grim scar on its sides.

But Benvoil looked now the most benign of sovereigns. There was not a shadow upon him except what was cast by his opposite neighbour the Tuaidh, and by the deep relief into which one of his sides was thrown by the child hill which always sat in his lap. The sole consequence of these shades was to bring out into almost startling prominence, as they lay in the sunshine, the emeralds and olives of tracts of moss alternating with breaks of yellow sand and bare grey rock. Benvoil was as good as gold to-day, he was behaving beautifully. Unah began to praise him because he hung out more flattering omens than her book had done. He could not help catching an occasional fleecy cloud and wrapping it round his ancient head as if he felt the threatening of an incipient face-ache, but he flung it off the next moment and determined rather to brave his ailments like a dauntless old chief than to commence the bawling of another deluge.

Really Mrs. Macdonald had some ground for maintaining that there was heathen idolatry in the way in which the people of Fearnavoil, her own household included, treated the mountain. They gave it the masculine gender, in addition to its proper name. They spoke of how he was looking and what he was

doing, as if he were a responsible being with power over his actions, and who could be propitiated and have his smiles won, and his frowns charmed away. It was not for lack of being appealed to that the mountain did not grow warm at its heart's core, and heave with great heart-throbs like Galatea under the adjuration of Pygmalion. But the natives were not content with thus transferring their own personality to one formidable inanimate form of the grand nature around them, like every more or less primitive race, they paid the same homage in a modified degree to the river. And the Fearn was by no means so great a river as Benvoil was a mountain. It was not like the Teith, the Tay, the Spey or the Dee. Its only claim to distinction was one shared by several smaller northern rivers, and notably by the river Annan in the south—that is an evil character for treachery and ruthlessness, in subtly entangling and mercilessly drowning its victims. It is needless therefore to say that the Fearn was classed as of the gentler sex, because her kindness was cruel.

Of course Unah was acquainted with the notorious charge brought by the country-side against the burn which bounded the manse garden, and where in her childhood in dry seasons she had "paidled" with her brothers and Donald of Drumchatt, making miniature mills, catching minnows and gathering "eel-s-bed."

The imputation passed through Unah's mind as she turned from contemplating the mountain to watch the slightly turbid water. Unless after rainy weather it was only the still pools which were unfathomable in their depth; but on this day all the rushing water was clouded for the delectation of the fishers who were in the list of sportsmen of every class that flourished, in defiance of pains and penalties, in the parish.

Fishers were sure to be abroad this afternoon, and as Unah looked, an individual specimen in his long boots, with his basket on his back, and his rod deliberately lashing the water, came in sight, half wading, half leaping from point to point.

But it was no fisher to the river born who sprang on the rocking stone where the bent alder drooped into the stream, and with his reeling footing, made as if he were about to attempt a wider spring in order to reach another stone partly under water on this occasion, and slippery by reason of its wet and unequal surface; for within the bounds of that leap lay the Clerk's Pool—the nearest to bottomlessness, the most laden with deadly

peril, and haunted by tragic memories of all the hidden holes in the Fearn.

The imminent danger of the fisher who in ignorance proposed such a feat, was at once present to Unah, causing her to start up, and—though she was so painfully shy that she could not, according to Laura Hopkins, enter a room full of company without betraying her *mauvaise honte*—to make as much din as her soft young voice could compass by calling out loudly, "Oh! don't go there; it is not safe." Her cry reached the stranger, who drew back and looked round in surprise, balancing himself with difficulty as his gaze fell on an eminently girlish figure with dainty Amazonian touches in her dress, standing in the chequered light among the birch-trees behind him, and forbidding his further progress.

The wondering glance which rested on Unah did not yet cause her trepidation and discomfiture, because her timidity was swallowed up for the moment in the necessity of interposing to save a fellow-creature's life. The look came from a young man not above a year older than herself, little more than a lad, but such a manly lad as a robust race and a course of public school and university life have bred often enough in England. He was well grown in height. His shoulders were already expanding in stalwart proportions. His arms had rowed in many a boat-race as well as wielded no end of bats. His legs had kicked a hundred foot-balls. His hair, of the same brown tint as Donald of Drumchatt's, in place of lying in soft thin waves, clung in close thick crispness under the Glengarry cap he had assumed. His square forehead—the only gleam of whiteness in the tanned face—matched the square jaw, and had something in harmony also with the well-opened, dark blue eyes, the slightly short blunt nose, and the mouth, which was already beginning to be veiled with the light brown down of a beard, not so universal an adjunct to a young man's face fifteen years ago as it is to-day.

Unah did not see all these items at the first moment or for many moments. She was only conscious of the presence of a stranger, a gentleman, a young man who was not yet so entirely out of danger of his life as to awaken her to the enormity of preventing his purpose by addressing him.

"I beg your pardon," called back the fisher, with a hasty effort to take off the Glengarry as a recognition of Unah's sex and ladyhood—which, however, the tottering of the stone under him made such a tremulous failure

that he was forced to smile instead. "Why mayn't I go there?" The question was asked with a shade of lively scorn and impatience—only restrained by the fact that he was speaking to a lady, and in the tone of one who was not accustomed to be stopped by obstacles. "I wish to ascend the river," and he pointed out as he spoke that the rocks rose sheer from the pool, and that there was no road which skirted it. "I have got liberty to fish here, from the innkeeper at the Ford."

"Oh yes," said Unah meekly, "but you must not attempt to cross the Clerk's Pool: it is the deepest in the Fearn and the bodies of those drowned there are never recovered." It was a grisly enough reason, spoken in all simplicity and with perfect good faith. But still the fisher hesitated, and looked longingly across the dark cauldron, on the surface of which was a slightly seething scum which might have belonged to witches' broth.

Unah, in an agony, thought, would he insist on getting himself drowned before her eyes, and according to her tale disappearing for ever?

"If you will come up the bank you can reach the water again farther on. I'll show you the way," she said, always more imploringly, and even sliding half-way down the bank and holding out her hand to the stranger, who had no choice save to grasp it, though in doing so he felt, bold though he was, his nerves beginning to tingle. The adventure was so odd, while it was also a little ludicrous and mortifying to his independence and helpfulness. He could not at all understand the submissive subordination and obligation to serve him which belonged to Unah's inveterate girlhood and to what had been its discipline.

But he did not fail to remark that no sooner did Unah get her will and become his guide to another reach of the river, than, as she walked along by his side, a tide of shyness came over her and overwhelmed her with a trouble to which he, as a man and a gentleman, must do nothing to add. He was perfectly cool except for that incipient tingling of his nerves; and he turned over in his mind what he could say to set his companion at ease and cause her to forget that she had stepped forward to warn and instruct him. He magnanimously forgave her for doing so. He was fundamentally good-natured and courteous—well endowed, in the best sense, as a Cantab and ex-public school-boy. In proof of it, he had sympathy with that plague of shyness which he himself had never experienced. And all this was in the teeth of the



fact that he had been a spoilt child of fortune, and was not old enough to have had much chance yet of undoing the spoiling.

As he cudgelled his brain for a speech that should be consolingly respectful and vague, he kept glancing at Unah moving along in blushing silence by his side; it was as if she had dropped from the sunny afternoon skies among the trees and bushes under the "lofty wa's" of a region entirely foreign to him, and bewildering from its novelty. And then, as those loveliest blushes yielded to a tint still more that of the lily than was usual to her, her companion, young and thoughtless as he was, caught some faint reflection of the spell which lay in the utter simplicity of the ruffled sheaf of auburn hair, the delicate purity of the clear colourless rounded cheek, and the spiritual depths in the dusky grey of the eyes, which had been raised to his, but were now fixed steadfastly on the ground.

The lad had a rampant imagination, as well as an acquired fund of matter-of-factness and practicality which were continually striving to stamp down the natural quality as "bosh," without being always successful in the contest. He now coloured violently and recoiled from what had struck him as at first descriptive of his guide. He began to describe her anew to himself as he walked beside her. She was the sweetest half-wild nymph that ever made a favoured wood her home. She was a delightful version of Wordsworth's Highland girl grown shy, because she had merged into a young lady and been pestered by the conventionalities of society.

All the time it was highly necessary that he should say something to release the nymph from her awkwardness.

He could think of nothing more to the purpose than a tame reference to the scanty contents of the basket on his back.

"I have not had great luck in my morning's sport," he ventured to break the silence.

Though that silence was becoming uncomfortable, Unah started at the call for her to return a civil and rational answer. She was not more fortunate than he had been.

"I thought the weather was good for fishing," she stammered; "my father brought in a better basket than that when he was out for half an hour before breakfast this morning."

Ill-starred Unah! She shattered the vision which she had been creating, by a word. She wounded the quick susceptibility and vanity of the overgrown school-boy, who had en-

shrined her as a nymph, and was comparing her to Wordsworth's Highland girl. He was still quite young enough to be piqued by her slight to his prowess in one of the beloved sports which had taken the place of the still better beloved games. He pulled himself together, swelled out his chest, and showed an inclination to strut in his walk like any brave Highlander. He looked reproachfully at her in room of his covert glances of admiration. He already cast about in his mind how he should revenge himself upon her sarcastic contrast of her father's success with his failure.

"I have only just come into this horrid country," he said, suddenly assuming the languid drawl of a very fine gentleman. "I was directed to this wretched overgrown chine. What is that surly brute up yonder?" He pointed to Benvoil.

Unah opened her eyes very widely for a moment, and then her face dimpled all over under its shyness.

"That is Benvoil," she said. "The Tuaidh is over your head on the right, and here is where you get down to the Fearn again."

She pointed to the burn below them. Little as she was used to issue commands and exact compliance, he had no resource save to obey her direction, and to lift his Glengarry clean off his head this time. He had not had the grace to thank her; he had not gained a single clue to her identity; she must think of him as a beastly cockney.

But he did what he could to indemnify himself for this crowd of misfortunes which had befallen him. After plunging down the bank at the motion of her hand, he clambered back like a cat or a goat a few paces farther on, where the alder bushes grew thickly and afforded him a screen to watch what would become of her, whether she would vanish in nymph fashion or walk away like any ordinary mortal; whether she would walk up or down the Pass, though he did not know that he could make much of that little indication.

She turned instantly into one of the by-paths screened by oak and ozier coppice which she knew as well as the rabbits and hares which frequented them were acquainted with their recesses, and was speeding home to make the best or worst of her encounter. At first she did not care to think of the adventure into which her humanity had betrayed her; but when in loving dutifulness and perfect confidence she forced herself to tell the story to her father and mother,

and they made nothing of it, only said Macgregor at the Ford ought not to give liberty to fish in the Fearn to strangers who did not engage guides, her fancy, no longer checked by doubt and a little lingering annoyance, strayed more frequently to the audacious young stranger.

She wondered whether he had anything to do with the Moydarts, who had come up last week. Somehow she did not associate him readily with the Hopkins', who had also arrived in the Country, though the soft-goods man's sons were of a different type from their father. He might have some connection with one of the two nearest county houses, Castle Moydart and the Frean, though he stayed at the Ford Inn—for often the more erratic of the guests of both families disposed of themselves there. If he had anything to do with the Moydarts or the Hopkins', was there any chance of her seeing him again? She hoped not, and again she half hoped she might, to discover if he would go on making game of and pretending to detest their Ben and the Pass. She did not really believe that he was a bad fisher; she was sure, at least, from the little she had seen of his agility, he could stalk deer as well as Lord Moydart; and she trusted that the innkeeper at the Ford, if nobody else would, might get him his fill of deer-stalking. Then her fancy took a farther flight, and with a distinct impression of the supple limbs, square shoulders, and quick eye of the veritable sportsman, she likened him to a soldier, and judged that he might have done good service in the Crimean War and the Indian Rebellion, the two heroic episodes of history which lay just behind her.

#### CHAPTER VI.—THE MOYDARTS AND THE HOPKINS'.

THE Moydarts, that is, the Earl and Lady Jean, were always in great force at the Ford games. The Countess was an English woman, and though she was good-natured and did not interfere with the pursuits of her husband and daughter in the Country, she did not pretend to their enthusiasm for Highland interests. She generally brought them in the carriage to the Ford, put them down there, and went on her way for her drive, not looking near the place of public excitement again, but returning placidly by another route—to the chagrin even of her English coachman—and only dispatching the carriage to fetch back the remainder of the family when the games were over. But Lord Moydart and Lady Jean made up for any defalcation on the part of the mistress of Castle

Moydart. He was the most engrossed and excited of the judges. She was concerned about everything and everybody. Both were in attendance the whole day. Lord Moydart was a little, wiry, red-haired man, not so left to himself as to forswear trews on any occasion, though he could assume a cap with an eagle's feather in addition to the oak-leaves which matched the bell-heath badge on the caps of Donald of Drumchatt and hundreds more on a high day. The Earl had two sides to his character. In London he was, or tried to be, very much of a cosmopolitan and man of the world. Down at Castle Moydart he was a fanatical Highlander, apparently more tenacious of his chieftainship than of his earldom, religiously keeping up all the so-called customs of the soil, to the extent of sending his younger children for an hour every day to the parish school, in order to learn their native language. Some people said my lord's manner in the Highlands was a sop to his conscience for drawing all the cash he could extract from his northern estates, and laying out as little money as he could help in return. These judges would have it that his bearing was intended to propitiate—as it did with wonderful success—the Highland tenants, whose rents were high, while their houses and offices were the worst in the country. In short, one portion of the world maintained that Lord Moydart was a vain, selfish man, crafty enough to make his vanity serve his selfishness. That might be, but it is more probable that he was merely double-minded, and narrow on each side of his mind. Certainly he was not gratuitously ill-natured, and unquestionably he was popular.

In the same way there were censors who asserted that Lady Jean's devotion to the Highlands and Highlanders was only a piece of affectation, which sat well on her and added to her prestige in the Country, and that she forgot place and race the moment her back was turned. But this assumption does not go beyond the premise that Lady Jean was a young, lively woman, so that out of sight was out of mind with her. While it lasted her Highland mania, like her Scotch name, had a gracious effect on the aborigines. She was not handsome; the most that could be said of her personally was that she "was a strapping lass," tall, strong, and sound in every organ. But there was sufficient piquancy in her independence, spirit, and voluntary flavour of nationality to account for her turning the head of any poor mountaineer, and misleading him into the mire, where she

was not at all likely to follow him. For Lady Jean, with her walking powers, her steel-shod boots, her penchant for oat-cakes, her spinning-wheel, was—making allowance for her youth—as much a woman of the world as her father aspired to be a man of the world, and was in some respects more aristocratic in her tendencies than her mother. Lady Jean's helpfulness and homeliness were purely æsthetic, with, perhaps, a tinge of the born anti-quarian in them.

That did not prevent Lady Jean from being a very agreeable young lady at a Highland gathering. She was far more generally agreeable than Unah Macdonald, even when allowance is made for the advantage in social attractiveness which Lady Jean's rank gave her. As for Laura Hopkins, she showed the world a less dignified version of Mrs. Macdonald's dilemma, and was in constant dread of compromising herself. "It is easy for you, Lady Jean, to be frank and kind, speaking and smiling to everybody," said Miss Laura, artless in her artificiality, as she declared in a moment of confidence to her friend, "you are an earl's daughter, and nobody is likely to mistake your condescension. But papa is only in trade—I suppose we must call it trade, though it is on a great scale, and nobody down in Fearnvoil knows the difference between wholesale and retail. The Ford storekeeper's daughters, whom one sometimes meets, oddly enough, would begin and treat me as their equal if I did not hold them at arm's length."

"The storekeeper's daughters are very nice girls," said Lady Jean carelessly, "and one of them has learned to sing charmingly in Edinburgh, where they finished their education. My mother has her at the castle whenever we have anything out-of-the-way in music, and I always send her down my new songs to try over. But my father and I are provoked that she cannot sing a single Gaelic song from beginning to end. Think of her never taking the trouble to perfect herself in one of our own songs!" complained Lady Jean in an aggrieved voice.

Only a detachment of the Hopkins' also appeared at the Ford games; but in their case it was a strictly female detachment. Mr. Hopkins said the games were "stuff and nonsense," and shut himself up in his own room at the Frean, with the business telegrams and letters he had the happiness to have sent to him there. His sons could occupy and enjoy themselves out of the business, but they had not arrived before the twelfth at what they spoke of as their "box in

the Highlands." One was giving a barrister a sail in his yacht to Norway; another was with some friends of his among the officers in the camp at Aldershot; the third, who went in for art, was off with two curates of the same bent, for the Dresden and Munich galleries. So Laura and her mother came by themselves. They were the only women of the family in the Highlands—out of the country there were more daughters, both married and unmarried. The last had been unable from the beginning to break themselves into the necessary change of habits. At home they were Lancashire magnates—living in a brand-new country house, among a multitude of other brand-new country houses, all occupied by tenants whose wealth and its luxuries were little older than the houses, and who formed a colony in themselves. Here the Hopkins' were in banishment for the whole summer and autumn in a Highland waste where the neighbours were few and far between, were aliens in their antecedents, were poor and proud, stingy and sarcastic. Even the period when sport was at its height, and summoned Liverpool gentlemen and Manchester men to the aid of the belated family, could not make up for the dreariness of the remaining weeks. Thus there were two elder Miss Hopkins who, after the first trial, had never repeated the experiment, but who regularly bestowed themselves on their married sisters and sisters-in-law, for trips to Scarborough, months at Buxton, and tours on the Continent, while they relegated to their younger sister Laura, who had been papa and mamma's pet, and who owed them special allegiance—which her amiable temper rendered her ready to pay—to accompany them during their annual stay in the Highlands. A failure in Mr. Hopkins's health, together with his doctor's advice, had been the primary cause, first of his renting at a long lease, and then of his nearly rebuilding into a staring stuccoed white mansion the old county house of the Frean.

The task had been severe, both for Mrs. Hopkins and Laura. Mr. Hopkins had suffered little in comparison. He had the bracing sense of doing his duty in obeying medical orders, and the pleasant consciousness of the improvement on his health as a reward. He never pretended to be what he was not, but was perfectly satisfied with knowing himself, and letting everybody else know him, as an enterprising and wealthy manufacturer, a highly respectable and influential man, whether in Lancashire or out of it. He insisted on having all his busi-



ness details sent to him daily, and he shut himself up with them every morning—after luncheon there was not so long an interval till dinner, that he could not get rid of time by a walk or a drive—and he had plenty of shooting and fishing to offer to his friends. He was not particularly ostentatious, so that a constant display of his gains in their outlay was not a necessity with him. The plain, quiet, shrewd, but proud enough man was to be envied in more respects than in those of the enterprise and the prosperity on which he was apt to hug himself.

But poor Mrs. Hopkins and Laura desired to be ladies with the best, and they had much to learn and unlearn at the Frean. They had to resign themselves to days and weeks without a visitor, and to swallow their yawns. They had to unlearn their code, that magnificence—even costly elegance in dress and daintiness, if not self-indulgence in food, were the first marks of a lady. They had to give over talking of their difficulties with servants, and quoting the carriages and horses. Laura discovered that she must nerve herself for walking as well as riding, if she was to follow in the footsteps of Lady Jean Stewart. She must be able to help herself and her neighbours in many an emergency. She had to order books from Mudie's not confined to a certain class of novels which describe a lawless life, that in its splendour and gorgeousness far outvies such establishments as the Hopkins'. Laura did not care for the lawlessness, though her moral sense and her taste were not repulsed by it, but she did like the splendour, without even dreaming that it was intensely vulgar. She had yet to get rid of some of the coarse clay of her snobbishness. But she had her recompense in securing a familiar visiting acquaintance with Lady Jean, while Laura made some progress in good manners at the Frean. She improved, as Mrs. Macdonald had said.

Mrs. Hopkins also improved, though, being an older woman, her improvement was a still more difficult process, and did not go so far as Laura's. Mrs. Hopkins felt her occupation gone when Laura enjoined on her to cease from constituting herself a sort of special constable where her servants were concerned, and above all to refrain from talking of their merits and demerits in society. But she was an apt and docile woman on the whole, though she had only been a mill manager's daughter, as Mr. Hopkins had been a manager's son, and she took to holding her tongue and doing and saying as

nearly as she could what she heard others do and say. It was a little tiresome, and she was sensible that both she herself and the life she led were heavier and duller than they used to be; but she could gird up her loins to the heaviness and dulness, if it were for Laura, who was her best and prettiest daughter, who never complained of having the task put upon her of coming year after year with her father and mother to the Frean, while her sisters gadded about and disported themselves elsewhere.

At the Ford games Mrs. Hopkins remained in the carriage, having a conviction that she was in every respect better there; she would only be in the way, and she would derive no gratification from joining the party on the Knock. She would betray her ignorance if she ventured on a remark. She had a strong suspicion that Drumchatt's fare would be inferior to the contents of her own luncheon-basket, with which she had taken care that cook should furnish her. In the carriage she could eat at her ease when she was inclined, without being forced to defer her meal in order to watch the progress of a stone or a hammer, for which she cared nothing. Mrs. Hopkins contrasted the Ford games very unfavourably with the Derby. There was some amusement and company at the Derby. But here there were not above half-a-dozen county families, some of them as shabby as peahens, while peacocks could not beat their pride and pretension. There was no music but these squealing pipes, to which the caterwauling of cats was preferable, and no fun that Mrs. Hopkins could discover in a crowd of far-back country people—the men dressed like savages, who took the whole performance in solemn earnest, and yet "houched" like madmen in the middle of their solemnity. But when every other resource failed and her surroundings became too much for her, Mrs. Hopkins could always take a nap in the easy privacy of her carriage shut in for the showers, while Laura was pleased—Laura was among the foremost with Lady Jean. Dear girl! she deserved the highest promotion, and Mrs. Hopkins would enjoy her getting it before her sisters, though Maria and Sophy were good girls too, in their way. She was thankful she had nothing to complain of in her children. Laura was the flower of the young ladies assembled there—far before Lady Jean in her claims to beauty, and in the dress Laura wore, though it was only a morning dress, and looked very simple. Laura was getting more and more disinclined to speak of the advantages she had over other

girls from her father's fortune and the ample allowance he made to his daughters. It was like Laura's good-nature to keep to herself all about her gown except its look, when perhaps people needed to know its history to prize its merits.

Even while her mother was fondly cogitating, Laura was enduring considerable mortification because of that very gown. She had thought, after much consideration, that as the Ford games constituted a public occasion, a sort of provincial Derby to which her mother had likened it, she, Laura, might not be appearing in too fine plumes, too like the daughter of a merchant prince or manufacturer—an origin which Laura shrank more and more from brandishing in the face of the public on all occasions—if she wore her delicate lilac silk with the lovely lace. Lady Jean wore silks of a morning sometimes, but they were mostly of her own clan tartan. So Laura was reduced to the lilac silk, which was also a thousand times prettier and more becoming.

After all, Lady Jean was in no silk of an unapproachable clan tartan on this day. She appeared in one of the first adaptations of the picturesque fashions of an earlier century, which have since been so common. She wore a scarlet petticoat over the crinoline, which was like an old hoop, and she had looped up over the scarlet petticoat a chintz gown which might have belonged to her grandmother.

Poor Laura, who put great weight on such small matters, was terribly chagrined. It was clear that a chintz, not a silk, was the *recherché* costume for the Ford games. Many people walked there in silk attire. Among these walkers were the store-keeper's daughters, Laura's *bêtes noires*, but who, as Highlanders accustomed to a good deal of promiscuous visiting, were, so far as refinement went, many degrees above the daughters of the richest tradesman in an English village, and had not a tinge of the vulgarity which Laura attributed to them. All the same, Laura's only consolation consisted in the fact that no other silk on the ground was of her gown's exquisite shade and make.

She could only resolve that the next day at the Kettle of Fish—the Moydarts' annual picnic in the Bride's Pass—she would prove to Lady Jean and all concerned what she, Miss Laura Hopkins, could do in the matter of chintzes, when she had got the necessary hint.

Laura Hopkins was a pretty girl, plump, and with pink-and-white cheeks. Her soft and simple-hearted disposition was reflected in her face, yet her great defect was over-cultivation. She suffered from the excess of training in proportion to the qualities trained, which wealth sometimes inflicts on its victims.

Laura had been taught to pronounce the words of several languages with critical correctness, she had even been made to acquire a laudable mastery of their grammars. She could speak a little French and German, in addition to a great deal of English; but she had never reached the soul of a literature—whether of her own or of any other country. No acquaintance with high standards had purified or elevated her taste, so that when she read for pleasure, her books were still those which her mother preferred, and were only removed a few degrees in style, and by taking the three-volume form, from the Penny Dreadfuls of the kitchen.

She could play difficult classic music mechanically. But one of her grandmothers had been famous in her day as a sprightly and tuneful singer of Cumberland songs, and Laura could no more have given expression to these words and airs, than she could have evolved out of her formal science the intelligent impassioned performance of a Madame Schumann or a Madame Essipoff, when genius is set to interpret genius. Laura could sketch, copy, colour after good examples, but there was nothing save a bald topographical likeness and a conventional tone in her sketches, there was not a shade of feeling in her copying and colouring. Her grandmother, on the other side of the house, had patched a quilt with a hundred times more zest, and a greater sense of form and colour, than Laura had ever experienced in her artistic productions. The girl's originality had been stifled, and her little light hidden under a bushel of what was mere pedantry in her.

But there was one precious inheritance besides bodily health and growth that Laura had preserved intact, under the system of careful fencing and forcing which had been applied to her—she had never lost her natural softness of heart and sweetness of temper. She could hardly be intentionally unamiable, even where she was stuffed full of prejudices; it tried her to the utmost to be cold and to hold people at arm's length, as she said she did the store-keeper's daughters.

## SPRING IN FIELD AND WOOD.

## I.

THE earth awakes as from a dreamless sleep,  
 And softly puts her daintiest garments on ;  
 She binds around her, gracefully, a zone  
 Of tender green, with blue embroidered deep.

Over that budding sun-tipped hedgerow peep  
 Such vivid emeralds as ne'er glanced in stone,  
 Or in the crowns of mighty Caesars shone ;  
 And violets stir in yonder wayside heap.

The firstling beauty of the wood is full  
 Of colours, varied softly in their hue ;  
 The rabbits frisk, and birds begin to sing.

The air is pure—most sweetly clear and cool,  
 And heaven seems opened through the distant blue ;  
 The starling screams, and doves are light on wing.

## II.

See, through yon field the ploughman drives his share,  
 And the pert crow close follows at his heel ;  
 And o'er the furrow, slowly-winding, steal  
 Thin waves of mist that waver into air.

The upland lea is dotted here and there  
 With scattered sheep that, like to pearls, reveal  
 A glistening whiteness ; and the cattle kneel  
 In full contentment with the spring's fresh fare.

The crested wren is busy in the hedge ;  
 The blackbird runs, then, resting, whistles clear,  
 And the sweet lark goes carolling up the sky.

A bluish tinge is on the fir-wood's edge,  
 That pleases, yet a little tries the eye ;  
 The squirrel, new waked, peeps out unmoved by fear.

## III.

The children from the neighbouring village school  
 Come forth to play with many a merry peal,  
 And shorten thus the hour for mid-day meal,  
 And answer slowly to maternal rule.

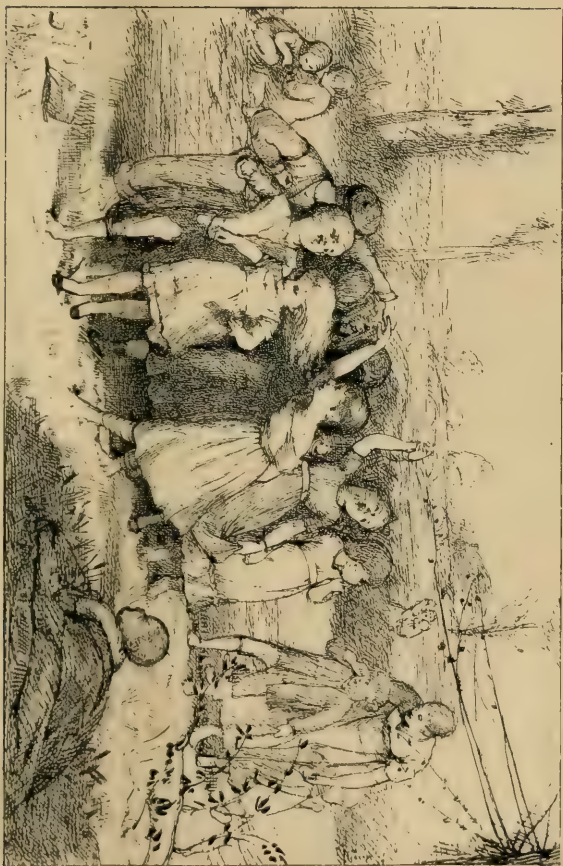
They dance and group themselves in circle full,  
 Then join their hands, and loose, and sudden wheel ;  
 Their movements such unconscious grace reveal,  
 Recalling dainty Watteau, fresh and cool.

The babe laid down upon the grass crows fain,  
 And, creeping on, would make to join their sport :  
 The meadow rings and now young voices sing.

How clear the notes ! they echo back again ;  
 Of innocence and joy most true report—  
 These voices are the voices of the spring.

ALEX. H. JAPP.





"SPRING IN FIELD AND WOOD."



## A PARTY OF TRAVELLERS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

## PART I.

THERE are few things more amusing than to watch the exodus which takes place from all our English coasts in the beginning of August or thereabouts. That we English, who are supposed to be the most home-loving of all nations, should be at the same time the people most ready to leave home, is a fact too well known to require any repetition, and the universal flight which takes place when Parliament rises, when schools break up, when the law-courts are closed, and when the departure of customers sets even the shopkeepers free, may well furnish the humorist with a thousand incidents, and the observer with much quiet fun and some grave interest. Every steamboat that leaves every pier has a hundred little domestic stories in it, the most of them quite happy chapters of life, without any bitterness to speak of, except the *mauvais quart d'heure* which comes afterwards—the paying of the bills. I have not space, however, to enter here even into the little sketch, which I had intended, of our set of passengers by the *Calais-Douvres*, the new boat, which is so much more pleasant than the old ones; but will introduce you at once, without more ado, to the little party with which I made acquaintance in the beginning of September last year, when all the English world was setting out upon its holiday travels. This was a party of three people; two old, or let us say middle-aged, and one girl. The elder two were lively and *éveillés*; the young one seated herself on one of the benches, drew her shawl around her, and did not move, so far as I could see, till we reached the other shore. The head of the party was a little man, trim and alert, yet with a certain gravity in all his movements, as of one who felt himself a person of some importance. His clothes were of the universal grey, but dark and respectable. He was not ashamed to wear an opera-glass suspended over his shoulder, nor was he ashamed to show an interest in everything, pointing out the coast of France with a little excitement when it first came in sight, and taking out his glass to examine the ships in the Channel as the steamer passed them; but all this was done with perfect calm of manner and sobriety of tone. The novelty was pleasant to him, but it was not a novelty unexampled in his life. He took the lady, who was not his wife, but his sister,

to the bow, though at the risk of a sudden drenching from the spray, to explain to her the construction of the vessel. She was not ill—oh, not at all ill! but she was happier when she was allowed to sit quietly on her seat, looking furtively at her watch from time to time to see how the minutes were passing. These minutes go so slowly, with such tedious and culpable regularity, when one is crossing the Channel! When there is just a little wind, nothing but what you may call a freshness of sea air, an exhilarating breath—when the big undulations of the water are beautiful to behold in the sunshine, with the vessel cutting into them, scattering them into playful showers, turning up their lovely transparent greenness and blueness into lucid furrows as by a plough, a well-conditioned person with a good heart and a regard for his or her neighbours cannot be ill; but many prefer to be left quiet to enjoy the sea in their own fashion, perhaps to close their eyes, and so get rid of the sight of it altogether. This was the case with the lady, whom I afterwards knew as Miss Kendal, sister to the trim little gentleman. Who can limit the heroism of such domestic martyrs? She got up with a pale smile on her face and went to the bow, and looked at the two sharp prows tossing upward with the roll of the water, and listened to a little lecture upon this novel piece of naval architecture, getting greener and greener, paler and paler as she did so. When the playful spray dashed in her face the shock restored her. “Oh, thank you, it does not matter,” she said feebly when some one commiserated the sudden drenching. She tottered back to her seat, still smiling faintly, with her head going round and round, while her brother continued his discourse to the first listener that came handy. “I have found in the course of my life that to interest yourself in the things about you is indispensable to healthy existence,” he told me when we became well enough acquainted to discuss general subjects. And he was anxious to hear all about a novelty in the rig of a schooner yacht which some of the men on the deck were discussing, and hurried towards his sister to make her acquainted with that too. I was almost glad for her sake to see that the poor lady was past moving by that time. She smiled upon him, but shook her head; and that peculiarity in the jib-boom escaped Miss Kendal for ever.



All this time, while the old gentleman remarked and took an interest in everything, and spent a most busy and well-occupied hour (nay, two hours—what a pity that the big steamboat, with its wide airy cabins and liberal deck, should be slow!), the young lady who had come with him never moved nor looked at any one. She was a pretty young creature, slim and straight, with pretty hair, which the wind ruffled into a certain liveliness, bringing out secret little curls in it, and gleams of red in the brown. The only movement she made was to tuck a cheerful little lock under her hat, angry, it would seem, that anything about her should look happy. Hers was not the enforced quiet of the good lady by her side, who made such heroic efforts to respond to all the claims upon her. The young woman had a cloud on her brow of grievance direful and unpardonable. I divined, looking at them, that she had wished to go somewhere else, and had been out-voted—that she had hoped for other society and had been disappointed. It was impossible that any girl could have suffered so deeply at the hands of her friends as this girl bore the aspect of having suffered. She told herself in her injury, whatever it was, as in a cloak. Speculating upon the trio, as one naturally speculates on the relations existing between any group that interests one, I concluded, as a matter of course, that she was the daughter of one or the other, and that they were making this journey on her account, though not by her will. I was mistaken in the first supposition, but not in the other, as will be seen.

When we got to Calais Miss Kendal was unfeignedly glad, as many a heroic but suffering passenger has been before her. "Thank heaven, that is over!" she said with a pleasant smile of thanks, as, taking advantage of the brief acquaintanceship of the passage, I helped her up the slippery steps of the pier. "But don't you know," I said, "that no one is ever ill in the *Calais-Douvres*?" She shook her head. She was pale, though gradually coming to life again. "I do not think I could have stood it a quarter of an hour longer," she said.

There I lingered, watching the crowd stream to the station to the overtaxed restaurant, which is too wildly busy in that moment of Gothic invasion to tempt any leisurely person, however hungry. I had plenty of time to spare. When the hordes of barbarians had swept on upon their way, and calm was re-established, the buffet at Calais, I knew, could furnish refreshments not unworthy that

first meal in France, to which every enlightened traveller looks forward with pleasure. I wandered along the stony streets into the little town, which, though it has no beauty, has perfect identity as French, and is as unlike anything English as if we had travelled a thousand miles to get to it. After a few digressions, I found myself in the *Place*, the great square in which everything centres. The sun was shining broadly, with an honest fulness, over the warm white stones, irregular and somewhat grass-grown, and in the centre were a few booths, the remains of the Saturday's market. After a while I perceived a group in the sunshine which gave me a pleasant surprise—three figures, each with a little round of shadow behind it, two in advance, one a little way behind. My fellow-travellers were at leisure, like myself; and in pursuance of his favourite theory, the head of the party was, as usual, interesting himself in what he found on his way. The merchandise in these booths was of a homely kind. Pots and pans, shoes and *sabots*, caps for the women, and a quantity of checked cotton, the staple of all. My friend had got a piece of this checked cotton in his hand, and was fingering it like a connoisseur. "Look, what good solid stuff it is," he was saying; "none of your flimsy prints." "It is very ugly," said his sister. And then the brisk little Frenchwoman who was the owner of the booth came forward with her smiling "Bon jour," and began to recommend her wares. She pulled it and pinched it to show how strong it was, and the colour so good—it would wash itself like a pocket-handkerchief. She produced a child in the twinkling of an eye from the lower regions of the booth, to show how well it looked. "Mais, madame, mais, je, vous, assure—" the little Englishman said; but his voice was drowned in her eloquence. Miss Kendal all this time stood by somewhat maliciously, and gave her brother no aid. "You know I am not very strong in my French," she said, with a touch of secret satisfaction; and there she stood with demure gravity, but laughter in her eyes (she was better of her voyage, quite recovered, she said), while the good man very ruefully accepted the necessity of purchase, and watched the measuring and cutting of half-a-dozen yards of the fabric he admired. When he turned away discomfited, with his parcel under his arm, she made me a little sign of warning, shaking her head to stop the laugh which the discomfited looks of the good little Englishman, thus victimised, called forth in spite of me. "What am I to do with it?"

he said in dismay. It was so warm in the sunshine that even the exertion of carrying six yards of cotton, done up in thick brown paper, made a difference. The good man had grown red to the brim of his hat. "Shall I give it to one of these children?—but that would hurt the poor woman's feelings!" It was then that Miss Kendal shook her head at me in warning. "Never mind," she said, "Reine will dispose of it for you. Come back, and I will give it to Mademoiselle Reine."

"Then you know Mademoiselle Reine!" said I, delighted.

She recovered her French when this little experience was over. We went back to the buffet together, and found an admirable *déjeuner*, such as our hurried compatriots rushing on to Paris knew nothing of; and then it appeared that we were all going the same way, not to Paris, but to the old town among the sand hills, prosaic, yet not without its memories, the little Flemish stronghold and seaport of St.-Eloi-sur-les-Dunes.

I found out who they were as we rolled slowly along on the leisurely railroad that runs a straight course through the flat marshy fields at a respectful distance from the coast. Nothing to be seen from thence but the level lines of a monotonous landscape, the canals, the poplars, the cottages cheerfully arrayed in whitewash, with roofs of red tiles and green painted shutters, a style of colouring, broad perhaps, and which fastidious people may consider wanting in refinement, but very useful in Flanders. Before we had got to St. Eloi I had found out a good deal about my travelling-companions. He was Mr. William Kendal, of the firm of Coniston and Kendal, long-established and most respectable solicitors. They lived in the respectable neighbourhood of Regent's Park, in Park Square, where the houses are excellent, if not perhaps much in the way of fashion. Miss Kendal lived with her brother, and was his housekeeper. She was one of those quiet women who, without any unkindness in them, nay, with the most devoted and true affection, yet cannot help seeing the foibles of their belongings, and get a gentle fun out of them in spite of themselves. Some, on the other hand, are irritated by every imperfection, and cannot bear those who have the honour of belonging to them to call forth a smile on any face. But Miss Kendal was of the former class. She liked her brother all the better for his peculiarities, and yielded to them with heroic self-denial—but quietly laughed at him all the same. She could not

help "seeing the fun" in every ludicrous combination of circumstances. With the tears in her eyes, the laugh would get into them too, a safeguard in many a trouble. The young lady was Helen Patmore, not the daughter of either—for they were a couple of old maidens and had never wed, neither the brother nor the sister—but their niece and adopted child. I did not know the story of her gloom till afterwards, and perhaps I may tell it you on another occasion; but it was not so interesting to me as the old brother and sister. A pretty girl, young and beloved and cared for, who has made up her mind that she is the most deeply injured of human creatures, and that nothing shall induce her to smile again, is in that condition of mind more laughable than pitiful, and poor Helen's determined effort to keep on the same level of sulky isolation was tragi-comical and inspired no serious feeling at all, except that of anger, in the impartial spectator. St. Eloi is not gay, but every little amusement that was to be had these good people frequented anxiously, for Helen's sake. I saw them at the Casino, at the little theatre, in all the promenades, at the shows and processions, religious and otherwise, which enliven life in a French town. The amusements of the Casino were strange to English customs. Night after night, all the sea-bathing people and a number of townsfolk assembled religiously in the pretty rooms, sometimes to hear music, sometimes to dance, to which latter amusement an excellent floor and good music much contributed. On the concert nights the music was in a large covered balcony opening towards the sea, where an excellent band played for two or three hours several times in the week, the *abonnés* sitting round, the ladies with their tapestry-work, the men with their cigars, with mild refreshments in the shape of coffee, *sirap*, and on fête days ices. The dark sea, lost in the blackness of the night, yet sounding out of that mystery and gloom in invisible boomings and rustlings, flashing in long wide ripples over the unseen sands, or breaking with sharp reports upon the pier, lay just below this open gallery all shining with lights; and the old French gavottes and minuets, the delicate fantastic rhythms and delightful bits of melody that danced and sung at once, must have sounded out to the passing ships with wistful suggestions, many a dark evening. When there was a moon, and from the open balcony you could look out on a soft dimness of sea and sky and sand, all falling into each other, with one silver touch on the water,

and all the upper air glowing with magical light, the scene was as fair as if it had been a great deal fairer, if the reader will pardon such a confusion of speech; for though there was really no feature of natural beauty in it, those three elements when they touch each other—the earth in that broad belt of sand, in soft shades of grey, faint touches of yellow; the sea with a half-perceptible heave and swell in the dark, and here and there an indistinct edge of white, where a little wave tumbles against some sandy mound or half-buried boulder; and the sky all alight with the last reflections of the day, or in the hazy whiteness of the moon, distinct above, falling away in long lines of indistinguishable mingling below, have a wonderful effect upon the imagination. My recollections of such scenes, which are always attractive to me, give me a kindness for Mr. Whistler's *Nocturnes*, whether they may be called pictures or not. They are suggestions; they turn the spectator himself into a painter, and complete their own vagueness out of his soul—when he happens to have one. The great mistake, I think, in theology as well as in other matters, is to take it for granted that we all have souls—a matter very open to doubt.

These good people took their charge to all the concerts, where we sat together and listened and grew very intimate. Miss Kendal and I used to nod at each other, keeping time to the old *bourrées* and corantos, which always formed part of the programme; and it was often a dreadful business for Helen to keep up her indifference. She might have written a philosophical essay, not to say a novel, with half the mental strain it cost her to make herself look as if she did not hear. But she succeeded. It is a pity that the success was so little worth the exertion. In the meantime I have been forgetting Mr. Kendal, who is, in reality, my first object. He did not neglect anything in the place. For the first few days he went about, not only with a Murray under his arm, but with one of the Guides-Joanne, the Murray of France. Murray tells very little, I am sorry to say, about St. Eloi, and even in the Guide-Joanne there is not so much as could be desired. The date of the foundation of the cathedral, and of the fine tower in which is the carillon, ringing its chimes at all the quarters—these he ascertained all about; and the curiosities in the museum, which were of the ordinary character of country-town museums. But it cost him a great deal of trouble to know more. Wherever one went, one was pretty sure to hear

his slow, cautious French, very English in tone, but much more correct than ordinary English-French, asking questions about everything. He had learned the language, if you like, according to the rules of Stratford-atte-Bowe, but he had learned it conscientiously, as he did everything. When he made a mistake in a gender he saw it, and went carefully over that sentence again and put it right. Frenchmen like to see a man taking pains to speak correctly the most elegant language in the world. We are very apt to say in our simplicity that our mistakes in French are never laughed at, as mistakes in English are laughed at among ourselves. But let not any one deceive himself. An Englishman may laugh, but he takes a foreigner's mistakes in very good part, often finding the broken English pretty, as you will read in many books. But don't suppose a Frenchman does this. A wrong gender or that universal incapacity to master accents which belongs to our innocent insularity is an offence to him; therefore Mr. Kendal's cautious repetitions were deeply approved by most people. He asked about all the churches, and about the canals, and enjoyed hearing how much was the fall at each lock. He made little expeditions to the towns near. I wish I had room to tell you about them, those wonders of little Flemish towns, all dead-alive yet all surviving, with perfect walls and citadels, and the power in their hands to open the sluices like the Dutch, and turn the whole wealthy country into a moat of defence, should peril come that way. The Prussians never got so far, or we might have seen it done. There they stand, dotted about the low, rich, level country, standing out from the flat, amid moats that are full of water-lilies, walls of Vauban's planning, cathedrals made by the old masters of the art, spacious splendid old houses with gabled fronts and many windows, looking across each silent *Place* to each fine, florid, solid belfry, listening century after century while the chimes tell out four quarters to each hour; with pictures even in their little museums—sketches by Rubens, here and there a battered bit of a jovial Dutch master, or a tranquil wreck of a Hobbema—though all the while they are of no more importance than so many villages. You could not drive along the clattering stony highway to one of those little towns without hearing Mr. Kendal's fine French, and seeing his trim little figure, always so trim and neat, with a red Murray peeping from his pocket and a Guide-Joanne in his hand. He found out



all about them, the dates, the statistics, the tiny little local industries, the amount of market-dues which the peasants paid when they came in with their baskets, their eggs and poultry, and vegetables, and big bouquets of flowers. He did not, however, I believe, ever inspect again the excellent quality of the striped cottons after that experience at Calais. But when all these interests were exhausted, Providence had provided for this excellent man another interest for his holidays, one which was always, unfortunately for itself, beneath our eyes.

The sands of St. Eloi are vast and level, without rocks or perils of any kind, and form at high tide an immense plain of shallow water, across which you have to wade your way for what appears a great distance before you can get water enough to swim in. Upon these sands, some time before our arrival, an unfortunate ship, failing to strike the harbour mouth, had run ashore. It was a Dutch vessel, somewhat heavy in the keel and cumbrous about the bows. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good." The winds that blew the *Goote Vrouw* ashore was lucky for us, though unlucky for them. The stranded ship was the liveliest point of interest for all the idlers about. It gave a certain picturesque suggestion of misfortune not beyond friendly help, and of the dangers that lay hidden in the sea at its brightest, even when it lay shining before us in all the blaze of the summer morning, speckled along its whole margin with cheerful groups of bathers. Mr. Kendal instantly fixed his attention upon this ship. He told us all about it the second morning—its tonnage, its cargo, where it was bound to, the number of the seamen on board. When we listened to the concert and nodded at each other, keeping time to the gay yet stately movement of a gavotte, he with a telescope studied the ship. "I think she has shifted a little more to the west," he would say suddenly, in a pause of the music. "To the west!" said Miss Kendal, with an alarmed glance at him. "I think so! Decidedly she is settling down by the head," he replied, with the gravest concern on his countenance. Then the gleam of fun I have already noticed came into his sister's eyes. "I thought you were speaking of Helen," she said. "Helen!" Mr. Kendal uttered an impatient "Humph! decidedly she is settling down by the head." But in the morning he had taken a more cheerful view. They permitted me to breakfast with them in a corner of the great *salle*, at a round table placed in a window over-

looking the sands and sea, the bathing-machines and the big ship, which, when the tide was in, looked like a willing and graceful visitor, but, when it was out, showed herself for what she was, a crippled rover, a prisoner held ignominiously by the heel. Mr. Kendal walked to the window as soon as he came down-stairs. "I have been watching her all the morning," he said. "She is not so low as I thought." This time I too was deceived. I withdrew a few steps, thinking his sister and he might have something private to say about the girl who occupied, it was evident, the chief part of Miss Kendal's thoughts.

"Do you think so?" she cried eagerly. "Poor child! she is very silly, but——"

"Child!" he cried, and then there was the usual gleam on Miss Kendal's face, but this time mingled with annoyance and disappointment. "It is very strange," he said with a superior air, walking to the window—"very strange, a wonder to me, how you women can live in sight of a most interesting object, under your very noses, and never seem to see it! I tell you she has not settled down half so much as I thought. There is a high tide to-morrow, and if the wind changes, as there seems every reason to expect it will, why, please God, we'll have her off; but, as I say, you women never see a thing, though it is under your eyes!"

She gave a little laugh as she poured out the coffee. I suspect she was much inclined to make use of the same words.

When the high tide came, however, it did not accomplish what Mr. Kendal hoped. Before that there had been a great deal of work on board of the *Goote Vrouw*. The cargo had been taken out of her, and every unnecessary spar cut away; and to watch the heavy old coble, full of workmen in blouses, towed out of the harbour every morning by a brisk, impatient little steam-tug, and punctually called for in the evening, and dragged back again by the same little fuming and fretting emissary, pleased us all in our seaside idleness. When we went out for our morning bathe, we swam out to the ship and round about her weather-beaten sides. Unfortunately Mr. Kendal spoke no Dutch, so his questions in his slow and cautious French, to the dumpy sailor looking over the bulwarks, never met with any response, except that after many visits the man began to nod and grin at us, appreciating our friendly interest; and Mr. Kendal's respectable English countenance—surmounting shoulders clad in a red and black striped costume, according to the fashion of the

place, which gave a certain harlequin air to a face from which nothing could take its exemplary character or withdraw the air of prudence and gravity which it possessed—bobbing up and down with the waves as he surveyed the ship with anxious serenity, was somewhat comical. But when that famous storm got up, which suddenly made an end of the fine weather, his excitement was great. It was a terrible night; the wind, raging from the north-east, dashing the great waves over the level sands with a rush like that of an army charging, and flinging the raging water against the pier as if it had taken up some shrieking, struggling living creature, and hurled it upon the one obstacle standing out against its might. Mr. Kendal came into my room pale with anxiety, before I was dressed. "I thought you'd like to know," he said. "I stepped down to see if anything had happened. Of course the gale has driven her deeper into the sand, but she has not gone to pieces, as I feared. No chance now with the spring-tide," he added with emotion. All next day he was out of heart, coming in at intervals to tell us that the man on the pier, and the wonderful old salts who were always seated on the beach outside the harbour-master's office, old pilots, with whom he had many laborious consultations, had very little hopes of her. "She will have to be broken up," he said.

After all this you may suppose what a disappointment it was, what an illustration of the vanity of human expectations, that when at last the *Goote Vrouw* was triumphantly got off and towed into harbour, Mr. Kendal was not there to see! He had gone into the town to do business, to draw money by the aid of the kind and courteous gentleman who holds the troublesome post of consul at St. Eloi, when this climax arrived. For my own part, when I suddenly discovered that the stranded vessel had moved from her accustomed place, my first idea was to rub my eyes and ask myself if I was dreaming; my next to pick up my hat and rush out with surprise, not unmingled with alarm. Was it possible? One could scarcely believe there was no magic in it, except that same little black demon of a steam-tug. The three bare poles of masts, helplessly appealing to heaven, the battered hull we had swum round so often, moved along half reluctantly like a sick man dragged almost against his will from the verge of the grave, while the little *remorqueur*, pouring forth

floods of blackest smoke, in a kind of demoniacal triumph, with a throb of its fierce little engines that could be heard over all the sands in the stillness of the morning, panted and struggled along with its huge burden. The ship looked not like a thing redeemed from destruction, but like a victim pounced upon and carried off to some sea-ogres' den by that little myrmidon. I went out, as I have said, in great excitement, and followed along the sands and by the lower line of the fortifications that trace all the margin of the sea. Half-way to the town I saw my friend coming along, trim as usual, yet suffering a little from the heat, and wiping his forehead with his handkerchief, unconscious of all that was happening. He looked as if he thought me mad, when I pointed wildly to the sea. "The *Goote Vrouw*!" I shouted out. Poor Mr. Kendal! and he had not been on the spot! I draw a veil over the disappointment of that moment. He was an Englishman, and acted as became his country. He betrayed no unseemly emotion, but put the amount of the cheque I had given him to cash into my hand, and, turning his back on me without a word, strode off in the direction of the pier. I felt the eloquence of his silence, and that there are moments of feeling with which a stranger has no right to interfere. Besides, I think that my real motive in coming out had been a certain desire to vindicate his interests, a sense that somebody representing him ought to "assist," as the French say, on such an important occasion. I felt now that in true friendship it was my duty to go home and leave him, who had the best right to that gratification, to see the *Goote Vrouw* safely established in the dock, which he had feared she was never to enter more.

But Mr. Kendal, I think, never quite forgave his fate which had withdrawn him from the scene of action at that critical moment. He was almost rude, as rude as a man so kind and sensible could be, to our admirable consul at the Casino, that evening; as if it could possibly be the fault of Her Britannic Majesty's representative at St. Eloi! And very soon after he went away.

Need I say that he is to be found every morning while the courts are sitting, trim, and fresh, and respectable, as cautious in his advice as he was in his French, carefully considering every opinion he gives, and taking the most anxious care of his clients' interests, in Bedford Row!

## YOUNG MRS. JARDINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HILIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

## CHAPTER V.



HE scarcely slept all night—a new experience to his young healthy nature; or sleeping, woke fancying he was falling down precipices, or Silence was

falling, and he was leaping in after her—all those vague troubles in which dreams carry out the prominent idea of the day. He rose gladly, but only rose to vexation; no letter from his mother, but one from the family lawyer, saying Mrs. Jardine had been consulting with him, and that she altogether objected to her son's denuding himself of his patrimony, the only absolute property he possessed, and giving it to unknown foreign cousins, who might "make ducks and drakes of it" in no time.

Spite of his annoyance, Roderick could not help laughing. The idea of Silence and her mother as extravagant spendthrifts, bringing to ruin the Jardine inheritance, was too comical. He had not been lucid enough, and must write again and explain—what? If he told his mother the whole truth, that he had deliberately made up his mind, and meant, if by God's blessing he was fortunate in his love, to bring her home as a daughter-in-law this portionless Swiss girl—probably the very last daughter-in-law she would have expected or desired—how would she take it? What would happen?

In this serious business light he had never before regarded the question; and though it perplexed him, it gave him also a delicious sense of reality. His nebulous passion was

resolving itself into the clear, steady glow of a fixed love, a love meant to end in those solemn duties of married life, which all good men are born for, and good women too; and which neither sex can shirk, or set aside, or by any sad fate lose, without involving a certain incompleteness in character and destiny.

"Yes; I must write again to my mother," he said to himself, and even took up pen and paper. But how to write? That tender confidence—from babyhood to manhood—which sometimes exists between mother and son, had never existed here. "She would not understand." And the pen fell, and the mind drifted off into airy dreams. At last he concluded that to tell his mother all about his future wife, whom he had never yet, by word or sign, asked to be his wife; and who might never love him after all—would be an unwise, even an indelicate thing. A girl's sensitive pride might well revolt at his having taken it for granted he had but to ask and to have. "I, who if she only knew it am not worthy to tie her shoe-string. I, so lazy, so thoughtless, so full of myself; while she—she never thinks of herself from morning till night. Oh, my darling! my darling!"

And midst all his insane adoration of his goddess, there came into the young man's heart a rift of true manly tenderness—the taking care of a woman, the making of her not only his angel, but his "darling."

"I must go and see her, just to find out if she is not over-tired, or over-anxious about her mother." And glad of this, or any other excuse that brought him to the sweet presence, which was becoming as necessary to him as daily food, he sallied out, threading delightfully the muddy streets, and leaping, two steps at once, up the familiar stairs.

Half-way he met the three demoiselles Reynier, who told him that Madame Jardine was "au lit," and Silence "très-occupée." And a slight smile which he fancied he saw on their faces at his evident disappointment made the young man decide on turning back with them at once, and making himself as agreeable as possible to these pleasant young ladies, all the way home.

He was not conceited, young Roderick Jardine. Whatever his faults were, the petty vanity of liking to have his name coupled



with that of some "nice girl" had never been one of them. Now, more than ever, was he to the last degree sensitive on this head. That her friends should smile or joke, or guess in the smallest way that Silence was dear to him, till he had told her herself how dear she was—the thing was horrible and unendurable!

With a self-control that did him credit—for his young cheek changed and his heart beat like a woman's all the while—he carried on gay badinage with these gay Swiss girls, telling them, quite unconcernedly, the whole story of yesterday, and answering, as frankly as possible, their questions about his sister's marriage, and his much-to-be-regretted, but quite inevitable departure home, till they went indoors, satisfied that he had no matrimonial intentions of his own whatever; these English were so very peculiar!

He was peculiar, even among Englishmen. When he quitted these fair maidens, having thrown as much dust in their eyes as conscience and truth permitted, he wandered about the little town—restless as a man who has picked up a diamond, which he can neither wear nor show—which he dreads any one's seeing, and yet feels as if everybody must know of the treasure he proudly hides.

With all its remaining uncertainty he was wildly happy in his secret. His fate was in his own hands—a man's fate in love always is, as no woman's ever can be. He could speak—he could woo—he could plead—with the passionate resolve that continually works out its own ends. "Love me or love me not, I love you; and I shall love you for ever." And he felt in himself all the strength of a man who loves—not himself, but the woman who has become to him a nobler and dearer self—for whom even the desire of possession fades before the ideal worship of the ideal woman. That mean, but too common thought—

"It she be not fair for me,  
What care I how fair she be?"

never entered this young fellow's mind. She was herself; he was himself; and whatever happened to either, he could not choose but love her, and love her to the end.

I do not say this kind of love is to be found every day, or in every man; but it is possible to some men, and it was the only form of the passion that was possible to Roderick Jardine.

And it was a passion, not a mere sentimental fancy. He had written poetry in his time, but he wrote none now. In his walks up and down—from sheer restlessness he

walked nearly all day long—he avoided the street where she lived, lest anybody might notice him; and his mind kept running continually, not upon dreams, but practicalities—things he had never taken any heed of before. What was the exact amount of his own independent income; where he should live; and how, also, supposing he could not reconcile his mother to this plan of divesting himself of Miss Jardine's money before marriage, in what way he could best do it afterwards? For the natural instinct of a generous man—to give his wife everything, to shelter her from all possible injury or wrong—had come, in all its passionate intensity, into Roderick's heart, sweeping away selfish greed, pleasure-loving folly—all the little demons that are so prone to enter into empty chambers. He had none. There was not a corner of his being which she had not possessed herself of, in undoubted sovereignty, "his Queen—his Queen!" He hummed it continually, this little silly song, and yet felt himself the wisest of mortals. Many a worldly-wise old man, looking back on a similar passage of existence, may incline to say, with a sigh, "Who knows? perhaps he may have been."

Now and then a qualm came over him. Was all this castle-building real? Suppose a girl's light "No" should make all the fabric crumble into dust? But she was not one who did anything lightly. You had but to look into her eyes and see that no coquetry was possible to her, nor indecision either. She would either love or not love; and if she did love, it would be for ever. Though he had no tangible grounds whatever to go upon—not a look, not a word—except that brief sentence, uttered with downcast eyes and a tremble in the voice, when he wished they might be friends for life—"I hope we may"—still somehow a young man feels when a girl loves him. In later life, when the worldly crust grows over both, it may be different; but these two—mere boy and girl as it were—they had neither deceits nor disguises. Beyond the natural solemnity of asking the question, on the answer to which depends the whole future of one—nay, two lives—Roderick was not afraid.

Nevertheless, in writing to his mother, as he at last did write, determining to pay her the just filial respect of telling her his intentions before he made the offer of marriage, he explained that he had no idea what Mademoiselle Jardine's answer would be; and he begged her to keep his secret entirely to herself until he could tell her the result.

A plain, brief, and very business-like letter it was, taking entirely for granted that his mother loved him well enough to rejoice in his happiness; and yet a lurking fear would come.

"If only she"—the one she in the world now—"had more style; if she dressed better, as the girls would say," thought he to himself with a return of that fraternal cynicism to which he had been liable, but which he had almost forgotten since he came to Neu-châtel—since he saw those heavenly, innocent eyes. They rose up before him now. "Oh, my darling—made of every creature's best—forgive!"

And the ties of blood, which do not necessarily include sympathy, seemed slender and poor compared to those of what philosophers call "elective affinity," which the lover finds, or thinks he has found, in his mistress; and which, if he does not afterwards find in his wife, God help him! for it makes life very hard.

"So the deed is done—thus far," said Roderick to himself, as he posted the letter, and then braced his courage for the next step. For he judged rightly—no English wooing, trusting to sweet chance and the impulse of the moment, would do here. He must speak to the mother first. Until he won her approval he could never be to Silence more, ostensibly, than a common acquaintance.

Trying, but inevitable. So that very evening—giving the gentle invalid a whole day to recover from her fatigue—he determined to present himself, and ask formally of Madame Jardine permission to woo her daughter. Perhaps he might then be allowed to tell Silence himself all she was to him. And when she understood it all—the first look, eye to eye; the first kiss, mouth to mouth; the open, mutual recognition of a love that was to last them through life, and go with them, please God, into the life eternal—at the bare thought of such bliss the young man felt almost dizzy.

He half staggered as he walked, and at last stood quite still at the solitary street-corner—the street he knew so well—to command himself before he attempted to mount the stair. Though it was still early, all was dark—the quiet darkness of a mild November night, with the stars shining overhead. Roderick looked up at them, trying to gain a little quietness too.

So standing, he scarcely noticed a gentleman, almost as self-absorbed as himself, till they ran right against one another.

"Pardon, monsieur," said the kindly voice

of M. le professeur Reynier. "What, Monsieur Jardine—can it be you? How fortunate! I was just coming to pay you a little visit."

Roderick muttered some civil answer, but did not offer to turn back. Indeed, he had come to that point when he felt he could not turn back—could not defer his bliss, or fate, another hour for any mortal creature.

"I—another time I shall be most happy. Now—I have an engagement."

"Pardon, again," said the gentle old man, touching the arm of the younger one; "but—were you going there?" He pointed up the stair which he had just descended. "Indeed, you must not go!"

"Why not?" said Roderick angrily; then recollecting himself, added, with a careful indifference: "your daughters told me Madame Jardine was not well; I was going to inquire for her."

"Mon Dieu!" cried Monsieur Reynier, clasping his hands with a gesture which we unemotional islanders would smile at as "so un-English!" "Môn Dieu!—then monsieur does not know?"

"Know what?"

"She is dead—she died this morning."

"She—who?"

"Madame Jardine, alas! It was quite sudden—there was nobody beside her but her daughter. Quite peaceful, too—without any suffering; and the doctor had dreaded much one day, for it was disease of the heart. Her child's only thought now is thankfulness for that. Poor Mademoiselle Silence! Madame Reynier is with her now—she, or my girls, will not leave her until the interment."

Here the old man fairly gave way, took out his pocket-handkerchief, and wiped his honest eyes. Roderick wrung his hand in the silent English way—no more. He was utterly stunned.

"I know monsieur will think I am very foolish; but I cannot help it. My old friend's widow—and she so good a woman—and only four days since she was at our house. Indeed, I saw her for a few moments yesterday. She had some idea—yes, I think she always had a faint idea—that at any moment she might be taken. More than once has she confided to me, in such a case, her dear child, whom she leaves alone in the world. But Silence does not feel that yet—she does not think of herself at all. 'Never mind me; the good God will take care of me!' was all she said, looking up with that piteous pale face and those big eyes, when I left her, not five minutes ago."

Roderick stood absolutely silent. The stream of gentle, querulous French seemed to run into his brain and out again, leaving no distinct impression there. It had been such a bright dream-life since he came to the little town, and the Reynier family were mixed up in it all. It seemed impossible that upon this pleasantness outside, this inner passion just coming to its climax, its struggle of hope and fear, could fall the paralyzing hand of Death.

"It can't be true! it can't be true!" he said in English, putting his hand to his head.

"Monsieur is very much shocked, I see; and no wonder. I, too, can scarcely comprehend or believe it. But we must leave all in the hands of the good God. He will take care of her, as she said, poor child! even though she is left an orphan, without any *dot*, without a penny in the world. But I will not detain monsieur any longer. Bon soir! Au revoir!"

The very words she had said to him in her brief adieu, only two nights before on the stair-head—the sweet soul who was now "beyond the sun." Roderick's heart gave way, with a great sob, like a child's.

And then he choked it down and turned away. To no human being would he betray himself—not now.

"Monsieur," and he drew the old man's arm through his with a tender courtesy, "you will allow me to accompany you home. Then perhaps I may be honoured by hearing a little more—perhaps assisting you in the arrangements you will have to make. Remember I am a relative—I believe, the very nearest relative now left to Mademoiselle Jardine."

"Yes, yes, yes; I am very grateful. And she, too, poor child! she cannot but be grateful also, for monsieur's goodness. Let us go."

So they went together—the old man talking volubly and cordially, the younger one replying in little more than monosyllables, through the already empty streets of the little town.

#### CHAPTER VI.

THERE are two kinds of love—man's love; I am not speaking of woman's just now. The first, born of sunshiny selfism, basking in pleasure, shrinking from any pain, either its own or that of the object beloved, which is, for the time being, itself; the second, strong as tender, while equally capable of pleasure, fears not pain, either personal or vicarious. Sorrow, suffering, the helplessness of failing

powers, only rouse in it a deeper passion, a fonder care. Happy the woman who has found her resting-place there! She need fear neither sickness nor sorrow, old age or beauty's decline. Living, however sad and broken a life, she will be cherished to the last; and dying, she will be mourned eternally.

Such a love, though he knew it not at the time—indeed, he hardly knew himself at all, so suddenly and strangely had circumstances developed his dormant nature—such a love, in all its devotedness and intensity, had taken possession of Roderick's heart for his "Cousin" Silence.

If, a few hours before, he had been bent upon asking her for his wife, now he almost felt as if she were his wife; as if Fate, stepping in, had absolutely thrown her into his arms. He held her there—fast, fast. No earthly power, except her own will, should ever drag her thence or put her from him.

But he was still quite silent, as was inevitable. Though he stayed all the evening with the Reyniers, he never betrayed himself by a single word. Instead of going to bed he went back to the street where she lived, and walked up and down it till long after midnight, watching the faint glimmer of light in the upper rooms which told that there was death in the house. He tried to fancy her sitting there; either in the silent chamber where, they said, she best liked to be, quiet and tearless, or in the salon beside good Madame Reynier, who had cut out for her a plain black dress, and set her to work at it, feeling that doing even that was better for her than doing nothing. Her principal thought, Sophie Reynier said, seemed to be to give as little trouble as possible to anybody.

"Oh, she is an angel!" the warm-hearted Swiss girl had cried, with her tears down-dropping as she spoke. And Roderick had forgotten himself so far as to turn and grasp her hand gratefully—this good eldest sister of a large family, already betrothed to a young pasteur. Perhaps that made her at once clear-sighted and wise, for she half-smiled through her tears, and said nothing.

It did not matter: all small outside things seemed to matter little now. What the Reynier family thought of him, his feelings, or intentions, Roderick did not know, nor did he much care. He had listened calmly while they talked her over; speculated how much she would have to live upon; finally decided that she should be asked to come and stay with them after the funeral, and remain with them till she could



get a situation as governess—"perhaps in England, as she knows English so well, monsieur might hear of something?" And monsieur had answered "yes" with the greatest calmness, hugging himself in his own speechless content.

Helpless, poor, with not a friend in the world except these kind Reyniers: it was exactly what he would most have desired! Certain young fellows of his acquaintance, who never committed themselves to the smallest attentions before finding out whether or not a girl had "lots of money," would, he knew, have regarded him with contemptuous pity—but he? To snatch up his penniless darling just as she was, to shelter her in his bosom, to load her with luxuries, to make her his one object of ceaseless tenderness and devoted care, seemed to him the acme of human felicity!

He did not attempt to see her—that, of course, was impossible: and he felt capable of making any sacrifice, or exercising any self-restraint for her sake: but it seemed as if only to be near her, throwing over her the faithful shield of his silent love, was at once a consolation and a protection.

He walked the street till all lights went out, except that solemn one which marked the death-chamber; and then, with a blessing on his lips and a prayer in his heart—young man as he was, Roderick was not ashamed to pray—he departed.

Next morning, at the very earliest hour he could venture without exciting suspicion, he was at the Reyniers' door, to hear all that was to be heard concerning Mademoiselle Jardine, and to volunteer any help that he delicately could to the professeur—who, he saw, was a little perplexed and impractical—in arranging the details of the funeral. Nay, it being a pelting wet day, and the old man very rheumatic, he succeeded in being allowed himself to go and choose the grave, in the pretty cemetery which all the Neuchâtellois are so proud of, and where he had been taken by Madame Jardine herself, one sunshiny Sunday afternoon, almost the first Sunday he came to the town.

How long that seemed ago; and how strange it was that he should be standing there, choosing a resting-place for this dear dead woman, of whose very existence he was ignorant six weeks ago! Yet now he mourned her almost like a son, and thought of her solemnly, tenderly, as the mother of his wife to be, if God gave him that blessing. Nay, perhaps, looking even farther than that, into the dim future, his thoughts ran on, as human

thoughts will run on. But he stopped them.

"O my darling, my darling!" Somehow he never now thought of her as anything but his "darling." "If you give yourself to me I will be faithful to the trust. God do so to me and more also;" unconsciously he used the familiar Bible phrase, and spoke half aloud, as if, in the total solitude, the spirit of the yet unburied dead were listening to him out of her strange new heaven. "May God forsake me in my need if ever I forsake this orphan child!"

He was but a few years her senior, yet she seemed a child and he a man, now. He had grown ten years older in the last twenty-four hours.

Coming back to the Reyniers, he explained all he had done in the most matter-of-fact and unemotional way. He seemed suddenly to have gained the power of unlimited self-restraint, for her sake. To do everything for her that could possibly be done, and never to let her know it, was all he desired.

The tidings of her were just the same; an English person would have said she was "keeping up well." To these warm-hearted, demonstrative Swiss she appeared passive, almost cold. It was her Scotch blood, they said, which had always made her a little unlike themselves. But more like him and his, thought Roderick, more like the Silence Jardine, with whose very name, and, he fancied, much of her very nature, she would appear at Blackhall.

The third day was arranged for the funeral. The only communication that passed between him and Mademoiselle Jardine had been a request he sent by Sophie Reynier, that he might be allowed to attend it, in right of relationship, and Silence sent him word back that she was "grateful."

This done, there was no more to do for her; nothing but to wander restlessly about through the long dreary winter day, and wonder how she was bearing it; whether he would ever be able to make the world feel like summer to her again. Instead of his passion—or, rather, underneath his passion—had come a tenderness almost motherly. He could have sat and watched—watched and guarded—never asking for word or look, indifferent even to responsive love, if only he might have the right to love *her*. The very hardest bit to him of all this time was those few hours when, having done all that was possible for him to do, and having no excuse for inflicting himself further on the Reynier family, he went back to his hotel and tried to

lead his ordinary life there—eating, drinking, and sleeping; for he had no young men's small vices; he thought billiards dull, and detested smoking. He could not, this night, even read; and it was not until he woke next morning that it occurred to him he ought to write again to his mother, who would just be receiving his letter of two days before.

Another two days, and he would get an answer. Best so, perhaps. In the few words that he was determined at all hazards to say to his darling before he left—to herself only, regardless of ceremony or custom—the sanction of his mother's approbation would be a help and a consolation. He should be able to tell the orphan that it was not his arms alone that were open to receive her, but those of a new mother, ready to replace, if any ever could replace, in some small degree her who was gone. Very unlike they were, and he had a secret fear that it was a different sort of a daughter-in-law Mrs. Jardine would have preferred—one much grander, richer, handsomer. Silence had the loveliness of loveliness; but even in his wildest passion, her lover knew she was not handsome. Still, in spite of all, there were two things he never doubted to find in his mother—her strong good sense and her warm heart.

To these he trusted, and felt he might safely trust, the girl he loved—the girl who would make him all he lacked, all that his mother wished him to be. He pleaded this in a letter, touchingly earnest and tender, which, on second thoughts, he determined on writing home. His heart was full—full to overflowing; and, almost for the first time in his life, he poured it out where, under such circumstances, every good son is right to pour his heart out—into his mother's bosom.

Going to the post, letter in hand—for he had learnt Silence's habit of doing things at once, and doing them herself, if possible—he met Sophie Reynier, in mourning dress, hastening to comfort and sustain her friend during the funeral day.

"Is it not rather sad," she said, "that this should be such a lovely day? Look at the lake; it is blue as heaven; and the Alps, they are all *découverts*. Ah, such a day as our poor Madame Jardine always enjoyed so much; and she is to be buried this afternoon!"

Roderick did not reply.

"See, I am taking these few flowers—all I can get—to lay on her breast before the coffin is closed. She was so fond of flowers, as she was of everything beautiful. And she

looks so beautiful now, you cannot imagine; and quite young again. Even poor Silence does not weep when we stand beside her. Ah, it is a certain consolation—the beauty one often sees in *les morts*."

"I have never yet seen death," said Roderick, walking back with her. "Strange at my age; but so it is. I was very ill after my father died; they would not let me look at him again, and I have never known any other loss."

"Monsieur is fortunate—exceptionally fortunate."

"I do not know that. Those are blessed who, like you, mademoiselle, have an instinct for sorrow, who go about comforting all the afflicted of this world. One cannot do that unless one understands."

"Perhaps not," said gentle Sophie Reynier, of whom he had only spoken the simple truth; but of every one near Silence, Roderick was disposed to think and speak the very pleasantest truth he could.

As they walked, he was seized with a great longing to behold once more the face of the dead—the face which had never looked on him but kindly—*her* mother's face, which would so soon pass away from every remembrance except hers—and his.

"Do you think you could take me into the house with you?" he pleaded. "Nobody would know, or be harmed thereby. In my country we even think it a tribute of respect to the dead to be allowed to look at them once more. And Mademoiselle Jardine—"

Sophie Reynier suddenly turned to him with a flash of womanly emotion in her kind blue eyes—penetrating as kind.

"Monsieur, you are an honest man—what in England you call a 'gentleman.' You could never act otherwise than kindly to such a defenceless creature as Mademoiselle Jardine?"

"God forbid, no!"

"Then I will take you."

But she did not admit him at once; and finding that Madame Reynier had gone out, she told him to come back in an hour, at eleven o'clock.

"By then I shall have persuaded Silence to repose herself for a little. She has not slept all night and is very restless. She may hear you. Go away now."

He obeyed at once, and went to search through the little town for a few more winter flowers, to "shut them inside the sweet, cold hand," like Browning's "Evelyn Hope," saying to himself the lines,—

"So, that is our secret. Go to sleep;  
You will wake and remember and understand."

For, to his dreamy nature, death had as yet appeared only in its poetic side—its pathos and its mystery. The darkness and desolation of loss, the sad realities of sickness and mortality, were to him unknown, as they are to most young men. During these two days he had a little come into the shadow of them, but only in a secondary degree, and all under the glamour of his passionate love, which hallowed everything with a kind of supernatural glory. As he stood in the salon of his hotel, arranging the little bouquet, and tying it up with a bit of white ribbon which he had gone into a shop and bought, his look was tender rather than sad, and with all his reverence for the dead, he could not forbear thinking whether she—his living love—would notice the flowers, or ask how he put them there.

"Monsieur, a telegram for monsieur!"

It startled him for the moment. Not being a man of business, Roderick was unaccustomed to telegrams; besides, his mother had a strong old-fashioned aversion to them. Yet this one came from her. At least, the address and name were hers, though the wording was in the third person.

"*Your mother is not well. Come home immediately.*"

This was all: but it came with such a blow to Roderick, who inherited his father's nervous temperament, that he felt himself turning dizzy, and obeyed the friendly garçon's suggestion that monsieur had better sit down.

His mother ill? She, the healthiest person imaginable! and she had written to him only a few days before, saying nothing of herself except of her endless duties and engagements. It must be something sudden, something serious. He was wanted "immediately." She could not have got his letter, there was indeed barely time, or surely she would have answered it. Perhaps she was too ill even to read it? His poor mother—his dear, good mother! All the son in him woke up: perhaps all the more for thinking of that other mother, whose dead face he was just going to see.

He might go—there was time; no Paris train started till afternoon, and re-reading the telegram it seemed a little less serious. Though "not well" might be only a tender way of breaking to him a far sadder truth.

"O mother, mother!" he almost sobbed out, as he walked hastily along the lake-side,

"if anything should happen to you! If I should lose you too, before I have learned to love you half enough."

And all the passionate remorse of a sensitive nature, a doubly sensitive conscience, rose up in the poor fellow's heart. He accused himself of a hundred imaginary shortcomings, and suffered as those are prone to suffer who judge others by the standard of themselves. It was only by a great effort that he controlled himself so as to present the quiet outside necessary, on reaching Madame Jardine's door.

Madame Jardine's door, from which she would soon go for ever; nay, from which she had already gone. He knew not whom to ask for. He stood silent and bewildered; but the little *bonne* seemed to understand, and admitted him without a word.

Beyond the salon was a small bed-chamber which mother and daughter used to share. In the centre of it stood, raised a little, and covered with something white, that last sleeping-place where we must all one day rest.

It was not sleep, not in the least like sleep; as when, left quite alone, he drew the face-cloth gently off, the young man acknowledged with a start. No human slumber, but total, perfect, divine repose; where all the anguish of life had been smoothed away, all the passions of life calmed down as if they had never existed. His passion, only a minute before at fever-heat, listening eagerly for any sound in the silent house, suddenly sank into peace. *Something* was before him, beside him, around him; something which in all his days before he had never felt or understood. Life with its noisy clangours melted away before the eternal peace of death.

How long he stood there, gazing on the still face, so exceedingly beautiful—he had never thought before what a beautiful woman she must once have been—Roderick could not tell. At last the door, which had been left ajar behind him, slightly stirred. He thought it was the *bonne*, and would not turn; he did not wish her to see his dimmed eyes. It was more than a minute before he looked up and saw, standing quietly on the other side of the coffin, the orphaned girl, the girl whom he adored like a lover, and yet seemed to cherish already with the protecting tenderness of a husband who has been married many years.

Perfectly pallid, dead-white almost, from the contrast between her black dress and fair hair, Silence stood and looked at him; merely looked, not holding out her hand—both her



hands were resting on the coffin. She spoke in a whisper.

"You are come to see her once again? That is kind. She always liked you. Is she not beautiful? But she is gone, you see! She has gone away and left me all alone."

One sob; just one, no more. Nothing in his life had ever touched Roderick like the strong self-command by which this frail girl in her utmost agony controlled its expression, and, recollecting herself, summoned all her courage, dignity—the sacred dignity of sorrow, which asks no help, no consolation.

"You must forgive me; my grief is new. Are these your flowers? Thank you; they are very sweet."

And taking them from him, she began arranging them in the folds of the shroud, gently and carefully, as if she were dressing a baby, then drew the kerchief once more over the dead face.

"Now you must go away."

"I will," he answered—the first words he had uttered. "Only, just once!"

Tenderly removing the face-cloth again, Roderick stooped and pressed his lips upon the marble brow of this dead mother, inly making a solemn vow—would that all men made the same, and kept it, to other dead and living mothers! Something of its purport must have been betrayed in his look, for when his eyes met those of the girl opposite she slightly started, and a faint colour suffused her cheek. Fading, it left her deadly pale; she staggered rather than walked, though alone, refusing all help, into the next room.

There she sat down, Roderick standing beside her. The door was open between, he could see the foot of the coffin and its white drapery. Though now, for the first time, he was alone with his chosen love, knowing well, and having an instinct that she must know too, that she was his love, and ever would be, there was so great an awe upon him that he could not speak one word, not even of the commonest consolation or sympathy. And, though he could have fallen on his knees before her and kissed her very feet, he dared not touch even the tips of her poor little pallid fingers, so strangely idle, their occupation gone.

"What am I to do without my mother?" Silence said at last, with a piteous appeal, not to him or to anybody, except perhaps that One to whom alone the orphan can always go.

Roderick could bear it no longer; his manhood wholly deserted him. He turned away his head and wept. The two sat there, ever so long, sobbing like children; and, like

children—how it came about he hardly knew—holding one another's hands. That was all! No more indeed was possible, but it seemed to comfort her. Very soon she rose from her chair, quite herself—her quiet, grave self, robed in all the dignity of sorrow.

"Thank you; you have been very kind in coming to-day and in wishing to come this afternoon, as I hope you will."

Roderick had forgotten all about the telegram and his mother—everything in the world except Silence Jardine.

He drew the paper out of his pocket and laid it before her. "Read this! I got it half an hour ago. Say, what must I do?"

Silence read, slowly, and putting her hand once or twice over her forehead, as if trying hard to understand things, then looked up at him with compassionate eyes.

"Your mother ill? I am so sorry for you." Then, after a minute's pause, "You will go—and at once?"

"Yes; at once."

Both spoke in whispers still, as if conscious of some sacred presence close beside them. He was, at least, feeling this; as if a soft dead hand were laid on his wildly-beating heart, and sealing his passionate lips, else he could not possibly have controlled himself as he did.

"I feel I ought to go. But my mother may be better soon. She is very seldom ailing. As soon as ever I can, I shall come back again to Neuchâtel—to you. You believe that?"

"Yes." One little word, uttered softly, with bent head, and, after an instant, repeated, "Yes."

Roderick felt his brain almost whirling with the strong constraint he put upon himself.

"One thing more you shall decide," he said. "The train starts this afternoon at the very hour when I ought to be—you know where. Shall I delay my journey—just for one day?"

"Not for an hour!" Silence answered, almost passionately. "Remember, you never can have but one mother. Go to her at once!"

And so he went, without another word, scarcely another look; he dared not trust himself to either. Another minute, and he should have snatched the girl in his arms, forgetting the dead mother close by, or the living presence of Sophie Reynier, who just then entered—forgetting everything in the wide world except that he *must* have her, must shelter her in his bosom, and tell her

that there was her one home for ever, that he would die for her—or, better still, live for her—the only woman in the world who could make life worth having. Frantic—impetuous vow! made by how many lovers, and kept by how few!

But it was not made now. The two or three minutes he stayed were occupied in explaining to Sophie Reynier about the telegram, his mother's illness, his compelled journey, and his certain return as soon as possible.

"You will say all this to M. Reynier?"

And I shall find *her* with you when I come back?"

"Certainly. Yes."

"You will take care of her?"

"I will."

He looked at kind Sophie. There was the tender light of her love for her own good young pasteur shining in her eyes. "Thank you!" Roderick took her hand and kissed it, and was gone.

Gone—without the slightest explanation or promise on either side. Still, he did not feel unsatisfied. Though he left her free, he



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was himself bound. It is not troth-pledge that creates love; and often the pledges kept longest and faithfulest are, so to speak, those which were never made.

No actual confession had he won—it could not be. But her little cold hand had clung to his a moment, and she had uttered, unhesitatingly, her soft, firm "Yes," implying that trust which is a man's best pride, a woman's safest refuge—for love without trust is a broken reed. Above all, she had bade him go, had helped him to do his duty. Roderick remembered once hearing his father

say that the deepest tenderness a woman can show to a man is to help him to do his duty. Though he was going away, going far out of sight of her sweet presence into what seemed a lonely wilderness of a world—Roderick was not unhappy.

He had no time for much thinking about himself—trains wait for no man—and there were a good many preparations for his sudden quitting of the dear little town which had grown quite home-like to him. Even the honest garçon at the hotel looked triste at the departure of "le monsieur anglais,"

who had always been so pleasant and kind to everybody, and felt a certain consolation, which, indeed, Roderick himself shared, as if it were a sort of paction with Providence, when he decided only to pack his valise, leaving the best part of his luggage behind him.

Thus independent of "bagage," he could easier rush from station to station—so as not to lose a moment on his journey home; for he had determined not to stop, either for sleep or food, if he could help it, till he found himself at Richerden.

Those plaintive words, "You never can have but one mother," seemed continually to ring in his ears, rousing him to all his forgotten duties, his dormant affections. He had never felt himself so much her son as now, when he was about to bring to his mother a new daughter.

And such a daughter! "Soon, soon they will all feel how good she is; how she will help me to be good. My darling! my only darling!"

And as, all in the rainy dark, he whirled through the Val de Travers, watching dreamily the black outlines of the ravine which he had passed in mid-day sunshine such a little while ago—yet it seemed half a lifetime—and thought of her, sitting in the empty house, the poor motherless child! his whole heart melted over her—that full, tender, manly heart, out of which the lonely self-absorption, —only that, not selfishness—and the restless yearning had wholly slipped away. It was not merely that he had found—

"His spirit's mate, compassionate and wise."

Every man in love finds this, or fancies he has found it; but some divine instinct told him he had also found a helpmeet—a creature not only to love, but to believe in—not only to cherish, but to rest upon; the sort of woman of whom it is said, "The heart of her husband may safely trust in her: she will do him good and not evil all the days of her life."

There are women, the love of whom, and their love, given or returned, is a curse to any man; but when Roderick, having sat wakeful all night, endlessly thinking, just before dawn dropped into a fitful, brief sleep, the last word he murmured to himself was, "My blessing, my blessing!" It was true.

Catching the morning mail from Paris, he reached London the same night. His twenty-four hours' journey made him feel excessively tired; for though perfectly healthy he had not the robustness of some at his

age—would always be the sort of man who is the better for a woman's quiet, watchful care in small things. Strong emotion especially always took the life out of him in a painful way, till he was half ashamed of feeling so ill for nothing. Catching sight of himself in an hotel mirror he quite started.

"She would think I looked like a ghost."

And the new delicious sensation—of the duty of taking care of one's self, of regarding "even wretched meat and drink," if one be "dear to some one else"—came upon him till he actually blushed, like a girl admiring her own beauty because it is pleasant in other eyes—and—ordered his supper!

The temptation was strong to go to bed and sleep; he was so very tired, and the London hotel was so quiet and comfortable; besides, it was rather pleasant to hear his native tongue about him once more. But no; *she* had bade him not to delay an hour; and every hour, as he drew nearer home, his sensitive temperament shrank with a vague dread from some sort of formless evil that might be awaiting him there. And in his secret heart Roderick a little shrank from pain.

"I am not half as brave as she," he thought. "I should have to go through life 'with all my nerves outside,' as I once heard somebody say, if I had not her to help me. But I shall have her, thank God! Only a brief time—as brief as I can make it—and I will have you, my darling!"

Meantime he did as he knew Silence would have wished him to do—gathered up all his strength of body and mind, and took the night mail to Richerden.

He got there about four in the morning—a thorough Richerden morning, or rather night—of sleet and snow and blinding rain. Entirely worn out with fatigue, he came at last to his mother's door.

For the moment he hardly believed it was his mother's, but that he must have made some egregious mistake. For the house was all lighted up, carriages were going and coming, daintily muffled figures filled the entrance-hall—it was evidently the breaking up of some festive entertainment.

He had pictured to himself the silent house—the night of anxious vigil over sickness—death; for even that last terror had, as he neared home, forced itself upon his weakened nerves. Instead, he came in at the end of a ball!

"My mother—how is my mother?" were the first words that passed his lips—they had



been knelling themselves into his tired brain for the last hundred miles.

There she was, standing half-way up the staircase, in her ruby velvet, point lace, and all ablaze with diamonds—a little tired and old-looking, as was natural at four in the morning, but beaming with health, good-nature, and the exuberant enjoyment of life.

What a contrast to the dead mother whom he had left in her coffin so many hundred miles away!

Waiting for a pause in the stream of guests, Roderick hid himself behind the shadow of the door, till Mrs. Jardine's voice, loud and hearty, had repeated a series of hospitable adieus. Thence he emerged, a somewhat forlorn figure, into the brilliant glare of light:

"Goodness me, Rody! is that you, my dearest boy? Girls, your brother is here!"

She wrapped him in a voluminous embrace, and kissed him many times with true maternal warmth.

"Mother, you have not been ill? There is nothing wrong with you?"

"No, my darling; what should there be? Oh, I remember—the telegram."

A sudden cloud came over her face, which was repeated with added shadow on her son's.

"Yes, the telegram. I thought you were ill, and I came home, as you bade me, immediately. Never mind. Good night."

"Stop, my dear. Just stop."

But he would not; and went straight upstairs to his own room.

## JOY IN THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

THE idea of a future world has always mingled itself with men's thoughts about human life. The present, the visible, is instinctively felt not to be enough to meet and answer all the wants, the hopes, the fears, the infinite longings of "the spirit that is in man." There must be more *beyond*. The old Greeks had their place of shades, their islands of the blest; the Indian his "happy hunting-grounds;" the Norseman, Asgard, the city of the gods. The idea of the future always took a local habitation and a name. It was not purely spiritual. It carried into the unseen world the emblems, the associations, of the world we see. And as it has been in other religions, so has it been in our own. The direct teaching of our Lord Himself about the world to come is very scanty. If you look into it you would, possibly, be surprised to see how scanty it is. A few declarations of an "everlasting life," to be attained through the fellowship of God's Spirit, and the keeping of His word; a few promises which broke the dull monotony of the fear and grief with which the disheartened disciples learnt that their Master was indeed to leave them, promises of a place which He would prepare for them in the "many mansions" of the father's house, that where He should be there they might be also; a few assurances of a love, whose duration was not limited by the bounds of time, and whose force passed the range of human understanding: these are about all that we have received from Christ Himself, to throw a light across the great gulf, to break the "infinite silence wherewith our life is bound."

And, therefore, all the more eagerly has the Christian imagination laid hold of whatever it could find in the Bible that might seem to fill up the outline He had left vacant. And the imagery of Isaiah in the Old Testament, and of St. John in the New, has been used by generation after generation of those who have lived and died in the faith—of the "better country," and the "New Jerusalem," and the "King in his beauty," and the "pure river of the water of life," and the heavenly Temple—to portray the paradise of God, in which there shall be nothing "to hurt or to destroy," in which no shade of night shall ever fall, in which all things shall be made new, that "Jerusalem the golden" whose gates are open continually for those to enter who have "climbed the steep ascent of heaven." We should not find fault with the instinct which thus seeks to make the thought of the future world a real one. It is the very instinct which Christ answered when He gave His disciples the Holy Sacrament of His broken body and shed blood:—the instinct that seeks to use that which we can see and handle as the witness and the earnest of that which we can neither see nor handle, and strives to fix the truth more deeply in our heart by consecrating to it some outward form or sign. But, at the same time, it is one against whose tendencies we need to guard ourselves. We must not let the symbol deaden our apprehension of the truth symbolized. We must not let the outward sign, howsoever beautiful, conceal from us the higher beauty and value of the spiritual reality to which it testifies.

And so, in regard to this truth of the future life and the world unseen, ideas of the glory and blessedness of the place, or the state, which we call "heaven," ideas gathered from the high strains of ancient poetic prophecy, and the visions of seers and men of God, ought not to interfere with our proper understanding of what that is which makes up the true blessedness of the future; and not of the future only, but of the present—of all life, in fact, which is a spiritual life at all. We must not, in short, hold ideas of heaven which are material rather than spiritual. David, Hebrew though he was, and living before Christ had "brought life and immortality to light," teaches us a lesson on this point in the well-known words "In Thy presence is fulness of joy." The idea of heaven, in all minds, is just the idea of a place or a state of perfect blessedness, where the storms that have vexed the earthly sky have ceased to rage, where the heart is no longer sick through hope deferred, where there is no more want and pain, "where beyond these voices there is peace." And David says nothing to disturb this idea; but he goes to the root of the matter. He names no place, he defines no condition, he specifies no time, present or future, he says simply, "*in Thy presence is fulness of joy.*" The presence of God is heaven, is the fulness of all blessedness, is that which fills up and completes the circle of human joy, and leaves nothing to be added or desired. And when he said this he was not speaking of a future merely. The elements of true happiness must be always and everywhere the same.

We are too apt to think of heaven as something wholly future—a "world unrealised" and yet to come; and the elements of whose blessedness are to be altogether different from what we have known on earth. "Eye hath not seen," we say, "nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." But the Apostle goes on to say, "God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit." He is speaking, not of the *unearthliness*, but of the *spirituality* of that blessedness—of those joys that are at God's right hand; and which are attained by all who at any time enter into the secret of His presence. And so, the "fulness of joy" of which the Psalmist speaks, is not necessarily hidden in the future. It is wherever the presence of God is felt and enjoyed. That presence may be felt in fear, as it was by Adam in the garden; or in solemn awe, as by Jacob at Bethel, when he said, "How

dreadful is this place!" But it may be also felt in love, and trust, and peace; and then the consciousness of that presence brings the "fulness of joy," the completeness, the fulfilment of all human blessedness. No change of time or of outward condition can alter a blessedness which is centred in that presence, for no change of time or of outward condition can alter or affect that presence itself. It is eternal, it is all-pervading. "Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there; if I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me." "From everlasting to everlasting thou art God. Thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end." An eternal, an unchanging, an all-pervading presence; therefore no time or circumstance can touch the joy whose "fulness" is found within it.

Now, it is undeniable that this idea of the fullest joy being found in God's presence is one that is foreign to many a mind. You can find no joy in that with which you have no sympathy—where you are ill at ease—where fear is secretly making your heart sink. And so the sense of a divine presence to a mind and heart not at one with God, but alien from Him, brings only dispeace and trouble. Like Peter when the consciousness of Christ's divine power and goodness smote him, you are inclined to cry, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." But if there be any oneness with the Divine, any clear vision of the "beauty of holiness," any sympathy with the will of God, then the sense of His presence is welcome; and the spirit, as it were, expands in that presence, and finds its home there.

Now, can we define to ourselves, in any way that should help us to realise it better, what this joy is, of which David speaks?

For one thing, we may say it is the *joy of life*—of life when it is full and free, moving in happy energy and power, and in oneness with another life greater and mightier than itself, in the rich flood of whose vitality its own littleness and weakness are, as it were, swept away, its "mortality swallowed up of life." It is that glad sense of a higher nature and diviner being than your own encircling your path of life, and forming—so to speak—the atmosphere in which you live, and move, and have your being, of which the pure-hearted poet speaks when he says that he has felt—

"A presence that disturbs him with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts : a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interlused—  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns  
And the round ocean, and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :  
A motion and a spirit that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things."

But it is something still more *personal* than this, for this amounts to little more than that joy and confidence with which a pious soul recognises God in nature—that enlargement of spirit which is theirs to whom nature is not a dead law or an unconscious mechanism, but is the vesture of the unseen God, its forms the expression of His beauty, its sounds the utterance of His voice, its processes the working out of His almighty will. The joy that is in the presence of God is more personal, I say, than this, for it is the joy of intercourse with the object of your heart's desire, the rest and satisfaction of being with Him "whom your soul loveth."

The idea of there being this joy in God has been almost extinguished in many minds by the false notions of God that they have formed. "There is no fear in love," says the apostle, "perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment ;" but men have too often been *taught* to fear God, to think of Him rather as a great judge, and king, and avenger, than as a Divine Father, "whose tender mercies are over all His works." And, no doubt, our own sinfulness and unworthiness give some ground for this dark sentiment of fear ; for when conscience is busy accusing us of transgressions, we cannot but feel afraid of His power against whom we have transgressed. But the only influence that can lift us out of the region of fear, that can touch our hearts with a sorrow for having offended God, which shall move them far more deeply than any terror can, and move them not to flee from Him but to turn to Him, as those that have watched for the morning through a long night turn towards the dawn, is Love, springing up in the heart, to take the place of fear, to help us to conquer the temptation to transgress, to put the desire to please God in the place of the desire to please ourselves. And then, if that saving change be once made, the sense of God's presence becomes a sense of joy, because it is the presence that we love.

You may have known, when with some one whom you loved and trusted, and knew to be worthy of all love and trust, seasons when sympathy was so profound, when fellowship was so close, when love was felt to be so proved and true, that the world around you seemed almost to fade away and time to

forget its records, and life to be simply absorbed into this communion of mind with mind, of heart with heart. If trouble was near then, it was not heeded. If danger was at hand, it was not feared. If pain was felt, it did not sting. Life moved on a higher level, and through a purer air. You would have stayed its course, if you could, always at that point, and have asked, if it might be but granted, that that intercourse never should be broken. And if such experience be not unknown to the depth and fidelity of human love ; can we not understand how all rest, and joy, and comfort to the spirit, are only to be found in its communion with the eternal spirit, and in the fellowship of the Divine love, in the consciousness of which all that can vex or mar, hurt or destroy, weaken or impair, smite with terror or disquiet, fades away like the night shadows before the rising of the sun ?

Further, this is an *omnipresent* joy. It exists wherever the presence of God is known. It depends on no time, or place, or circumstance.

There are those whose communion with Him depends so much on the visible symbols of it, on modes of worship, on forms and seasons, on things which, at the best, should be only the outward aids of the inner life, that they hardly realise this. But "He dwelleth not in temples made with hands." Wherever the pure and humble spirit enters into the consciousness that God is with it, there the unseen temple rises, there the altar stands, there the smoke of the sacrifice and the odour of the incense ascend to heaven ; and there is a living communion between the human worshipper and God, "His exceeding joy." The sky may be dark overhead, the air may be full of storm ; there may be violence and strife and disaster all around ; there may be want and pain ; there may be poverty and loss ; there may be bereavement and separation ; but the quiet of the inner shrine is undisturbed. It is filled with that presence in which is "fulness of joy."

And if this be so, even amid all the elements of our earthly life that are so often "not joyous, but grievous," if even "on this Babel shine such gleams of paradise," must not the higher blessedness of the world unseen, and which we hope to experience in the future life, be but the fuller consciousness of the same presence, and the more immediate communion with it ?

Life grows from point to point, develops from stage to stage, what it is to-day depending surely on what it has been in days



gone by; and so, new capacities do not spring up in it suddenly, new characteristics do not emerge because of mere change of outward circumstance or condition. And thus we cannot but believe that the life we shall live in the world to come will be just the ripened fruit of the seeds of life we have sown and tended here; that what we have loved here we shall continue to love there; that what has fed our spirits here will not be their poison there; that if our joy has been in God here, it will have the same eternal centre there. And if we understand this, we shall not be led away by the too common temptation to frame and fashion a heaven in our own imaginations; or to occupy ourselves with forecasting the future which the hand of God has sealed from our sight and knowledge; or to fill up with vague human speculations the void which revelation has left empty. We shall be content to say with Richard Baxter—

"My knowledge of that life is small,  
The eye of faith is dim;  
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,  
And I shall be with Him."

"I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also," was all He gave to support the faith and hope of His disciples at the first. It should be enough for us still. It must indeed be enough, for we have nothing else; we have no other "anchor of the soul" to hold by.

After all, why should we wish for more? Why should we try to invest the hope and faith of the life that is within the veil with a form and substance which are not its own, and which, if they were, would add nothing to its real value? What would the golden city and the unearthly splendour, the music and the glory of the light which illuminates the visions of St. John, be worth, if the Divine Presence was not there? Even amid the dimness, and selfishness, and carnality of our earthly life, is not the presence that is loved more than any other, more to the heart than all actual possession? Did not the words of Ruth, which still sound to us so tender and true across the centuries, but express the feeling of all true love, the supreme worth, in the eyes of real affection, of that presence for whose sake all else should be counted as "less than nothing and vanity?" "Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: Where thou diest,

will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if I ought but death part thee and me."

Now, the most practical point for us to think of in connection with this subject is, what do we feel about this presence of God ourselves? Do we ever try to realise it—try in the midst of our daily life to say to ourselves, like Hagar in the wilderness, "Thou, God, seest me," to lay this to heart in the time of temptation, and in the hour of trial, as in that of ease, and pleasure, and content; and if so with what result? Does the thought of that abiding presence bring us satisfaction and peace, or apprehension and disquiet? If we feel no *rest* in it, no joy in it, we must learn why it is so. It must be because there is no sympathy between us and Him, whose presence we feel to be unwelcome; because our lives are moving on lines that lead us away from Him; because we carry in our hearts an accusing conscience that tells us we have not been true to Him, that we have allowed the lusts of the flesh or the snares of the devil, or the allurements of the world, or the worship of idols that had no right to a place in our hearts, or perhaps mere pride or temper or folly, to come between us and Him, in union with whom is our true life, and in obedience to whom is our true blessedness. And if we are able to see this, then we must set earnestly to work, with God's help, to alter this state of things, to struggle against the temptation, to quench the passion, to overcome the failings which have been able to undo us and to keep us apart from God, and to change our natural feeling of confidence and love towards Him into one of distrust and fear. To do this may be hard work for a time. It may need a severe struggle and a strict discipline; but if the effort is honestly made, God will Himself help it on, and by-and-by it will lose its hardness. The life that the struggle against these old enemies had seemed to darken and overburden, will recover its elasticity. The "good fight of faith" will gain that ardour and hopefulness with which the brave soldier grapples with the foe who he knows must yield. The spirit that had been estranged from its proper home will return to its father's presence in peace, and enter into the joy of its Lord; delighting in that presence it shall abide therein even now in the time of this mortal life, and hereafter shall inherit that fulness of blessedness which He hath prepared for them that love Him.

R. HERBERT STORY.

## YOU'LL NEVER GUESS.

I KNOW two eyes, two soft brown eyes,  
 Two eyes as sweet and dear  
 As ever danced with gay surprise,  
 Or melted with a tear;  
 In whose fair rays a heart may bask—  
 Their shadowed rays serene—  
 But, little maid, you must not ask  
 Whose gentle eyes I mean.

I know a voice of fairy tone,  
 Like brooklet in the June,  
 That sings to please itself alone,  
 A little old-world tune;

Whose music haunts the listener's ear,  
 And will not leave it free;  
 But I shall never tell you, dear,  
 Whose accents they may be.

I know a golden-hearted maid  
 For whom I built a shrine,  
 A leafy nook of murmurous shade,  
 Deep in this heart of mine;  
 And in that calm and cool recess  
 To make her home she came—  
 But, oh! you'd never, never guess  
 That little maiden's name.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

## A CHAT ABOUT SALT.

"Ye are the salt of the earth; but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted?"

OUR common table salt has a wonderful history, not only on account of the great antiquity of its use, but also as being an important factor in the comforts of our everyday life. First mentioned as a memorial of Divine vengeance for the disobedience of Lot's wife, we again find in Leviticus that the Israelites were enjoined to use it in all their high sacrifices. No doubt it was held by them (still later also by the ancient Greeks) in great veneration and esteem, and from the fact of its being used with their consecrated meats we may infer that its purifying and antiseptic qualities were well known.

It was an emblem of eternity, of reconciliation, and of *bona fides*: so Moses says, "It is a covenant of salt for ever before the Lord unto thee and to thy seed with thee." Even now in the East it is typical of a noble hospitality; to have eaten salt together not only implying that the guest had received the ordinary passing hospitality, but that he was thereafter entitled to his host's friendship and protection. In the Arabian Nights Cogia Houssain, chief of the forty thieves, excuses himself from eating supper with Ali Baba, lest he should violate hospitality by partaking of his host's salt.

The only mineral condiment enjoyed by man, it has been from time immemorial a common adjunct to food. Our yearly consumption is over 22 lbs. per head; but when we know that it enters largely into the constituents of our bodies, being found in the blood, tissues, and organs of the human frame, we need not wonder at the strange craving mankind has for it.

It is found pretty abundantly in all the continents. Great quantities occur in Palestine, about the shores of the Dead Sea, and the huge salt mines at Wielitzka, in Poland, which have been worked for the last six hundred years, still furnish fabulous stories about miners who have never seen the light of day. The source of nearly all our own supply is from enormous deposits of rock salt and their attendant brine springs in Cheshire, Worcestershire, and Staffordshire. Nantwich, Droitch, Northwich, and Middlewich, familiarly known as "the Wiches," formerly carried on brisk salt trades, but the town of Northwich, with its queer up-and-down look from old excavations, is now the head centre. Salt was made here as long ago as Edward the Confessor's time, but the existence of the rock itself has only been known for the last two hundred years. The operations are extremely simple, and consist either in removing the rock by means of blasting and the pick (as is done in coal mines), or in pumping up the brine and evaporating. Formerly the rock salt (which is dark-coloured from being contaminated with oxide of iron and other impurities) was dissolved and subsequently evaporated and crystallized with the brine; but the brines are found of such purity and strength that it scarcely pays to deal with the rock. Most of it is exported. The brine is pumped up from wells, which are supplied by the rain. In some places, but not in England, water is made to flow into the mine. In both cases solution of the salt takes place, and this is pumped up for evaporation. These wells vary from ten to fifty yards in depth, and yield very pure

brine, containing from twenty to twenty-five per cent. of common salt. The brine is first pumped into large cisterns, more salt being added should the brine happen to be weak ; it is then conducted through wooden troughs into the evaporating pans, which are severally furnished with fire-flues to promote evaporation. Where the fire is hottest the salt falls down in very fine crystalline powder, which is dried in stoves, and called "stove salt." Where the fire is coolest slow evaporation takes place, and large crystals are formed, which are not much admired for domestic use, but are very pure. In warm climates, where the evaporation is also slow from the direct heat of the sun, similar crystals are produced. At Lymington in Hampshire, Saltcoats in Scotland, and many other places

on the coast, the sea water was boiled down, and though the process was not economical, it was continued till very lately, on account of the accessory salts of magnesium.

These operations are not carried on without considerable danger and detriment to property, for as the underlying salt is removed so the upper soil sinks, and corresponding depressions or miniature valleys occur upon the surface. The main streets of Northwich show four or five such depressions ; and houses unfortunately built upon these foundations get out of perpendicular, show cracks and twists, and contract a dislocated look peculiar to the neighbourhood.

Every 34 cwt. of salt represents a cubic yard of rock salt, and when we know that



Showing subsidence of houses at Northwich.

1,500,000 tons are annually abstracted from Cheshire, it can scarcely be said that the deputation that waited upon the President of the Local Government Board overstated the dangers of this subsidence.

Altogether about 2,000,000 tons are made annually, giving direct employment to some 5,000 or 6,000 people. About 500 vessels continually ply on the river Weaver in connection with the Northwich trade, and altogether it is estimated that nearly 30,000 people are dependent on it for support. In the year 1800 the price was £12 or £14 per ton ; it is now 12s. per ton. It is not likely that such a manufacture could escape taxation. In Ancient Rome there was a duty on salt, and in France 4,000 or 5,000 people were annually sent to prison for

offences against the Salt Acts. In our country the duty at the commencement of the century was as much as 15s. per bushel, about thirty times the cost of the salt. In 1823, however, it was reduced to 2s., and wholly removed in 1825. The salt tax is said to have brought the Treasury £1,500,000 per annum. British India now draws a revenue of £2,000,000 from it.

Examined chemically, salt is found to be composed of chlorine and the metal sodium ; it is therefore called "chloride of sodium" by chemists, and from its large presence and general utility gives its name, "salt," to a number of substances having common properties with it. It is principally of a class which may be roughly described as being formed of a metal with such bodies as chlo-



rine, iodine, and bromine; or with oxyacids, such as nitric or sulphuric. The "salt" family becomes thus divided, and the products are called earthy, alkaline, or metallic, as the case may be. Now both chlorine and sodium are largely used, and are of the highest importance in the arts and manufactures. Salt furnishes us with both. The first process consists in decomposing the salt with vitriol. What happens is this:—When the vitriol (sulphuric acid) is poured on common salt, the sodium having a stronger affinity for it than for chlorine, immediately combines with it, forming another salt (sulphate of soda), whilst the chlorine combines with the hydrogen of the sulphuric acid, forming suffocating fumes of hydrochloric acid. Fifteen or twenty years ago those manufacturers who had no use for hydrochloric acid allowed most of these fumes to escape unchecked into the air, where they did incalculable damage to vegetation.

Long ago "to sow with salt" implied desolation and sterility; it certainly seemed, however, as if its greatest sting was in its death, and that this hydrochloric, or muriatic-acid vapour, in revenge for the outrage done to its parent salt, destroyed hopelessly and entirely every shrub and tree it came in contact with. A single hour would destroy the growth of years and convert a smiling plantation of trees into so many blackened skeletons. So great was the damage done to the country that two Acts of Parliament have been passed putting certain restrictions on the manufacturers. The remedy was easy. Hydrochloric-acid vapour has a wonderful affinity for water, and all that had to be done was to bring the two into favourable contact. Instead of allowing the fumes to escape as before, they are now, after being cooled as much as possible, conducted from the furnace and pan, where the salt is decomposed, in close flues to the condenser. This condenser is nothing more than a water-tower packed with coke, and the water supply so arranged that it percolates from top to bottom through the interstices of the packing, thus presenting a large surface to the ascending fumes. The absorption, or condensation, of the offending vapours takes place in these towers, so that what went in at the top as water is drawn off at the bottom as hydrochloric acid of a strength varying with the quantity of water employed.

This acid is largely used by our chemists, but its most important function is that of furnishing us with chlorine, a substance of paramount importance in bleaching. This

is effected by decomposing the acid with manganese ore (peroxide of manganese) in a close vessel, and it is so arranged that the released chlorine passes over layers of slaked lime. In the course of a few days the lime has absorbed about 35 per cent. of the chlorine. It is then withdrawn, and is known to commerce as "bleaching powder." Before the discovery of chlorine, bleaching was a serious operation, requiring considerable time and special conditions of locality and climate. Shortly after Scheele had discovered its marvellous power of removing vegetable colours a watery solution of it was used by some bleachers, but the escape of chlorine from the solution was hurtful alike to the workmen and the fabrics. In 1798, however, Mr. Charles Tennant, of Glasgow, discovered the process just described, which at once removed all objections to its use. At first it was sold at eighteen pence per pound; its present price is less than a penny per pound.

Let us now return to our sodium, which we left locked up in the form of sulphate of soda, or "salt cake." This, being mixed with limestone and powdered coal, is subjected to strong heat in a reverberatory furnace. In the mutual decompositions that ensue, "carbonate of soda" is formed, which is easily dissolved out from the other insoluble impurities and purified.

The manufacture of carbonate of soda is one of immense importance, as other manufactures, such as soap, glass-bleaching, dyeing, paper-making, and metallurgy, are dependent on its successful prosecution. More than 300,000 tons are made annually; and the following figures show the approximate annual value of the salt trade and its immediate offsprings:—

Salt	. . . . .	£1,000,000
Chlorine	. . . . .	1,000,000
Soda	. . . . .	2,000,000

Salt, however, in addition to preserving our meat and furnishing us with soda and chlorine, performs many other good offices. It is used by glass-makers in making the coarser glass; by potters to make a glaze for their pottery; by soap-makers to separate the soap from the spent alkaline lye; and by dyers to assist the action of some of their dyes. Indirectly, also, we have to thank it for the beauty and purity of our cotton fabrics, the brilliancy of our linen, and the comfort of being able to read on pure white paper this page of GOOD WORDS.

CHARLES BLATHERWICK.

## THE LONG ISLAND, OR OUTER HEBRIDES.

## II.

IN a preceding article I have described the peculiar configuration of the Long Island—rounded and flowing for the most part—and have pointed out how that softened outline is not such as the rocks would naturally assume under the influence of the ordinary agents of erosion with which we are familiar in this country. The present contour has superseded an older set of features, which, although highly modified or disguised, and often well-nigh obliterated, are yet capable of being traced, and are, no doubt, the conformation assumed by the rocks under the long-continued action of rain and frost and running water. We have now to inquire what it was that removed or softened down the primal configuration I refer to, and gave to the islands their present monotonous, undulating contour.

Any one fresh from the glacier-valleys of Switzerland or Norway could have little doubt as to the cause of the transformation. The smoothed and rounded masses of the Outer Hebrides are so exactly paralleled by the ice-worn, dome-shaped rocks over which a glacier has flowed, that our visitor would have small hesitation in ascribing to them a similar origin; and the presence of the countless perched blocks and boulders which are scattered broadcast over the islands would tend to confirm him in his belief. A closer inspection of the phenomena would soon banish all doubt from his mind; for, on the less weathered surfaces, he would detect those long parallel scratches and furrows which are the sure signs of glacial action, while, in the hollows and over the low grounds, he would be confronted with that peculiar deposit of clay and sand and glaciated stones and boulders which are dragged on underneath flowing ice.

Having satisfied ourselves that the rounded outline of the ground is the result of former glacial action, our next step is to discover, if we can, in what direction the abrading agent moved. Did the ice, as we might have supposed, come out of the mountain valleys and overflow the low country? If that had been the case, then we should expect to find the glacial markings radiating outwards in all directions from the higher elevations. Thus the low grounds of Uig, in Lewis, should give evidence of having been overflowed by ice coming from the Forest of Harris; the undulating, rocky, and lake-dappled region that

extends between Loch Roag and Loch Erisort should be abraded and striated from south-west to north-east. Instead of this, however, the movement has clearly been from south-east to north-west. All the prominent rock-faces that look towards the Minch have been smoothed off and rounded, while in their rear the marks of rubbing and abrading are much less conspicuous. It is evident that the south-east exposure has borne the full brunt of the ice-grinding—the surfaces that are turned in the opposite direction, or towards the Atlantic, having been in a measure protected or sheltered by their position. The striations or scratches that are seen upon the less weathered surfaces point invariably towards the north-west, and from their character and the mode in which they have been graved upon the rock, we are left in no doubt as to the trend of the old ice plough—which was clearly from south-east to north-west. Nor is it only the low grounds that are marked in this direction. Ascend Suaina (1,300 feet), and you shall find it showing evident signs of having been abraded all over, from base to summit. The same, indeed, is the case with all the hills that stretch from sea to sea between Uig and Loch Seaforth. Beinn Mheadonach, Ceann Resort, Griosamul, and Liuthaid are all strongly glaciated from south-east to north-west.

North and South Harris yield unequivocal evidence of having been overflowed by ice which did not stream out of the mountain-valleys, but crossed the island from the Minch to the Atlantic. A number of mountain-glens, coming down from the Forest of Harris, open out upon West Loch Tarbert, and these we see have been crossed at right angles by the ice—the mountains between them being strongly abraded from south-east to north-west. It is the same all over South Harris, which affords the geologist every evidence of having been literally smothered in ice, which has moved in the same persistent direction. The rock-faces that look towards the Minch are all excessively naked; they have been terribly ground down and scraped, and the same holds good with every part of the island exposed to the south-east.

Now, the mode in which the rocks have been so ground, scraped, rounded, and smoothed betokens very clearly the action of

land-ice, and not of floating ice or icebergs. The abrading agent has accommodated itself to all the sinuosities of the ground, sliding into hollows and creeping out of them, moulding itself over projecting rocks, so as eventually to grind away all their asperities, and convert rugged tors and peaks into round-backed, dome-shaped masses. It has carried away the sharp edges of escarpments and ridges, and has deepened the intervening hollows in a somewhat irregular way, so that now these catch the drainage of the land and form lakes. Steep rocks facing the Minch have been bevelled off and rounded atop, while in their rear the ice plough, not being able to act with effect, has not succeeded in removing the primeval ruggedness of the weathered strata.

I have said that the movement of the ice was from south-east to north-west. But a close examination of the ice-markings will show that the flow was very frequently influenced by the form of the ground. Minor features it was able to disregard, but some prominent projecting rock-masses succeeded in deflecting the ice that flowed against them. For example, if we study the rocks in North Harris, we shall find that the Langa and the Clisham have served as a wedge to divide the ice, part of which flowed away into Lewis, while the other current or stream crept out to sea by West Loch Tarbert. The Langa and the Clisham, indeed, raised their heads above the glacier mass—they were islets in a sea of ice. It is for this reason that they and the Tarcul ridge in South Harris have not been smoothed and abraded, but still preserve their weathered outline. All surfaces below a height of 1,600 feet, which are exposed to the south-east, and which have not been in recent times broken up by the action of rain and frost, exhibit strongly marked glaciation. But above that level no signs of ancient ice-work can be recognised.

We see now why it is that the hill-slopes opposite the Minch should as a rule be so much more sterile than those which slope down to the Atlantic. The full force of the ice was exerted upon the south-east front, in the rear of which there would necessarily be comparatively "quiet" ice. For the same reason we should expect to find much of the rock debris which the ice swept off the south-east front sheltering on the opposite side. Neither clay nor sand nor stones would gather under the ice upon the steep rocks that face the Minch. The movement there was too severe to permit of any such accumu-

lation. But stones and clay and sand were carried over and swept round the hills, and gradually accumulated in the rear of the ice-worn rocks, just in the same way as gravel and sand are heaped up behind projecting stones and boulders in the bed of a stream. Hence it is that the western margin of Harris is so much less bleak than the opposite side. Considerable taluses of "till," as the sub-glacial debris is called, gather behind the steeper crags, and ragged sheets of the same material extend over the low grounds. All the low grounds of Lewis are in like manner sprinkled with till. Over that region the ice met with but few obstacles to its course, and consequently the debris it forced along underneath was spread out somewhat equally. But wherever hills and peaks and hummocks of rock broke the regularity of the surface, there great abrasion took place and no till was accumulated.

Thus the position and distribution of this sub-glacial debris or bottom-moraine tell the same tale as the abraded rocks and glacial striæ, and clearly indicate an ice-flow from the south-east. This is still further proved by the manner in which the upturned ends of the strata are frequently bent over underneath the till in a north-westerly direction, while the fragments dislodged from them and enclosed in the sub-glacial debris stream away as it were to the same point of the compass. Not only so, but in the west of Lewis, where no red sandstone occurs, we find boulders of red sandstone enclosed in the till, which could not have been derived from any place nearer than Stornoway. In other words, these boulders have travelled across the island from the shores of the Minch to the Atlantic seaboard.

Having said so much about the glaciation of Lewis and Harris, I need not do more than indicate very briefly some of the more interesting features of the islands farther south.

I spent some time cruising up and down the Sound of Harris, and found that all the islets there had been ground and scraped by ice flowing in the normal north-west direction, and sub-glacial debris occurs on at least one of the little islands—Harmetrey. But all the phenomena of glaciation are met with in most abundance in the dreary island of North Uist. The ridge of mountains that guards its east coast has been battered, and ground down, and scraped bare in the most wonderful manner, while the melancholy moorlands are everywhere sprinkled with till, full of glaciated stones, many of which have



travelled west from the coast range. Benbecula shows in like manner a considerable sprinkling of till, and the trend of the glacial striae is the same there as in North Uist, namely, a little north of west. There are no hills of any consequence in Benbecula, but the highly abraded and barren-looking mountains that fringe the eastern margin of North Uist are continued south in the islands of Roney and Fuiey, either of which it would be hard to surpass as examples of the prodigious effect of land-ice in scouring, scraping, and grinding the surface over which it moves.

South Uist presents the same general configuration as North Uist, its east coast being formed of a long range of intensely glaciated mountains, in the rear of which ragged sheets and heaps of sub-glacial débris are thrown and scattered over the low, undulating tract that borders the Atlantic. No part of either Benbecula or North Uist has escaped the action of ice, but in South Uist that knot of high ground which is dominated by the fine mountains of Beinn Mhor and Hecla towered above the level of the glacier mass, and have thus been the cause of considerable deflection of the ice-flow. The ice-stream divided, as it were, part flowing round the north flank of Hecla, and part streaming past the southern slopes of Beinn Mhor. But the ice-flow thus divided speedily reunited in the rear of the mountains, the southern stream creeping in from the south-east, and the northern stream stealing round Hecla towards the south-west. The track of this remarkable deflection and reunion is clearly marked out by numerous striae all over the low grounds that slope outwards to the Atlantic coast. The till, it need hardly be added, affords the same kind of evidence as the sub-glacial deposits of the other islands, and points unmistakably to a general ice-movement across South Uist from the Minch to the Atlantic.

The influence which an irregular surface has in causing local deflections of an ice-flow is also well seen in Barra, where the striae sometimes point some  $5^{\circ}$  or  $10^{\circ}$ , and sometimes  $25^{\circ}$  and even  $35^{\circ}$  north of west—these variations being entirely due to the configuration of the ground. This island is extremely bare in many places, more especially over all the region that slopes to the Minch. The Atlantic border is somewhat better covered with soil, as is the case with South Uist and the other islands already described.

Vatersey, Saundry, Papey, Miuley, and Bearnarey, are all equally well glaciated, but as they show little or no low ground with

gentle slopes they have preserved few traces of sub-glacial débris. In this respect they resemble the rockier and hillier parts of the large islands to the north. Till, however, is occasionally met with, as for example on the low shores of Vatersey Bay, and on the southern margin of Miuley. Doubtless, if it were carefully looked for it would be found sheltering in patches in many nooks and hollows, protected from the grind of the ice that advanced from the south-east. I saw it in several such places in the islet of Bearnarey where the striae indicated an ice-flow as usual towards the north-west.

We have now seen that the whole of the Long Island has been ground, and rubbed, and scraped by land or glacier ice which has traversed the ground in a prevalent south-east and north-west direction. We have seen also that this ice attained so great a thickness that it was able to overflow all the hills up to a height of 1,600 feet above the sea. It is needless to say that such a mass could not have been nurtured on the islands themselves. They have no gathering grounds of sufficient extent, and if they had, the ice would not have taken the peculiar direction it did. Instead of flowing across the islands it would have radiated outwards from the mountain-valleys. Where, then, did the ice come from?

Looking across the Minch we see Skye and the mountains of the north-west Highlands, and those regions, as we know, have also been subjected to extreme glaciation. From the appearances presented by the mountains of Ross-shire we are compelled to believe that all that region was buried in ice up to a height of not less than 3,000 feet—the ice-sheet was probably even as much as 3,500 feet in thickness. The evidence shows that the under portion of this vast ice-sheet flowed slowly off the country into the Minch by way of the great sea-lochs. Thus we know that a vast mass of ice crept down Loch Carron and united with another great stream stealing out from the mountains of Skye, to flow north through the hollows of Raasay Sound and the Inner Sound into the Minch. So deep was the ice that it completely smothered the island of Raasay (1,272 feet high) and overflowed all the lofty trappean table-lands of Skye. From the Coolins, as a centre-point, another movement of the ice-sheet was towards the south-west, against the islands of Rum, Cannay, and Eigg. Farther north from Loch Torridon, Gairloch, Loch Ewe, and Loch Broom, similar vast masses of ice streamed out into the Minch. The

direction of the glaciation in the north of Skye, which is towards north-west, shows that the glacier-mass which overflowed that area must eventually have reached the shores of the Long Island. In short, there cannot be a reasonable doubt that the immense sheet of ice that streamed off the north-west Highlands must have filled up entirely the basin of the Minch, and thereafter streamed across the Outer Hebrides. But it may be objected that if the Outer Hebrides were overflowed by ice that streamed from the mainland across the north end of Skye, we ought to get many fragments of Skye rocks and Ross-shire rocks too in the sub-glacial debris or till of Lewis and Harris, and the north end of North Uist. But all such fragments are apparently wanting. True, there are bits of stone like the igneous rocks of Skye often met with in the Hebridean till, but as veins or dykes of precisely the same kind of rock occur in the Long Island itself, we cannot say that the stones referred to are other than native. A little reflection will show us, however, that it would be in the highest degree unlikely that stones derived from Skye and the mainland should ever have been dragged on under the ice, and deposited amongst the till of the Long Island. There is only one part indeed of the whole Outer Hebrides where we might have anticipated that fragments from the mainland should occur; and there, sure enough, they put in an appearance.

But before I attempt to explain the non-occurrence of Skye rocks in the till of the Outer Hebrides, let me show in a few words what the glaciation of the Long Island, Skye, and the north-west Highlands teaches us as to the general aspect presented by the ice-sheet. The height reached by the surface of the ice in Ross-shire and the Long Island respectively indicates of course that the main movement was from the mainland. We must conceive of an immense sheet of solid ice filling up all the inequalities of the land, obliterating the glens and sweeping across the hill-tops; and not only so, but occupying the wide basin of the Minch to the entire exclusion of the sea, the surface of the ice rising so high that it overtopped the whole of the Outer Hebrides, and left only the tips of a few of the higher mountains uncovered. The slope of the surface was persistently outwards from the mainland, and the striation of the Long Island indicates clearly that the dip or inclination of that surface was towards the north-west. Nay, more than this, we are now enabled for

the first time to say with some approach to certainty what was the precise angle of that inclination. If we take the upper surface of the ice in Ross-shire to have been 3,000 feet (and it was not less), then the slope between the mainland and the Outer Hebrides was only 25 feet in the mile, or about 1 in 210. It is quite possible, however, and even probable, that the actual height attained by the ice-sheet in the north-west Highlands was more than 3,000 feet. I think it may yet turn out to have been 3,500 feet, and if this were so it would give an inclination for the surface of the ice of about 35 feet in the mile. In either case the slope was so very gentle that to the eye it would have appeared like a level plain. Over the surface of this plain would be scattered here and there a solitary big erratic or two, while in other places long trains of large and small angular boulders would stream outwards. All these would be derived from such mountains in Skye and the mainland as were able to keep their heads above the level of the ice-flow; while a few also might be dislodged by the frost and rolled down upon the glacier from the tips of the Clisham and the Langa in Harris, and Hecla and Beinn Mhor in South Uist. Every such block, it is evident, would be carried across the buried Hebrides out into the Atlantic in the direction indicated by the glaciation of the Long Island, that is, towards the north-west.

But while the upper strata of the ice doubtless followed that particular course, it is obvious that this could not be the case with the under portion of the great sheet, the path of which would be controlled in large measure by the form of the ground over which the ice moved. The upper strata that overflowed the Outer Hebrides, as we have seen, were locally deflected, again and again, by important obstacles, and it is quite certain that the same would take place with the deeper portions of the ice-flow.

It is well known that the sea along the inner margin of the Long Island is very deep. In many places it reaches a depth of 600 feet, and occasionally plunges down for upwards of 700 feet. It is more than probable, however, that these great depths did not exist before the advent of the ice-sheet, but that the bottom of the Minch along the eastern borders of the Long Island was then some 250 or 300 feet shallower than now, the floor of the sea having since been excavated in the manner I shall presently describe. It is quite apparent, therefore, that the long ridge of the Outer Hebrides

must have offered an insuperable obstacle to the direct passage of the bottom ice out to the Atlantic. Here was a great wall of rock shooting up from the floor of the Minch, at a high angle, to a height ranging in elevation from 400 feet to upwards of 3,000 feet. It is simply impossible that the lower strata of the ice that occupied the bed of the Minch could climb that precipitous barricade. They were necessarily deflected, one portion creeping to north-east and another to south-west, but both hugging the great wall of rock all the way. We see precisely the same result taking place in the bed of every stream. Let us stand upon an almost submerged boulder, and note how the water is deflected to right and left, and we shall observe at the same time that the boulder, by obstructing the current, forces the water downwards upon the bed of the stream, the result being that a hollow is dug out in front. Now, in a similar manner, the ice, squeezed and pressed against the Hebridean ridge by the steady flow of the great current that crossed the Minch, necessarily acted with intense erosive force upon its bed. Hence in the course of time it scooped out a series of broad deep trenches along the whole inner margin of the Long Island, the amount of the excavation reaching from 200 to 300 feet. Similar excavated basins occur in like positions opposite all the precipitous islands of the Inner Hebrides. Wherever, indeed, the ice-sheet met with any great obstruction to its flow, there excessive erosion took place, and a more or less deep hollow was dug out in front of the opposing cliff, or crag, or precipitous mountain. While, therefore, the upper strata of the ice-sheet overflowed the Outer Hebrides from south-east to north-west, the under portions of the same great ice-flow were compelled by the contour of the ground to creep away to north-east and south-west, until they could steal round the ridge and so escape outwards to the Atlantic.

This being the case, we have a very simple and obvious explanation of the absence of Skye rocks in the till of the Long Island. One sees readily enough that the sub-glacial *débris* dragged across the Minch would naturally be rolled away to south-west and north-east by the "under-tow" or deflected ice. It is quite impossible that any Skye fragments or bits of rock from the mainland could travel over the bed of the Minch, and then be pushed up the precipitous rock wall of the Long Island. There is only one place in all the Outer Hebrides where we might

expect to meet with extraneous boulders in the till, and that is in the north of Lewis, where the land shelves gently into the sea, and the great rocky ridge terminates. Here the under-strata of the ice would begin to steal up upon the land, favoured by its gentle inclination, and in that very place accordingly we meet with a deposit of till in which are found many boulders of a hard red sandstone, and some of various porphyries which are quite alien to the Long Island. Moreover, the till itself in that locality is much more of a clay than the usual sub-glacial *débris* in other parts of Lewis, and contains numerous fragments of sea-shells. All this is quite in keeping with the other evidence. The extreme north end of Lewis was overflowed by the under-current that crept up the bed of the Minch, hugging the Hebridean ridge, and dragging along with it a muddy mass interspersed with the shells and other marine *exuviae* that lay in its path, and numerous stones, some of which may have come from Skye, while others were derived from the mainland.

I have already said enough, perhaps, about the abrasion of the Hebrides, but I may add a few words upon the origin of the freshwater lakes. Many of these rest in complete rock basins; others, again, seem to lie partly upon solid rock and partly upon till; while yet others appear to occupy mere shallow depressions in the surface of the till. All of them thus owe their origin to the action of the ice-sheet. As one might have expected, the great majority lie along the outcrop of the gneissic strata, which, as a rule, corresponds pretty closely to the flow of the ice. Hence the general trend of the lakes is from south-east to north-west. In many cases in fashioning these rock-basins the ice has merely deepened in an irregular manner previously existing hollows, which are now, of course, filled with water. In not a few places, however, the lakes are drawn out in other directions—this being due usually to changes in the strike or outcrop of the strata. For example, over a considerable district in the south of Lewis many lake-hollows extend from south-west to north-east, or at right angles to the direction of the ice-flow. Such lakes are usually dammed up at one or both extremities by glacial *débris*.

Thus most of the features characteristic of the Outer Hebrides owe their origin directly or indirectly to the action of that great sheet of ice which swept over the islands during what is called the glacial epoch. And there is no region in northern Europe where the



immensity of the abrading agent can be more vividly realised. From a study of the phenomena there exhibited we for the first time obtain a definite idea of the surface-slope, and are able to plumb the old ice-sheet, and ascertain with some approach to accuracy its exact thickness. In the deeper parts of the area, between the mainland and the Long Island, its thickness was not less than 3,800 feet. Of course this great depth of ice could not have been derived exclusively from the snow that fell on the mountains of the north-west Highlands. Doubtless the precipitation took place over its whole surface, just as is the case in Greenland and over the Antarctic continent. The winter cold must have been excessive, but the precipitation necessary to sustain such a mass of ice implies great evaporation; in other words, the direct heat of the sun *per diem* in summer time was probably considerably in excess of what it is now in these

latitudes. The west and south-west winds must have been laden with moisture, the greater portion of which would necessarily fall in the form of snow. We see something analogous to this taking place in the Antarctic regions at the present day. That quarter of the globe has its summer in perihelion, and, therefore, must be receiving then more heat *per diem* than our hemisphere does in its summer season, which, as every one knows, happens when the earth is farthest removed from the sun. But, notwithstanding this, the summer of the Antarctic continent is cold and ungenial—the presence of the great ice-sheet there cooling the air and causing most of the moisture to fall as snow. Paradoxical as it may seem, therefore great summer heat is almost, if not quite, as necessary as excessive winter cold for the production and maintenance of a wide continental glacier.

JAMES GEIKIE.

## ROBERT DICK, BAKER.

"A country lad is my degree,  
An' few there be that ken me, O."

BY all manner of right, there ought to have stood after Dick's name, not the word "baker," but a confused alphabet of honourable titles—F.G.S., F.L.S., F.R.S., D.C.L.—whatever distinctions our great societies have wherewith to reward genius, large original discoveries in natural science, literary skill, industry, and virtue. But Robert Dick had none of these. He was apprenticed to a baker at the age of thirteen, and when he died at the age of fifty-six he was a baker still. Not a master baker even, with journeymen and apprentices under him, a man who could afford to give himself a holiday now and then; but a working man, who set the "sponge" and drew the "batch" with his own hands every day of these more than forty years, Sundays and fast-days alone excepted.

What story, then, can there be to have attracted one of the masters of nineteenth-century biography, and furnished him with matter to move and instruct us all? If Dick had been asked for his story, he would have answered as Canning's needy knifegrinder answered the friend of humanity—

"Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir."

Yet a story there is, and a very noble one, as noble as that of Tam Edwards, as instruc-

tive, in its own way, as that of George Moore, showing us a fully finer specimen of the genus man. If ninety out of every hundred who read the story of Robert Dick, as Dr. Smiles has told it, do not say in their hearts, "Here is a man every way better than ourselves, when allowance is made for our more favourable circumstances," then we have been too charitable in guessing the proportion of the self-conceited at only ten per cent. The fancy strikes us that, if we were allowed to make a man, we would try to mix the character and the circumstances of George Moore with the character of Robert Dick, without the circumstances; but no doubt we would make a fearful mess of it by failure in the nicer balancings of the highest qualities, and in making the attempt we would sin grievously against the world to come, the world of rectifications and developments.

The life of Robert Dick is meagre in what are called events. The son of a respectable exciseman, he was born at Tullibody, at the foot of the Ochils, on the debatable ground between 1810 and 1811. He was set to learn his trade under a baker in his native town in 1823; after his apprenticeship was served, he worked in Leith, Glasgow, and Greenock, as a journeyman for about three years; in the summer of 1830 he set up a

little shop for himself in Wilson's Lane, Thurso, and there he worked single-handed till within a fortnight of his death, that is, for five-and-thirty years. His father had been promoted to a place in Thurso, and it was at his instance that the son ventured to open the second baker's shop in the most northerly town in Scotland. For the first two years his sister kept his house and helped in the sale of the bread; then promotion removed his father to Haddington, and the young baker was left absolutely alone in sight of Ultima Thule. Thereupon he engaged as his housekeeper a faithful Highland woman, Annie Mackay, who remains to lament "her guid maister." From that time till the end, his life was, so far as business was concerned, one unvarying daily round of kneading, firing, and selling bread and biscuits; he lived as simply as an anchorite, as purely as St. Anthony, and to better purpose.

For this man had immense resources of life within himself, and made the most of them. His business allowed him considerable leisure, between the early morning when one day's bread was ready for sale, and the evening when the preparation of another day's bread must be begun; but his genius had already taught him, before he became his own master, the art of making time. With a powerful brain and a large, loving heart, he observed nature carefully while still a boy and lad among the glens of the Ochils, eagerly read whatever he could lay his hands on, and so formed for himself a world of knowledge and delight which was all his own, and independent, as far as might be, of outward circumstances. Not altogether, for he was three times wounded, sore hurt, in his fine sensitive nature, and these three woundings seriously affected his life. It may be questioned, however, whether they were not attended by compensation: he might not, but for them, have enjoyed the splendid satisfaction of developing his own resources of thought and application.

The first wounding was in boyhood. He lost his own mother when he was about six and got another when he was ten years old. The stepmother had children of her own, and looked on the first family as intruders. "Robert stayed out rather than remain indoors. He wandered about among the hills. He wore out his shoes. To prevent him going out, his stepmother hid them. Still Robert climbed the hills, and came home with bleeding feet. He was punished for his misdoings, and commanded to stay at

home. This did not hinder him from going out again. He would wander along the Devon looking for birds' nests. This was as bad as climbing the Ochils, and he was again thrashed with a stick. . . . Robert Dick never complained. He took his thrashings without grumbling. Still he went on in his old way, though he could not but feel the hollowness of his new motherhood." It was thus that he became a baker. At first there were hopes of his being sent to college, for his talents showed themselves early; but now, to get them out of the house in an inexpensive way, his much-married father was fain to let a daughter go to service, another son to the sea, and Robert to the bakehouse. When he afterwards heard of a neighbour losing his wife, he said, "Ah! a sad thing for the bairns! Had my own mother been alive I would never have been a baker." But although the sense of unkindness and injustice remained, all this did not spoil him. He was patient and loving still, and won the hearts of his master's children. He took revenge on no one; he only lived more within himself, and began to cultivate more eagerly the inexhaustible delights of nature.

The second hurt came in early manhood, soon after he was settled at Thurso. His old prentice-master and another at Greenock paid high compliment to his character, but showed little knowledge of the man, by sending him very plain-spoken hints about how favourably they would look on him as a suitor for the hands of their daughters. Robert Dick chose for himself, and was refused. He did not "speak o' loupin' over a linn," nor otherwise demean himself after the fashion of Duncan Gray, but simply fell back upon himself. Overtures of reconciliation on the part of the coy "Meg" were quietly ignored. But he did not, as one of a meaner nature might, become a drudge, a tippler, or a pest, when he thus found that he was doomed to be only a working baker and a solitary bachelor all his days; he threw his heart and soul into the study of the works of God, new and old, found daily reward in the joy of knowledge achieved, and made his life after all a success.

Insects, plants, rocks became the objects of unwearied and highly intelligent study. Dick mastered the botany and the geology of Caithness so thoroughly as to make Balfour and Hugh Miller and Sir Roderick Murchison his willing and grateful disciples, and to lay teachers and professors throughout the three kingdoms under obligations for specimens and fossils. The physical labour

he underwent was something marvellous. Bound to be so many hours of each day in his bakehouse, he yet contrived to march over every corner of the land within thirty miles of Thurso. Tramps of thirty, fifty, even sixty miles, were accomplished between the evening of one day and the afternoon of another, or between early dawn and evening of the same day. Wetting his stockings in every burn, and taking a draught of clear water, he went swinging on at four miles an hour, and would put five miles into the last hour homeward. A new fern, the bone of a fossil fish, was his abundant reward. He was no mere collector; he fully understood the relation of his work to science, and formed independent judgments. Dick's flour merchant in Leith received from time to time commissions for books, and once for a powerful microscope; and many an hour was spent in thorough study and patient investigation. The top of Morven, the cliffs of Dunnet, the sections of boulder-clay on the Thurso and the Freswick rivers, yielded to his determined searching all the knowledge one man could obtain, and more than any other man had yet attained. No wonder the Thurso folks thought they had got a mad baker! He had a large head and a round, comely face, with smiling, dancing eyes; but he strode swiftly through their streets in hob-nailed shoes and jean trousers, surmounted by a swallow-tailed coat of shepherd tartan and chimney-pot hat of pre-historic antiquity even in Caithness; and they saw him return at all strange hours, from the cliffs, laden with useless stones, or from the country, bedraggled with mud and carrying dirty weeds. If they had never thought anything worse of Robert Dick than that he was mad, we would not have blamed the people of Thurso.

As time went on they got more light. That the baker was honest, kindly, pure, most faithful to his trade, and the maker of first-rate biscuits, every quarryman and sailor knew; and men with great names began to make pilgrimages to Thurso for the purpose of seeing his collections and talking with him face to face. Hugh Miller modified his published opinions considerably after becoming acquainted with him, and made public acknowledgment of his obligations to the obscure baker; and Hugh, both as a Cromarty mason and as editor of *The Witness*, was a high authority in the north. Sir Roderick Murchison, at the meeting of the British Association in 1858, made a speech in which he named Robert Dick, and said,

"I am proud to call him my distinguished friend. When I went to see him, he spread out before me a map of Caithness and pointed out its imperfections."—This is mild and courtly language: the last vials of Dick's scorn were reserved for ignorant map-makers and gentlemen who geologised in gigs.—"He delineated to me, by means of some flour which he spread out on his baking-board, not only its geographical features, but certain geological phenomena which he desired to impress upon my attention. Here is a man who is earning his daily bread by his hard work, who is obliged to read and study by night, and yet who is able to instruct the Director-General of the Geographical Survey! But this is not half what I have to tell you of Robert Dick. When I became better acquainted with this distinguished man, and was admitted into his sanctum, which few are permitted to enter"—it was indeed a special favour, and never allowed to fools if Dick, who was a good judge of a man's face, knew it—"I found there busts of Byron, of Sir Walter Scott, and other great poets. I also found there books, carefully and beautifully bound, which this man had been able to purchase out of the savings of his single bakery. I also found that Robert Dick was a profound botanist. I found, to my humiliation, that this baker knew infinitely more of botanical science—ay, ten times more—than I did, and that there were only some twenty or thirty British plants that he had not collected. . . . These specimens were all arranged in most beautiful order, with their respective names and habitats; and he is so excellent a botanist that he might well have been a professed ornament of Section D."

But Dick never saw a meeting of the British Association, nor contributed a single paper to it or to any other learned body. Not for want of literary ability, certainly. His letters in this book\* suffer nothing by being set beside the flowing periods of Hugh Miller, and the careful, pellucid Saxon of Dr. Smiles. They were written under many disadvantages, without the remotest thought of publication, to inform brother geologists or to cheer a sister who complained of low spirits; yet the writing is clear, nervous, easy, full of felicitous terms and phrases. Wisdom and truth and humour abound in these letters; but it is of their execution we are speaking. Many a man earns more by his pen than Dick did by hard manual toil

\* Robert Dick, Baker, of Thurso, Geologist and Botanist. By Samuel Smiles, LL.D. London: John Murray, 1878.



who has not the easy power of wielding it which he had.

Why did he not write for the press, and enrich literature with a formal account of his rambles in Caithness? The book would have been a sure success; but Robert Dick would not for a moment entertain such an idea. Writing to Hugh Miller in the summer of 1845 about a paper referring to his discoveries which had just appeared in *The Witness*, he says, "I had not read very far when I had a notion of what was coming, and the perspiration began to rise profusely from my brow. . . . Like a good man, do not speak so often about me by name. I am a quiet creature, and do not like to see myself in print at all; so leave it to be understood who found the old bones, and let them guess who can." His friend Charles Peach sent him a newspaper containing the speech of Sir Roderick Murchison, from which we have quoted, and he replied by dashing off in fifteen minutes a humorous song in seven verses. Peach sent it to the Wick paper: the geologists in London got hold of it and sang it at their dinners. But Dick was not well pleased. "The rhyme was merely meant to make you laugh, and, that purpose served, to burn it. Time was when I used to scribble songs by the dozen, though I dare say no one would give a bawbee for a bagful of them. I never was free enough of care and trouble to cultivate the gift. . . . And you laughed, did you? So much laughter, so much life enjoyed. You are very dowie, you say. Well, Charles, if you gain by that, you'll lose by nothing." These two last sentences contain Dick's practical philosophy of life. Although he "had a great deal of unknown grief," he laughed more than he wept, sometimes enjoying great loud guffaws when all alone; and he found out the secret—more precious than any other of his discoveries—of profiting by sadness. But he was both modest, which is a virtue, and invincibly shy, which is a weakness. The wounds inflicted on his tender heart in childhood and early manhood left their deep scar. Seeing what a grand man he was, and what great powers he had, we grudge that he did not obtain more substantial profit and enjoy more social happiness; we think of him as like a splendid block of marble, large and pure, but with a hopeless flaw running through it.

For he was wounded a third time, and more sorely than before. Until the disruption in 1843 Dick diligently attended the Established Church, and when almost all the

congregation went out he professed himself "very well satisfied with the Church of his fathers," and bore the reproach of being one of those who "stuck to the waas." It was even proposed, in the scant of wood wherewith to make fresh pins of the tabernacle, to make Robert an elder. But one Monday morning he met Geddie the barber in the street.

"Ah!" said Geddie, "that was a fine sermon o' the minister's yesterday!"

"Yes," said Dick, "but he was perhaps a wee thocht indebted to Blair's Sermons and Hervey's Meditations."

"Ay, was he?" said the barber; and away he went to spread the report among the tattle-mongers of the place. It reached the ears of the minister, and one day Dick got a sermon which "made his ears tingle, upon the awful crime of Sabbath-breaking, upon going about on the Sabbath day and wandering in pursuit of science falsely so called." His life was blameless in the eye of man, honest, industrious, kindly, pure; and the only foundation for this dastardly attack was that, being an early riser, Dick often took a long stroll on fine Sunday mornings along the shore, enjoying the caller air and the glorious scenery, but returning at breakfast time and getting ready for church. When thus assailed, he said, "Well, I'll never more be preached at. Religion is not the kirk, neither is it the preaching of one minister or another. I'll stay at home, and do my religious services myself."

And so he did. He studied his Bible, and there were among his books "several commentaries, a set of Bible maps, the works of Josephus, Mosheim, Kitto, Hervey, Wardlaw and others." "His old servant used to say, if she wanted a sermon she had not far to go for it. 'Tae hear ma maister sometimes, ye wud think you were hearing Mr. Cook of Reay, or Mr. Munro of Halkirk preaching from the tent on the Thursday o' the sacrament.'" No doubt he suffered from this cruel hurt and from spending the last twenty years of his life under the ban of the "unco guid;" but he suffered infinitely less than they did themselves. Those who knew him best speak strongly of his profoundly reverent spirit, and such a sentence as this occurs in a letter to his sister so late as 1863. "I often consult Moses' writings. How fine is that about the scapegoat sent into the wilderness with the cord about his horns, bearing a burden that he did not feel. Splendid Bible that!" Although he knew more about Geology and thought more

deeply about its revelations than many, he was in no haste, like some, to set aside the divine revelation in Genesis; his big head and his rooted faith taught him rather to proclaim that Geology was still in its infancy and to wait patiently for a reconciliation. When he was dying, the words of our Lord in the fourteenth chapter of St. John "were a great consolation to him;" and the minister who prayed with him says he "was the most humble believer that he ever met."

Robert Dick was a man of great independence. Sir George Sinclair, his warm friend and admirer, might not patronise him. When Lady Sinclair proposed to change her baker so as to help his sinking trade, he would not hear of the bread being taken out of another man's mouth. When the Duke of Argyll called at his shop and sent in his name, the baker was busy, and could not leave good bread to be burned; but he sent out a message fixing an hour when he would be free to show his Grace his fossils and specimens. The Duke was not punctual, and the baker went out, leaving instructions with Annie Mackay to take his Grace upstairs to the sanctum.

But Dick's independence came out best under the calamities which overwhelmed his later years. A quantity of flour coming to him from Leith got spoiled by salt water, and without being insured. The amount was £45, a sum which represented naked ruin to one whose trade had been steadily declining under the combined influence of reckless competition and the aforesaid suspicion of irreligion. His sister had, before this disaster, offered to send him money and clothing; but his answer was, "Things have not come so far as that yet. If they had I should need a strait-jacket. When any man or woman consents to receive such things as you spoke of, and for such a purpose, then adieu to all self-dependence and self-respect. Then, ten to one, the individual would become degraded and useless. You have no idea how injurious it is, both to soul and body, to wear next your skin what one never toiled for." His resource now was the sale of his fossils, and the acceptance of a loan of £20 from his sister. He wrote about the sale to a geological friend in London, who seems to have kindly instructed the bank to place a sum at Dick's disposal, and to have made some pleasant reference to his independence. "It is all very good," wrote Dick, "to talk to me about independence. I have laboured

among flour-bags for the last thirty-eight years, but I never yet knew an *empty bag to stand upright*. A very kind and discerning public have, for the last eighteen years, set me down as independent and fed me with chopped straw; and now those drunken blackguards of the steamer have ruined me. I am a beggar, not in word, but in fact . . . I have laboured hard and sifted it out, and made out six bags of spoil flour! With my sister's £20, and with what the flour may do, and perhaps other resources, I will try and manage to pay my bill. You will please to give orders to the National Bank accordingly. *Reverse your order*. I have not gone to the bank, and do not intend to go on the errand you speak of." But the flour was found to be useless, and after all the fossils must go. He wrote next day, asking his friend to say a good word for him to Sir R. Murchison, and induce him to buy them. "The fossils are not many, but they are such as Sir Roderick has not in his museum." His friend was glad to buy them for himself at £46; and Dick closed the bargain, "thanking him most sincerely."

The courageous man lived on for three years and a half, regaining his cheerfulness, but never getting over his poverty. At last he staggered home from a long walk in a burning fever, and suffered much for four months from dropsy. But he worked on at his trade till the last fortnight. Then he died. In his clothes-chest were found sovereigns ready to pay his debt to his sister. The sale of his books and furniture realised enough to pay all his other debts, with a very small remainder for good Annie Mackay.

"At his death there was an almost universal sob throughout the town." The people of Thurso, who had never understood Robert Dick, and some of whom had done him hard wrong, seem to have felt that they had lost a great man. They honoured him with a public funeral, and they have adorned their town with an obelisk in his memory. One is unpleasantly reminded of a text in which certain persons get little credit for "building the sepulchres of the prophets." If they had only bought his good bread!

However, Robert Dick's monument is in the worthy book of which we have given a most scanty digest. It will do all sorts of people good—scientific people and religious, plain folk and patrons—to make the acquaintance of a truly noble man.

ALEXR. MACLEOD SYMINGTON.

## THE DUTCH FLAG IN THE NORTHERN SEAS.

By ALBERT HASTINGS MARKHAM.

## PART III.—CONCLUSION.

"Colder and louder blew the wind,  
A gale from the north-east;  
The snow fell hissing in the brine,  
And the billows frothed like yeast."

LONGFELLOW.

THE stay of the *Willem Barents* in the pretty little harbour of Vardo was not a protracted one. Much had to be done before winter, with its icy grasp, chained the northern zone in its frozen fetters, and the commander and his officers were eager to accomplish their work before the lateness of the season should compel them to return. A few hours, therefore, was all the time that was allowed for the dispatch of letters and telegrams and the purchase of fresh provisions, and on the evening of the day of arrival, July 22nd, the schooner again put to sea.

Good use, however, must have been made of the time placed at the disposal of the officers and crew of the little vessel, for it is recorded that letters were posted for which no less than fifty shillings' worth of stamps had to be obtained.

Leaving Vardo with a low and falling barometer, it was to be expected that bad weather might be experienced, but they were hardly prepared on board the *Willem Barents* for the long continuance of dirty weather that ensued.

Heavy gales of wind, generally from the north-west, day after day, kept the little schooner struggling under storm canvas only, her deck deluged with water, and nothing to be seen but a leaden-coloured sky and a leaden-coloured sea. In spite of the wind, they also had to endure the discomforts of a thick fog, which was so continuous that the sun was only seen once in ten days.

Notwithstanding the bad weather they made rapid progress northwards, adhering as much as possible to the forty-fifth meridian of longitude, obtaining soundings and taking serial observations whenever practicable. Indeed, in the performance of these important duties, judging from the results, they seem to have been indefatigable.

Between the 30th and 31st of July they appear to have arrived at the boundary line where the warm and cold surface currents meet, as the following comparison of tables of temperatures at various depths obtained on those days will show.

July 30th.		July 31st.	
Lat. 75° 16' N.; Long. 45° 19' E.		Lat. 76° 11' N.; Long. 45° 36' E.	
Depth.	Temperature.	Depth.	Temperature.
Surface	+ 4	Surface	+ 2·9
5 fathoms	+ 3·7	5 fathoms	+ 2·5
10 "	+ 3·6	10 "	+ 2
20 "	+ 3·5	20 "	+ 1·5
30 "	..	30 "	+ 0·5
40 "	+ 1·8	40 "	- 0·1
50 "	..	50 "	- 0·5
60 "	+ 0·8	60 "	- 0·6
70 "	..	70 "	- 0·4
80 "	- 0·2	80 "	0
90 "	..	90 "	+ 0·3
100 "	- 0·3	100 "	+ 0·5
110 "	..	110 "	+ 0·2
120 "	- 0·5	120 "	0
140 "	- 1	132 "	- 0·9
158 "	- 1·3		

The instrument used for obtaining these results was a Celsius centigrade thermometer, made by Negretti and Zambra. On the first occasion, bottom was obtained in 158 fathoms and found to be blue clay. On the latter occasion, in 132 fathoms it was yellow mud with stone.

By comparing the temperatures at the different depths on these days, it will be seen that on the 30th of July, the temperatures decreased in a regular proportionate scale to the bottom; but on the following day not only was the water much colder at the same depths, but the temperature distinctly showed that a less cold stream existed between 60 and 100 fathoms, after which the water again began to get colder until the bottom was reached.

The study of the currents in the Arctic regions is a most interesting one, for they play an important part, not only in the movements, but also in the creation of those enormous ice-fields which have so often baffled our bravest and most energetic explorers. A vessel dispatched to the Barents Sea for the sole purpose of investigating this interesting subject would be amply rewarded by the results that are certain to be obtained, irrespective of researches which could and would undoubtedly be made at the same time in other branches of science.

The falling of the temperature on the 1st of August announced the proximity of ice, and on the evening of that day they reached



the edge of the pack in  $77^{\circ} 28' N.$  latitude. It was not what is commonly termed a solid pack, for streams of water existed stretching away to the northward as far as could be seen from the crew's-nest.

The commander decided upon entering one of these lanes and so pushing northwards, but a thick fog and mist completely concealing everything from view, induced him to alter his intention and steer to the westward. As a fresh wind was blowing, and the weather was as "thick as pea soup," the poor little *Willem Barents* was roughly handled by the ice, receiving shocks that "brought her up all standing," and played considerable havoc with Grant's chemicals, which were stowed in the fore peak.

On the 7th, the wind having subsided, the schooner was made fast with the ice anchors to a heavy floe, whose edge was adorned with great masses of piled-up hummocks, which afforded them an opportunity of replenishing their rapidly diminishing stock of drinking water. Good water can only be obtained from icebergs the productions of glaciers, or from old heavy floes on whose surfaces the snow has thawed, forming pools of water which have again become frozen and converted into ice. The water obtained from snow or ice on the surface of an old floe is always pure and good, whereas taken from a floe of one season's formation it is invariably brackish.

While the majority of the people were thus engaged in procuring water, serial temperatures were taken, Sluiter was hard at work with the dredge, Grant with his photographic apparatus, and Speelman succeeded in getting a series of magnetic observations.

Working in a north-west direction towards Wiche's Land, from which they were only distant some sixty English miles, they encountered ice of a heavier and different description from any that they had previously seen. Although the floes themselves were not of very great extent, seldom larger than five hundred yards in circumference, they were much higher out of the water and more rugged and hummocky than the smooth level pieces they had hitherto been accustomed to. From the description of these floes they appeared to be closely allied, if not identical in size and construction, with the palæocrystic ice described by Sir George Nares, as composing that extensive frozen sea north of Grant-land and Greenland.

The most curious, and at the same time important, feature connected with this ice in the Barents Sea is, that the line of demar-

cation between the two distinct characters of ice is clear and defined. The heavy rugged floes are to the westward, and consequently along the east coast of Spitzbergen, whilst the young or one season's ice is to the eastward, and therefore along the western coast of Novaya Zemlya. These two different ice formations, for the sake of distinction, were called the east and west ice according to their positions. Their oppositeness of character must in a great measure be due to the existence of warm and cold currents, which in their turn are affected and deflected by the presence of land immediately to the northward.

The line of junction between these two different ice formations is, without a doubt, the road that should be adopted by any vessel desirous of attaining a high latitude in that locality. Ice navigation is at all times uncertain, but from the observations made by all those navigators who have attempted to explore the Barents Sea, it is almost an established fact that during the latter end of August and the beginning of September, a vessel, on about the forty-fifth meridian of longitude, can reach a high position, and if that vessel was provided with the powerful aid of steam it is not unreasonable to suppose that she could reach the land discovered by the Austrians and called Franz Josef Land.

It is also a well-known fact that the western shores of all known lands in the Arctic regions are more free of ice, and therefore the waters more navigable, than those seas on the eastern sides.

Under these circumstances we may very naturally infer that an expedition dispatched for the exploration of the western coast of Franz Josef Land would, if fairly favoured by fortune, yield the most satisfactory and successful results.

But to return to the *Willem Barents*, which we left in unpleasant proximity to heavy ice. Hoping to reach Wiche's Land, a north-westerly course, in spite of fog, was perseveringly steered, until eventually the little ship was completely surrounded and hemmed in by the ice. Fortunately it was loose and much scattered, and had the appearance of being the broken-off fragments of a heavy pack.

Regardless of consequences, the ship was then steered to the northward, in order that the pack itself should be reached and examined, but this idea had to be given up after a little time, on account of the great accumulation of fragmentary ice which effectually retarded, and almost beset, the little vessel.

A steamer perhaps would have succeeded in getting through, but what could a wretched little sailing vessel do? At the very time that the ice is most open, namely, in a calm, she was helpless; and the most favourable wind for clearing the ice, namely, a northerly one, was dead ahead, so that little or nothing could be accomplished.

The highest latitude, in this direction, was attained on the 8th of August, the schooner being then in 77° 44' N.

On the following day, whilst steering to the westward, the weather so thick from mist and snow, which had been falling all day, that it was impossible to see far ahead, the *Willem Barents* ran into a loose pack of heavy ice, and remained immovable. When the fog lifted and the snow ceased, a dismal prospect met their anxious gaze from the crow's-nest. As far as the eye could reach all looked white, white, white! A heavy pack surrounded them with no apparent opening by which they could escape. It was, indeed, an unpleasant sight; but the brave hearts on board were not appalled by the, apparently, hopeless turn affairs had taken. In those regions it never does to despond, for changes take place so suddenly and so unexpectedly, that when things look at their worst a change takes place, and all are soon again made joyous and elated. And so it proved in this case. Not many hours after the schooner was beset the ice slackened, and small lanes opened in an easterly direction.

One of these was instantly taken advantage of, and by dint of hard work and masterly seamanship the little vessel was extricated from her perilous position, though it was not for some time after that she succeeded in getting away altogether from the heavy west ice, and into the locality of the lighter and more friendly east ice. It was anxious but exciting work for all on board during the time they were battling for dear life with the massive floes, which seemed only too ready to crush and destroy the little vessel that had the audacity to invade their waters; and a great feeling of relief must have been experienced by them all when their commander cheerily hailed from the crow's-nest that they were safe.

When clear of the ice a S.S.E. course was shaped, in order to reach Matotschkin Scharr, in Novaya Zemlya, at which place they were ordered by their instructions to be on the 16th of August. Continued east winds, still accompanied by their enemies mist and fog, delayed them considerably on the passage.

The entrance to Matotschkin Scharr, a very narrow channel separating the two large islands which constitute Novaya Zemlya, is at all times difficult to find, on account of the prevalence of fogs and mists which prevent the navigator from fixing his position accurately by astronomical observations. There is so much similarity about the land that it is almost impossible to distinguish one promontory from another, so that, unless the actual position of the ship is known, it frequently happens that the entrance is passed, although perhaps the vessel may be close in to the land, without its being recognised.

At length, after many days' toiling against a head wind and ceaseless fog, the *Willem Barents* reached to within about four miles of the land, of which they obtained occasional glimpses through the mist, but the mountains, by which they hoped to verify their position, were completely concealed from view.

Eventually, after anxious waiting, the sun shone forth, dispelling the fog, and enabled them to distinguish the land. On the 20th of August they ran through the strait and anchored in a snug little bay, sheltered from all winds, off the mouth of the Tjirakina River. Small pieces of bay-ice, that is ice of recent formation, was drifting about with the tide, but too insignificant in thickness and quantity to deserve any special notice. Here, in consequence of a north-easterly gale, the schooner remained for five days, the time being profitably employed by the scientific staff in numerous important and interesting investigations in this little-known country, which was explored and walked over for many miles around.

Many seals were seen near the anchorage, and a few were shot. A herd, also, of twenty-eight reindeer were observed on shore, but, in spite of strenuous exertions on the part of the sportsmen, they eluded pursuit and escaped to the interior unharmed and intact in number.

On the afternoon of the 25th the *Willem Barents* was again under weigh, and slowly, against a head wind, making progress to the northward, keeping as close as possible to the western land of Novaya Zemlya.

The scenery of this coast was not considered to be so fine or so grand as that of Spitzbergen, and was far more dreary and desolate in appearance, although along the northern shore it was set off by the numerous glaciers that exist there, and which must always add to the beauties of an Arctic landscape.

On the 29th of August they ran close into



DUTCH ARCTIC EXPEDITION AMONG ICE IN THE BARENTS SEA.





the land, which proved to be one of the Pankratjew Islands, and they were not prepossessed in favour of the low, ugly, and desolate-looking shore along which they coasted. The sun, making its appearance for a short time, enabled them to obtain sights, and so to satisfactorily determine the exact position of a large depôt of provisions that had been established by the Austrians in 1874 on one of the Barents Islands, the site of which was marked by a cross and cairn. These provisions, in case of any untoward accident befalling their little vessel, would be of the utmost importance to them. On the northern point of the island a cairn was observed, and a boat sent to examine it; but no record could be found, or any clew discovered as to who erected it, or for what purpose it had been constructed. Nothing could exceed the desolate sterility of the shore; though it proved to be intensely interesting in a geological point of view, the limestone formation of which it was composed being rich in fossiliferous impressions of a fauna and flora of a warmer and more genial climate.

On the 29th of August Cape Nassau was reached, or rather what was supposed to be Cape Nassau; its exact position, however, was difficult to determine, no two charts agreeing as to its situation. This was a drawback, for a memorial stone, and the most important one of all—as it was to the memory of the greatest of all Dutch Arctic navigators, Willem Barents, who discovered the island—was to be set up on this cape.

Owing to the difficulty of obtaining the latitude and longitude, on account of the continued obscurity of the sun, the officers of the *Willem Barents* were unable to rectify the charts and to place the cape in its proper position. There is so much sameness about the different headlands in this part of the Arctic regions that it was really hard for them to decide which really should be the cape to be honoured as the one on which to place their memorial stone.

But the work of landing it was not even to be easily achieved; wind and weather combined against them, and after cruising about for over a week in the vicinity of the cape, they were compelled, though sorely against their will, to relinquish the attempt and steer to the southward.

Those were indeed very trying days for all on board the *Willem Barents*. They were off a barren, rocky coast, in waters known to abound with rocks and shoals, almost unexplored, and totally unsurveyed; the land,

though near, hardly ever visible through the fog and thick weather so prevalent in that locality; whilst the faulty maps only gave them false ideas of their position and destroyed confidence. But for nine days did these brave fellows persevere, hugging the cape in their little sailing vessel, with the faint hope they might yet be able to carry out the wishes of their countrymen.

On the 3rd of September their hopes and wishes nearly approached realization, and their task was all but accomplished. On that morning, the wind and sea having subsided, and the weather having cleared slightly, they obtained a good view of the land, which was white with snow. Being, as they imagined, off Cape Nassau, and knowing they would not get such a favourable opportunity again, a boat, with provisions for fourteen days, with Beynen, Hymans, and Grant, with four men, hurriedly left the ship. It is always necessary, where a return to the ship may be delayed, to provide against eventualities, and they knew well if anything happened to their vessel that with the stock of provisions with which they were furnished, they would be enabled to reach the depôt already mentioned as having been established by the Austrians, where they would find sufficient to subsist on during a winter, should stern fate ordain that they should be compelled to pass a winter on that dreary and inhospitable island. Rowing and sailing and using their utmost exertions in order to expedite matters, they reached what they considered to be the most northern point of land, and beaching their boat, proceeded to drag the heavy stone to the top of the promontory, which they believed to be Cape Nassau. A round of angles, with a boat's compass, when the summit was reached, only confirmed them in this impression. Whilst so employed the sun, which had so long been hidden, burst out, enabling them for the first time to obtain a view of their surroundings. It was not a pleasing one that met their sight. Everything appeared covered with snow or ice, the whole land resembling one huge glacier; hills, mountains, and valleys were covered with one snowy sheet, without a single dark object to relieve the intense whiteness of the scenery. The only contrast to the general smoothness of the landscape was when the eye wandered to a couple of large glaciers, whose surfaces were a mass of wild confusion, irregular heaps of ice, sharp and pointed, all heaped together in chaotic wildness, and in an indescribable manner.

Knowing the anxiety that would be felt

by all on board the schooner during their absence, Beynen and his party hastened on with the work they had in hand; which, being accomplished to their great gratification, they hurried on board, having waded up to their waists in water, in consequence of the rising of the tide, to regain their boat. Their mortification may be better imagined than described, when they were informed on their arrival on board that whilst the sun was out good observations had been obtained, and that the cape on which they had erected the stone was found to be *not* Cape Nassau! Can anything more vexatious than the receipt of this intelligence be imagined? Most people would have been satisfied to allow the stone to remain where it was, more especially as the position was close to the intended one. Not so the honest and conscientious Dutch! On the same evening the party landed and brought the stone back to the ship, in spite of a strong gale that was blowing, in which their boat ran no little risk of being swamped.

The next day was the birthday of the Prince of Orange, and they hoped they would have been able to celebrate it by putting the stone in its proper place; but they were again doomed to disappointment, for on that day a south-westerly storm raged with all the accompaniments of rain, snow, and a high sea.

On the following day, the weather having moderated slightly, and being close to another cape, which, by their observations, they believed to be the true Cape Nassau, the party again left the ship with the stone, which, to less patriotic and enthusiastic men, would have been regarded by that time with less favourable eyes. Passing innumerable reefs, over which the sea roared and the surf broke heavily, they succeeded in beaching the boat in fairly smooth water; Grant, in his eagerness to land, tumbling head over heels out of the boat and getting thoroughly drenched, thereby not improving the lenses and other photographic articles with which his pockets were filled. A round of angles with the azimuth compass was then taken by Beynen, when, to his great vexation, he was obliged to announce that they were not on the most north-western point of land, and therefore *not* on Cape Nassau.

This was another bitter disappointment to them all, more especially as they felt convinced that the continuous bad weather they were experiencing was only the forerunner of the fast approaching winter. Taking this into consideration, the commander came to

the conclusion that further attempts were useless, and as his instructions expressly forbade him to run the risk of spending a winter in the ice, he wisely determined to return to Holland.

Before turning the ship's head southwards, however, he resolved upon running once more to the north, in order to ascertain the locality of the pack. This was met on the morning of the 8th in latitude  $78^{\circ} 17' N.$ , longitude  $55^{\circ} 14' E.$ , not far from the highest position reached by Payer in the *Isbjorn*, and not many miles from the spot where the *Tegethoff* was hopelessly beset, never to be released.

Here they encountered one of the worst gales experienced since leaving Holland, and were compelled to "lay to" under close-reefed storm sails for many hours. The shortening days warned them that to delay longer might be fatal to their prospects of getting home before the winter set in; so, taking their last look at the ice on the 9th of September, the schooner's head was turned to the southward, and the homeward passage commenced.

The order to put the helm up must have been a gratifying one for the commander to give, and for those on board the *Willem Barents* to receive; for they, one and all, had the supreme satisfaction of knowing that they had striven to the utmost to comply with the instructions they had received, and that the result of their cruise was successful beyond even the most sanguine expectations they may have formed previous to their departure from Holland.

The bad weather they had been fated to endure for so long persistently attended them on their homeward journey; hardly a day passed without the sails having to be close-reefed, and once only for a few hours was the sun seen!

On the evening of September 22nd Fuglo Noe lighthouse (the most northern one in the world) was sighted, and at two o'clock the following afternoon the *Willem Barents* came to an anchor off Hammerfest, having been compelled to relinquish the idea of going to Tromsø on account of a head wind which was increasing to a gale.

On the 26th the schooner again put to sea, and experiencing on the whole fine weather and fair winds, worked her way down the North Sea, eventually arriving at Ijmuiden on the evening of the 12th of October, thence going on through the Canal to Amsterdam.

Thus terminated the cruise of the little *Willem Barents*.



That it was marvellously successful no one can gainsay.

It had for its object not exploration, but reconnaissance, and the reports that Commander de Bruyne and Lieutenant Beynen will be able to furnish will be of the greatest importance.

To the west of Spitzbergen they succeeded in reaching a high latitude, and in all probability a much higher position could have been attained had such been one of the objects of the expedition; but it was not. Moreover, the commander was expressly enjoined against running the risk of getting his little vessel beset, for without steam-power her extrication would have been difficult, perhaps impossible; and it was well known that any catastrophe would probably put an end for some time to future Arctic exploration on the part of the Dutch nation.

In the Barents Sea the report that will be drawn up regarding the conditions and formation of the ice will be of the greatest possible interest, as pointing to the route that should be adopted for further research.

But one of the most important results of the expedition is the valuable collection of serial temperatures and deep-sea soundings that were obtained over a very large area of the Barents Sea.

When these observations have been carefully worked out, we shall be made acquainted with the various currents, both on and below the surface of the sea, which must exert very great influence on the ice in that neighbourhood.

The cordial and enthusiastic reception given to the members of the expedition on their arrival in Holland fully testified the high appreciation in which their services were regarded by their countrymen. They have fully upheld the honour of their flag, and have proved themselves worthy successors of the brave old Dutch navigators whose names they were desirous of inscribing indelibly on the scene of their discoveries.

This will not be the last Dutch Arctic expedition. For this year the *Willem Barents* is to go out again, and it is to be hoped that in 1880 a powerful steamer will take her place and continue the good work.

## THE CYMRIC TOWN.

[The remains of the dwellings of the ancient Cymri are constantly to be met with on the hills of the Scottish Lowlands. They consist generally of a group of ruined circular mounds, surrounded by one wider mound or bank of earth and stones.]

THE town of the Cymric men  
Is high on the airy hill;  
Green at my feet are its mounds,  
Its once living voices still.

One Power on earth they felt,  
The Spirit of gleam and shade;  
He woke in the morning ray,  
His sleep with the twilight made.

In gloom of the wood enwrapped,  
Dim fear to the soul He brings;  
Then sweet with the bird He speaks,  
In the note that joyous rings.

Shapeless the home and the hearth,  
Shapeless the cairn of the dead;  
Sun-god! ye gleam as of yore;  
Ye thrill not the mould'ring head.

The bee still hums in the heather,  
The old tune the waters keep;  
No charm for the nerveless ear,  
No break of that dreamless sleep.

Fair is the land of their love,  
Around their ruined home;  
Moorland wide and spreading sky,  
Far as the eye can roam.

Fit music flows in each name  
They gave to the wavy hill,  
The stream that winds thro' the haugh,  
And the rushing mountain rill.

Garlet, Garlavin, Caerdon,  
Ye speak of their ancient time;  
Penvenna, Trahenna, Traquair,  
Ye fall with a mystic chime.

Theirs Talla, Manor, and Fruid,  
Drummelzier foaming in speed;  
And, ere they had story or fame,  
Yarrow, and Teviot, and Tweed.

The rath and the ancient graves  
Beseech this lonely height;  
Fit tomb for the Cymric heart,  
Where the eagle sweeps in his flight.

Now meet falls the evening peace,  
A lone clear star is on high;  
Up the hill the white sheep wind,  
Ghostlike, 'neath the g'oamin' sky.

J. VEECH.

## BELLS.

BY THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

## PART FIRST.

I HAVE been asked, What can be said about bells? I ask, What cannot be said about bells? What is most used is often most forgotten. Air, sun, water, are not missed till taken away, and we should miss bells if we had not got them. I have enumerated in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," without exhausting the list, about thirty uses of small bells; but what is that compared to the uses of large ones? Here, indeed, an immeasurable expanse seems to open before me. I will compress it into four sections whilst I dwell upon—

1. The dignity of bells.
2. The history of bells.
3. The making of bells.
4. The music of bells.

## I.

The dignity of bells. With what strange and solemn memories have bells yet extant been associated! The long green bell in the leaning tower of Pisa, said to date back to the thirteenth century, which has rung for ages as the sad processions of criminals have passed over the bridge to execution—the very bell which, perchance, announced to the awe-struck Pisans that the wretched Ugolino, starved to death at the bottom of the tower, had at length ceased to breathe. The great Carolus at Antwerp, which first rung in 1467, when Charles the Bold entered the city; the storm-bell in Strasburg Cathedral, which still warns the traveller of the tempest seen from afar, sweeping over the Vosges; the small bell *Horrida*, the tocsin, 1316, covered with mildew, which hangs high up in Notre-Dame at Antwerp, and is never rung, by reason of its age and infirmities; the gate bell in many an old fortified town, that still sounds at the shutting and opening of the city portals; the curfew, which, from time immemorial, has rung over the flats of Cambridge and the fens of Ely, and still greets the ears of the freshman, reminding him of the time when the neighbourhood was one waste of perilous and poisonous marshes; the old Tournay bells, which from their city belfry greet the silent, colossal five towers of the grandest church in Belgium, and strike the ears of the traveller as he hurries along the high road from Lille, almost before the beacon light on the summit

of the belfry salutes his eyes—and these are chance specimens that rise in my memory at random.

Then consider the political importance of bells. Perhaps here, in time of peace, we can hardly realise what the bells were to the people in the Low Countries struggling with Spain for independence. But in those old towns of Bruges, Malines, Ghent, Louvain, Antwerp, he who controlled the bells ruled the town, for he possessed the one means of summoning and directing by their call the movements of his followers—hence the jealousy of the citizens over their bells. In the cathedral tower the best bells often belong to the town, not the church. At Antwerp the Carolus, the Curfew, the St. Mary's bell, all belong to the corporation. The first thing a conqueror did was to melt down the bells, as a token that the citizens had lost the power and the right of defending themselves. The cannons of the conquered, after a successful revolt, were often recast for bells. And still so jealous are the Belgians of their bells, that my utmost efforts to obtain the loan of a Hemony or Van den Gehyn bell of 1650 from a disused carillon, for my lecture on bells in Feb. 1879, at the Royal Institution, proved fruitless; under the best guarantees the people would not let the bells leave the country.

Perhaps I need hardly dwell upon the ecclesiastical importance of bells, how they rule and mark each impressive occasion of life. As I have elsewhere observed, we can perhaps hardly realise the extent to which the monotonous life of the old monks was bound up with the ringing of various bells. At the sound of the *signum*, or tower-bell, the whole monastery was roused from slumber at an early hour; the *squilla* summoned them to their frugal meal in the refectory; but if any of the monks were pacing the cloisters at the time and heard not the *squilla*, then the *campanella* or cloister-bell was rung. The *cymbalum* was also used in the cloister. The abbot had his *codon*, or small handbell, shaped like the orifice of a Greek trumpet; with this he summoned to his oratory or study the servile brother whose duty it was to attend to his call, whilst the *petasius*, or larger handbell, would be used occasionally to call the monks in from cultivating the fields. The *tinolium*, or dormi-

tory-bell, called the monks to bed. In the night-time the *noctula* or *dupla*, or clock-bell, struck to remind the brethren when they should rise and pray; whilst the dreaded *corrigiancula*, or scourging-bell, summoned the ascetics to their flagellatory devotions. But the bell of all others which awoke, and ever awakes, in the breast of Catholics the profoundest emotion is the silver-toned *nola* or choir-bell, rung at the consecration of the elements: when that shrill and irregular ring is heard through the church the monks fall prostrate and cross themselves; the dread miracle is being at that moment consummated; and only the most bigoted or unimaginative Protestant can withstand the indescribable thrill caused by the ringing of the sacramental bell, whilst clouds of incense typify the floating heavenward of the prayers of the faithful, and the crowd without the chancel-screen bow down simultaneously in mute adoration before the elevation of the Sacred Host.

Our Protestant associations with church-bells are, perhaps, less awful, but scarcely less touching and pathetic. We no longer ring bells to announce the miracle of transubstantiation, nor do we use them as of old to drive away demons, or exorcize the spirits of the possessed. But the passing-bell in a country churchyard—breaking the stillness of the summer afternoon, and arresting for a moment the busy haymakers, as they pause to listen and remember some old comrade who will no more be seen in their ranks—is scarcely less suggestive and solemn. At the midnight service—now so customary on the last evening in each year in all our great cities—I know few things more impressive than the striking of that midnight bell, which seems, as the crowd kneels within, to beat away on its waves of sound the hopes and fears and tumultuous passions of the dead year. When its echoes have ceased, those kneeling crowds feel that one more chapter in the book of life has been written—that bell has sealed the troubled past, and heralded in with its iron inexorable, though trembling, lips the unknown future.

Bells are associated with all the finest prospects in Europe. Stand on the summit of Strasburg Cathedral and see the magnificent panorama stretching away across the Alsatian plain to the Vosges mountains, or on Milan Cathedral, about sunset or sunrise, and look down on the beautiful garden of Lombardy, with the undulating line of the Alps lighted up in the distance; or on Antwerp tower and mark the winding Scheldt

until it loses itself in the Northern Sea, whilst no less than twenty different spires can be counted, containing amongst them all the finest carillons in Belgium—Bruges excepted, which stands in a valley and cannot be seen. And how solemn are the thoughts that crowd upon us as we survey from the Capitol at Rome the winding Tiber, the Campania, the purple line of the Latian and Albanian hills! At our feet lies the Rome of at least three great historic periods, beginning with the Rome of the Republic, and whilst the bright Italian moon lights up the Forum, the Coliseum, and the straggling line of the distant Vatican, you can hear the bell of the Capitol answer the bell of St. Peter's, wafting its solemn aves from the sepulchre of the Cæsars to the mausoleum of the Popes. Or stand lastly on the summit of St. Paul's, and as the discordant clang of its new bells dies away, look down upon the winding Thames and the horizon of the Hampstead hills, perhaps the only outlines that remain unbroken, of the land of the Druids, the Romans, the land of Chaucer, the English people, and Victoria. But there is hardly a country rector in England who could not, if he would, provide his guests with a rich treat by conducting them to the top of his belfry and showing them the lovely prospects of their native land.

If I pass for a moment from the sites to the voices of bells, what strange new thoughts arise! The bells say, "Le roi est mort," and they say, "Vive le roi!" they ring for the decapitation of one king, and the coronation of another; for the marriage of one royal wife, and the execution of another; for the massacre of eight thousand Catholics at the Sicilian Vespers in 1282, and for the massacre of ten thousand Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's day in 1571. Voices of life and death, ringing out one generation and ringing in the next, with mechanical, almost oppressive regularity and indifference; strange companions of man, conversing with him and yet not of him—passionate and yet passionless heralds of his joy, terror, triumph, vacillation, or despair, inseparably associated with his religious, political, social, and even domestic life. Write the history of the bells, and the occasions on which they have played the most prominent part in a thousand pageant-ries, and you will register in so many vignettes of ineffaceable brilliancy the history of every city and century of Christian civilisation.

## II.

So far the dignity of bells; I pass to the history of bells. I have, in the "Encyclopædia



Britannica," defined a bell as "an open percussion instrument, varying in shape and material, but usually cup-like, globular, and metallic; so constructed as to yield one dominant note," a definition intended to exclude gongs, drums, cymbals, metal plates, resonant bars of metal or wood. I wish the English people to conceive of a bell as a percussion instrument yielding one clear unmistakable musical note when the bell is struck. There should be no doubt about the note—you should be able to hum it. This may not have been, nay, is not always true of bells; but that is what the bell has grown to, what it arrives at and realises at its best. The bell has a long past, and it will have a long future; it did not attain its present shape, or quality, or size all at once, it took thousands of years. I shall not trouble my readers with the bells mentioned in the twenty-eighth chapter of Exodus, nor with Mr. Layard's bells found at Nineveh, nor with old oriental bells generally, of which I can only say that those I have had the advantage of hearing have been abominably bad.

We will begin with A.D. 180. Lucian mentions the clepsydra, or water bell—a bell rung periodically as the water fell from one level to another, marking the time. The Romans used bells to call to the bath, and the Christian Church adopted them about A.D. 400. France had them in 550, England in 680, and Switzerland in the tenth and eleventh centuries possessed a great many. There is St. Gall's bell, still preserved at the monastery of St. Gall, in Switzerland, and St. Patrick's bell, still to be seen in Belfast; but these are more interesting as curiosities than as bells. They are small quadrilateral hand bells, made of metal plates, and can never have had a good sound. In 1400, we get bells of larger calibre: in Paris, the bell Jacqueline, and another of eleven tons, as they say, but I doubt the figures. The great bell Amboise, 1501, of Rouen, is said to have weighed about fifteen tons; but whatever the exact weight, it supplies good evidence of the comparatively heavy calibre of bells in France at that time. But with the dawn of the sixteenth century we are on the threshold of the musical age of bells, and it is a most important epoch because it marks the dawn of modern music also. The elements of music had been in the world for centuries, as you know; the Greeks, even the Jews and Egyptians, had elaborated an art of music; but modern music is an affair of the last four hundred years, and it could not exist before

the discovery of the modern octave, or the uniform arrangement of tones and semitones in each key, and the "perfect cadence." This discovery is marked by the name of Monteverdi; it was one of those giant strides, like the perception of perspective in painting, or the law of gravitation in science; it made possible the immense development which built up the modern musical art, and culminated in the symphonies of Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and the compositions of Wagner.

The rise of music was naturally marked by the rise of singing-schools and the improvement of musical instruments. For centuries the violin had been coming together—every conceivable shape, size, and quality had been tried before it began to assume, in the hands of Magini and the Amatis, something like its classic form; and for centuries bells had been vibrating through every conceivable shape and proportion before the great bell-smiths Van den Gehyn and Hemony fixed the shape, which has never since been seriously departed from with impunity, and to which we shall have to return if we want to make good bells.

It is interesting and, I think, significant to notice how the bell and the violin both settled into their true shapes about the time that the modern musical octave was prepared for them, and the modern musical art created, and not before. I think I may claim to have been the first to call attention to this in the pages of "Music and Morals," and I will once more ask you to note the dates. In 1562, Peter Van den Gehyn, the real father of the bell, set up his modest carillon at Louvain. In 1540, Andrew Amati, the father of the violin, set up his school at Cremona. From 1658 to 1750 we have the great bell period, perfected from Hemony to Matthias Van den Gehyn; and from 1660 to 1730 we have the great violin period, perfected from Nicolas Amati to Stradiuarius.

Some of my friends are up in arms when I say the English bell-founders are probably indebted to the Low Countries for their successes in the art of bell-casting. I only wish they were a little more indebted to them. I do not wish to say that English bell-founders have not made good bells—I never said any such thing; I said they could *not make them in tune*—that is a very different thing. You may have an excellent bell, and it may be quite out of tune with its fellows, and that is the case with most English bells. One of the Westminster Abbey bells has this inscription—

"Thomas Lester made me  
And with the rest I will agree  
Seventeen hundred and forty-three;"

but the bell's resolution, like other good resolutions, has never been fulfilled. Many fine bells there are in England, and well enough in tune for the mechanical, arithmetical, and muscular exercise called bell-ringing, but they are not fit for musical purposes. A rough octave of bells is one thing; a suite of forty, tuned accurately in semitones, is quite another. The English have never aspired to this, and they cannot do it. It has been done in the Low Countries for centuries.

I have no wish to detract from the merits of English bell-founders: the Braziers and Brends of Norwich, the churches of Bury St. Edmunds, Myles Gray of Colchester, and later on Ruddle of Gloucester, Phelps, the Lesters, the Eayres, Mears, Warner, and Taylor, of Loughborough. I rejoice to note that Mr. Raven has issued a valuable notice of the Cambridge and Suffolk bells. Mr. Lukis has dealt with Wiltshire, Mr. Tyssen with Sussex, Mr. Ellacombe with Somerset and Devon, and Mr. North with Leicester; and, doubtless, all the other counties will be in due time canvassed, and the merits of their bells done ample justice to. But still, it is odd that when there is an English bell which gives particular satisfaction, it bears a striking resemblance to the Belgian model. If you will cast your eye first upon the section of the much-praised Lavenham tenor and then upon the section of Severin Van Aerschodt's bell (the Hemony pattern), you will see some striking resemblances between them, in the thickness of the sound bow, the length of the side, and the width of the crown.

These features can of course only be compared by accurate measurement; but the difference between the shorter bells of Ruddle or Ruddle and the eighteenth century school and the longer bells of Myles Gray appeals at once to the eye, and the longer bell is far nearer the Hemony model than the later Ruddle. This is certainly unfortunate for those who think that we owe nothing to the Dutch masters. But, indeed, it would have been strange had bells remained the only things unaffected by the constant intercourse between England and the Low Countries, all through the rise and progress of the great bell-founding period. The Dutch drained our marshes, painted our best pictures—witness Van Dyke and Rubens—taught us criticism with Grotius, inspired our fashions in dress, gave us the loom, and I believe it

was from the Hague that William of Orange set sail to become King of England; and I think it would not be difficult to show that when Dutch influence was fresh, there is a remarkable *rapprochement* between the English and Belgian bell models, but when trade prejudices arose and Dutch popularity waned, the bells also deteriorated; at any rate, note the undoubted fact that the English and Belgian founders flourished side by side. Peter Van den Gehyn, of Louvain, 1560, with the Braziers and Brends of Norwich; Hemony, of Amsterdam, 1658, with Myles Gray, 1625—59, of Colchester. Between 1679 and 1755 flourished Richard Chandler of Buckingham, Keene of Worksop, Pleasant and Gardner of Sudbury, Ruddle of Gloucester, and Penn of Peterborough. The same period was marked across the water by the Van den Gehyns, Hemony, Dumery, Deklerk, and De Haze. But it is still more unfortunate for those who deny the influence of Dutch models in England, to find a bell of Peter Van den Gehyn hanging at this hour in St. Peter's College, Cambridge; and to note that Wagheven, a Dutchman, had a foundry as far west as Nicolaston in Glamorganshire. You may say perhaps that we taught the Belgians the art and not they us; but to learn you go to the people who know most about it, and you will find that at the time we were casting those rough bell octaves of which organists are now beginning to be a little ashamed, the Belgians were casting complicated series of thirty, forty, and even sixty bells, and these hang to this day in the towers of Mechlin, Antwerp, and Louvain. Of all the Belgian masters, Hemony was the most prolific. As Bernardino Luini has flooded Lombardy with his pictures, so has Hemony flooded Holland and Belgium with his bells. We get quite tired of reading his name. He excelled in little bells, as did Peter Van den Gehyn in big ones; and Severin Van Aerschodt's small bells have all his exquisite qualities. I noted especially four in semitones that hang in the Duke of Westminster's tower at Eaton Hall, as true as any pianoforte. I tried to get over for the Royal Institution an octave of Severin Van Aerschodt's Belgian bells, to show what I mean by a bell octave in tune. I did not succeed, but Messrs. Gillett and Bland lent me four large ones fairly in tune, and served my purpose. Were the St. Paul's peal as well in tune throughout as were those four bells, I should be content. But I obtained two exquisite bells, belonging to the carillon then being cast by Severin Van Aerschodt for Cat-

tistock Rectory, Dorchester ; they are in tone like a fine violoncello, and are tuned to a minor third. No pianoforte could be better in tune. We know that the pianoforte is never accurately in tune, and in bells we must expect a lower standard, and all I seek for in any belfry is an ordinary octave good enough to satisfy an ordinary musical ear ; but I do not know one single English belfry where there is even one true octave, much less one and a half. In a Belgian suite of forty bells there will probably be bells out of tune ; but we pass in forty what we may fairly condemn in twelve. Now note where the difficulty seems to be. It usually begins about the seventh note, sometimes earlier. The difficulty of casting the upper notes right with the lower is considerable ; and the St. Paul's peal, like most others, goes wrong at the critical point. Now what I find fault with in the St. Paul's peal is this : the first seven notes are very fairly in tune, but the eighth note is sharp for the octave. That is where they all begin to go wrong, and then commences an altogether new tonal series. That is the incurable plague from which all English bells suffer, a mixed tonal series. You get on very well at first, till you arrive suddenly at a note which is no portion of the series you began with. I showed at the Royal Institution a bell of Van Aerschodt's, and one which Mr. Lewis, the organ builder, kindly lent me ; they are both good bells, but by no possibility can they ever go together, for they belong to two different tonal series ; they are trying to be a third, but nothing will ever make them a third or any interval of the same octave. I also produced a specimen of an incurably bad bell, which for quite other reasons could never belong to any tonal series at all. The much-praised bells of St. Saviour's, Southwark, by Knight and Mears, begin well, with the first seven notes fairly true ; but the eighth note is sharp, and after that all is wrong. Then there are the bells at Fulham, by Ruddle, 1729, which are very much admired, and they possess a fair octave ; but with the ninth note they too go wrong and never get right again.

It is just the same with the large suite of twenty bells put up at Manchester Town Hall by Messrs. Taylor, of Loughborough. From A to A you get a fair octave ; from c to c the upper c is sharp, and the series never recovers itself. Messrs. Gillett and Bland, perceiving this, have wisely, in arranging the tunes, made most use of the lower and medium-sized bells, which are best in tune.

Taylor succeeds best in his medium-sized bells. I remember saying to Van Aerschodt, "It is a very odd thing that the English bells all go wrong at the seventh or eighth note !" and he said, "I don't wonder at it, for that is our difficulty. We can tune the first octave, but it is the second one that is difficult, and the third is more difficult still." I said, "How long do you give to tune a bell?" He replied, "About four days to each bell, and to get a carillon right, the upper with the lower, there is no rule, no limit ; that is why I cannot supply bells so quickly as my impatient customers desire. Tuning the bells takes away my sleep at night ; I lie awake thinking of them ; I must have them altogether, must have the first octave there, when I go to the second and third octaves." That is how such perfect work as you have before you in these two bells is produced, because M. S. Van Aerschodt loses his sleep at night.

Now I should have thought it did not want a prophet to tell you that the Westminster quarters are out of tune ; but apparently it does, so I will be that prophet. It is astonishing what musical people will say when they are put to it, to what extraordinary opinions they will commit themselves about bells being in tune ; and the only conclusion one can come to is that they have never considered bells as musical notes at all, and therefore they do not expect much from them, and if they get little they are satisfied. With what utter complacency or indifference are these outrages on the public ear regarded ! Look at the Lords and Commons, sitting month after month under two sets of discordant quarters, those of the clock-tower and the Abbey, and relishing the gong-like roar of Big Ben ! And to no one in that august assembly has it yet occurred that the public ear is being vitiated by this abominable performance ! You may hear the very errand-boys in the neighbourhood whistling the quarters out of tune. People smile at this, but that only shows that we are not a musical people, that we do not think seriously about music like the Germans. If we did we would not laugh, but we should rise up indignantly and say, "This pandemonium shall cease !" But how can it, so long as the very prophets prophesy falsely ? What does Mr. Turle, the organist of Westminster Abbey, say about them ? No one doubts the ability of Mr. Turle. Well, he says, "I think they are pretty right !" And what does Dr. Pole say ? He says he finds they "are not much amiss." And then,



when you come to press Mr. Turle, he says that the fourth bell *is* flat, and when you come to press Dr. Pole, he says the first bell *is* sharp. Now what do you suppose is the musical value of four bells, the first of which is sharp and the fourth flat? Why, nothing at all.

The story of the Cambridge chimes, as given by Mr. Raven, the progression adopted at Westminster, and so popular throughout England, is interesting. In 1793 it was determined to have new chimes at St. Mary's at

Cambridge. Crotch (afterwards Dr. Crotch), then the pupil of Dr. Randal, was consulted by a certain Dr. Jowett, one of the professors. Crotch was at that time a very clever choir-boy, and suggested the progressions to be chosen for the Cambridge chimes. He took a bar in Handel, which he thought would make a good chime. It is the fifth bar in the prelude to "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and out of that fifth bar came the remaining quarters, half-hour, and hour.

## THE MISSION FIELDS OF INDIA, CHINA, AND JAPAN.

BY THE REV. W. FLEMING STEVENSON, AUTHOR OF "PRAYING AND WORKING."

### III.—"WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT."

**DAI BUTS** is a sitting figure of Buddha, usually of gigantic size, and not uncommon in the temples of Japan. There are several smaller figures in one of the ecclesiastical suburbs of Tokio; there is a huge one of wood in Kioto; and the great bronze statue at Kamakura, an easy ride from Yokohama, is often visited by strangers. The Dai Buts of Narra, at whose gate we stopped, is the largest, and has the advantage of situation; for Narra, like the more famous Nikko in the north, is a remote spot, much given to temples, and not yet invaded by change.

*Jinrikishas* were too secular to be suffered in the quiet of the temple precincts, so we charged the men to meet us at another point, and walked up a broad avenue bordered by old trees. The temple lies on the gentle slope of a wooded hill. A lofty ceiling, divided by red lines into white squares, is supported on six rows of huge red wooden pillars, each row being six pillars deep; and the great statue, which is of bronze, fills up the space between the third and fourth. A guardian spirit stood on either side, wooden figures about fifteen feet high, and carved with much expression, each trampling under foot a writhing devil; the drapery of one tossed as if by the struggle, but everything about the other fixed, and the face bent steadfastly down. Commonly one of these spirits is green and the other red; but beyond this rule the artist enjoys the most absolute licence of savage or grotesque conception. The statue rests on a platform of bronze about twelve feet high, and perhaps thirty broad, a platform of lotus leaves where every leaf is more than ten feet wide; and from this sacred base the figure rises up four-and-

fifty feet, gigantic, but not clumsy, the proportion so well kept that the spectator is as much surprised to find the pendent ears are nine feet long and the middle finger five, as to learn the size of the hands of a clock in some church tower.\* The expression on the face of these statues varies, in some the conception being poorly carried out; but it is the conception of a settled and high repose, the eyelids drooped, the lips sealed and yet not stern, the reign of a fixed contemplative calm without scorn and without passion; and when carried out on the scale of this bronze figure at Narra there is an air of majesty and mystery that grows on those who look. The hands of these molten Buddhas are sometimes crossed, with the palms upwards; but here, while the left hand rests with its back upon the knee, the other is held up with the middle finger pointing out from the rest. Two gilded wooden statues stood to our right and left, the counterpart of that in the centre, but not more than half the height; and behind the main figure rose a huge gilt halo seventy-eight feet in diameter, and supporting eighteen small images, also gilt. I do not know the age of all this gilded company; but a bronze statue was raised here in the eighth century, and though it fared ill and was destroyed in the civil wars, yet, as it is fully seven hundred years since the present figure took its place, the Dai Buts we saw may boast an antiquity as great as some of the most famous cathedrals of Europe.

\* According to Mr. Griffiths, the Kamakura Dai Buts is 44 feet high; but this at Narra is 54 feet, the face 16 feet long and 4 wide, the width of shoulders 27 feet; 600 bronze curls adorn its head, and the metal used to weigh 450 tons, mostly copper and tin, but including 144 pounds of mercury and 500 pounds of gold.

A priest entered, dressed in a green under-tunic, over which he had flung a robe of brown. He went up the steps before the image, knelt in front of it, and, sometimes kneeling, sometimes sitting, commenced a series of the most intricate devotions which lasted fully twenty minutes, and were silent, save for an occasional murmur of his voice. He struck now the altar, then a gong, with a metal rod, rolled his rosary rapidly in his hands, moved his fingers, according to some ritual, but so swiftly that they simply twinkled and flashed before the eye, tossed up the beads and caught them more than once, praying all the time, then flung a cup into the air, presented some small offerings, and withdrew. A priest sat by the door, with cheap photographs, maps, fans, beads, and knick-knacks for sale to the pilgrims. He also sold tickets for an exhibition of antiquities that occupied a sunken aisle, running round the building and behind Dai Buts. The Emperor had paid a visit in spring, and these things which had been collected then were not yet dispersed. There were statues, shrines, hand-bells, sacred mirrors up to even twelve inches in diameter, musical instruments, masks, suits of armour, bits of carving from the ruins of

the old temple, priestly robes (one being of silk, with silver and green fish woven into it, and over all a net), the figure of a saint who sat for nine years immovably in prayer, of a Mikado ascending to Heaven on flames of fire, priests' shoes, gilt and with a wheel underneath like rinking skates, some fine bronzes, screens, a little English Wedgwood ware, and a black door with faint writing on one of the panels—a poem written on it by a famous general who visited the shrine before going into battle.

Small coins, of little individual worth, lay

pretty thick upon the lotus platform, for every worshipper drops one or more; and it was odd to see heaps of coins lying also before some of the more peculiar objects in the museum. Pilgrims loitered and stared, curious and awestruck but not devout, and, outside, the sunshine fell softly on the noiseless court.

We went out into the temple grounds, mounted a long stone stairway and came to a huge bell, suspended under a wooden canopy. It is about twelve or fourteen feet high, and though it has a few rivals in Kioto and elsewhere, it has probably no superior.

It was struck by a gigantic piece of wood like a battering ram, slung at it by ropes, and the tone was sweet and full. There was also a curious oblong building of great size supported on long rows of wooden pillars which raise it twelve feet from the ground. Though called the treasury of Dai Buts, further inquiry elicited that certain treasures of the Mikado are kept here, so that it would seem either the store or the contents have been appropriated by the Emperor. A pleasant walk of more than a mile, under the shade of graceful trees, up flights of ancient steps, across a high Alpine meadow, past shrines and houses and groups of tame spotted deer



Buddhist Priest.

that fed out of the hand, and past shops where innumerable porcelain deer of the cheapest sort were for sale, brought us to a small temple where many hundreds of stone lanterns overflowed the courts, covered the terraces, and lined the avenues; and thence by a broad and winding path we reached the other end of the rambling town, where we were soon surrounded by a courteous but eager crowd.

These temple rambles were always interesting. Asakusa is the St. Paul's of Tokio; but though there are the usual temple courts

and gateways, there is no stillness. A street of booths runs up to the very shrine itself, and the roadway between is crowded with endless groups of people who loiter and bargain at every shop. It is the great toy market of the capital; the hum of merry voices and contented children is incessant, and at sunset, when the gigantic lamps are lighted in the portico, the scene is very picturesque. The temple, which enshrines a statue of the goddess of Mercy, is on a large scale, and is the only one we saw where people seemed to worship in large numbers; and the money box is a huge grating which runs, a few inches above the floor, along

almost the entire portico, and in which there is a pretty constant jingle of small coins. An image is kept here, which when touched on behalf of the sufferer and on the spot where he suffers, is reputed to cure him, and a vast number of limbs of the rudest design are hung before it in thankfulness. The temple is a busy place. Priests are writing and being paid for charms; worshippers loudly clap their hands three times to inform the god that their prayer has begun or ended, others are repeating the interminable chant; some have a prayer written on paper, make a pellet of it, shoot it out from their tongue at an idol with great dexterity, and if it



On the Road to Narra.

adheres the prayer is granted; the worshipper is often silent, standing with bent head or prostrate, and but for the sharp clap of the hands would not be noticed; but there is a constant movement, and as fast as some folk pour in others pour out. From the temple stairs out to the distant street the fair is at its height, and those who leave usually wander by the right or left into the temple grounds, between alleys of booths where there are jugglers, performing dogs, quack doctors, target-shooting, waxworks, photographers, and gardens; indeed, all the delights of social, happy, easy, contented Japan are concentrated here. The temple of Kiyomidzu in Kioto is in a deep dell among wooded hills. It is

a place of picturesque bridges, precipitous rocks crowned with buildings, waterfalls, grottoes, and charming peeps under arches of foliage out upon the city and the plain; but the approach to it is lined for hundreds of yards by rows of shops for the sale of innumerable toys and porcelain, and the street is one of the principal quarters for the manufacture of cheap earthenware.

The resting-places of the Shoguns at Tokio, temple and mausoleum in one, have an impressiveness distinct from everything else in the East. Uyenno, where some are buried, is more quiet and sombre, but Shiba, in the opposite quarter of the city, is more spacious, and perhaps more splendid. There is much



to heighten the effect—the strange solitude after the crowded street; the lofty trees; the grey courtyards with their rows of lamps, stone and marble and sometimes exquisite bronze, tributes of inferior princes to the memory of the dead; the gateways opening from court to court, and each more rich and stately than its predecessor; the steps of lacquer, shining and dustless; the final doors, burnished with gold, and opening into the shadows of the chapel, which lights up as the mats are drawn, and reveals walls that glow with gilding and with birds and plants frescoed on the golden ground; the panelled ceilings, thick with bossy gold, on which patterns are traced in fresh, clear colours; cornices wonderfully carved; red lacquer tables, on which lie a few ornaments and the elaborate chests or arks for housing the titles of the chief; and away outside, in a lonely court behind and up some grass-grown steps, the plain stone urn that holds the dust to which all this splendour is sacred.

The simple shrine behind our host's house at Kobe was the opposite of all this. A narrow path wound up a steep hill among pines and cedars. One of the curious *tori* that mark so many of the temples arched it over, a gateway formed of two upright poles of bare, red-painted wood, across which, near the top, was stretched a wooden bar, and higher still, resting on the ends of the poles, and projecting beyond them on either side, another cross bar with the ends curled up; one of these gateways followed another, at intervals of not more than a few yards, slips of paper, containing prayers, being tied to the foot of most. The temple was some way up the defile. Carefully painted on a wooden board there was a list of subscriptions, running from five dollars down to ten cents from an Englishman, and down even past that to three cents and lower still, the names being written in proportion to the largeness of the gift. The building was of one story, with a simple lattice front, tied all over with prayers, and at one corner three enormous bell-ropes of different sizes were attached to a small bell. As we came up, a pilgrim seized the largest rope and gave a vigorous pull, to attract the attention of the god. The prayer that followed was so brief that the worshipper may have been merely drawing attention to the fact that he was there; and the only visible objects to which he could appeal were some toy dolls and some white china foxes, such as might be found in a huckster's shop in a back street at home.

This worship of the fox is not uncommon

in Japan, and prevails also in Mantchooria. One evening, as we returned from visiting the silk-weavers in Kioto, the streets of an entire suburb were illuminated with the prettiest crimson lamps, one at every house; maskers were dressing in their rooms, and some were running gaily through the streets; and at one point, as we crossed a thoroughfare, we got entangled in a procession coming down from the left, the centre of which was the figure of a white fox, larger than life, and carried on the top of a canopy supported by four poles, while in the space between the pole-bearers maskers in grotesque costumes leaped and sang and made many sallies at the passers-by, and levied, where they could, a black-mail in honour of their god. Returning from the Kobe shrine, we saw a quaint spectacle of another kind. It was in the court of a temple where the main building had a superb roof of dark thatch—of what certainly seemed thatch until a closer inspection showed that it was merely wood wrought into a most deceptive imitation—and here the only figures in the court were two Japanese women performing the penance of walking so many times round the house, while each held in her hand a hundred leaves freshly plucked, and laid down one each time, to keep up the count.

Kioto, however, is the great religious capital. A girdle of temples surrounds it within a vast sweep of many miles. The mountains stand about it in the shape of a horseshoe, and all their lower spurs and all the dells and valleys that break them are laid out in temple grounds. The temples rise one above the other through dark belts of wood. Their gateways crowd the avenues of every suburb. Their lands are of vast extent, laid out in gardens and parks, with rustic bridges spanning waterfalls, with endless footpaths and cascades and holy fountains, and little platforms and arbours from which there are lovely views innumerable. Every week, and almost every day, there is some new festival. The brilliant dress of the women and children who keep the feast gleams along the dark, steep paths, and in the evening the lamps spring up as if in fairy land, and there is music and laughter. Worshipers can choose a service after their fancy. One temple has its gigantic bell, another its Dai Buts. *Rengeho-in*, in one long building, displays three-and-thirty thousand gilded idols; *Hondoganji*, in the very centre of the city, offers the silence of cloistered courts, and within, grave and lofty halls softly matted for the feet, the roof supported on gilded pillars,



the walls hung with pictures of the saints and panelled with birds of paradise.

Over and over again we met the great temple roofs, with their magnificent but heavy curves, the quaint gateways, or *tori*, mostly of wood, but sometimes of stone, the courtyard surrounded by trees, the inner sanctuary with its mysterious *gohei* paper, and the burnished mirror; outside, the universal lamps, all of the one pattern, and within, the Buddha sitting on the lotus-leaf, and the gilded warrior with his weapons in his hand. Everywhere the priest moves about with clean-shaven crown, and the nun, in long brown robes, slips noiselessly through the cloister; the pilgrims from the country stare and worship, the coins are flung before the altar, the deep and sweet-toned bells toll the hours of prayer, and the worshippers clap their hands and lie with their faces on the ground.

It would be misleading, however, to suggest that these are the common marks of one religious system: underneath this apparent uniformity there lies a broad diversity. The primitive religion of Japan was Shintoism, a vague worship of heroes, loyalty to the State more than worship, a religion that satisfied no deep thoughts and bred no devotion. In the sixth century Buddhism crossed from the mainland, and found a ready soil; yet it was nine hundred years before it had supplanted the old religion, and even its victory was a compromise. Relics of Shintoism survived in Buddhist worship, and the Japanese Buddhism of to-day is a distinct product of Japan. The *tori*, the *gohei*, and the mirror, are all Shinto; the pillared temples, the monastic life, the Dai Buts and the gilded saints, the mausoleums of the Shoguns, the bells and rosaries, are all Buddhistic. There is neither pure Shintoism nor pure Buddhism; and even the modern revival of the former is the pouring of new wine into old bottles.

There has been also another element introduced into the religious thought. Buddhism and letters crossed the narrow strait of Corea together. The language of China was adopted even before its faith, and Chinese literature became more to Japan than Latin to Europe in the Middle Ages; there is not a street nor a social centre in the country that does not bear witness to the depth of that ancient impress. Along with Buddhism there thus came the writings and influence of Confucius; and Confucian ethics and Confucian agnosticism are sufficiently widespread among educated people. It is this

peculiar type of the wide Buddhistic faith that is now in contact with Christianity, and for a season, at least, we are permitted to watch the effect. So far the effect has been without precedent; the contact seems to have produced a revolution.

It will be necessary here to guard against confusing the contact of the Christian religion with the contact of Western and Christian nations; it will be necessary also to remember the internal condition of Japan when its seal was broken.

When Admiral Perry anchored off Yokohama in 1853, neither he nor Western nations were aware that Japan was on the eve of a singular revolution. Centuries ago a great general and brilliant administrator had acquired enormous but salutary power under a weak and helpless emperor. His office continued in his family with his titles, and those who held it became known, like him, as the commander-in-chief, or *Shogun*. In process of time, those who held the office made successive encroachments on the functions of the Emperor, and being men of affairs, while the Emperor, as descendant and representative of the gods, was hid from sight, their office became the substance, and the Emperor's the shadow. They ruled their fellow-chiefs, compelled them to live in Yedo, maintained a standing army, and while acknowledging subjection, did practically as they pleased. Meanwhile a change was preparing from a quiet and unexpected quarter. A revival of Chinese learning sprang up in the seventeenth century; and as Confucius and Mencius were studied, educated Japan, which had always a sympathy for their political maxims, their theory of the unity of government, and the duty of the subject to the Emperor, and for their ethics unburdened with the supernatural, was led to a profound discontent with the position of the Shogun. A book, as sometimes happens, did the rest. The author, who belonged to a powerful family, died in 1700, but not till he had written what became a classic in his tongue, a history of Japan, in which he vindicated the sole authority for the Emperor. Such leaven was sure to work, and when, early in the present century, another scholar continued the history in the same spirit, men began to feel that the Shogun was a usurper.

With the revival of letters there came also a revival of Shintoism, a revival of it not so much as a religious cultus, but as a political creed. The Emperor was the representative of the gods, and there grew up a patriotic feeling that rallied round him as against his

vassal. Side by side with these currents, which soon reached everywhere over the land, there flowed the endless and secret jealousies which the princes felt of a house that had claimed precedence over them all. There was yet no dream of influence from the West, but the visit of the United States squadron precipitated a conflict that was inevitable. The "barbarians" supposed the Shogun to be the Emperor, and he, anxious to impress them with his dignity, sent down from the Chinese college at Yedo a pedantic scholar, who inserted in the treaty a Chinese word as a high-sounding title for his master, the *Tai kun*, or supreme ruler. Though the title had no real significance, it roused the indignation of the party which was rapidly growing round the Emperor, and when the treaties were signed soon after by the regent for the Shogun (who was a minor), and without informing the Emperor till it was done, the indignation broke all bounds; the regent was murdered, and there was civil war. The Emperor's party rallied to the battle-cry of "King and Subject," a motto fashioned for it out of the old history that had set it in motion, and when the party prevailed, the last Shogun, sensibly declining to disembowel himself after the fashion of his country, withdrew into private life. The next steps were rapid and decisive. The great clans restored their fiefs to the Crown, their princes resigned the ancient title of *daimio*, and the feudal system of eight hundred years crumbled to the ground. The Emperor was entreated to come out from behind "the screen of ages," and to take his rightful place at the head of the State; the office of Shogun was abolished; Kioto was deserted for Yedo, which was henceforth to be called Tokio, the Eastern capital; and the young ruler proclaimed that "the uncivilised customs of former times would be broken, the impartiality and justice displayed in the workings of nature adopted as a basis of action, and that intellect and learning would be sought for throughout the world in order to establish the foundations of empire."

The patriotic party now demanded the abolition of Buddhism, the national establishment of Shintoism, the persecution of Christians, and the expulsion of the barbarians; but the demand produced little response. Buddhism indeed was disestablished. The Buddhist temples were seized for hospitals, barracks, exhibitions, hotels, and schools; monasteries were broken up, the bells were cast into cannon, and the government withdrew its care from many

noble works of architecture, such as the tombs of the Shoguns. But Shintoism was not popular with the many; it was difficult to expel barbarians who had treaty rights; and it was dangerous to persecute Christians so long as the barbarians were there. There were also other influences. One of the most powerful princes in favour of the revolution, though he did not live to see it, was a man of broad enough views to see the advantage of knowing as much as Western nations. He encouraged the study of Dutch and English, established foreign institutions in his country town, and smuggled picked young men abroad to Europe and America. Some of these early students had no easy task, for Western books were so rare that they had to write out copies of them for their own use; but when they returned from the West they were enthusiasts, and when toleration came they set themselves to prepare original and translated works on Western nations and Western knowledge. It is this party that has steadily gained adherents even from the patriots, that established the first newspaper and secured liberty of the press, that has sent the constant streams of Japanese lads to be educated in Christian lands, that has secured the employment of foreign Christians in the service of the State, and that, in fact, advises the Emperor and administers the kingdom. Contact with Japan has cleared away some delusions from ourselves. There never were two rulers, a spiritual and a temporal; there never was a Tycoon; the earlier of the recent treaties were actually made with a vassal of the Emperor, who had no power to enter into them, and the Japanese still smile to think what quantities of presents labelled "For the Emperor of Japan" are lying about the country house of the retired Shogun. Contact with Europe and America is doing its work in Japan. Commerce began it; but the presence of a handful of merchants at some open ports is the least active and important part of it. Contact with our modes of thought, with our literature, our institutions, and our social life is the real factor in the change.

It is impossible that such influences as these should have liberty to act without bringing the Japanese into contact with Christianity itself. The new literature which they read with such avidity was born of Christianity; the European and American colleges where their young men are educated are the colleges of Christian nations; many of the professors and head masters in government schools and colleges are avowed Chris-

tian men, and some of them have been missionaries; and the superior skill which the people are anxious to acquire, the institutions and administration which they are so ready to copy, are inseparable in their minds from the religion of these strangers, "barbarians" no longer. But while Christianity is thus indirectly before them, the missionary is on the spot to press its claims. There is a strong band of missionaries at each of the open ports, and now even in Tokio; and though they may not have technical permission to live outside the foreign Concessions, or preach in the interior, the government permits freedom of residence in Tokio to those who, as school-teachers, come under government cognisance, and passports can be had that allow much freedom for missionary travel. The edicts that denounced Christianity have been taken down: some have found their way to other countries as relics of the past; and I could not see one even on the bridge of Nihon. No doubt it would be affirmed by the authorities that these edicts have not been removed from the statute book, but the same effect is produced upon the public as if they were abolished. There is a distinct approach to religious toleration. A few years ago a Christian district of the Romish mission was discovered in the south, to the equal surprise of the Japanese and of the Western embassies; it had a population of many thousands, and they were torn without scruple from their homes and swept into banishment. It was only by the strongest representation that any attempt has been made to set this wrong right; but it must be remembered that not so long since a stronger measure would have been taken than banishment. The last link that binds the native religion to the State is the right of the priests to bury all that die, and occasionally native Christians are subjected to that indignity; but it is felt that this link must also go, and that the State must allow liberty to all. The mis-

sionary is thus losing his restrictions, the direction of the popular movement favours him; and a large number of intelligent men can understand English and read the books he values.

Yet it would be hasty to leap to the conclusion that Japan will become rapidly Christianized. Christianity is a word of terror to nine-tenths of the people. A resident told me that an excellent servant he had from the country used to fly past the door like an arrow if the family knelt at prayer; they were weaving a charm, she thought, that would bewitch her; and a native gentleman mentioned as if it had been almost beyond hope that the people in the country were ceasing to speak of Christianity as witchcraft, and were expressing curiosity to learn what it was. Centuries of denunciation have inspired a terror that is slow to abate. Nor are the people a religious people. Their temples are poorly attended and their demeanour is little reverent; but they have a regard for their priest, and with the priest it is a question of life or death. Christianity finds the priesthood an implacable and by no means contemptible foe. The young men who have been in Christian countries seldom profess Christianity on their return, and some of them are distinctly hostile and have adopted the negative criticism that they found in Europe. There is not much of what at first sight seems to favour the missionary that is really on his side. It is all the more striking to notice what has been done, the Churches that have been formed, their energy and faith, their independence and missionary spirit, and the interest with which a whole village will sometimes listen to the new doctrine; to speak with individual Christians and find them so intelligent and so firm in their convictions, to learn that the Church members are themselves the best missionaries, and to observe the class that constitutes the bulk of the Christian people.

## BARONESS BUNSEN.

A BIOGRAPHY which at its opening presents the most suggestive glimpses of George III. and Queen Charlotte, and almost ends with a reference to kindly messages sent to an aged friend by Queen Victoria, may be said to possess in high degree that kind of interest which belongs alone to the records of the highest society. But this, though it is so fully represented in Mr. Hare's admirable life of the Baroness

Bunsen,\* is not that which would have chiefly attracted us to it, and now impels us to attempt an epitome for the sake of the many who may not be fortunate enough to see the book. Through the wide range of interests here opened up to us, we never fail to feel that we are encircled by an atmosphere of fine domestic feeling, elevated thought, wide

\* *The Life and Letters of Princess Bunsen.* By Augustus J. C. Hare. In Two Volumes.



charity, and truly liberal and unostentatiously active piety. This it is that communicates the subdued glow of healthy enthusiasm which is so attractive and which is only too seldom found in union with high social position. An earnest desire to increase constantly in knowledge and in usefulness, without any affectation of philanthropy, has seldom been better exhibited; the more that the Baroness Bunsen was one of the most striking instances of a woman who made her home-duties her first concern, and found that all other concerns in life could be transfigured into rich helps towards their fulfilment. As we follow her year by year, we see how labours and trials may mellow and ripen the character, realising the truth of the words—"the end of the good is more blessed than the beginning."

The latter years of the life of that Mrs. Delany who is so familiar to readers of biographies and diaries of the middle of last century, was brightened by the presence of a young companion. This was Miss Port, her great-niece, whose father unfortunately had become so embarrassed that he had to let the house on his estate at Ilam, in Derbyshire; and the "sweet bird" of seven years old came to live altogether as a daughter with her old aunt of seventy-eight, and made, as Mr. Hare says, the sunshine of her life. Mrs. Delany on her part devoted all possible care to the education of the child, in which a master "to teach *us* to walk and curtsy" was not forgotten; and the footing of complete intimacy in which Mrs. Delany stood to King and Queen, especially after she took up her residence at Windsor, made the "little Portia," as she was called, the playfellow of the royal children, along with whom she got her drawing lessons, the Queen herself taking a personal interest in the child's writing and teaching her to imitate her own, which was singularly perfect. Miss Port was seventeen when Mrs. Delany died in 1788. She was then taken charge of by an uncle, Mr. Granville, who soon disposed of her in marriage (as was the fashion in those days) to Mr. Waddington, a man of large property, of somewhat phlegmatic temperament, but generous and upright. The second child of this union was Frances Waddington, afterwards Baroness Bunsen, and she was born in 1791. Her childhood was spent at Llanover, about four miles from Abergavenny, by the river Usk, amid scenery the most picturesque; and the promise of superior intelligence which the child early displayed was a source of new delight to the mother, who

spared no pains to develop every faculty and to cultivate the character, as Mrs. Delany had so faithfully done by her. In how far this was being accomplished may be judged from the fact that we find the daughter thus recalling the incidents of the autumn and winter of 1801-2, when she was only eleven years of age:—

"The autumn of 1801 was a very quiet time at Llanover, when my mother was too unwell to leave her sofa, and I wrote all her letters to her dictation, which was a great advantage to me as to the formation of style and language. The winter was to me a happy one, undisturbed by strangers and visitors, so that nothing was in the way to prevent my being constantly with my mother, reading to her or in one way or other employed by her, and for her; only it was sorrowful to me to see her so ill, and it was not till a light began to break upon me as to the cause that I was told by my mother that she 'hoped I should soon have another sister.' This was not long before the birth of Augusta, on the 21st March, 1802. I cannot express the joy and delight with which I hailed the baby, which seemed to make me amends for the ever-present first sorrow of my life; those who have felt the charm which belongs to infant life, from its very beginning, can judge how the constant interest of watching such an expanding intelligence filled and animated my every hour."

It was perhaps fortunate for this devoted child that she loved nature as well as books, and such faithful service, and that, whether among the woods at Llanover, or by the waters or in the meadows at Calwich, when on a visit there to her uncle Granville, she found objects of interest in every living thing. Every flower and tree, she says, were then objects of delight. Lessons were not made hard tasks to her, for Mrs. Waddington aimed at adapting the theme to the capabilities of the child, and also insisted on much rest and out-door exercise. With this object Frances, when not yet five years old, was encouraged to observe and to "draw everything that came in her way, whether it was a landscape, a building, a figure, an animal, or a table with a pair of candlesticks on it. There are volumes of her drawings from nature before she was six years old. She was advised, on looking at any object, to think of how the lights and shades fell, and to be able to give a reason for every line she made." Mrs. Waddington was a fine reader, and she encouraged the power of recitation in her daughter Frances, who used from an early age to learn many poems by heart for her own pleasure and that of her mother. This was merely resorted to as a recreation; her retentive memory prevented its being a labour. She also frequently wrote to the dictation of her mother, and they read together continually. An ideal of education this,

which needs more and more to be recommended generally, especially now that the value of mere book-knowledge is exaggerated.

Such visits as those to Calwich were now and then paid; but residences in London in 1803 and 1805 made a deep impression. These were the incidents of most importance in her life, prior to a winter spent in Edinburgh, chiefly for the sake of masters, in 1809. There she met Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Jeffrey, and Mr. Alison. Mrs. Waddington, writing to a friend, says: "Lord John Russell, by-the-bye, is the only English young man of any promise in Edinburgh." When they returned home Frances took in charge the education of her younger sisters, and "goes on with mathematics and Latin, to the exclusion of most other things"—Greek, Spanish, and Italian (which she had begun) being amongst them. We are not surprised to find her saying: "I cannot always contrive to do all these things in one day; but I endeavour to make up the second for what I omit on the first." Almost banished from the world and society in this pleasant rural retreat, books were more and more the companions of mother and daughter; the works of Sir Walter Scott and Madame de Staël were read and analyzed, as well as Mrs. Hannah More's "Christian Morals," in which, in her letters, Miss Waddington detects the fallacies of the reasonings respecting Providence, and almost feels indignant at the depravity of taste which has induced Mrs. Hannah More to interlard her most animating passages with offensive allusions, degrading similes, and pedantic words, by which she lessens the effects of her exhortations.

In 1816, Mr. and Mrs. Waddington decided on spending the winter in Italy—a decision which was fraught with momentous issues for Frances, since little did she dream when parting from her home at Llanover that three-and-twenty years would pass before she should see it again! Among the visitors to Rome, in that year, was a German student of marked aspect, his expression thoughtful yet energetic, and telling of high aspiration. He had passed through a brilliant college career, was already the friend of Niebuhr and other learned men, and had accompanied to Italy, as tutor, the son of Mr. Astor, the rich American banker. His name was Carl Bunsen, and he was now combining the study of art with other duties, that he might further those gigantic schemes of authorship which he had already marked out for himself. One of his first introduc-

tions was to the Waddingtons. He was invited to their reunions; by-and-by accompanied them to many of the art-galleries; and the association was so agreeable to all that they soon became almost constant companions. Mrs. Waddington found so much profit in Bunsen's conversation that, unthinking of any complication, she more and more encouraged his visits. Though his self-control and reserve were such that none of the family suspected it, Bunsen soon had to acknowledge to himself that he was "a little in love" with Miss Waddington; and that as a penniless German student, who could not aspire to the hand of a lady of fortune, he should no longer go continually to visit the family. At last Mr. Waddington was startled at the turn things had taken, and appealed to Niebuhr on the matter, to receive the assurance that if he had a daughter he should have no fear of trusting her to Bunsen. "The talents, abilities, and character of Bunsen," Niebuhr wrote, "are a capital more safely to be reckoned upon than any other, however safely invested."

They were accordingly married in July, 1817. Of course, some drawbacks were felt in the fact that Bunsen was not an Englishman, and in the distance at which she must now live from her own family. But on this she writes:—

"Had every circumstance attending my change of condition been exactly as I could have wished, it would have been fearful—for in the natural course of things, some blow utterly destructive of my happiness must have been expected to follow. My life had hitherto been so blest, I had been so nourished on tenderness, so accustomed to talents, understanding, and cultivation, as well as to high religious principle that the number of essential requisites to enable me to lead anything more than a mere vegetative existence was great, and I never anticipated the possibility of finding them united. For having thus found them, I never cease to be thankful, although I feel that I can never be thankful enough."

In such cases difference of taste and feeling due to difference of nationality and of rank—for Bunsen was only the son of a small farmer at Corbach—too often make themselves painfully felt after the glow and glamour of the honeymoon are over; but very far, indeed, was this from being the case with the Bunsens, in whom love and sympathy and perfect mutual understanding only grew as the years passed.

After a few months at Frascati, the pair returned to Rome and took up their abode at the Palazzo Caffarelli, which remained their residence till 1838. A busy and cultivated life was theirs. Before long we find Bunsen active in organizing a cele-

bration of the jubilee of the Reformation among the German Protestants in Rome; and for this a religious service was needed. "Charles," she writes, "proposed to translate the service of the Church of England, which was approved by Mr. Niebuhr, and he set to work and soon finished. Wherever a Biblical phrase was to be observed, he referred to Luther's translation, and made use of the original words. In this part of the work I helped him to some degree, as I could generally find the place in the English Bible where a similar phrase was employed, and then the parallel passage in the German Bible was easily found."

This expresses fully the position in which this pair stood from first to last in regard to literary labours. Madame Bunsen might well have aimed at the production of some literary work that should gain her fame on her own account. She was content in this respect to merge her personality in that of her husband, and to regard her home-duties as her chief concern, making her moments of leisure gracious harvests of self-improvement, studying philosophy, theology, science, poetry, and art with equal interest. Children came in due course, and to them she was most devoted. "Independent of the children," she says, "I have a succession of things which scarcely leave me breathing-time." And yet her letters attest not only that she was intent on works of kindness to the poor and to her dependents, but that she discharged well all the duties of hostess to the cultured circle that gathered round them, exercising a very high influence on many younger minds. And all this without effort or pretension of any kind. Amongst English visitors to Rome of whom we have note at this time was Connop Thirlwall, later Bishop of St. David's, and of him we have a very faithful portrait, amply proving that Madame Bunsen was observant and keen to note character. And she can find time to aid her husband in the compiling of his "Gebetbuch" and "Gesangbuch," to which he was moved by the hope of bringing about the establishment of a common form of worship throughout Protestant Germany. Two little passages from her diaries will indicate her great interests now:—

"3 March, 1820.—O, if I could describe how dear and engaging my Ernest becomes! I wish I could draw him as he is at this moment—playing with a great orange, which he holds between his two fat hands, and tries to put into his mouth. Yesterday Henry walked between his papa and mamma all the way to the Coliseum. Ernest followed, calling after me, and crowing at my red shawl. When we arrived we sat down upon a stone, while Henry ran about,

gathering daisies; he walked about a quarter of the way home, and then petitioned to be taken up in arms, and his father carried him."

Certainly her children were not famished of true parental tending and turned over to the hands of servants. Again, by way of contrast:—

"I have never told my mother that I have for some time had in hand the 'History of the Council of Trent,' by Father Paul Sarpi, which extremely interests me. It is one of the books forbidden by the Church of Rome, and with much reason, for every line breathes the spirit of Protestantism. Father Paul Sarpi never professed himself a Protestant, because he hoped the Venetian government, in which he had great influence, would in time be induced to declare against the Pope, and establish the Reformation throughout their states—an event which was very near taking place, but which was prevented by the unfortunate issue of the battle on the Weissen Berge (8th Nov., 1628), in which the Protestant army was overthrown by the Imperialists. Father Paul was so well known as the declared enemy of the court of Rome that many attempts were made by his enemies to assassinate him. His work contains a view of all characters and circumstances which had influence, whether propitious or adverse, on the cause of religion at the time. The style is clear, concise, simple, and forcible, although the language is very nearly the same with that which the modern Italians so wretchedly misuse, and consequently in itself less energetic than that of earlier Italian writers; but the mind of the author bestows vigour upon it, and his occasional summing-up of the distinguished characteristics of popes and their favourites contains instances of keen and, at the same time, dispassionate, dignified satire, to which I know no parallel."

Which shows how little the residence in Rome had inoculated Baroness Bunsen with that sentimental view of Catholicism which has of late overtaken so many residents there. And she has some very good anecdotes about the Pope and the council.

We remember to have read in the life of a very good and wise man the advice to his son—"Make up your mind each morning that the work of the day is to include so many unexpected small trials and vexations; and let your morning prayers have prepared you to meet them with calmness." This seems to have been in spirit the Baroness Bunsen's way also—a principle derived, doubtless, largely from her mother. We find her writing on this point: "I always think, with respect to my troubles, of my mother's expression when sending me on an errand—'Gallop up-stairs again and give such a message, it is all in your day's work.' That idea of a *day's work*, as much as one's strength can perform and not more, but also not less, but limited to a term the day, was always satisfactory to me at those times, and it is equally so now."

In 1821 fell the first shadows on that busy



and benignant life. William Waddington, her cousin, who had come to Rome to visit the antiquities, fell suddenly ill of an infectious fever, and, fearless of all risk to herself, she ministered to him till his death. Then, before she had fully recovered from the shock of her cousin's death, their little Mary was taken from them. It was a sad blow, but the calm, brave spirit revived under the best

of all consolations. Writing to Mrs. Waddington, she says:—

"For the last four days of her life, besides the anguish of perceiving that I was to lose her, I feared to become distracted at the thought that I had brought her to this state by venturing to wean her; but it is the signal mercy of God which has removed from me the sting of that reflection, of myself I had no power to quiet my own mind, as it is quieted. The meditations of every hour, on what she was and on the cir-



cumstances that preceded her dissolution, strengthen me in the conviction that she was not made for this world, and that no adequate cause can be found for the sudden decay of all her vital powers, except that it was the good pleasure of God to remove her from sin, and sorrow, and suffering, to early blessedness, after a life of undisturbed enjoyment during eleven months, and during the twelfth month of gradual decline with but little pain, for she never cried, and rarely uttered a sound of complaint. She gently made her wants to be understood, which were to drink and to be carried about; and gently, without fretfulness, rejected what she would not have, waving her sweet hand, and turning away her lovely head. I have been helped and supported in every way.

What my Charles is to me, my mother now knows as well as anybody besides myself can know."

Bunsen, who had become attaché to Niebuhr, Prussian Plenipotentiary at Rome, was by-and-by named his successor as Plenipotentiary, and was thus brought into close relations with the King of Prussia, who soon discovered his remarkable power, and was anxious to do him service. In 1838 he became Envoy-Extraordinary to the Swiss Republic at Berne, and later was sent as Prussian Ambassador to London. Though

Baroness Bunsen was far from being ambitious after high preferment in itself for her husband, as her letters amply prove, yet she had greatly longed to return to England. Her boys were now away at school, one of them in England, and she felt the separation much. We find her writing thus to Henry :—

“To be established in a really cheap country where we could feel that our income was *enough and to spare*, would be an enjoyment such as I have never known yet, and to be within reach of Ernest, and not to be compelled to cast away Charles and George, like balls to such a distance as not to be able to catch them again, is the first and most pressing of all reasons for desiring a removal to the north of the Alpine barrier ; which, if we had once crossed, there need be no impossibility of our visiting England, and seeing my dear Henry ; although so great is the comfort I experience from having been allowed such a renewal of intercourse, and as it were acquaintance in the last winter, that separation is now comparatively nothing to me, compared to what the separation from Ernest is now becoming. When you both went with your father to Germany, I parted from you as children : now I have seen you again in comparative independence and fixedness of character. You understand me and I understand you, and your letters I can take as really reflecting the state of your mind and thoughts. But each year seems to make Ernest more a stranger, and I confess not to be able to see him is gradually becoming heavier and heavier to me.”

Berne was in this respect, as in some others, a most welcome change. There she felt more at home, in feeling more within reach of her children, and a visit to England before settling at Berne was a blissful time. We soon find her writing in her own characteristic, cheerful way :—

“The winter has been so fine, and our situation and position in every respect so ideally desirable, that I could wish to fix and hold fast the passing week and passing month more than ever ; and much as people talk of the beauty of summer in this magnificent country, I never felt less longing after it, or less to miss verdure and foliage, the charms of which will possibly be at the expense of the crystal-clearness of the Alps, which we have enjoyed for near two months. We have at last jumbled ourselves and our belongings into proper places, so as to be quite happy in this house ; my husband never was so comfortable before—his library all arranged in a sunny room that just holds it, with sofa, table and standing-desk for himself and his literary occupations ; while another room contains all that belongs to official business and correspondence. He is full of activity of head and hand, taking full advantage of this ‘delicious quiet.’”

It was in 1841 that Bunsen was appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, which office he held till 1854. This was a period of rich activity for Baroness Bunsen, and her letters to her friends, and to her children especially, show how thoroughly she enjoyed her life, full of turmoil and anxiety though it was. A quiet moment snatched from incessant claims bore fruit in letters alike admirable for their tone and spirit, and

the results of wise study and extended observation they convey ; and over all there is the abiding atmosphere of Christian love and content. It is blissfully infectious, and we are thankful as we read. We find her, for instance, writing on one occasion :—

“How strongly have I been led by many a contemplation latterly (of the mind of Milton, of that of Luther, of that of Calvin) to condemn the absurdity of sects in calling on their members to believe precisely one and the same body of doctrine, to bring their convictions up to the same line, to fill out their faith to the same measure. . . . I admire Milton in his ardour of conviction ; I admire Calvin as to the saving power of truth, as far as it yet lives in Protestant Christianity ; I admire Luther in his higher and more penetrating beatific vision, in his warmth of recognition of the attributes of God ; but I am repelled by the dangerous errors of each—the bitter results of which have been more closely adhered to than the living reality which inspired these confessors, only to be found again by those who seek at the source.”

And she had a fine quiet humour, and could tell an anecdote very effectively, as many passages from her letters might here be cited to prove.

On resigning his post in London, Bunsen betook himself to Heidelberg and Bonn, that he might carry out some of those gigantic works which he had planned. He laboured unremittently, and enriched philosophical literature. Before his death, which took place in 1860, he had said to his wife, “Write yourself the history of our common life ; you have it in your power ; only be not mistrustful of yourself.” This duty the Baroness Bunsen fulfilled with the fullest comprehension of her husband's purposes and with the finest taste.

The closing years were the fitting crown of such a life. Her daughter Theodora, the wife of the Baron von Ungern-Sternberg, died at Carlsruhe in March, 1862, leaving behind five children, one of them newly born. Though the Baroness was now seventy-one years old, she at once went to Carlsruhe, assumed the charge of the children, and with her two unmarried daughters did the part of mother towards them, having the satisfaction of seeing them advancing into maturity before she died. This event took place on the 19th March, 1876. She passed away so gently that it seemed as though she only slept.

It is a beautiful life to contemplate, full of purpose and Christian endeavour, but with no noise or fuss, no harshness or austerity. She was richly human, and was richly blessed in seeing so much fruit of her labours.

H. A. PAGE.

## AT LOCH DEE.

"Out ower the hills o' Gallowa!"

THERE are hills and dales and lochs in Galloway, quite as good in their way, though little known, as are to be found anywhere. For fresh air, for wild beauty, for stern desolation, for solemn silence, for large liberty, I know nothing to beat them from Schichallion to Scawfell. Of one loch in particular I mean to tell something—perhaps of more than one. That is Loch Dee, which has given its name to the chief river of Galloway, from whose estuary in Kirkcudbright Bay the loch is distant about forty miles. It lies beautifully among great rocky hills, mountains, averaging above two thousand feet in height, strewn to their bases with great blocks of granite, which have yielded the bright sandy beaches that fringe the loch. All around them grow sweet pasture and heather, mixed of course in fit places with brackens, and bog myrtle, and wild thyme, and other bonnie things, where white sheep, with their nice black faces and dark eyes, go nibbling earnestly. Let me have the honour of introducing to you some of these distinguished hills. Their names are like themselves, having a grand air about them, worthy of high personages:—Bennan, Bennanbrack, Benyellary, Cairnbaber, Cairngarroch, Caerlewee, Craigeazle, Craigle, Craignaw, Craigtarson, Kirriroch, Lamachan, Merrick, Milldown, Millfire, Millfour, Mill-yea, Muldonoch! It is hardly necessary to say that these names are all Gaelic, so that to a Highland ear they have a pleasant and friendly sound. Still more uncommon and of wild flavour are the names of some lochs, streams, ridges, passes, and precipices in that mountain district, such as the Dry Loch, the Round Loch, the Long Loch of the Dungeon, Loch Narroch, Loch Neldricken, Loch Enoch, the Loop of Lanebreddon, the Nick of the Dungeon, the Clints of Buchan, the Gairy of Pulnee, the Point of the Snibe, the Rig of the Jarkness, the Rig of the Gloon, the How of the Cauldron, the Fang of the Merrick, the Fell of Eschoucan, the Hags of Borgan, the Wolf's Slack, the Stey Green of Kittrick, the Scours of Gaharn! Milton himself, I think, who delighted to roll such names as

"Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name  
Of Tremoggon,"

like sweet morsels under his tongue, would have admired these, and thought them worthy of blank verse. Even Wordsworth might have

admitted that they were not much behind Glaramara and Dungeon Ghyll, Mickle Dore, and Loughrigg Tarn, and Striding Edge, in sonorous quaintness and dignity. For contrast of poetic sweetness and gruesome uncanniness, what could be more expressive than these two—the "Bonnie Bosom o' Craighronald" and the "Nick o' the Deid Man's Banes"? These are not far from each other; the one looks down on the other, which suggests a tragic moral.

As to the dimensions of Loch Dee there is no need to be statistical. Let it suffice, that it is not so big as Lake Ladoga, nor so small as Duddingston, but just big enough to be glorious, and to hold of good trout and pike enough to give you employment, if you care for it, all the days of your life—in the proper months of course. It has also two or three islands of its own, besides a peninsula, not very extensive nor even imposing, but sufficient to add to its dignity, as islands, however uninhabitable and unprofitable, always do, to lochs and nations.

Looking up from the loch southward, you see two houses about a mile off, up a dark brown-green glen, and about a quarter of a mile apart. The one is the Black Laggan, where the shepherd dwells, with whom we dwell. The other is the White Laggan, a very unpretending lodge, inhabited only in the fishing and shooting season, and that occasionally, by highly favoured persons, of whom were some of us for a time. No other house is visible anywhere. The nearest dwelling—another shepherd's—is about four miles off, at the "Back Hill o' the Buss," which is truly the Back of Beyond. The nearest church is above ten miles away, so that one doesn't often attend ordinances here. And yet the inhabitants are not irreligious. O the pure delights of that lodge in the vast wilderness! none the less that there is no "contiguity of shade" supplied by trees, beyond what is afforded by some half-dozen not very stately firs in front of the house, sheltering the humble little "kail-yaird," with its somewhat rickety wall. You can get instead the "shadow of a great rock," in a land not often made weary by a burning sun. There are also two or three nice rowans up the burn where we get our morning bath, and a few scraggy little osiers near the loch and on the principal island. Up the White Laggan Burn, which



has a pretty little fall high up the White Hill, there are also some nice bushes. Otherwise you have to be content without trees, and one can dispense with them wonderfully in some places. Surely grass and heather may do, with sufficient contours of rock and hill.

Loch Dee is charmingly inaccessible. So the good King Robert must have thought when the gallant Earl of Pembroke, Sir Aymer de Valence, assisted by John of Lorn, all the way from Dunolly, came up to hunt his Scottish Majesty (with bloodhounds, fie!) in these wilds, some time in the year 1307, and went back sadder and wiser men, as they deserved, the Scottish lion having proved, as was his wont, a dangerous animal to disturb. Near Craigenallie, three or four miles down the river, "Bruce's Waa's" are still pointed out, as the remains of the widow's house, whose three noble sons, McKie, Murdoch, and McLurg, did their king such good service, practising on these heights, with Galloway nags and goats, the strategic feint which afterwards proved so successful on the Gillies' Hill at Bannockburn. The Raploch Moss, where this battle is supposed to have been fought, is still there, as boggy as ever; and a great block of granite, called the "King's Stone," where his standard was fixed that day, "to which he leaned his back till his men gathered up the spoil." Who but heartless sceptics can doubt these things?

On the banks of lovely Loch Trool, four miles west from Loch Dee, is also pointed out the spot where our knightly king astonished Sir Aymer and his men by a discharge of granite artillery from above, which did for them as completely as Krupp guns or mitrailleuses now could do; whereupon, as honest Barbour tells us,

"Sir Aymer that was wise  
Departed in meikle pain,  
And went to England home again" (his proper place).

There was a great forest in those days between Loch Dee and Loch Trool, and all over that mountain region, called the "Forest of Buchan," where King Robert, coming over from neighbouring Carrick, his mother's earldom, delighted to come and hunt the deer and other wild animals which then abounded there. Of that forest nothing now remains, except what is found in the peat bogs, in the shape of stumps and trunks of great trees, mostly pines. There is a place still called "Hunt Ha'," near the Dungeon Lochs, to which Lord Kennedy of Cassilis, who was Ranger of this forest; is said to have specially delighted in coming occasionally.

There is still no royal road to Loch Dee; not much even of a track worth mentioning, except in one direction, from the south. By that way you can drive for about five miles up a very pretty glen, wooded pleasantly, with glimpses as you pass of roe and fallow deer browsing in the grounds of Cumlodden, belonging to the Earl of Galloway. After that the road is not for carriages, and we have our tidy baggage strapped on the back of a good cart horse ("sumpter" he would be in the days of romance), and go up the bonnie Penkill Burn, with Drigmorn on the right, Stronbae on the left, then up a brae that becomes pretty steep at last, with a descent for about the same distance (two miles or so), from the Loup o' Laggan down to the Black Laggan, the blue peat-smoke of which is a most cheering sight in the gloaming, after a walk highly conducive to a healthy appreciation of ham and eggs, or any other eatable viand. How the scones came in piles, disappeared as fast as they came, and were succeeded by fresh relays! How often the teapot was filled and emptied! How absolutely unlimited seemed the capacity of some people! Our number, like that of the wise men of Greece, was seven, our ages and occupations various; but the Black Laggan levels all prim distinctions. Some were skilled in law, some in science, some in cattle, but all were brothers of one family, lovers of Nature and of Trout—"O master, we were seven!" Had we a good repeat and good attendance? Yea, verily; no soup, no *entrées*, no kickshaws or puddings, no white-tied waiter, above all, to spoil our pleasure. But we had splendid pink-coloured trout, of the aristocratic Loch Leven kind, mutton chops in abundance (pyramids of Cheops!), bread in heaps and strata, loaf, scones, oat-cakes. What more could healthy men desire? Something to wash it down with. Yes, we had that too in plenty; excellent tea *ad libitum*, followed in due time by sufficient mountain dew, soothing calumets, and cheerful songs. And who was the *chef de cuisine*, who the waiter, of this heroic feast? Who but the one ministering angel of that house—the quiet, tidy, active, capable Mrs. McHutcheon, wife of the shepherd, sole female inhabitant of the glen, sole viceroy of Providence to that crowded household of men and boys and collie dogs! For we were but an additional contingent to the already considerable population, consisting of the host, hostess, and baby, the "herd-lad," a message-boy, a drainer, our horse-man, and some three or four more, I

forget who. On inquiry being made next day at Newton Stewart of the boy who went down in the morning, whether there were "ony folk at the Black Laggan the noo," the answer was, "Ou ay, it's fair crawlin' wi' fowk!" The accommodation of this human hive consisted of a good "but and ben" (sitting-room and kitchen), and a long attic up the ladder stair. For all these men and boys that admirable woman provided food and beds, sufficient and clean, supper at night, breakfast in the morning, soap and water and towels for them that used them, not to speak of boots and shoes and stockings to be dried and brushed or oiled. Who can too much praise the woman that could do all that, well and cheerfully, without sign of impatience or weariness, fuss or panic?

We are up betimes, of course, and there is a rush to the burn, where there is but one pool of quite satisfactory dimensions near at hand. This leads to some amusing scenes, and there is a pleasing exhibition of athletic forms, more or less completely unencumbered by conventional trappings. One or two, perhaps, may be seen stalking down the glen, arrayed much like ancient Britons, to a meadow farther down, through which meanders a burn of greater volume—the White Laggan Burn—to which the Black Laggan is tributary, forming in some places reaches of water sufficiently deep for a header and a swim, where more perfect enjoyment may be got,

"Left alone with yourself and the goddess of bathing."

After that comes breakfast, where is no lack of simple fare—nor of capacity to do it justice!—duly followed by the peaceful cutty; while rods, and lines, and flies are being sedulously prepared, and sweet counsel interchanged as to the respective merits of green and blue drake-wings, jays and woodcocks, and professors and spiders, hackles, and dressing, and minnows, and what not. Our two geologists must this day climb the hills on H.M.S. (which they adorn), to scan and note some peculiar features to be interpreted, in different directions, the one among the rough crags of the Brishies, the other at the Scours of Gaharn. A lay brother chooses to accompany one of them, having some geological and artistic proclivities, and a sketch-book; while two of us are to have the boat on the loch, and other two generously waive their claim, and are content to go and try their luck among some of the other lochs which lie, like landing-places of stairs, all the way up to near the crest of stately Merrick,

chief of Scotland's southern hills. You have in order, ascending from Loch Dee, which is 750 feet above the sea, the Round Loch of the Glenhead and the Long Loch of the Glenhead (1,000 ft.), Loch Narroch (1,075 ft.), Loch Valley (1,050 ft.), Loch Neldricken (1,150 ft.), Loch Arron (1,450 ft.), and lastly, Loch Enoch, highest and grandest of them all, 1,650 feet above the level of the sea. Every one of them is stocked more or less plentifully with trout. Still more strange is it to find them in a perfect rock basin, not above two hundred yards long, called the Dhu Loch, near the very top of Craiglee (1,741 ft.), with no visible outlet. The geological features of these hills and lochs, and the traces of glacial action, are of the finest and most striking description, worth any trouble to go and see.\*

Of our performances on the loch that day I need not give much detail. For several hours we had to be content with small things, "rises" few and far between, still fewer bites or hookings, just enough to assure us that there actually *are* trout in the loch, and beauties too, but very little inclined to come out of it for the present, charm we ever so wisely with our pretty ridiculous imitations of flies! Well on in the afternoon, the sunshine, which had been sleeping deliciously on the green braes and rocky heights, gave place to dark gathering clouds and a sighing breeze. Duly came the spitting rain, presently a rushing "even downpour," making the big drops dance and swish and sparkle on the dark ruffled surface of the loch. "Now look out for something," gleefully said my friend B., keenest of fishers, well-skilled in the mysterious ways of the inhabitants of Loch Dee. No sooner said, than up went his rod, and down went the top, bending like a willow, and the reel went birling merrily. "She is a stunner," said B. with emphasis; and so she soon proved herself, leaping up to view in all her golden splendour, "good two pounds, if an ounce!" How she dived to the depths, and rushed up again, and scudded to and fro, desperately striving to shake off that vicious little barb and almost invisible, but fatally powerful, thread of gut! All in vain; human skill is too much for her; her strength gets wearied, and it becomes my pleasing duty to dip the landing-net care-

\* On this head I must refer the reader specially to two papers in the Transactions of the Edinburgh Geological Society, vol. i., part ii., by Mr. William Jolly, which combine scientific knowledge with an appreciation of the sublime and beautiful, and the power of expressing it, in no common degree. His account of the ice markings, the *roches moutonnées*, the moraines, boulders, and lake basins in this district is full of interest and instruction.

fully under her starry side and whip her in, as if I loved her—which I really do. At that moment click goes the reel of my rod, which lay on the stern seat, and for the next five minutes I also have enough to do. The shower did not last above forty minutes, but during that time we were pretty well occupied, and ended the day with fifteen lovely trouts, weighing in all twelve pounds. The heaviest weighed nearly, but not quite, 2 lbs. They generally average from 1 to 3½ lbs. The biggest I have heard of for some time was got (with net) in 1869, and weighed 12 lbs. The *laudatores temporis acti* say they are fallen off, both in quantity and quality, like everything else, since the days when they were young—"Oh, the great goodness of the days of old!" This is attributed chiefly to pike, which abound in the loch, of weights up to 25 lbs. But if it be pike that have done it, they have been long about it, for it appears that as long ago as 1684 they were as plentiful, and presumably as voracious, as they are now. Here is what worthy Andrew Symson, curate of Kirkinner, reported concerning "Lochdie" of the above date:—"A great lake full of pyks, and ane excellent fish called salmon-trout, being red in the fish, and the sides all enamuled with red spots." I doubt whether good Maister Symson was more skilled in the fishing of trout than of men, but his general veracity and accuracy are commendable.

"And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,"

the dark shadow of Craiglee fell solemnly across the loch, the western sky was flecked with islets of fiery gold, the slopes of the Black Laggan were bathed in ruddy amethyst, and the blue smoke of the cottage went gently floating, like a kindly signal, to invite us home.

As we went up the brae, we saw three figures coming from the west in the same direction, their long shadows going before them. It was Saturday evening, near the end of June, and these were our worthy host's three boys, coming home for the holidays from Barrhill, in Ayrshire, where they were kept at school, boarded with a relative. The three little men, of whom the eldest was sixteen, had walked some twenty-five miles over hill and dale, with their little bundles on their backs, and their sticks in their hands; and here they came up the brae, as fresh as paint, with a swinging pace like men—like Britons! We got up before them, and found our friends there too; and the mother of the boys busy in the kitchen, full of

thoughts, expecting them, but making no sign. One of our young friends said something to her about them, to which she made no reply, which he thought strange. I did not, for I knew the reason why. Her heart was too full to say one word. It made one think of the lady in the "Princess,"

"Yet she neither spoke nor moved."

Something had happened since I was last in that house, which made a great difference to all in it—to her above all. The collie dogs were running down the brae this evening to greet the boys, joyfully barking. But somebody was not there now whom we had seen before go toddling to meet them, with her blue eyes full of smiles, and her yellow hair waving round her sunny head. Of that little one, whom we had known, wee prattling Mary, the sunbeam of the Black Laggan, the pet lamb, even of the dogs, her mother was now thinking, and therefore she was silent, and "she neither moved nor wept." The shadow which so darkened the house for her had fallen some time in the "backend" of last autumn. Something during the summer had begun to trouble the little one. The mother got anxious, and wished the doctor to see her; but he was ten miles away. So one afternoon she set off to see him, up and down that way we had come, with the little one on her back, and her own bonnet, shoes, and stockings in a bundle in her hand. This distance from doctors is one of the few very serious disadvantages of these dwellers in the wilderness. The doctor, however could do little for Mary; she had begun to "dwine"; and so the summer passed. Her father went up, as was his custom, to assist a "neighbour" at Loch Doon (only some ten to fifteen miles away) with his little harvest, when a sudden message came from home to return as quickly as he could. He started after dark on his journey, in a night of pitiless wind and rain, over the most dismal moors and bogs that can be imagined, with never a light to be seen all the way—not a house in daylight even but one. So he passed one by one these big black hills, felt more than seen; on through the Dinnins' Moss, the Sheil Burn, the Kirreoch Burn, the Brishie Burn, the Couran Lane, the horrid "Flow," bad enough by day, terrible by night, one quagmire after another, and the Black Water of Dee. A dreadful walk for a man with a heavy heart, on such a night, with no company but his faithful Laddie, gentlest and wisest of collies. In the eerie small hours between two and three,



he reached the Black Laggan, lifted the latch with anxious hand, and found his poor dear wife sadly rocking herself by the wasted fire, his dear wee Mary lying still, and pale, and cold on the bed.

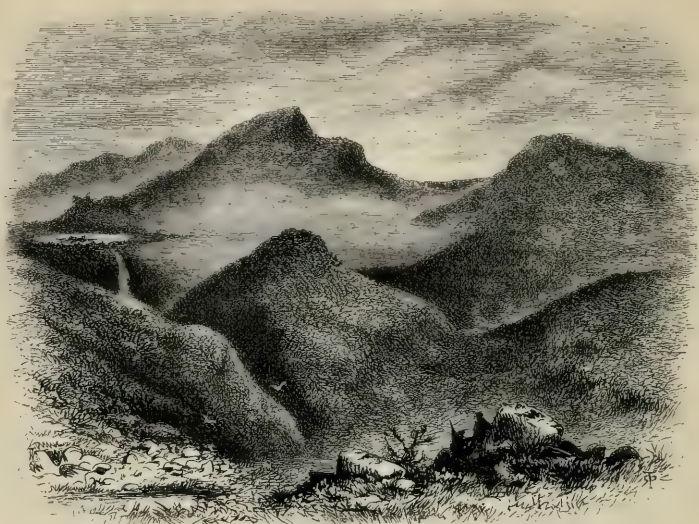
The shepherds of that region are a fine sort of men, and this our friend of the Black Laggan was a good specimen, a big "wiselike" man, very quiet, simple, unobtrusive, with a deep sense of duty. He was up regularly at "screech of day," and out over the hills and down the glens after his master's sheep, hours before breakfast, as carefully as if they belonged to himself. The eyes of all Scotland upon him could not make his sense of duty any stronger. No "auditor" could frighten him—he knows to whom he is accountable. His wages were £34 a year, with house and some perquisites; not much income on which to bring up his boys so well. But I have known parish schoolmasters bring up large families well, clothe them becomingly, and show generous hospitality, on incomes not much better. Fortunately for Scotland her education has long been equally cheap and good, one of her greatest blessings, ever duly valued by the better sort of parents, to whom this shepherd and his wife belong. Out of a still humbler shepherd's cottage in this same parish of Minnigaff, came at the end of last century the greatest linguist of his time, save one other young Scotchman, a shepherd's son of Teviot Dale. The one was Alexander Murray, the other John Leyden, both men of true and versatile genius, not mere walking dictionaries and dungeons of philology, but men of racy wit, good writers of prose and verse, of great simplicity and sturdy independence; alike, too, in their early deaths, at the same "fatal age" of thirty-seven, as Burns, and Byron, and Alexander Smith.

So much of Saturday at Loch Dee—now for Sunday. You will not of course expect that we went to church, nor will you blame us, I am sure, for worshipping in "high places," and "burning incense" there, when we had no other temple to do it in. The Israelites were never blamed for doing so before Solomon's time, who himself took liberties in that respect. We sang the Old Hundredth Psalm, and that delightful cxxi., "I to the hills will lift mine eyes" (to "French," of course), in as good a place as I have ever sung them in, and, I hope, in a proper spirit,—a place made not by human hands, nor consecrated by creatures of a day,—very much longer ago, "when the heavens and the earth were finished," and all that

had been made was pronounced "very good." The place was high enough, 2,668 feet above the level of the Solway, its name Corserine, next in height after Merrick (2,764) of all the Galloway hills. How we got there, and how we got back, I don't think it necessary to tell minutely. Suffice it, that we did it with pleasure and edification, and came back to the Black Laggan in good time and good condition for our modest Sunday tea-dinner. The day was beautiful, heavenly in fact, as became a Sunday, the sun shining kindly, but not too warmly, a pleasant breeze on every height, Sabbatic stillness everywhere, even the plovers and curlews piping less than on common days, the sheep and lambs bleating with a more subdued and gentle voice, the great hills reposing calmly, dignified in their unobtrusive strength, the glens full of light, and shade, and silence, the streams and lochs sparkling with unnumbered smiles in the face of heaven.

The hill in question is the highest point of a fine range called the Kells Range, comprising Little Millyea, Mickie Millyea, Millfire, Milldown, Corserine, and Carlin's Cairn, of which the heights are 1,900, 2,450, 2,350, 2,400, 2,668, and 2,650 feet. The last excepted, they are all of an elephantine or whale-like shape, not to be compared in features to such noble profiles as Ben Cruachan and Blaven, and even Merrick, but still eminently respectable, not to say beautiful—for hath not He who made them made "every thing beautiful in his time?" Looked at from Dalry, with its nice old "Clachan of St. John," or still better, from the wooded grounds of Holm, there is scarcely a finer background of mountains to a rich foreground and middle distance to be found anywhere in Scotland.

The ridges of these big hills are all grassy to the top, every one of them, not excepting Merrick, which has a particularly rich carpet of grass on its summit (underlain, not by granite, but by boulder clay), and, still better, a delicious fountain not many yards down from it. The top of Corserine we found very delightful, and the view from it grand. It embraced the most of Galloway and Ayrshire, Ailsa Craig and Arran, and Kintyre, great part of Dumfries and Selkirk, and a good part of Lanark, Renfrew, and Roxburgh shires; the mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland, the Isle of Man, the mountains of Mourne in Ireland, and all the headlands of Antrim; in short, a very wide and goodly prospect of many kingdoms. One thing in particular struck us with a



Merrick and Loch Enoch.

pleasing, fearful surprise: the steep descent from the scarred, rocky sides of Milldown to the waters of Loch Dungeon (the fourth of the name and the finest of all), lying dark and awfully beautiful 1,400 feet below, and still 1,000 feet above the sea. I could have gazed on that ever so long, if time had allowed, but we intended to go on to the Carlin's Cairn, and had reluctantly to rise and go. To have missed the Carlin's Cairn would have been shameful; as for being home "in good time," that was a small matter. In time for what?—for dinner, forsooth! The idea of setting any quantity or quality of meat and drink, for one moment, against visions of beauty and grandeur that will endure in our imaginations as long as we are able to eat mutton and drink tea, seems very contemptible! So we waited a little, and gloated on that splendid scene. Then we gathered ourselves up and moved on to see what the top of Carlin's Cairn was like. It was not far off, separated from us only by a narrow *col* or saddle, and it was eminently attractive, quite a bold, conical hill, with a conspicuous huge cairn on the top of it. We had, of course, to descend a good bit, and then a pretty steep ascent. In doing so, we came in view of one of those precipitous

faces or curtains of rock which are among the characteristic features of this mountain region, and are called "gairies." Almost every one of these big hills, however grassy its slope on other sides, presents this bold face to the north or east. This one is called the Gairy of Polmaddy, out of which flows the Polmaddy Burn, one of the numerous tributaries of the Ken and Dee. The cairn on the top of the hill named after it is one of the largest I have seen, and evidently very old. It must have been no light job to carry up these stones and build them there, for what purpose it is hard to say, unless for a beacon to warn Carrick and the valley of the Doon, on which it looks down. Why it was called the Carlin's Cairn, I leave it to other F.S.S.A. to guess. The local tradition is that it was raised by the wife of the miller of Polmaddy in honour of King Robert, to whom she had done some small service, which he, as usual, munificently requited. The peep of Loch Doon from that height, with its islands and old Brucian castle, is very fine. Still more so is the view across the deep valley over which we looked to the rocky heights of Mullwharther and the Dungeon, dark and frowning; and behind them, towering in clear pre-eminence,

the stately crest of Merrick, with that strangely beautiful rock basin, Loch Enoch, gleaming far up its side, sending streams of silver down the steep declivities, to feed the waters of Loch Doon, the source of that bonnie river whose banks and braes have

been made interesting to all mankind by Robert Burns.

Here I must come to a stop. What we did and saw the next day and the next must be left undescribed.

A. N.

## THE BRIDE'S PASS.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH," "LADY BELL," ETC.

### CHAPTER VII.—AT THE FORD GAMES.

THE Ford games were a grand annual institution in Fearnavoi. Nobody thought of despising them; nobody—not even the minister and Mrs. Macdonald, with the danger to Malise Gow and to other excitable spirits, causing their guides much anxiety—thought of condemning them. If any political economist or Puritan had been present at these games and put them under a ban, he must have delivered his judgment in silence.

The games were not only the great spurt of life in which the Ford indulged once in twelve months, they were the glory of the surrounding country for many miles. The descendants of the old Gael, in their appreciation of bodily strength and skill, still put such qualities on a par, at least, with the mental adroitness and habits of diligence which made men rich in current coin of the realm. If educated shrewdness and industry in a trade which required neither muscular arms nor nimble legs—not even such weather-beaten hardihood as defied the war of the elements and the strife of men—were likely to earn the money of which these Highlanders were greedy, renown in personal prowess not only won fame, but gratified the most deeply rooted propensities of the race. And fame went even before money with the vain as well as courteous mountaineer.

The temperament of John Highlandman was still the same as when he was coaxed and tamed by being drafted into regiments and sent to fight and become a hero all over the world, leaving the fastnesses of his country to be laid bare and rendered innocuous by General Wade's roads. To this day the flower of the people who were so loth to emigrate, to whom their rugged soil was doubly endeared, spent their energies as ghillies and gamekeepers rather than shepherds and stockmen to the strangers who had become their masters. There were seasons when they had their reward, days like that of the Ford games, when there were distinguished contests of strength and skill,

with no art or science except the primitive practice of music allowed to invade the programme. Then the performers were all Highlanders, and the lookers-on who marvelled, applauded, and distributed the prizes, were Lowlanders and the English fraternising with the few and far-between representatives of the ancient chiefs.

There is quite another spirit in John Highlandman's half-brother Sandy, of the Lowlands. He has no passion for glory, and he has long since lost his feudal instincts. Although he is an able-bodied, courageous, patient fellow on his porridge and milk and occasional bacon, he does not care to exert his thews and sinews unless for sufficient cause. Even before strikes and unions had come within many miles of him, he had, under the prevalence of parish schools and in his own hard-headed independence, acquired a dogged self-respect, and a less creditable half-sulky distrust of his worldly superiors in the most distant suspicion of their seeking to take their amusement out of him. He could stand lending himself to their prosperity, but make sport for them he would not. He would almost as soon bow his neck to their yoke spiritually, and leave the plain kirk of his fathers—be it by law established or an offshoot of austere dissent, and worship with them in the despised and detested character of a prelatist, in a highly decorated English "chapel," as the Scotch are wont to turn the tables and style the Episcopalian churches scattered through John Knox's domain.

Upwards of thirty years ago, in some physical reaction which preceded the appearance of muscular Christianity in England, there was an attempt to re-establish athletic games, and to make them take the place of ancient wapinshaws in leading to the development and training of the frames of brawny ploughmen and craftsmen, in a few southern districts of Scotland. But the attempt fell to the ground. They run or leap, or fling hammers, any more than jump in sack races, or climb greasy poles, for the delectation of ladies and



gentlemen! They were so wrathful at the proposal, that it became as dangerous to the good feeling of the community as the blind Samson's being summoned to "play," to afford diversion to his conquerors, was fatal to the lives of the Philistines in the temple of Dagon. It remained for the volunteer movement, appealing to the patriotic feeling of the people, having a serious purpose beneath its show, and uniting every class in its ranks, to induce even the Lowland Scotch working men of the towns, whose work is more or less sedentary and who crave open air and exercise, to consent to carry a musket and manœuvre before a mixed mob on a field-day.

But in Fearnavoi and the adjoining parishes the Ford games were looked forward to with eagerness, and sedulously prepared for during the preceding months. In summer, through the long day-light of June and July, when the weather admitted of such evening practice, the men of every clachan and larger farm renounced for the time their usual delectation of setting traps for vermin or fishing wherever such sport was admissible. After the general unyoking or the return from sheep-folds and "fanks," from hewing stones in the quarries or barking wood in the coppices, the intending competitors gathered together on some convenient "green," challenging each other in the particular branch of Highland gymnastics for which they were to enter their names, and carefully cultivating the elements of victory. Hoary old champions, no longer able to figure on their own account, attended regularly, and supplied useful hints and judicious warning and encouragement. Women—mothers, wives, and sweethearts—strolled out with their knitting and sat on the knowes around, furnishing the stimulus of their presence and sympathy. But there was yet another source of inspiration to the candidate. The piper who was to be a candidate in his own person, with the pipes, brought his music on the scene and blew and squeezed shrill screams, hollow groans, and wild minstrelsy from the bag, partly to electrify the combatants and audience generally, partly to outblow his rivals. The victors in these games were crowned with as much glory in their own circles, and invested with as many privileges of their kind, as were the ancient Greeks.

When the great day of decision came round, every highroad, every mountain track—though the weather were bitterly adverse, as happened not unfrequently even in the

month of August—kept pouring down its living contributions to the tide that was eddying round the Ford.

The men were still as picturesque and a good deal smarter than their forefathers, in the garb of old Gaul—if, indeed, the kilt, philibeg, plaid, and spluchan, and the gay chequered hose, which sheath the glittering skein dhus as well as clothe their owners' well developed calves and shapely ankles, be the garb of old Gaul, and not, as some modern critics roundly swear, an innovation not remoter in date than a few paltry centuries. Whether the costume were as old as the Picts and Scots, or comparatively of yesterday, no one could deny that it had a gallant flutter and a special adaptation to the wearers who had used it from childhood, and to whose light active movements it formed no impediment. Variety was lent to the dress of the men from the circumstance that they were by no means all Macdonalds; while even in that case some of them wore the dress set of their tartan, which to the uninitiated is as different from the other as an ingenious variation played on the tune which is its rallying point. But there were Gordons, Stewarts, Macleods, and stragglers from the straths and the isles into the Macdonalds' country, and oh! the contrasts of dark green, brilliant scarlet, and rich yellow, afforded by the intruders seen under an August sun, and against the background of heathery braes still dun-coloured.

The women even fifteen years ago had largely renounced their Flemish-looking cloaks and hoods, their mutches, which were slightly modified curches, their tartan screens and riband snoods, in order to display their aptitude in copying the fashions of their sisters in shawls, capes, and bonnets. The younger women might have been Lowland lasses, except that the petticoats displayed under their kilted gowns were mostly of tartan, and that many of the wearers followed the economical custom of carrying their stockings and shoes tied up in a handkerchief hung over the arm, while they trod the steep pathways with their bare feet, on their way to the meeting ground.

The Ford was no more than an accumulation of thatched cottages like those in the clachan of Fearnavoi, round the nucleus of a blacksmith's forge, a large store or shop of all wares, with the branch of a bank among the other conveniences under its slated roof, and a whitewashed house of two stories, having a porch covered with honeysuckle. The last formed a very tolerable inn, kept up by the influx of tourists and sportsmen in

summer, but was closed as a place of public entertainment in winter. There was a perennially hospitable ale-house where usquebaugh, and not ale, was the staple, and which was only distinguished from its fellow-cottages by the sign proclaiming its licence, and a longer bench than usual among the benches, logs, and stones, which furnish seats before most Highland cottages even when they stand in the loneliest localities, where a man or a woman may smoke and gossip with a neighbour, study the weather, spell out a chapter in a Gaelic Bible, or knit a stocking, as humour inclines.

But the situation of the Ford was different from that of the smaller hamlet. The houses were built where the strath opened to its widest extent, and presented cultivated fields as well as tracts of moorland and ridges of hills. The river that raged and moaned, or, at its best, sang and laughed over its bad name for cruelty in the narrow bed of the Bride's Pass, here stretched itself out and flowed as silently and staidly as could be expected of a Highland river affording a ferry—trustworthy, save in the worst of weather, for man and beast, which had been the original apology for the foundation of the village.

From time immemorial a rushy haugh or meadow near the Fearn, possessing a boundary of rising ground, had been consecrated to the games, and answered the purpose of a race-course to the dwellers in the Ford and its vicinity—a wide word in those latitudes. Such a refinement as a grand stand had not been thought of, but there was a particular "knock," or hillock, which by common consent was given up to the gentlefolks. There congregated those ladies who did not prefer to remain in the carriages ranged in a small ring in company with carts, primeval gigs, and strange and mysterious vehicles of unknown origin. The fair patronesses made their observations on the contests, and heard the reports of the gentlemen who, as elected or amateur judges, descended to closer proximity to the arena, and only came up at intervals to account for themselves, and to share in the refreshments provided for his friends and equals by Donald of Drumchatt as seigneur of the place, just as he furnished for his retainers and their allies barrels of beer and "stacks" of oat cakes and cheese, to supplement the stores of Macgregor of the inn, and Hughie of the ale-house.

This year the Ford games happened in Lammas weather. Broad gleams of sunshine, with broader glooms of shadow and quickly fleeting rain-showers, bestowed addi-

tional lights, or twilight darkness—passing into rainbow colours—on the throng, the players in their tartans, and the natural amphitheatre on which they figured. The rain was a little trying to southern visitors such as Laura Hopkins, who had a pet Parisian silk gown to be spoiled without any good gained by the spoiling. But none of the natives—not even Donald of Drumchatt, in his plaid—seemed to mind an occasional downpour; and when it threatened the salmon and the chicken pies, which had not even a tent to protect them, an additional tablecloth thrown over the viands was deemed a sufficient screen to keep them from being swamped.

Among the most picturesque of the events of the morning were the arrivals in succession of groups of combatants—not Macdonalds, and who came with a certain formality of pomp in marching order, wearing their own clan tartans and badges, and heralded by their own pipers playing their special pibrochs as they defiled, like their ancestors bound for the harrying of a rival's lands, down the declivities and into the haugh.

The most impressive of the contests to a mere on-looker were those between the throwers of the huge hammer, or caber, and between the heavers of the great stone. The strong men who swung round their sinewy arms, often bare to the shoulders, with the heavy weapon ere they cast it from them, or poised the fragment of rock and sent it flying through the air as if it were a pebble, looked sons of the giants and worthy descendants of Conn of the Hundred Battles.

Unah Macdonald, in her despised white frock, enjoyed the Ford games intensely and yet quietly. But she suffered from three elements of disturbance to her peace: she was afraid lest some jocular old gentleman, friendly matron, or officious girl might be moved to congratulate her on her future happy prospects. She dreaded some act of appropriation on Donald of Drumchatt's part, some public claiming of her assistance and cool assertion of his right to her help, when she would be distressed and the day spoilt for her. But Donald was enjoying the pre-eminence of being the most important man on the ground, second only to the winners of the first prizes in the games. He liked to indulge the hospitable instincts he could rarely gratify. He was too much occupied and too well supported to need her, or to be prompted to pay her more than the attentions which were due to their cousinly relations. Other people were also too busy to

commit themselves to premature congratulations; at least they reserved their allusions for her father and mother, who were able to relish them.

The third source of disturbance was the half expectation—partly a wish, partly a fear, that she might re-encounter in the company and make the acquaintance in a more regular form, of the bold young fisher to whom she had spoken, and with whom she had walked a few paces in the Bride's Pass. She remembered him, and glanced for a while deprecatingly at every new comer, with the idea that she should see him, and that there would be something startling in the sight—that he might even proclaim aloud before Lady Jean and the rest—he was capable of it, in Unah's impression of him—how informal had been their first introduction and how forward she had been in addressing him, and volunteering to give him information.

But time passed and he did not come. Unah, with a strange little thrill of mingled relief and disappointment, made up her mind that he had nothing to do either with the Moydarts or the Hopkins', and that he had already left the country.

She settled herself to watch, as she had been wont to do, the proper business of the day, to take in all the sources of interest and pleasure she had been accustomed to find in the games. She knew many of the strugglers in that arena. She was fit and she found voice to correct even Lady Jean in some of her hasty deductions.

"No, Lady Jean, it is not Big Alister up at the Freen farm who has won the hammer-throwing, it is Eachin Roy, who is to marry our Flora in the kitchen. She got leave to come to-day, and there she is among his people; she will be so proud; and they were to buy a clock with the prize."

Unah's sympathy was fully as keen, while more founded on facts and rather more abiding, than Lady Jean's.

Unah did not weary secretly like Laura Hopkins, who never ceased to wonder how Lady Jean could pretend to know one of these men from another, and what pleasure she could take in a supposed familiarity with the humble fortunes of the objects of her attention. Laura would have given them all blankets and soup to a liberal amount in winter, and sent them doctors and clergymen *ad libitum*; but though she had no fear that they, like the store-keeper's daughters, might mistake their relations to her, she had a strong sense that she had nothing more to do with

them. They had neither part nor lot in each other. She was longing for the dancing to begin—she had some admiration for that feature of the spectacle—and poor mamma must be wearying her heart out, dozing by herself in the carriage all this time.

But Unah, as she gazed eagerly at the rows of champions and saw now this, now that stalwart form or cleanly-knit figure step forth from the ranks, heave up or swing round his head the stone or hammer, and hurl it at the goal, had a fellow-feeling with their repressed excitement, and an almost painful sympathy with the suspense and the trembling hopes of their folk—above all their womankind; she could have echoed the occasional involuntary "houchs" of triumph and "ochones" of regret which came, broken and subdued, from the orderly and quiet throng, far graver because far more in earnest, and with more concentrated attention, than a Lowland crowd would have shown on such an occasion. There might be a little anticipatory revelry going on at the public-house, but it was not till the serious work was over, that the mirth and the brawling became fast and furious.

As Unah looked she could see in her mind the plaided figures in less peaceful array. She had heard so many stories of Highland feuds and forays that she could easily picture to herself, from the groups before her, the last deadly encounter between the two rival branches of the Macdonalds, who, like brothers estranged, had regarded each other with special hatred, breaking out every now and then into deadly demonstration throughout whole generations. Members of the two factions were striving here amicably side by side to-day. But it was not thus they had met and parted by the stone in the moor, which still bore the name of the "Stone of Slaughter" because of them and their deed. In the middle of her vivid recollection of the former dark day, which lent a tragic background to the brightness of this day, Unah paused with a comical ruefulness. It was such a pity the original provocation to that remote onslaught had not been of a more dignified character. But the truth was, one of the hostile Macdonalds had thought fit to greet the foe, whom he might have passed with superb scorn, by striking him, Billingsgate fashion, in the face with a dead salmon, and so the wild *mêlée* began.

Though Unah was nearly destitute of technical art education, it added largely to her enjoyment that she could appreciate the changing lights which the showery day be-



stowed on the scene. "I hope my father sees that," she was constantly saying to herself when she was separated from the minister, and when now a black canopy cast everything into a purple gloom, and again spears of light shot athwart the thick banks of cloud, and, striking the earth, lit up with low beams as at sunset—which yet were succeeded by brilliant noontide flashes—the motley combatants, the Fearn, the moor, and the hills.

"Papa, what has become of Frank Tempest?" said Lady Jean, suddenly accosting her father in one of his visits to the ladies sitting on the heaped-up plaids and cloaks on the Knock. "I thought the games would have just suited him. I hope he has not fallen headforemost into one of the 'lochans' he is so mad upon, or that a stag has not turned at bay as it has not turned since the days of 'Lord Ronald' in the ballad."

"There is the young man," said the Earl, indicating a distant pair of grey shoulders thrust into the inner ring which encircled the players.

"Oh, he is here!" exclaimed Lady Jean. "Then pray send him up presently to have some luncheon, and to apologize for forgetting us."

Five minutes after, Unah, who had heard and drawn her inference from the colloquy, and from a bird's-eye view of the pertacious and prominent shoulders, stood very still and stared right before her. All the time she had a quick consciousness in the back of her neck, where her bag of auburn hair hung, that the close-cut hair, the well-opened blue eyes, the blunt nose, and the downy beard which she had encountered in the Pass had approached and joined Lady Jean.

"What kind of behaviour do you call this, Mr. Frank?" demanded Lady Jean in tones of easy intimacy.

"I don't call it anything bad, since I did not think you could want me. I was late in arriving, and I wished to see how the beggars would get on," answered an independent voice.

"You forget we're all 'a bootless host of high-born beggars,' and that if you fast till you faint mamma will never forgive me."

"I should like to see me fainting," said the cheery voice a little languidly, as at too absurd a joke; and then, in a different and slightly aggrieved tone, "I wished to try a cast of the hammer, and they would not let me."

"I dare say not! Would you let any amateur 'cut in'—as papa says at whist—in a

boat-race, or a cricket-match on the most miserable village green? We, too, have our code of rules and regulations, and our closed lists, days beforehand. No, no, Frank; you may have been reading the 'Lady of the Lake' to your profit, till you propose to be an English Douglas, who is suddenly to come across the sward and carry all before him. But remember this is not Stirling, and times are changed."

"I did not propose anything of the kind," denied the young man stoutly. "I never threw a hammer in my life, and I am not such an ass as to suppose that in these circumstances I should not have made a mess of it; still I could have liked just to get my hand in. Failure in that light would have been no disgrace, you know."

"The vanity of men!" said Lady Jean abstractedly.

"But, Mr. Tempest, would you really have liked," said Laura Hopkins, who knew the stranger, and could not resist remonstrating gently, "to go and play among these common men?"

"There is nobody common in Fearnavoil," said Lady Jean boldly; "and don't you know, Miss Hopkins, that here we are all cousins more or less distant?"

Laura looked puzzled, and half put out. The gentleman came to her aid.

"We are all men in the cricket-field as well as in the battle-field," he said gaily; "that is the gain of playing and fighting, or at least one of the gains; and I think the defect in those games is that no man rides his own horse. I mean no squire—though I have mistaken more than one fellow for his laird—enters the breach. Why do the judges set men to do what is above or below their own doing? Oh! I say, Lady Jean——" he broke off and made an earnest request in an under-tone to the young lady. His eyes had been roving about while he was speaking, and had fallen on and recognised Unah Macdonald. He could have recognised the girlish figure and the loose rolls of auburn hair anywhere.

Unah knew it all as well as if she had seen it, though she was still standing immovable with her back to the speaker, and would not have stirred or looked round for the world. She was prepared for the next act of the little drama, though she met it with an overpowering rush of red to her face and the exceeding stiffness of mingled shyness and consciousness.

Lady Jean came round in front of Unah, followed by her ally. "Mr. Frank Tempest

begs to be introduced to you, Miss Macdonald. If I understand him rightly, you have come across each other in some of the delightful adventures by flood and field, which are always befalling us happy people in the Highlands. I hope Frank saved you from wetting your boots, Unah, if he was not so fortunate as to draw you bodily out of the water."

"It was rather the other way," said Frank Tempest, accomplishing successfully a laugh against himself, "and I am afraid Miss Macdonald found me awfully cocky and ungrateful."

"She will consent to postpone your apology till you have eat your luncheon," Lady Jear interposed, in order to send him off to his neglected meal, and to deliver Unah from the ordeal which a public explanation was sure to be to so sensitive and shy a girl. "Boys have even less tact than men," Lady Jear reflected when he was forced to go, in that assumption of venerable age and wisdom which is apt to beset a lively girl not long out of her teens.

But though Frank Tempest did not appease his hearty appetite and repair his supposed exhaustion by more than a long draught and a dozen morsels bolted standing, when he returned to the post Unah had occupied it was vacant. She was gone, carried off with her own will by her mother, in the earliest retreat from the gathering.

Malise Gow had been at the Ford games, not in the minister's cast clothes as a douce kirk officer, but for one day in the year in a totally different character, wearing the old proud garb in which, when a young man, he had been one of the competitors. However well preserved his tartans, and granting that they waved inspiringly in the breeze, Malise, with his lean shanks and his wrinkled, careworn face, remained a scarecrow, only with less resemblance to a "bogle" than in his ordinary attire. But could it be wondered at that the susceptible soul of the man, as he strutted along to the meeting-place, was influenced by his clothing—that he forgot the present in the past, and old glories, old weaknesses took possession of him once more? If he had been wise he would have abstained from that reinvestment in the trappings of the days of his vanity. But this was an amount of magnanimity to which no son of Conn, of Malise's degree, had yet attained in Fearnavool.

On this anniversary of the Ford games Malise was able to restrain himself within bounds. He could not be said to escape

contagion; but, for an inflammable man, he took the disease mildly. Even the members of the kirk session, if they had come across him as he strutted and swaggered, would have made allowance for him. But Mrs. Macdonald was more unrelenting than any member of the session; she made searching investigation, and discovered that Malise had not been above suspicion, and she held justly that a man of his professions ought, like Cæsar's wife, to defy inquiry. She summoned Malise to what was to him a terrible private interview, from which he came out hanging his bald head.

"Hout, man!" said Jenny Reach, taking pity on him, "why do you go about like a whipped dog? What were the odds but that a poor old lad like you, with no body to speak of, and no greater support than a nip of oat cake and a crumb of kebbock, since you went away in too great a hurry in the morning to sup your drop porridge, would not get uplifted over a single glass of as bad whisky as ever came out of a still? For everybody knows the whisky is getting worse year after year—the more shame to the distillers."

Malise could take little solace either from Jenny's half-contemptuous commiseration or from her easy latitudinarianism. "I've not such a poor body, lass," he protested, stung by the humiliating excuse. "There's plenty of the ould mettle left in me yet." And then, as his conscience smote him with the absence of any right to boast, he returned to his chronic trouble on account of Jenny's spiritual state. "I misdoubt me, Jenny," he groaned, "that you're no better than an Erastian Sadducee."

"I ken nothing about your Erastian," retorted Jenny; "and as to your Sadducee, would you rather have me a Pharisee?—was there much to choose between them? Eh, but it was like the Pharisee not to keep a civil word on his tongue for the friend that was seeking to cheer him."

Malise needed a long day alone with his master among the hills to recover his equanimity.

#### CHAPTER VIII.—THE KETTLE OF FISH.

THE Kettle of Fish was a local name given to a picnic in the Bride's Pass. The origin of the name lay in the fact that a salmon fresh caught from the river or one of the lochs which served as its feeders, boiled or grilled over a gipsy fire on the spot, always played a prominent part at the company's meal. They were right: Gunter might have

provided an infinitely superior breakfast for the aristocratic Cockneydom of Richmond; Gunter could have furnished lobster sauce *ad libitum*, but it would not have been to such a salmon; Gunter himself must have succumbed in despair before the superiority of the noble fish, cold drawn from its native waters, and cooked at the moment of perfection.

Lady Moydart's picnic was held, if possible, the day after the Ford games. It was not quite so open and wide a festivity as that on the Knock, and her ladyship herself presided over it, which, seeing that she was lazy as well as good-natured, and had a southernish fear of the climate, was an amiable condescension.

But all the responsibility and fatigue of the entertainment were taken willingly by Lady Jean, and, to Laura Hopkins' bewilderment, it was very real responsibility and fatigue. Lady Jean was not a person who would shirk her duty or turn it over to servants. To her a gipsy meal meant what it said—a refecton in which she was to play the part of a gipsy. To be sure she yielded so far that the fare should be more extensive and varied than soup *à la* Meg Merrilies, while it did not include a roast hedgehog. In fact, it was brought for the most part from Castle Moydart.

But when the materials had arrived on the ground, Lady Jean would have no more extraneous help or mockery of camping out; she and her friends among the young people present must gather the sticks, kindle the fire, roast the potatoes and boil the salmon, as well as lay the cloth—making it fast by a large stone at each corner—and set out the viands. As for the servants, they grinned or looked imperturbable, according to the amount of their training, waiting in compulsory idleness till a hitch or a grand *contre-temps* in the programme should call for their prompt, successful interference. The elders of the party, whose years exempted them from toil, were the only other persons present to whom Lady Jean was inclined to grant permission to sit still and be served.

She herself had ridden over, prepared for work, in a riding-habit which could receive no injury. When Laura Hopkins came on the scene, in one of those chintzes warranted to wash, yet which were of such delicate beauty that any woman—not a washerwoman—might have grudged their exposure to soap and water, Lady Jean's first words were, "My dear child, what are you thinking of? How are you to pick up sticks and beat up eggs in such

a dress? We are to make a fire, and we are to have custards as well as a salad. Unah Macdonald's white gown is nothing. She might walk into the Fearn and come out again, without receiving any lasting harm, and I don't think she would mind doing it if it were not for the risk of drowning. But your old Chelsea blues and buffs, apple-greens and cherry colours—why, I guard mine more tenderly than any old point I ever possessed—and lace is the next thing I care for. I wore my chintz yesterday; but it was looped up, and my waterproof was at hand. Now you may thank me that I have had the foresight to bring a few aprons." And Lady Jean rummaged briskly in her special basket, and produced in triumph, not an amateur apron composed of muslin and bows of ribands, fit to be worn at a Fancy Fair, but an uncompromising article made of linen, long and wide, and tied with tape strings round the waist. Lady Jean contemplated it with strong approval. "It is a thing fit to be called an apron, one of the scullery maid's real aprons, which she has been good enough to lend me. Put it on instantly"—she charged Laura in a tone that admitted of no question—"and do not let the destruction of your chintz lie at my door. If I could have guessed that you would have been so shockingly foolish and wasteful, I should have warned you in time. I have more aprons for those who wish them. I have even borrowed one from the pantry-boy for Frank Tempest, since he pretends that he can get up genuine 'damper,' after the example of a man from Australia, who was in his college, and who used to go fishing and pitching tents with him by the banks of the Thames and the Severn, when the two might have had a choice of rustic inns."

It was no pleasure for Laura to find herself metamorphosed by being enveloped in that hideous apron; neither could she imagine any enjoyment in poking about collecting sticks and setting them to burn by the aid of lucifers, since Lady Jean was sufficiently reasonable to consider the dampness of the climate, and not insist on the feat of striking a light with flints. The thick bluish-grey smoke which the bunglers raised, and in which Lady Jean revelled, was bad enough, without their being forced to bring fire from stones before they had the most distant prospect of eating.

Though Laura Hopkins had been accustomed to consider that connoisseurship in cooking, and even a certain amount of gourmandism, was required of a girl in her position, to propose to do cooking in the lowest



details, with regard to which she had never dreamt of being anything save profoundly ignorant, and to do it with her own white scrupulously cared for hands, proved a shock to Laura's nerves. When she and her sisters had attended picnics among their own set, the pride of the whole party had lain in having everything done for them by their staff of much exercised servants in a style as near perfection as what was required in their father's well-appointed houses. All the difference arose from the circumstance that the pleasure-seekers ate whatever was in

season, and still more, whatever was extravagantly out of season in lamb and strawberries, out of doors instead of in sumptuous dining-rooms. But here in Fearnavoil, Lady Jean was lifting up raw potatoes with hands not always gloved, and Mr. Tempest was going to knead dough like any baker.

At the same time Laura could not protest—since this might be the aristocratic mode of conducting a picnic. She had not only to feel very uncomfortable and half miserable in a servant's horrid apron, she had to keep out of her mother's sight, lest Mrs. Hopkins



should raise an indignant outcry at what was Lady Jean's doing.

Unah Macdonald was as efficient as Laura Hopkins was helpless. Lady Jean had judged correctly that Unah did not care nearly so much as she should have done, through what straits the white gown passed. Soon it was gathered together, out of the way, in a more wisp-like fashion than the wearer's hair, as well as adorned with sundry smears of all colours.

Jenny Reach would have laughed to scorn any ability of Unah to act as her coadjutor ;

nevertheless the girl, in accompanying her father and mother in their cottage "visitations," had not only nursed every baby she could get her hands upon, she had done what she could to help the sick and aged men and women in their housekeeping. Her mother, who guarded Unah so jealously, had never interfered with the girl's attempts at usefulness. She could kindle a fire, she could fetch water from such a spout well as that with which she was well acquainted in the Bride's Pass. She could boil or roast potatoes, roll out or toast cakes, skim milk—

may, if need were she could have churned butter before she made it up into pats.

Unah was thoroughly happy, and forgot her shamefacedness in such avocations. To her even the assumption of them was the glory of a picnic. While she ran about acting as Lady Jean's most valuable *aide*, Donald of Drumchatt strolled after her, admiring her expertness, helping her when she would allow him, protesting laughingly against her prohibitions even while he yielded to them with good grace—he was so accustomed to being made much of and taken care of—as when she declined to let him wet his boots to procure water-cresses, or overheat himself by climbing the bank as far as she went in search of late wild strawberries and early blackberries.

Frank Tempest—who had basely broken his pledge of furnishing *bonâ-fide* damper to the feast—after greeting Unah from a distance early in the day, was continually loitering hankeringly in the vicinity of the couple—not yet knowing, to do him justice, that he was invading the privacy of declared lovers. They were a youthful-looking pair—she especially appeared the most girlish figure on the ground; and he was very much of a boy himself—without being one of those precocious boys who aspire to the friendship of women older than themselves; he longed for the two to take him into their fellowship.

At last Donald Drumchatt noticed the young English fellow's inclination, was flattered by it, and invited him to make a third in the group. Donald, at this time, was destitute of any prejudice of exclusiveness with regard to the enjoyment of Unah's company. He was free from the lover's desire to monopolize her society or her attractions. He had been introduced to Frank Tempest at the Ford games, and had treated him with the courtesy and dash of affability of the man who was the host and master of the ground, and so accountable for the stranger's feeling at home. Donald was not vexed when he discovered that Unah had known something of Frank Tempest before, and had not told him of it. The young laird did not draw an unfavourable inference from his mistress's reticence, or experience a spark of jealousy because of it.

Frank Tempest accepted, as cordially as it was offered, the friendly overture to join the two, who were straying about like brother and sister in a place which half belonged to them; and, in point of fact, the Pass was partly the property of Donald, partly of Lord Moydart. Unah showed a little contradictory reluctance

to fraternise freely with a comparative stranger; but the task of purveying for the wants of the company, like work in common, broke down all barriers more effectually and speedily than weeks of ceremonious intercourse in other circumstances could have effected.

The young people—certainly the youngest at the picnic, for Lady Jean had been "out" for several seasons and was decidedly older in mind than in years, and Laura Hopkins was as old as Donald, the senior of the trio—grew fast friends over their joint efforts, especially over a cracked jug which somebody had given Unah because she could find the well most easily, and with which she was to bring a final supplement of water to what might be termed by courtesy the festal board. Frank Tempest insisted on carrying the jug for her, but carry it as he might, it never contained more than a few drops when he arrived at his destination, while his person in the course of repeated progresses to and fro acquired the refreshingly dripping appearance of a cabman without his oil-cloth in rainy weather.

Frank shook off the drops as though he had been a spaniel to the manner born. He was ready to go as many more times to the well with the impracticable jug, as Unah in consternation at the deficiency of the means to the end, and Donald Drumchatt, shrugging his shoulders and enjoying the joke—dry so far as he was concerned—would bear him company.

"Did you ever see an old engraving called the 'Broken Pitcher,' ain't it an interesting example of a pathetic subject?" called Frank, and the other two were young and light-hearted enough to laugh at the small piece of wit. "No," said Frank, correcting himself. "I have it now. We are getting up *tableaux vivants* to lighten our labours, and it is an incident in the Arabian Nights, or it is a version of the trial of Sisyphus. How can you be so cruel a task-mistress, Miss Macdonald?"

"It is a bit of an old Scotch fairy tale. Don't you remember it, Donald?" said Unah. "It is the Scotch Cinderella, who was condemned to do all the hard dirty work of the house while her haughty, selfish sisters sat in fine clothes entertaining gay visitors. She was forced to carry water from the well in a pitcher with holes in the bottom, and when her heart was about to fail her, there came the friendly fairy bidding her—

Stap it wi' fag and clag it wi' clay,  
And then you'll carry the water away."

"But I am not a little girl, worse luck to me, and the clay is the only part of the

charm I comprehend," said Frank; "but never mind, my heart has not begun to fail me yet."

When there was a breathing space—just before the salmon and the potatoes were boiled and roasted to a wish—while everything else was arranged, the three new friends still kept together among the groups that hovered in the vicinity, and who began to look about them and praise with hackneyed praises the grandeur and the beauty of the Bride's Pass, and to congratulate themselves on the weather, which, though it was Lammas, did not threaten an impartial shower-bath or propose to drive the whole company precipitately to the carriages.

Then Frank Tempest found, to his wonder and unqualified admiration, that Unah Macdonald, still more than the young Laird of Drumchatt, knew not only every mountain and corrie, but every tree and flower, bird and insect. She spoke in her girlish way like King Solomon when he would discourse—doubtless of Libanus and Hermon, no less than of the cedar and the hyssop, and of every animal great and small. Frank could never have imagined a girl with such knowledge, and it alone would have raised her to the dignity of a queen in his estimation. For no other knowledge was so intensely captivating to the lad, who, in spite of his passion for sport and for all open-air life, had not been country bred, and had only vague and superficial information in comparison. Frank Tempest had been the son of a barrister, high in his profession, whose practice and inclination alike rendered him a resident for most of the year in London; and though he had taken care to give his boy the advantage of a great public school education, Frank's passion for the world of nature had yet retained in it a good deal of the tantalised hunger which was never satisfied. Now as he strolled with Unah and the delicate fellow to whom she was so kind, but who could not in his own strength have made many discoveries worth recording, he heard her identify a water-ousel, and call their attention to the lowliest patch of brilliantly faded, delicately cut leaves that ever braided a stone.

"It is only common crane's bill," she said half apologetically, "but I don't think there is anything equal to it except the faded leaves of the silver weed, which luckily is as common a little thing; of course I am only speaking of little things, not of the heather on the hillsides, or a blaze of broom against a dark fir wood. But, Donald, if Mr. Tempest likes

this blood-red, should he not see the geantrees and the rowan berries in autumn and the first oak shoots in spring?" She was speaking eagerly now, and as she spoke she stooped and plucked some spikes of what Frank, leaping at a conclusion, took to be heather.

"Is not that very blue heather?" he suggested briskly.

"It is not heather," she answered, but, without ridicule of his ignorance, with a certain gracious forbearance; "it is only liverwort. This is the blue kind. There are lilac and white varieties which I will find for you if I can." She was not patronising him, but she guessed by intuition his craving after her field learning, and she was as guilelessly ready to help him as Wordsworth's Highland girl could have been.

He hung his head a little under a sense of his inferiority, shameful as he felt it in a man and a sportsman. He blurted out, since he was not already cured of his propensity to feel mortified and take offence, something about English botany, though he knew or ought to have known that he had often seen liverwort on English heaths. Then he took his stand on briony, happening to have heard that it did not flourish in Scotch hedgerows. "I believe you have no briony here," he said with a defiant air, for which the next moment he was rebuked, since he had the grace to be sensible of an unconscious rebuke.

For she was converted into a humble learner at the word. "No," she answered regretfully, "and I have often read of it and should like so much to see it. Are the berries so much larger and finer than our rowan berries?"

It was Donald who was slightly annoyed at any berries being supposed to be finer than those of Fearnavoi and at Unah's being made to appear at fault in her own province. "Miss Macdonald is an authority on all the native fauna and flora," he said with sudden pomposity; "even her father, the minister of the parish, asks her advice on difficult points. Isn't that true, Unah?" he ended more naturally.

"Oh, Donald, you are speaking nonsense," protested Unah with an access of modesty, and then she proceeded involuntarily to exalt her own ideal of a naturalist. "My father is not often puzzled either by leaf or feather; if he were he would certainly seek a worthier guide."

"How I should like to know your father," sighed Frank Tempest with perfect single-heartedness. "I suppose it is presumption



to expect that he would bestow his acquaintance on a fellow like me, though I were to attend the kirk ever so regularly and listen all through his sermons?"

"To bribe my father for your own profit!" said Unah, shaking her clerical young head, and then stopping short in horror at the notion of beginning to lecture a stranger as she sometimes lectured Donald.

"Come and dine with me at Drumchatt, and I'll ask my cousin, Mr. Macdonald, to meet you, since he is too busy and reverent a man to be found at picnics," suggested Donald, still with the suspicion of affability to be expected in a young man who could claim a Drumchatt, give dinners, and promise a cousin, a beneficed clergyman, to take the other end of the table and say grace.

Before Frank Tempest could do more than express his gratitude, the stragglers were summoned to lunch.

Lady Jean now yielded precedence to her father and mother, who looked to the servants for all manner of subsidies to the salmon and potatoes; but everybody allowed that the last were unapproachable, while they glanced round in vain, till they attracted the attention of some regular attendant, for salt or vinegar or bread; and Lord Moydart betrayed at the last moment that if it had not been for him the wine would never have been "drowned" in that convenient eddy of the Fearn unknown to the wisest gipsy who ever frequented the Pass.

Still Lady Jean said that a load was lifted off her mind, and that now she was ready to be refreshed and amused by any grateful soul who would undertake the office.

Lord Moydart gave toasts in Gaelic, and volunteered to lead off the drinking of them in Highland style till Benvoil and the Tuaidh rang with the three times three, and hawks, if not eagles, were driven from their eyries.

Lady Moydart bore it all without doing more than putting her hands over her ears. She was installed on the most comfortable cushion, having a foundation of moss well built round by other cushions, and plaids without number. She was supported on the one hand by Mrs. Hopkins, and on the other by Mrs. Macdonald. The one talked to her, the other looked at her. Upon the whole the countess preferred the latter.

The luncheon had been laid out in a bend of the Pass, under the shelter of an overhanging and striking mass of rock—from whose hoary clefts sprang slender birch-trees—and which hung threateningly over the level piece of ground beneath. But the mass had

remained suspended there ever since man had chronicled it, and it was viewed with well-warranted dependence on its stability. It was a prominent feature among the still huger landmarks around—too distinct and individual a rock not to have a story attached to it, in a land which bore a greater crop of legend than of any description of grain or roots. Somebody alluded to the particular legend in the after-dinner hour of the picnic. There were more strangers present than Frank Tempest to whom the tale was new; one of them desired to hear the details, which a certain bluff Sir Duncan prepared to supply. Lord Moydart questioned the first part of Sir Duncan's narrative, and referred to Donald Drumchatt. "It was your ancestor who was the offender, Drumchatt; you ought to know the true account."

Donald did know the tradition by heart, and if he had not known it Unah Macdonald was at his elbow to prompt him. "You are both wrong," he said complacently. "Evan Macdonald did not come down the face of the rock, he got into the Pass by the Bealnam-bo. He was supposed to be in another part of the country, you know, and Macgregor had stolen a march upon him with the marriage, but tidings had reached my ancestor in time. He was accompanied by a tail of stout fellows, and Macgregor too had taken the precaution to double the wedding train. He and Fionaghal Macdonald, his bride, had met at St. Mairi, where the knot was tied. The husband was bringing home his newly-made wife in triumph. They had just reached this rock, which was known as Craig Crottach in those days, because a poor hump-backed wretch had once fled from his kind, built a hut in the hollow and occupied it, calling upon the hills to fall upon him and bury the deformity which separated him from his fellows. But it has been called the Rock of the Challenge ever since old Drumchatt summoned the enemy, who had won his Fionaghal, to stop and answer to him for the deed. The Seannachie, who saw it all, says the Miri-Cath, the fury of battle, came on the people—the wedding guests as well as the intruders, and they fell on each other after the first word, and did not spare. Not a man left the pass alive and unwounded. Fionaghal was a widow the same day that she became a wife, and she handed down her bridal state and tragic story as a legacy to the Pass in its name for ever."

Donald was at his best when he repeated one of the stories of his house. Withal there was a pathetic enough anti-climax in it, as it

came with befitting spirit from the lips of the young man with the girl's complexion, the hollow chest, and the long, thin hands.

The talk became general on the different versions of the encounter, but Frank Tempest, who was sitting on the other side of Donald, looked bewildered.

"What are you talking of?" he asked doubtfully. "Are you chaffing us? When did this blood-thirsty affair happen?"

"Neither to-day nor yesterday," said Donald, laughing. "But I am afraid it is only too well authenticated for my forefathers to set up a claim to magnanimity. The date is not earlier than Anne's reign, I believe, somewhere about the time of the union."

"The days of Pope and Bolingbroke, and highly polished English literature," exclaimed Frank.

Donald regarded the irresistible comparison in the light of a compliment. "Yes, indeed," he said, "we were utter savages even so lately. There are traces of the feud among us yet which corroborate the facts I have been repeating. Why, you are lodging with the lineal descendant of Gillies Macgregor," referring to Frank, in his rage for liberty, making his head-quarters at the Ford Inn, and not among his friends at Castle Moydart. "Gillies Macgregor's people have come down in the world, but no one in the Country questions their gentle descent. Macgregor, your landlord, is very canny, and suits himself to his business; but he has two brothers, lounging fellows—you must have seen them hanging about—who, though they have descended to being head-boatmen and head-ghillies to the guests at the inn, would not soil their fingers by any other trade. And I can tell you the Macgregors, excepting the innkeeper, who minds his profits, bear a grudge against us Macdonalds to this day. All the force that can be put on them is required to prevent the bad blood coming out at trysts and harvest-homes."

The episode of wild passion owning no law, sounded as if it belonged to the annals of another world fiercer, more vivid in its simplicity.

Already Donald and Unah, happy as children in the opportunity, had been enlightening Frank Tempest on many of the customs in which the Highlands differed from the Lowlands. They had explained to him that drinking a toast with Highland honours, which was a simple enough matter there on the green sward, when celebrated by men seated under a roof, round a table, meant each man's springing on his chair, placing one

foot—if it were in a boot with freuchans (shod with nails) all the better—on the mahogany, the carousers waving their glasses above their heads and shouting like madmen till the rafters rang.

The enthusiastic chroniclers described the singing of Gaelic songs, accompanied by the rhythmic movement in which women gently waved their aprons, or a whole company stood holding each a bit of a handkerchief extended between them, and shook it in time to the measure.

Donald and Unah went on to cram Frank Tempest with questions of tartans and badges. The joint historians laid before the highly favoured Frank that pretty old puzzle in which the Jacobites described the Stewart tartan under the figure of a moor-hen—

"My bonnie moor-hen has feathers eneuch,  
She's a' fine colours, but nane o' them blue,  
She's red and she's white, she's green and she's grey.  
My bonnie moor-hen, come hither away."

As to badges, the Macdonalds' was the bell-heather, while the Moydart Stewarts' was the oak. Lady Jean wore oak-leaves and acorns on all occasions; she had a bunch in the breast of her riding-habit at this moment. It was only the royal Stewarts who were privileged to assume the thistle.

Wherever you met Camerons you were sure to find an Evan; if it were Mackays there would be a Hugh; if it were Macleans a Hector; if it were Gordons, strange to say a Cosmo.

After the two unpremeditated conspirators had stuffed the English lad's head, not yet steady on his shoulders, with the jumble of slightly stagey, undeniably picturesque accessories, they came down upon him, stirring his young blood and causing his nerves to tingle, with the wild tale of the place. It had for its commentary the gloomy scowl of Benvoil already passing into shadow, where it reared its high head far in the rarefied blue air above them, and looked obdurate and grim even in the warmth of the summer weather, with the syren song of the cool Fearn bickering among the alders at their feet. Seeing the effect they produced, like relentless persecutors, Donald and Unah continued to fool the lad to the top of his and their bent. They plied him with still wilder and wilder stories. They spoke to him of the Stone of Slaughter and the Tarn of the Corpses. They introduced him to the piteous woes of Fair Janet. Then coming down with a bound to comparatively modern incidents, still not altogether unworthy of what had gone before them, they clinched

their performances by setting forth in plain words, becoming an eighteenth century record, the edifying end of stout Keppoch at Culloden.

Frank Tempest's head was turned. He had begun by yielding to Unah's wonderful knowledge, extending, as she had said of her father's attainments, to every leaf and feather which he longed to know. Everything else about her was too much for him, from the look of the girl in her girlish simplicity—the soft pale face lit up as by the soul within—to the perfect unconsciousness which lurked in the very carelessness that made nothing of the wealth of hair of the hue of red gold or some glorious vintage of southern wine—to the thoughts and dreams which dwelt in the dusky grey eyes. To cap all, he was taken off his guard, and made a willing captive to those romances of the Gaelic "Mort d'Arthur" and "Niebelungen-lied" poured out upon him at once, and without stint. He felt as if he were on enchanted ground, as if he were himself bewitched and should not for many a day recover his identity—his honest slightly hectoring "no humbug" identity, which was that of an emancipated schoolboy and raw student. It was an individuality not only thoroughly manly and generous, but under its ostentatious show of prosaicism, dangerously imaginative in its own way.

That conversation bore fruits with a vengeance. But there was another conversation which took place at Lady Moydart's Kettle of Fish in the Bride's Pass which was also destined to play a prominent part in the fortunes of some of the company present.

Unah had been led to get the better of her shyness with Frank Tempest; the awkwardness of their introduction to each other was forgotten. The priority of their acquaintance was now altogether in his favour; so was his youth. Unah had her own views of youth; she looked upon it as a phase of insignificance which reduced Frank Tempest to her level, and helped her, after an untoward obstacle had ceased to exist, to be at ease with him. The equality of their years made their association, even without Donald Drumchatt's presence, the most natural arrangement in the world. She had no idea of danger in the association; neither had she learned, in spite of what she knew of Donald's position, to calculate that the youth of some men may render them of more importance than the mature years of others.

Lady Jean and Laura Hopkins had another definition of youth. Sitting opposite to Unah

and Frank Tempest, the two girls, better instructed, farther advanced in knowledge of the world, made their own comments on the sudden growth of intimacy between the daughter of the manse and the young Englishman.

Lady Jean speculated whether Unah MacDonald could be so single-hearted a girl as she—Lady Jean—had always believed her. Whether if a great bait were offered her, Unah might not open and display qualities equal to the occasion, by throwing over poor Drumchatt, and making a desperate effort to win Frank Tempest, who in his green youth was evidently smitten by the wild Highland girl.

Laura Hopkins, freed from the incubus of the scullery-maid's apron, began to sigh anew and feel more disposed to pout than her amiable temper generally inclined her to do. Was this unformed chit of a minister's daughter, in her old-fashioned, ill-used white gown, to monopolize everybody and everything? She had already secured Drumchatt, and perhaps she had some right to him; but was she to go on, and by the mere perversity of human nature, attract Mr. Tempest, an Englishman, so perfectly gentleman-like a young fellow, who was like one of the family at Castle Moydart?

Poor Laura in her ultra cultivation had still, as has been said, the housemaid's necessity for a fresh young man in her suite, to match with every fresh situation, whether the young man's homage were earnest or frivolous. She had the essential vulgarity of failing to comprehend the most casual alliance between a young man and a young woman, which had not real or pretended love-making for its basis. Indeed, both the Hopkins'—mother and daughter alike—were impressed with the conviction that idle love-making was the most agreeable recreation, as love-making with a serious intent ought to be the most profitable business, of a girl's life.

No doubt there were other eligibles that day in the Bride's Pass, and some of them were not disinclined to make themselves agreeable to the pretty superfine daughter of the soft goodsman, who could give her a share of the tin. But Frank Tempest was English, he was one of the Castle Moydart set, he was handsome and winning, and Laura was a little disposed to set her simple heart on him.

"I think Frank Tempest has lost his heart to the Highlands," said Lady Jean with a little emphasis. She was quite impartial her-



self, but in her outspoken, careless way she was not averse to teasing that goose, Laura Hopkins; and neither did Lady Jean mind much that Mrs. Macdonald, in her seat by Lady Moydart, was within hearing of the girls' conversation.

"Frank Tempest is a nice boy," Lady Jean pursued the conversation with her grandmother air; "nice-looking too, isn't he? Though for my part I don't care for boys, I like a man I can reverence"—reverence being the quality of which Lady Jean was most destitute—"but he is all the more a charge to us. Mr. Frank is somebody, and so it becomes of consequence that his devices don't lead him into mischief."

"I thought," said Laura, with a faint deprecation, "that his father was only a barrister, and that he did not leave his son more than sixty thousand pounds" ("a beggarly sixty thousand," she had heard her father sum it up slightly at the Freat).

"Your information is correct, Laura," said Lady Jean with a smile; "the late Justice did not care so much for money as for reputation in his profession. He was one of the Tempests of Oakhampton, and they say he aimed at the Woolsack—not that he was so silly as to undervalue money—and we poor people call sixty thousand pounds a very fair fortune. Just think of sixty thousand pounds made, not out of solid material, mind you, like iron or sugar—the last is solid in my sense—but of good legal advice, the judicious breath of a man's mouth! I am rather proud of the Lord Chief Justice, though he was no relation of ours, only he married Lady Charlotte Delaval, mamma's dearest friend. But it is not through the Justice that Frank has his title to be a delusion and a snare, a burden and a worry, silly fellow! sitting there drinking in for the first time the charms of Highland scenery and life, and of Unah Macdonald, who belongs to them, as if he did not cost any mortal a thought or a care."

Lady Jean was running on without any particular motive, when, as ill luck would have it, she became conscious that Mrs. Macdonald, in a pause of the conversation with Lady Moydart—which the minister's wife kept up with so little trouble to the Countess—was becoming weary of her ill-requested talk. In spite of her strong will and indomitable pride, a perception of Lady Moydart's yawning indifference and slighting consideration of her had penetrated Mrs. Macdonald's mind. She would not allow herself to give entire credence to such utter stupidity and mercenariness on the part of a

woman of Lady Moydart's rank. Mrs. Macdonald struggled violently and with some success against the evidence of her senses. She was accustomed to blind herself. She had trained herself to gag her reason, and in some degree her moral sense also. Still she was glad to afford her ruffled feelings a little distraction by turning suavely to attend to Lady Jean's talk. She listened quite openly, but she stiffened as she listened.

Lady Jean bore no malice against Mrs. Macdonald. She was quite sincere in paying some heed to Mrs. Macdonald's gentle birth and breeding, and in holding her in far higher appreciation than the Countess held the minister's ambitious wife. The Earl's daughter had a real liking for Unah Macdonald. But beyond the inclination to amaze and entrance Laura, and fill that susceptible young lady with vain longings, some wicked impulse—the presence of which at the picnic ought to have announced itself to Mrs. Macdonald by the pricking of her thumbs—took possession of the idle girl, and prompted her, at the very moment when the minister's wife was wincing in the half-confessed consciousness of undeserved mortification, to expatiate on certain unsuspected points in Frank Tempest's history and prospects. "Don't you know, Laura, what Debreth has taken care not to leave a secret—but you are too sensible a girl to make a second Bible out of the Peerage, even out of Sir Bernard Burke, who does sometimes read like a delightful fairy tale or Highland legend—that Lady Charlotte Tempest was the only Delaval of the last generation who left an heir, and that the Southern Delavals are the representatives of the old dukes of Wiltshire?"

'Young Frank is Chief of Errington  
And Lord of Langley-dale.'

In the future, yes. Frank comes in for all the great Wiltshire estates, which are now held by his uncle in right of his wife, Lady Charlotte's elder sister. Frank has no claim either to his grandfather's earldom or to his great-great-grandfather's dukedom, neither of which goes by heirs female, the more's the pity; but I dare say, as the heir is so goodly in every respect, one or both may be revived. Only think of Frank's having the strawberry leaves to bestow—and the remotest chance of his throwing them away! Oh, I can assure you he is a great charge—a positive affliction to mamma and me. But all his own people—his father and mother, I mean—are dead, and we are fond of the wild boy." Lady Jean was talking very much at random, but there

was sufficient foundation for the extravagant statements which were causing Laura Hopkins to open wide her round black eyes.

Mrs. Macdonald guessed the truth, and she glanced at Frank Tempest bending over her daughter, and hanging breathless on every word Unah said—the very *tableau* which had

provoked Lady Jean's explanations. Her gaze took it all in at the same moment that she confessed bitterly to herself, she was writhing under Lady Moydart's insolent neglect. Then Mrs. Macdonald's dark eyes flashed, her grey ringlets quivered for an instant, and her heart began to beat violently.

## ROSE OR THORN?

O Love the rose, O Love the thorn,  
O Love whose cheek with crimson glows,  
O Love that leavest hearts forlorn,  
Oh, tell me, ere the petals close,  
Is Love a rose?

O Love the thorn, O Love the rose,  
O Love, thy blush, of roses born,  
With lily whiteness comes and goes,  
O Love with cheek oft wan and worn,  
Is Love a thorn?

Oh, Love's a rose without the thorn.  
Its petals fall; but while it grows  
Its virgin hue doth steal from morn  
Heaven's own glory as it blows.

Oh, Love's a rose!

ROBERT WILSON.

## THOUGHTS FOR QUIET HOURS.

BY THE EDITOR.

IV.

THE indirect effect of Christianity in modifying the tone of public opinion is quite as remarkable as the more distinct advance of the Church as an organized body. The increasing horror with which war is regarded; the care taken, not only in the cure of disease but in preventing its outbreak by sanitary precautions; the protection extended to those whose occupations expose them to peril on sea or land—these and similar movements which show the growth of a higher estimate of life, spring from deeper causes than the progress of civilisation. Such sentiments were not known to the old civilisations of Egypt, Greece, or Rome. They are the indirect effect of Christianity.

But these beneficent feelings of humanity only dimly reflect the importance Christ attached to the character of the spiritual life in man. The philanthropy which seeks to mitigate physical distress, the chivalrous heroism which rushes to the rescue of the oppressed or perishing, are but feeble shadows of the profound interest with which Jesus sought the spiritual well-being of man, or (to use the more familiar expression) with which He sought the salvation of the soul. The light in which He regarded man as man, may well surprise us. Rich or poor, young or old, good or bad were, in a sense, to Him alike; a ruler like Nicodemus, or a beggar like Lazarus; a holy apostle like St. John, or an unknown child laid in His arms to be

blessed; a saintly Mary of Bethany, or a Mary Magdalene with seven devils—each human being with whom He came in contact became the subject of such living interest as proved what was the value to Him of every soul of man.

His interview with the woman of Samaria is a striking illustration of this. When He first rested by the well of Jacob He was weary, hungry and thirsty. But during the interval while the disciples had gone to Sychar to buy bread He made the simple request, "Give Me to drink," the first link in a chain of teaching which, with marvellous art, drew forth all the secrets of the life, and showed the deeper needs of the heart of the stranger who talked with Him. When His disciples returned, they were surprised at the aspect of refreshment and the tranquillity of perfect satisfaction which had taken the place of previous exhaustion. In vain they pressed Him to eat. They could not comprehend it. "Hath any man brought Him ought to eat?" They knew not that this untold satisfaction sprang from no earthly food, but simply from the joy experienced in doing good to one human being, and that a poor outcast of society. And this joy was to Him only a foretaste of a fuller blessedness—for as He looked round upon the fields of barley and wheat, He thought of the greater harvest to come, when not one weary soul alone, but the multitude of His redeemed would be gathered unto

life eternal, and when "he that soweth and he that reapeth would rejoice together."

For Christ alone could measure all that is implied in character. We have meagre ideas of spiritual life or death, because we cannot weigh the relative importance of bodily and spiritual well-being. We gaze thoughtlessly on the crowds which fill our streets. We never separate the units in this mass of good and evil which surges around us, or calculate what joy or sorrow may be implied in the history of each one there. We can understand the physical suffering which appeals to the bodily eye, and appreciate what is meant by famine, or by pestilence, or by the havoc of war or accident. But it is in a very inadequate sense indeed that the best of us can comprehend what is implied in character, or estimate the issue which is at stake in the great battle between good and evil—the acceptance or rejection of God. But Jesus Christ knew "what was in man." Within each fleshly tabernacle He beheld the Shekinah of an immortal spirit. And so the crowds which came to Him spoke a language which He alone could understand. He knew the true meaning of the faith or unbelief with which He was received—what was implied in being "weary and heavy-laden;" all that was involved in the proud self-righteousness which turned aside from His guidance. He perceived the harvest contained in the least seeds of right or wrong that men sow heedlessly around him.

It is in the light of this high estimate of man as man that we can comprehend best many of the incidents in Christ's life. It is thus we can understand why the lives of little children, for example, assumed such importance in His eyes. Even a new-born babe suggested to Him thoughts of awe and ineffable tenderness. Although the feeble pulse had beaten only a few strokes, yet these marked for Him the beginning of a mighty career. He spoke with a deeper reference when He described the mother forgetting her anguish for "joy that a man-child is born into the world," for He saw in this a shadow of His own joy in the thought of another mighty being, albeit in its child-life, having been added to the society of the intelligent universe. It was thus that He took little children in His arms, and gazing with wistful affection into their wondering eyes, He blessed them. Each little face gave Him "thoughts too deep for tears," for each bore the impress of a glorious nature intended by the Father to be like His own in holiness and blessedness. It

is also in the light of the indescribable value He attached to man that we can measure His joy as He gained one heart after another; when a guileless Nathanael or an earnest Zaccheus rose to follow Him, or when a sin-stained Magdalene or a dying thief looked to Him for healing. What He experienced at the well of Jacob was but a ray of the light which must have continually brightened the life of "the man of sorrows."

In like manner it is in the light of this estimate of humanity which He had who knew "what was in man," that we can understand, however imperfectly, what He must have endured when He was "despised and rejected of men," and when He beheld them "preferring the darkness to light," the life of rebels to that of children. It was the sense of such a terrible crisis in her history which made Jesus burst in tears over Jerusalem, and it was as One on Whom man's iniquity fell as a crushing load that He stood before Pilate and Herod and Caiaphas, realising all their wickedness—what they had become, and what in their moral blindness they were about to perpetrate. In His ears the cry which bespoke the choice of the people had untold significance: "Release unto us Barabbas!" but "Away with this man! Crucify Him! crucify Him!" For now they had "seen and hated both Me and My Father." And what also must it have been to such an One as this to hang upon the cross and look down upon that sea of faces, where each seemed to say, "I hate you!" each tongue to shout, "I reject you!" If "reproach broke His heart," it was only because in His eyes man was a spiritual being in comparison with whose possible greatness the material universe of dull matter is but as dust in the balance.

We may feel assured that as the spirit of Christ truly affects the Church and society, it will lead to a similar estimate being formed of the world and humanity. The philanthropic beneficence which contemplates the physical well-being of the race, is but the first step towards that higher enthusiasm which recognises every man in the light of Christ's redemption and of His glorious purpose towards the human family. Our indifference is the measure of our unlikeness to the Lord. We must learn to put a nobler price on man simply as man, that we may be true fellow-workers with Christ in His blessed kingdom, and be sharers together with Him in those holy joys and sorrows which can only spring from a deeper partaking of the Divine spirit of His love.



## YOUNG MRS. JARDINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

## CHAPTER VII.



before the last guest departed and the household sank into quietness. Then, Bella Jardine, knocking at his door, had been greeted with a fraternal growl; and the trayful of food which, according to the family faith that the way to the heart is through the stomach, she brought up to him, was left untasted on the doormat.

"Let me alone; I will see you all at breakfast," were the only words that could be got out of him. Angry, sorrowful, and utterly worn out in body as well as mind, he threw himself on the bed, in the cold fireless room—evidently he had not been expected so soon—rolled himself up in a bear-skin rug, which he had bought at Neuchâtel, in planning that never-to-be-forgotten day at Lausanne, and slept for many hours. Slept so heavily that when he awoke, long after mid-day, he was surprised to find his fire lit, and a dainty little breakfast standing beside it; also his feet, stretching outside the rug, were carefully wrapped up in one of his mother's shawls.

She had been in his room, then! making him "comfortable," as was her habit to do, as much as she could—perhaps giving him, unfelt, the kiss that he might not have cared for, the tear which would only have vexed him. Poor mother! And he was her own, her only son.

Roderick was touched. When he came

down-stairs the first thing he did was to look for her all over the house, and when they met he kissed her affectionately.

"Forgive my being so rude as to go to bed at once; but I was very tired. And you? You have been up, spite of your fatigues, and looking after me as usual? I did so enjoy my nice breakfast! Thank you, mother."

He kissed her again, and then sat down, not knowing what else to say. Would she speak first, or must he, on the subject which never left his mind for a moment?

"Yes, you were quite wearied out with your long journey, my dear boy," said Mrs. Jardine. "You must have travelled night and day, to have got back so soon."

"Could I do otherwise, thinking you were ill, mother? and naturally I was somewhat astonished——"

"To find us in the middle of a ball?" broke in Bella, who sat surrounded by a heap of wedding finery. "It must have been a little perplexing. But we thought that frightening telegram was the best way to bring you home."

Roderick drew back, flushing angrily.

"Hold your tongue, Bella!" said the mother. "But, my dear Rody, I never said I was ill; I only said I was 'not well,' which was quite true. How could it be otherwise, after your letter?"

"You did get my letter, then—my two letters?"

"Yes, both." And there ensued an awkward silence.

Proud, shy, reserved as his nature was, to feel that he had been cheated in this way, treated like a silly school-boy, when his heart was bursting with the strongest passion of manhood, was to Roderick a very severe trial of temper and patience. He stood facing his mother and sister, expecting them to explain, to apologize. But they did neither; they said nothing, only went on with their occupation, talking together, just as if there was nobody in the room beside themselves.

Possibly this was half pretence, to hide their secret fright, poor women! at what they had done, or were going to do. Perhaps something in the look of the young man warned them that he was a young man,

would never be a boy again, not even to his mother. To all parents and all children there does come such a moment, when the Rubicon, once crossed, can be recrossed no more.

Bella tried to tide over the difficult moment, the *instans tyrannus*, which governs fatally so many a life, by taking it lightly, and calling her brother's attention to her millinery, her wreath and veil, to be worn in full splendour three days hence.

"Such things are quite out of my line, thank you," said Roderick coldly. "Mother, I should like to have a little talk with you; but if you are too much occupied, I—I can wait."

"Oh yes, wait. There is plenty of time, plenty of time, my dear boy," said Mrs. Jardine hurriedly, though with an air of exceeding relief, as she turned back to Bella and her "braws."

The critical moment passed, seized, unhappily, by neither side, for Roderick, excessively irritated, walked instantly out of the room, and out of the house.

For an hour or more he paced the streets—the miserable, muddy Richerden streets, which seemed more miserable than ever now, after the bright "backs of colleges" at Cambridge, and the dear little town of Neuchâtel, where it seemed as if there was always sunshine. He was boiling over with indignation and pain. A storm was coming; he felt it looming in the family atmosphere. His mother evidently had not taken kindly to the idea of his marriage; there would be a battle to fight. Even if no actual opposition—which he was loath to fear—there was a total lack of sympathy with him; else how could his mother—any mother—being acquainted with all the facts of the case, knowing that her son loved a girl as his very life, yet had left her, with her own mother lying dead, to rush frantically home, how could she greet him without a word of inquiry, nor show the slightest interest in his affairs, except the chilling remark, "there was no hurry."

"But there is, there shall be. She must hear me; she cannot help it. If she has a heart in her bosom, she will feel for me," he thought passionately. Yet when, a few minutes after, he caught sight of her and Bella driving past in their splendid carriage and pair, laughing together so much that they did not even see him at first, Roderick took off his hat to them, his own mother and sister, as distantly as if they had been complete strangers, and turned round a byestreet in indignant disdain.

For, indeed, at the moment they felt like strangers, as far removed as the poles from himself, and from that forlorn girl, the image of whom he carried perpetually in his fancy. He saw her flitting along the streets of Neuchâtel in her grey dress and waterproof cloak, her plain black hat with the pretty fair hair curling beneath it; he clasped the vision to his sick, empty heart, feeling that she was nearer to him than any of his own belongings—nearer and dearer than anything in the wide world.

It was so; it could not but be, for it was the natural law of things. "A man shall leave his father and mother, and cleave unto his wife," thought Roderick, bracing himself up against the worst, for his imaginative temperament was always prone to leap at once to the very worst, though his innate courage taught him also to face it.

And now he felt glad that he had come back, nominally as free as he went, that no word of mutual confession had passed between him and the object of his love; he did not even know whether she would consent to marry him. Nothing, therefore, could possibly be said against her; upon him only would fall the vials of maternal wrath—if wrath it were, which he could hardly bring himself to believe. It seemed so impossible, so supremely ridiculous, that a young man who could well afford to marry, whom his relations were always urging to marry, should not be left to choose for himself, especially when choosing such a wife as Silence Jardine.

He murmured over and over again to himself her dear name, not in its French form, as he was accustomed to hear it, though that sounded very sweet, but sweeter still was the English word which she would henceforward be known by—a familiar name, too, in the old family home.

"Oh, father, father! you, at least, would not have blamed me; you would have been glad that I should bring to Blackhall another Silence Jardine."

The thought calmed and comforted him; he felt less angry with his mother; he determined that he would have an explanation with her—a quiet, pacific, filial explanation—that very night.

But it is astonishing how long clever people—and she was a decidedly clever woman in her way, was Mrs. Jardine—can shirk a difficulty, or avoid an unpleasant thing. He hardly knew how it came about, but Roderick had actually been two whole days at home, taking his place at the foot of his mother's sumptuous table, and entertain-



"YOUNG MRS. JARDINE."

Shelton & Co.





ing, with gentle courtesy and well-disguised weariness, her endless guests, falling back into old ways so completely that he sometimes asked himself if the last two months were not merely a morning dream; yet not a syllable had been breathed of his intended marriage or of Mademoiselle Jardine.

Did they think he had forgotten her? Did his mother believe that? or Bella, with her lover paying devoted court to her, in the few short days that would elapse before he dropped into the commonplace husband? A regular Richerden husband, Roderick was sure he would turn out to be, and Bella a proper Richerden wife, dressing and dining, paying calls and interchanging gossip, vieing in domestic splendour with her two sisters, and getting as much as she could out of her wealthy mother, even though she had married a rich man—had made, as Mrs. Jardine continually declared, the “best” marriage of all the family.

“And mine will be the ‘worst,’ of course,” thought Roderick, with a smile that would have been a sneer had he not remembered *her*—the innocent girlish girl, scarcely yet a woman, before whose pure, true eyes all shams crumbled down into their natural dust, all contemptible worldlinesses fled away like ugly ghosts before the dawning light; all about her was so intensely real, so simply and directly in earnest, that in her presence nothing false could possibly live—at least for long.

“She will never do here,” thought Roderick, when, after forty-eight hours of Richerden life, the contrast between that and all he had left behind forced itself upon him with an almost exaggerated strength. “I must contrive, somehow, to migrate to Blackhall.”

And doubtful as it all was still, though he was but telling his mother the absolute truth in saying he did not know whether or not Mademoiselle Jardine would accept him, still, with the strong will of an honest man, he hugged to his heart the delicious thought, “I *will* have her. I love her, and I will make her love me. And if she loves me, no earthly power shall ever put us asunder.” The absolute necessity which almost every good man feels, not merely of a pretty girl to flirt with, a poetic mistress to adore, but of a wife—bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh, while at the same time she is soul of his soul, his help, his comfort, his delight—had begun to cry out in this young man’s heart with a sense of gnawing want which he felt nothing external would ever now appease.

“I must have her,” he repeated to himself. “I want her, I want her!” He glanced round the glittering room. His mother had a dinner party that night, and a small “carpet-dance” afterwards, at which were collected half the pretty girls of Richerden, with whom he had to dance by turns. But Roderick felt that he did not care two straws for any one of them, compared with that poor little girl sitting alone, in her black gown, with her pale cheeks and dim eyes, in the tiny salon that overlooked the silent lake of Neuchâtel.

It was not till the third day after his return, which, being the day before the wedding, was of necessity kept free from visitors, that Roderick succeeded in finding his mother alone.

Coming into her “boudoir,” as she called it, the little room off the drawing-room, which she made her place of refuge when she was not in sufficiently grand toilette for visitors, he saw her sitting there, for “five quiet minutes.” Not unwilling; for there was a tired look on her face which betrayed that she was scarcely a young woman now, though her energy and vitality carried her through so much; while her easy temper and perfect health had hitherto warded off any “crow’s-feet” that might have been expected to appear on her still comely countenance. Still, she looked a little the worse for wear, and very weary.

“Mother, you ought to rest; you will be ill, if you don’t,” said her son, going up to her with honest anxiety.

“I’ll rest by-and-by,” she answered, “when to-morrow is over. Oh, these weddings! these weddings! It’s all very well for the young folks; but—the parents! However, this is the last one. I have no more girls to marry.”

“No, mother,” said Roderick, sitting down by her, both out of real tenderness and because he felt that now was the golden moment which must not be let pass by—for there was a kind look in her eyes and a tremor in her voice, such as had not greeted him ever since he came home; “no, mother, your daughters are all safely disposed of. And when your son marries, he will faithfully promise that his wedding shall give you no trouble.”

Mrs. Jardine drew back, then looked at the door, as if feeling herself caught in the toils and anxious to escape; but Roderick held her hand fast; ay, he put his arm round her waist in a tender, filial way; he was determined to “have it out,” as people say,

with her; but he wished all to be done in the gentlest and most kindly fashion.

"Yes, mother, as I told you, there will, I trust, be another marriage in the family; but——"

"But not yet. Not for a very long time. I couldn't stand it—indeed, I could not. Don't let us talk about that. I am very busy, you see."

"Nay, mother, we must talk about it. I have been waiting to speak to you ever since I came home. You are the first and only person I can speak to on this subject. You must feel that."

"Feel what? Speak about what? Let me go. I declare I don't know what you are driving at, and I can't put up with any nonsense—not just now."

Roderick turned pale with anger, but he controlled himself.

"It is not nonsense; I explained all in my letter—in my two letters—which you say you received."

"What, all about the little Swiss girl who you fancy is your cousin?"

"She is my cousin, there is no doubt of that; at least, remotely so; not near enough to warrant the slightest objection, which I know you have, to cousins marrying."

"Marrying! tut, tut, laddie; who spoke of marrying? Put such folly out of your head at once. Never let me hear of it again—or of her."

"Never hear of her again!" said Roderick slowly, though his heart was burning with indignation, and the nervous trembling which he always felt in moments of excitement seemed to run through his whole frame. "Mother, you misunderstand the matter. You must hear of her. She is the lady whom I have chosen for my wife—if I can get her—my wife and your daughter-in-law."

"Goodness gracious me! You haven't made her an offer? You said you would not till you heard from me."

"And I have done as I said, mother. I came away without having made any declaration of love to her, without having even found out whether or not she loves me. Though I consider myself bound, she is perfectly free."

"Then let her remain so," answered Mrs. Jardine, rising up with a look of great relief. "Well, Rody, my dear, I'm glad it's no worse. All young men have these 'smites'—ever so many, sometimes, before they settle down and marry. The best thing to be done is to run away, which you did. Now you will stay beside me, like a good son, all

the winter. A very merry winter we shall likely have, on account of Bella's marriage. You will be going out a great deal, and will soon get over it."

"Get over it!" repeated Roderick, as he stood opposite to his mother, very quiet, but with gleaming eyes, and a cheek in which the old Highland blood kept flashing and paling. "Get over what, mother?"

"This—this infatuation for the—the young person abroad."

"The young lady. You forget she is a Jardine."

"Is she? But she has got no money. She is a governess, or something of the sort?"

"She has not got a halfpenny in the world, and she earns her daily bread as a music-teacher," said Roderick, flinging the facts out in a sort of proud defiance. "Nevertheless, she is a perfect gentlewoman, and the dearest and noblest woman I ever met. If I can ever win her as mine, Providence will have been only too kind to me. As for myself, I feel I am hardly good enough to tie her shoes."

"Oh, nonsense! every lad says that," cried the mother, with an involuntary glance of ill-disguised maternal pride. "And most lads make fools of themselves with some girl or other, and cause no end of bothers to their families, yet turn out douce, decent married men after all."

"As I hope to do, mother," said Roderick, striving hard to keep his temper. "You know you have always wished me to get married, and now I am going to do it—that is all. Only, I wished to pay you the respect of telling you first. So, the day after to-morrow I shall go back to Neuchâtel, and make my offer immediately."

Mrs. Jardine, who was just escaping from the room, turned round.

"You don't mean to tell me this to my very face?"

"Better tell you to your face than do it behind your back, as many sons might have done. But I am not a coward. What I do I am not ashamed to do openly, before you and all the world."

"The world!—oh, what will the world say?" cried the poor woman, in genuine despair. "And you, who I thought would make such an excellent marriage, with all your father's good looks and twice his cleverness—he was not clever, dear man!—and then he was always so very peculiar. But you—O Rody, my son, my son!"

And she mourned over him, even as David



mourned over Absalom, till Roderick hardly knew whether to laugh or to cry.

"Come, mother," he said at last, coaxingly—he knew she loved him, and was amenable to affection even more than to reason. "Don't let us quarrel. Every mother must have her son bringing her a daughter home some time; and if you only knew how sweet a daughter I hope to bring home to you. Not that she is pretty exactly, or perhaps you would not call her so."

"Not pretty—and no money—and a mere governess or something! Why, Rody, you must be mad—stark staring mad! I never will consent to it, never, as long as I live."

And Mrs. Jardine sat down on the sofa again, with a heavy flop. She was becoming strongly excited.

Then her son, in whom passion always culminated in a white heat, making him totally silent, sat down opposite to her, closing his lips firmly, determined that whatever he had to hear should not force from him, if he could help, one single violent or disrespectful word.

It was a very great trial, for Mrs. Jardine was one of the women who talk—who cannot be prevented from talking. Not that she was a foolish woman—quite the contrary; what she said was often very good and to the point, only she said it too many times over. She argued in a circle, and came back exactly to where she started. Besides, she had the quality—good or bad according as it is used—of seeing a thing on half-a-dozen sides, till she almost forgot what was the original side on which she had beheld it. And then she overlapped plain facts in such a cloud of rhetoric, and had the power "to make the worse appear the better reason" in such an energetic way, that a "talk" with Mrs. Jardine was no easy matter, especially as she always expected to have two-thirds of the talk to herself.

As she certainly had now, Roderick listening with as much patience as he could muster to her arguments—all drawn from the outside, from the experience and example of various of their mutual friends, and from conjectures as to what would be the opinion of various other friends, when the matter became known at large in Richerden society.

"You see, my dear boy, this is not an uncommon occurrence, when a young man is well off, and a girl is poor and wants to get married. Look at Andrew Patteson, for instance, who took a fancy to his sister's governess, and a pretty marriage it turned out to be, bringing upon the poor fellow

about twelve brothers and sisters to maintain—grocers too, or bakers or something. And then, that dreadful business of James Macfarlane, who got into such a disreputable entanglement with his mother's table-maid. Though that was not quite so bad for poor Mrs. Macfarlane, as I never heard of James's wishing to marry the table-maid."

"Good God!" cried Roderick, starting up, his honest young cheek flushing all over. "Mother, do you know what you are saying?"

Smitten to the heart—for at heart she was a good woman—Mrs. Jardine drew back, and her matron cheek also grew a shade redder.

"No, my dear, of course I did not mean that. James Macfarlane was severely to be blamed. And, thank God, you are quite different from him. You will never disgrace either yourself or me. But I don't want you to make a fool of yourself either. I could not bear all Richerden to say that my son had thrown himself away upon a girl whom nobody knew, who was not even pretty, who in all probability just married him for his money."

This was a clever home-thrust, but it failed. Roderick, excited as he was, burst into a fit of sudden laughter.

"Marry me for my money! Well, that is a good joke! I assure you I have taken the greatest pains to conceal that I had any money at all. Neither she nor her mother have had the slightest idea that I am any better off than themselves."

Mrs. Jardine opened her eyes in undisguised astonishment. "Bless me!" she said, or rather muttered to herself; "what fools they must have been!"

Roderick tried not to hear, nor to answer, but in vain. Still, he paused a minute before he allowed himself to speak, and then it was in that cold, quiet voice which implied so much; the sad self-control which the old are accustomed to use, but which is rather pathetic in the young. Only, so much was at stake, and all he did was done for her. He would have borne to be "cut in little pieces," as people say, rather than that a finger's weight of blame or harm should fall on the woman he loved.

"Mother, I assure you Madame Jardine was not a fool; she was a highly cultivated, sensible, and prudent woman. And her 'folly,' if you call it so, in esteeming me for myself and not my outside advantages, was, to say the least, rather complimentary to me. She liked me, I know that; and now she is dead I think of her with gratitude and tenderness."

"More than you do of your own mother, I dare say," said the poor woman, with an accent of not unnatural bitterness, till her son rose up, put his two hands on her shoulders, and regarded her with his honest, affectionate eyes.

"You can't look in my face, mother, and tell me that! You know you cannot."

And then she dropped on his neck, and kissed him, and cried—

"But you shouldn't have done this, Rody, my boy. It's very hard for a mother. Oh, my dear, I was sair left to myself when I let you go abroad."

Despite his vexation, Roderick could hardly help smiling. "But, mother, you could not tie me to your apron-string for ever. I must some day go out into the world and find myself a wife. You ought to be glad that I have found one—if I do get her—the very sweetest that ever a man could get."

"How can I be sure of that? I don't know her."

"But I want you to know her. Don't misjudge her; only see her."

"Never!" said Mrs. Jardine, her natural strong will and love of power uprising to the rescue of her temporary softness. Besides that paramount dread, "What will people say?" very potent with a woman like her, "content to dwell in decencies for ever," and always afraid of compromising her newly-won position by doing something "odd" and unlike her neighbours, there was the lurking irritation that in the most important step of his life her son had acted without her knowledge, advice, or consent. Perhaps few are conscious to what an extent this motive rules human actions, at least with certain natures. It is not so much the thing done which is objectionable, as that it is done without reference to themselves. In marriages especially, the parental egoism, only too common, which takes for granted that fathers and mothers must know best, whether or not they have the slightest means of knowing either the circumstances or the individual, is a source of endless misery on both sides.

"Never!" cried Mrs. Jardine again. "You had better give the thing up, Roderick, for I will have nothing whatever to do with it, or with her."

"Very well," answered Roderick, and in his voice was a deadly quietness. "Now we know exactly where we stand. Mother, you are busy, you say, and I have also an engagement. Good morning."

"But you will be back to dinner?"

He paused a moment, and then answered, "Certainly."

"And, you are not forgetting that to-morrow is the wedding-day?"

"I trust I am not in the habit of forgetting any of my duties."

She looked after him as he quitted the room, passing Bella, who just then entered, without word or look—indeed, he seemed to walk blindly, like a person half-stunned; and her mind misgave her a little.

"I hope I haven't vexed the poor lad too much," said she, in repeating the conversation to Bella, who listened with only half an ear, being entirely absorbed in her own affairs. "But really it did seem such nonsense, and he only five-and-twenty. How can he possibly know his own mind?"

"Yes," answered Bella carelessly, "it would be a great mistake to take the matter too earnestly, or to make any fuss about it. Let him alone, and he will soon get over it. I hope he understood all about the bridesmaids' bouquets and lockets for to-morrow?"

"Oh, he will be sure to do all we want. He never forgets anything. He was always such a thoughtful, considerate boy, poor Rody! However, as you say, he will soon get over it," added the mother, sighing, and trying to make herself believe exactly as she wished and willed.

True, her son was only five-and-twenty; and at that age ninety-nine out of a hundred young men would certainly have "got over it." But he happened to be the hundredth and exceptional one. Possibly, under different circumstances, there might have befallen him the lot of most dreamers—

"In many mortal forms I rashly sought,  
The shadow of this idol of my thought,"

who is, alas! not seldom

"Too early seen unknown, and known too late;"

but fate had been very merciful to his sheltered youth. He had never found any one to idealize into his perfect woman, until now: and having found her, not "too late," but early enough to consecrate her as his whole life's blessing, he had strength enough, young as he was, to seize that blessing and hold it fast.

"I will hold her fast," he said to himself, in an outburst of sudden passion, which, however, was not yielded to till he found himself out of the house—out of the town—and tearing at rapid pace along the solitary road. "No power on earth shall take her from me."

And he clenched his hands and set his teeth. Like a frantic boy, it was a relief to have some physical outlet for his suffering; nay, at last, having walked several miles, almost without knowing it, overcome with bodily fatigue and mental pain, he sat down on a dyke-side, let his head drop between his hands, and sobbed outright like a child.

However, very soon manliness and courage returned—as well as the undying hope which is born with all first love, when it is strong and true. His mother must come round: it was ridiculous to suppose she should not. Of course she was vexed at first—well, perhaps it was a little his own fault: he ought not to have startled her by such sudden candour, but prepared her, in some diplomatic way. Only, he hated diplomacy: he felt a certain scorn, mingled with pity, for any persons with whom it is necessary to diplomatise.

"I must take the direct course, and trust Heaven for the rest," thought he. And, looking at his watch, he found it was so late that only by a steady pace homewards could he get back in time for dinner. For he had no idea of shirking that respectable meal, or of frightening his mother by his mysterious absence. That folly of weak and self-conceited people—the doing of things "for spite," or to punish other people, never entered his strong, straightforward, simple mind.

Besides, after the first shock, his hopeful, ardent youth refused to accept the worst. That his mother's fatal "never" should drop like a pall over his whole future life—over two lives! It could not be: it must not be. She was a good woman, a loving mother; and though it was her temperament sometimes to view things in an exaggerated light, still, if met quietly, patiently—ah! he remembered well how infinite his father's patience had been!—she gradually came round.

"Oh, that he was alive now, my dear, dear father! He would understand me; he was a young man once. I wonder if——"

And that story, never told, which one, or both, of those concerned had died without telling, flitted faintly across Roderick's mind. Still, it was but an old story, all gone by now; and his story was so lifelike, new, and young. All young people believe that never was there any passion so deep, any faithfulness so perfect, any suffering so keen as their own. No wonder Roderick's thoughts soon drifted back from the dead past to the

living present, and he wearied himself with troubled conjectures as to what his mother would do next; and, if so, what he must do next, till he came to the conclusion that the best thing would be to do nothing, till after Bella's marriage.

So, returning home, he took his place there as if nothing were amiss; helped his mother and Bella as much as he could in the endless "last things" which required to be seen to; and finally made them both laugh by giving vent to the heterodox remark, "that a wedding was almost as bad as a funeral."

"That speech did not look very like a young man in love," observed Bella, confidentially to her mother. "Depend upon it, he will soon get over it—they all do. Still, I wonder what sort of girl she is, and if they are really so very fond of one another. Poor fellow!"

And, perhaps, there flashed upon the bride's mental eyes some momentary vision of a never attained, never sought to be attained Paradise, quite different from the one she was deliberately entering; a Paradise, not of wise, worldly men, or idle and luxurious women, but only of innocent "fools." She sighed, in the midst of her laughter, gathered up her wreath and veil in one hand, and her Brussels lace pocket-handkerchief in the other, and disappeared up the stairs.

And on the stairs it was, in full view of the family, that Roderick bade his mother good night. She did not speak, nor he; for he knew that their next conversation must be the turning-point, the crisis in more than one destiny.

The wedding-day came, and passed. It was not a day of sentimental emotion: the principal consciousness which it brought to Roderick was that there were certain inevitable things to do and say, which he did and said to the best of his ability; thinking the while that his wedding-day, did it ever come, should be as unlike this day as possible.

So Bella Jardine and her new "gudeman," if such a vulgar word could be used of Mr. Alexander Thomson without scandalizing himself and his family, were floated away into felicity, while the hundred or more particular friends who had been invited to see them "turned off," as the young lady with whom Roderick had to open the ball expressed it, danced till far into the "sma' hours" with spirit and enthusiasm. In fact, no marriage could have gone off with greater "aclaw," as Mrs. Jardine declared, and she was right; her own indomitable energy, good



temper, and good spirits contributing in no small degree to that desirable result.

But with all these excellent qualities, one flags sometimes at nearly sixty ; and during the following day, anxiously as Roderick sought a chance of speaking to his mother, she was, either intentionally or unintentionally, wholly invisible. Not till after dinner—nay, nearly bed-time, did the mother and son come

really face to face, sitting alone together in the large, silent drawing-room, which looked especially dreary ; so much so that Mrs. Jardine, saying something about “going to bed early,” rang for the servants, and conducted, it seemed with more lengthiness than usual, the never-omitted family prayers.

These over, mother and son were again alone.



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Alas ! there are worse things than sorrow—worse things, God pity us ! than even death. Roderick thought involuntarily of that other mother and child ; the poor girl arranging the flowers he had brought upon the dear, dead bosom where she had rested all her life, in utmost sympathy of feeling, most perfect and unbroken tenderness, and there smote him, almost like a blow, the

bitter fact that kindred blood and external bonds do not constitute internal union. How was he to make his mother understand, in the smallest degree, what he felt, what he desired ? That great gulf, which opens sometimes between brother and sister, parent and child—even between husband and wife, though it would have been hard to make him believe that, poor fellow!—had opened—nay,

had long been open—between this mother and son. It was neither's fault, but it was there.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Jardine, with a rather impressive yawn, "I suppose we had better go to bed."

"Not just this minute, mother," entreated Roderick. "Let me have half-a-dozen words with you, if you are not too tired. Remember, I start to-morrow for Neuchâtel."

"Neuchâtel!—to-morrow! What in the world do you mean?"

"I told you, that immediately after the wedding I meant to go back to Switzerland."

"Why? What for?"

Roderick paused a moment. "To see Mademoiselle Jardine, and ask her to become my wife. She is alone and unprotected, and if she does me the honour to accept me, I think it will be best to arrange our marriage with as little delay as possible."

He said this in as quiet and matter-of-fact way as he could: perhaps this very quietness only excited his mother the more. She started up, her florid face literally scarlet.

"Are you mad? How dare you stand there and deliberately tell me such a thing!"

"I merely repeat what I before told you, both in my letters and when we were talking together the other day. You were not particularly kind to me then, but I thought you were busy and worried, and that you hardly took the matter in."

"I did not—I couldn't believe any son of mine would be such—such a downright fool!"

"Well, you see I am a fool, or some would tell you so," returned he, still speaking quietly under the tight rein which he had resolved to put upon himself. "But I myself think I could not have done a wiser thing. So would you, if you only saw *her*. Will you see her?" And with a sudden impulse he threw himself, like a boy, at his mother's knees. "If I bring her to you at once, poor motherless girl that she is! will you receive her and be a mother to her? She would be like a daughter unto you."

"Thank you. What, she would get married, and she in deep mournings! Or else come here without being married, with you as her travelling companion! A nice sort of young lady she must be, that such an idea could ever enter her head—or yours!"

Roderick could have knocked his own head against the wall in utter vexation.

"You are right, mother, I am a fool. Of course she would never consent to either plan. But there is a medium course. If we

were once engaged, which abroad is a tie almost as binding and as public as marriage, she could come, under escort of some friend—Madame Reynier, perhaps—and stay with you until her mourning is over and we could be married."

"All very fine! But what would your sisters say? What would our friends say? That I had taken a foreign girl—a girl without a halfpenny, and a governess besides—who had been foisted upon me against my will; taken her and kept her in my house—me, a respectable woman—till I could make her my son's wife! Why, all Richerden would laugh at me! They would say I had gone clean daft; that, instead of helping on such a marriage, I ought to have set my face against it—prevented it."

"How?" said Roderick, with an ominous flash of the eye. But again he controlled himself. Open contest—that terrible internecine war which families, like nations, should defer to the last limit of possible endurance—was a thing from which his tender and sensitive nature shrank inexpressibly. He could only live in an atmosphere of peace.

"Mother," he said, "do not be hard and unjust to me."

"Unjust! Was I ever unjust to you? Have I not been the best, the kindest, the most good-natured mother alive? Have you not always had your own way in everything?"

"That is true, mother," he said with a sigh. "Perhaps it would have been all the better for me if I had not 'had my own way in everything.' But now, when it is an honest way—a right way—oh, if you only saw her! How could I help loving her? Nobody could. And I must have married some time, you know."

"But not now: not when I am left quite alone, all the rest gone. Oh, what trials we poor mothers have to bear!"

"I did not suppose Bella's marriage was a trial. You always seemed delighted at it."

"So I was; so I am. But then it was a respectable marriage. Everybody knew all about it. If you, now, had chosen a nice Richerden girl, with some money perhaps—you'll not have much of your own, not till I'm dead, laddie; and even then I may do as I like with my own, I suppose. Take care!"

And she shrewdly glanced aside at him, watching the effect of this chance arrow. But it fell pointless; Roderick was too simple to take the matter in. All his life pounds, shillings, and pence had been the farthest

from his thoughts ; he had always had enough for his own wants—never very great, for he was not personally luxurious ; beyond that he wasted no thought as to how large his income was, or in what it consisted. He left all these things to his mother, whom he used laughingly to call, as his father had done, the best “man of business” in the family.

“But, mother,” he answered, calmly passing over all else, “I did not wish a Richerden girl, and I don’t care for money ; you know that. I prefer a quiet life, in the country if possible.”

“What ! would you forsake me entirely ? I couldn’t have believed it of you ! O Rody, my boy, my only son !”

She may have been exaggerating her feelings a little, in order to work upon his : still, there was a ring of natural pathos in her voice which took the poor fellow by storm.

“Mother, dearest,” he sat down by her and affectionately clasped her hand, “who talks of forsaking ? Not I, certainly. You are not going to lose your son, but only to gain another daughter—and such a daughter ! If you only once saw her ! Will you see her ? Will you come back with me to Switzerland and let us fetch her home together ?”

He was not wise, not tactful, certainly, this poor Roderick. Alas ! a large nature, judging a smaller one, often makes egregious mistakes.

Mrs. Jardine drew herself up with indignant pride and outraged decorum.

“Well, I do think that is the coolest and most impudent proposal——”

“Impudent !” (She had pronounced it “impident,” poor woman ! which made it a still more obnoxious word.) Roderick looked his mother full in the face. Though she was his mother, he was a Jardine and she was not : wrath sat better on him than on her ; because if hereditary blood teaches nothing more, it usually teaches that self-restraint which we are accustomed to call good breeding. “Impudence, I think, has never been a vice of our family ; and the lady I have chosen being of that family, deserves entire respect—which I shall exact for her from everybody, including my own mother. Also, excuse me, I shall resent any insult offered to her, even if offered by my own relations, exactly as if it had been an insult to myself.”

He spoke so quietly, and with such stately courtesy, the steel armour of perfect politeness, that Mrs. Jardine was frightened. The boy was his father’s own son, only with

stronger health, a firmer will, a spirit unbroken, and above all the talisman of hope in his bosom—hope and love. As he stood there, he looked so handsome in his fearless youth—fearless, yet offering no obnoxious front to any one—gifted with that best of courage, the power of self-control,—that his mother’s heart misgave her a little.

“Wait till next day : we will talk it all over to-morrow. I am so tired to-night.” And she nervously took up her bedroom-candle, which was waiting beside her.

Roderick lit it for her, and then kissed the hand into which he gave it.

“Dear mother, I am grieved to vex you, believe that ; and I will wait a day—two or three days even—rather than go against your will. Think better of what you have said ; think better of me. Do you not believe I love you ?”

“It doesn’t look very like it,” said she sharply. To natures like hers, gentleness sometimes seems like a confession of weakness, and only rouses them to greater tyranny. “However, do as you say : wait a few days and I’ll think over it.”

“Very well.” The concession was given with a heavy sigh, and accepted without the slightest recognition of how much it cost. Still, the storm had passed by, as so many domestic thunderstorms do, without any special bolt having fallen anywhere ; and the mother and son parted with a good-night kiss in apparent friendliness, but with, oh ! what a world between them ! That desert world, which neither foot is able to cross to some meeting-point of union, though both sides may wearily make the attempt—which always, or almost always, fails.

Life, with its perpetual growth, its constant change, brings many sad alienations, but the most hopeless of all are between those whom nature has formed in such totally diverse moulds that by no possibility can they understand one another, though they have been brought together in some close bond, which becomes at last an actual bondage. Yet it must be endured till death ; and perhaps in God’s good providence this inevitable endurance is the highest form of education which He gives, or permits, to the human soul.

After his mother quitted him, Roderick pondered sadly over himself and his fortunes for a long time. Passionately in love as he was, he was not selfishly in love. He could throw himself out of himself so as to see a little on the other side. *It was* hard for his mother, who loved authority and was jealous



of affection, to be dethroned in this way. And he wished—was it disloyalty to his beloved?—that things had happened differently—that she had been some one whom his mother knew and liked, rather than a complete stranger. But all that was past now. His choice was made—this or none; for, with the impulsive conviction of youth, he was quite certain that if he did not marry Silence Jardine he would never marry anybody. His mother must make up her mind to accept the inevitable.

Still, he would wait; a few days did not matter so very much, with a whole lifetime of happiness before him. Surely, surely it was before him, and not a mere phantom of his own brain? Surely she, so deeply beloved, must have felt that it was so. Her sweet, firm, yet tremulous “yes” must have implied her belief in him, which a little delay would never shake, but only confirm.

He decided to write, not to her—such a thing he knew was impossible—but to M. Reynier; a brief business letter, saying that

he was detained by his affairs, affairs connected with the little “inheritance” of mademoiselle his cousin, to whom he hoped to bring shortly the fullest and most satisfactory tidings. And he implored immediate tidings of her and of the kind “famille Reynier,” to whom, he added, he should ever feel himself bound by ties of the warmest gratitude. A sweet letter it was, and withal a manly, though he wrote it in his very best and politest French, almost smiling to think what his mother would have thought of it, or of the simple, gentle, ultra-polite old man to whom it was addressed. And he went out and posted it himself, in the middle of the night, that not an hour should be lost ere it reached Neuchâtel.

Then, with an easier mind, and a heart almost happy—so strong is hope at his age—he walked back a street’s length in the pelting rain, humming to himself his favourite ditty—

“Whenever she comes, she shall find me ready  
To do her homage, my queen—my queen.”



## ON HEARING A LARK IN JANUARY.

THE snow had hardly melted from the field;  
In rifts the dull grey sky had changed to blue;  
And the cold sun came slowly struggling thro',  
With yellow lustre, like great golden shield.

Up sprang a lark, blithe in the air to yield  
His tribute thankful; up and up he flew,  
And poured his notes, as tho' they would renew  
The promise of soft summer soon revealed.

Oh, bird of faith and meek content, I draw  
A lesson from thy song so piercing sweet,  
And would with thee rise to the blissful law.

Up would I spring in shining moments too,  
And sing between the showers. Some lagging feet  
With song may swifter move their work to do.

J. A. P.



## SILENCE AND SPEECH.

WHEN Elijah was about to be taken up into heaven, and was going with Elisha from Gilgal, the sons of the prophets that were at Bethel came forth to Elisha, and said unto him, "Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head to-day?" And he said, "Yea, I know it; hold ye your peace." He felt it was not a subject for talk. And on how many subjects do we not all feel silence to be wiser than speech? For if out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaks, we also know that the heart may be too full for words. As there is an emptiness too void for articulate expression, so there is a fullness which chokes verbal utterance. Words belong to a stage of life midway between silent unconsciousness and speechless intensity.

The wonderful faculty and power of language which crowns man at an immeasurable height above every other earthly creature, has its sphere within those in which no voice is heard, and where sounds and words would be inadequate to express the undivided fullness and rich harmony of their life. The sphere of language occupies an intermediate place between the silence below and the silence above us, the silent land from which we came and the voiceless home to which we go. Man is only heard to speak between silences how great! Below and above him a hushed stillness reigns.

This his life of verbal articulateness only agrees with the divided character of his present state, which, in its broken condition, can but express itself word by word. What man's life stands for as a whole, and means, in its full and simple singleness, requires other than verbal expression to make itself known. For language, though so capable, within a given range, of giving a body to things spiritual, and a spirit to things material, is yet but a very partial and fragmentary mode of expression for the life that uses words.

Therefore, though so wonderful, the wonderfulness of language is rather that of an anatomical dividedness than of a corporate wholeness of expression. Its power is critical and analytic rather than synthetic, exhibits dead components rather than living completeness. For what, indeed, can express the integrity of man's being but that silent singleness of his whole nature which words do but break up to bring it piecemeal within the compass of the voice and the range of the understanding?

There are silent instincts before we speak, as there are voiceless visions where speech fails us. The place of words lies between our unconscious tendencies, which do not require, and our intuitions, which do not admit them. The babe is as independent of words as in his man-grown ecstasy he is beyond them. Words belong to man's pilgrimage pathway, between his as yet undisturbed and his still future fully satisfied life. They transcend his instincts but suffice not for his intuitions. They belong to a sphere above the animal but below the angel. To *talk* of the life he has in common with the brute is a profanity inadmissible, and to put into words the life he has in common with the angels is impossible. Many things belong to our present state which would shame us to speak of, while we nevertheless aspire to one for which words are inadequate.

It becomes us, then, to observe the limits of wise speech if we would avoid, on the one hand, what should not be spoken of; and, on the other, what is really incapable of verbal expression. Many reasons present themselves why we should study to be quiet, and learn when and on what to speak, when and on what to be silent.

We should not, however, do this in the exercise of an excessive caution which kills all fellowship, but rather under the influence of those silent powers which awaken a spirit observant of fitting opportunity and becoming words. It was prophesied of Him who is the Word, "He shall not cry nor lift up, nor cause His voice to be heard in the streets." And when He became the Word incarnate, how few were His words! But how impressive, both from what He said and did not say! His silence is as instructive as His speech. "He went as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He opened not His mouth." Being "accused of the chief priests and elders He answered nothing." And when Pilate said, "Hearest Thou how many things they witness against Thee? He answered him never a word, insomuch that the governor marvelled greatly." But whenever He did speak it was with power, so that it was said, "Never man spake like this man." And if we turn to the account He Himself gave of His words, we read, "The Son can do nothing of Himself; the word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's which sent me;" "I have not spoken of myself;" "I speak to the world those

things which I have heard of Him ; " " As my Father has taught me so I speak."

How often was He as though He saw not, and heard not, and could not speak ! And how often do we need to be blind, and deaf, and dumb ! How many things are not to be seen, not to be heard, much less to be spoken of ! Words will seldom mend the breach that words have made. When the poor woman was accused by the Pharisees before Jesus, and they demanded of Him a verdict, He stooped down and wrote with His finger on the ground. The evil question should not have been asked, and must not be answered. His silence condemned the sin and the sinful accusation.

But of things lawful and desirable to speak how often has speech to wait for receptive ears. Christ had many things to say, but could not say them, for He ever had respect to what His hearers could bear to hear. Words out of relation to those addressed not only do not enlighten, but may blind. All men of wise thought have their reticences, which are not concealments, but the self-imposed silence of wise souls, who wait for sympathetic provocation before they can disclose their most sacred treasures. "For what man knoweth the things of a man save the spirit of man which is in him?" "The heart knoweth his own bitterness, but a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy,"

There is also the silence of the heart o'ermastered, of the mind overpowered, the silence, awe-imposed by things inexpressible, experiences ineffable of a soul overwhelmed. Things presented to the senses often make the soul speechless, things seen and apprehended, but felt to be incomprehensible and unutterable. How often the combinations of nature, the colours of sunset skies resting upon Alpine summits or clothing the tracery of trees on the horizon, awaken in the soul more than can be expressed, a life unused to words, beyond their measure and their power !

And in the intercourse of kindred minds, how soon is the borderland of speech reached, how soon progressive converse ceases ! It is felt that there is a depth of separating individualities which silences, as well as an infinite beyond of hope and aspiration which words cannot reach, a silent illimitableness of life divine which refuses to be mapped out by or brought within the scope of language.

And in the meditative soliloquies of solitary, but not lonely, souls, how soon the life refuses the compression of words and the

air becomes too rare for speech ; how soon the wing of aspiring thought is arrested at the boundary of communicable intelligence, and the soul left to gaze in ineffable wonder and worship upon visions unspeakable, overwhelmed by an incommunicable ecstasy of life !

Not only should we be reminded by the limits of wise and even possible converse of how readily and easily conversation may become vain, but we should also learn from the nature of the great powers exercised in speech how soon it may become injurious. For "in the multitude of words there wanteth not sin." Repentance follows speech often, but silence seldom. The tongue is capable of exercising a great power of defilement. "It is a fire, a world of iniquity ; it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature, and is set on fire of hell." We are exhorted, therefore, to pray : "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth ; keep the door of my lips." And we are told, "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able to bridle the whole body." How great, then, must be the danger of having the name and the character of a talker to maintain—to feel on all occasions expected to speak, forced to say something when there is nothing to be said, to beat the air with empty words which only prostrate the soul ! So great are the evils and dangers of an indiscriminating and ungovernable tongue, that it is written, "He that bridled not his tongue maketh his religion vain." And we are warned by the great Master that by our "words we shall be justified, and by our words we shall be condemned." "Whoso is wise, then, and endued with knowledge, let him shew out of a good conversation his works with meekness and fear."

This being so, let the empires of silence which surround the limited kingdom of speech—the limited within the illimitable—instruct us.

And first of all nature. The sounds and songs and sighs of nature bear but an infinitely small relation to her silence. What mighty works are wrought without a sound ! For—

"Nature, only loud when she destroys,  
Is silent when she fashions. She will crowd  
The work of her destruction, transient, loud,  
Into an hour, and then long peace enjoys.  
Yea, every power that fashions and upholds  
Works silently. All things whose life is sure,  
Their life is calm."

Her very songs do but call attention to the mightier harmony of the silence they disturb, just as words have to break the perfect equilibrium of the hearing faculty to be heard.



The abiding ministry of nature is too great for sounds—too perfectly balanced and complete for words. The mute mountains which bury their foundations in darkness and lift up their heads in light, exercise from age to age mighty influences without a movement or a sound. The perfect equilibrium on the Alps between the gravitating masses and their resisting forces is such that the chamois-hunter pursues his chase—

"Mute, lest the air, convulsed with sound,  
Rend from above a frozen mass."

And similarly the sublimities of the soul's exaltation would be disturbed, profaned, and destroyed by words which should break the silence in attempting to speak the unspeakable.

And how silently the providence of God over both nature and man is exercised! "He giveth no account of any of his matters." "The secret things which belong to God" are an illimitable empire in relation to the little kingdom of revealed truths. "Clouds and darkness are round about Him." "He holdeth back the face of His throne, and spreadeth His cloud upon it," so that "none can say unto Him, What doest Thou?" But who shall say what are the influences of these silences over the kingdom of speech? And when the Eternal Word has spoken it has been but to announce the principles of His government and reign; the details must not be made known. Just as with respect to nature we are told the seasons shall not fail, but nothing of their variations, so in His promises and threatenings we are encouraged and warned by the announcement of certain principles; but what silence is maintained as to the circumstances and events of our daily life and history! We know "it shall be well with the righteous," but nothing of the surroundings of that well-being. We are told all things are working together for good to those who love God, but nothing of the evil elements that may be permitted a co-operative place in that work. We know that death is appointed for all men, but nothing as to when, where, or how we shall have to encounter "the last enemy." The end is made known, but not the pathway that conducts to it. David, who in the same psalm confesses "I was dumb with silence while the wicked was before me," and also, "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because Thou didst it," does but give expression to the silence imposed upon us all, alike by the permitted mystery and history of iniquity and of godliness. We can but

say, "The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him."

And within our experience what spheres of silence hide themselves! There are those things of which it does not become us to speak, which belong to our "foundation in the dust," and, as such, should ever remain buried. And how often are there behind us in our past life those things of which we dare not speak, guilty secrets too sad and full of woe for words, too perplexing for speech, too individual and awful for fellowship! And what certainties of sorrow, suffering, and loss float in the obscurity before us, on the edge of which we walk but into which we cannot see; and of which, if we could, we should find it insupportable to speak! And above us what heights attract to a life unutterable, into which we do but rise for those hushed moments of the soul's exaltation which we cannot sustain, but from which we often receive—

"Some happy tone  
Of meditation slipping in between  
The beauty coming and the beauty gone."

Paul can give us no intelligible idea of his ecstatic experiences, but clearly they exercised a mighty and life-long influence upon him. He forgets not the date, though fourteen years ago, and though unable to tell whether he was in the body or out of the body.

And what does Augustine tell us in that remarkable chapter of his "Confessions," where, speaking of a conversation with his mother, he narrates that, "forgetting the things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before," they sought to speak "of what nature the eternal life of the saints would be, which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man"? "But yet," he says, "we opened wide the mouth of our heart, after those supernal streams of thy fountain, 'the fountain of life,' which is 'with thee'; that being sprinkled with it according to our capacity, we might in some measure weigh so high a mystery.

"And when our conversation had arrived at that point, that the very highest pleasure of the carnal senses, and that in the very brightest material light, seemed by reason of the sweetness of that life not only not worthy of comparison, but not even of mention, we, lifting ourselves with a more ardent affection towards 'the self-same,' did gradually pass through all corporeal things, and even the heaven itself, whence sun, and moon, and stars shine upon the earth; yea, we soared higher yet by inward musing, and discoursing,

and admiring thy works; and we came to our own minds, and went beyond them, that we might advance as high as that region of unfailing plenty, where thou feedest Israel for ever with the food of truth, and where life is that wisdom by whom all these things are made, both which have been, and which are to come; and she is not made, but is as she hath been, and so shall ever be; yea, rather, to 'have been,' and 'to be hereafter,' are not in her, but only 'to be,' seeing she is eternal, for to 'have been,' and 'to be hereafter,' are not eternal. And while we were thus speaking, and straining after her, we slightly touched her with the whole effort of our heart; and we sighed, and there left bound, 'the first-fruits of the spirit,' and returned to the noise of our own mouth, where the word uttered hath both beginning and end. And what is like unto thy word, our Lord, who remaineth in Himself without becoming old, and 'maketh all things new?'

"We were saying then, If to any man the tumult of the flesh were silenced—silenced the phantasies of earth, waters, and air—silenced, too, the poles; yea, the very soul be silenced to herself, and go beyond herself by not thinking of herself—silenced fancies and imaginary revelations, every tongue, and every sign, and whatsoever exists by passing away, since, if any could hearken, all these say, 'We created not ourselves, but were created by Him who abideth for ever.' If, having uttered this, they now should be silenced, having only quickened our ears to Him who created them, and he alone speak not by them, but by Himself, that we may hear His word, not by fleshly tongue, nor angelic voice, nor sound of thunder, nor the obscurity of a similitude, but might hear Him—Him whom in these we love—without these, like as we two now strained ourselves, and with rapid thought touched on that Eternal Wisdom which remaineth over all; if this could be sustained, and other visions of a far different kind be withdrawn, and this one ravish, and absorb, and envelop its beholder amid these inward joys, so that his life might be eternally like that one moment of knowledge which we now sighed after, were not this 'Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord?'"

What have we here but words concerning an experience beyond their measure and their power—an experience which seems profaned by seeking expression.

And what of the land inhabited by those who have gone down into silence—the land

of the underworld and its silent woes and the home of the higher mansions of joy unspeakable? Jesus, who knew both, maintains an impressive reserve with respect to them. From the little He does say we are unable to form anything like a clear mental picture of those countries of departed souls. And the experience of Lazarus must have been unutterable, or not lawful to be uttered, for he reports nothing of the silent land from which he was recalled. And we do not talk of our dead. The darkness is so great that progressive converse is impossible.

While these empires of silence which surround us are beyond the sphere of intelligible speech, they are none the less influential of the life which expresses itself in words. The life which we clothe with words receives the intensity of its might from that wider sphere which refuses their limits. The highest wisdom, grace, and power of speech are received from what cannot be expressed. Clear and intelligible exactness of speech belongs, therefore, rather to the dissecting-room and the graveyard of experience, than to the single wholeness and integral simplicity of life. Poets and seers speak in metaphors which, while they address the imagination and the heart, are irreducible for the understanding. Their first words are also their last; whereas science and philosophy have never uttered their last word, and their earlier necessarily becomes obsolete. But the expressions of the true poet never die. We outlive Lucretius and Aristotle, but we shall never get beyond Homer, David, and Isaiah. The life of the understanding is defined, but fragmentary, and may therefore clothe itself in words for the moment satisfactory; but the perceptions of genius and the intuitions of spiritual life possess an integral singleness which cannot be compassed with speech.

It is from the great silences those receive their inspiration who utter living words, words that breathe and are fragrant, chaste, musical, and full of wisdom, not for one but for all ages. What need, then, have we to cultivate this hushed stillness of soul in the presence of silences so great? We want teachers whom the morning awakens, "morning by morning to listen with teachable ears, that they may know how to speak a word in season"—men in whose ears the day utters its speech, and to whom the night shows knowledge, men not unaccustomed to that subdued silence of soul before God which perceives His work, feels His presence, and learns Him. It is not easy to be still and simply look and listen. "Not easy?" There

is nothing more difficult; so difficult that it is seldom learned, and then only as the last acquirement of humble, seeking, trustful souls. But to such the patient simplicity, the child-like singleness and living wholeness of Nature, is not only intelligible, but profound. Were she less patient, none would learn; but she waits till we are tired of our restlessness and wearied with our wilfulness, and wearies not. "Silently as of old the great volume is spread out before us year by year. Quietly and lovingly, as at first, her finger points us to the words written in tender herb and stately tree and glowing flower, ever to our hearts repeating her simple admonition, 'Look!' She knows we shall obey her when the time is come."

But who is she? She is but the handmaid of Him whose look she wears and whose voice she utters, of whom it was written, "Behold my servant whom I uphold, mine elect in whom my soul delighteth ;

I have put my spirit upon Him, and He shall bring forth judgment to the nations. He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause His voice to be heard in the street. A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench; He shall bring forth judgment to victory. He shall not fail nor be discouraged till he have set judgment in the earth; and the isles shall wait for His law." And that servant is none other than the Son, who said to His disciples, and in saying it to them says it also to each of us, "Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."

O my soul! wait thou, all hushed, upon Him; for "they that wait upon Him shall renew their strength; they shall mount up as on the wings of an eagle; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint."

WM. PULSFORD.

## SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

Born December 17, 1778; died May 29, 1829.

(Concluded.)

HONOURS were beginning to descend upon him. His name was now familiar through the three kingdoms, and the fame of his genius had already preceded him to the continent. From Trinity College, Dublin, he received the title of LL.D. on the occasion of his delivering a series of lectures on geology in that city; from the Regent he received the honour of knighthood, after his experiments on the ventilation of the House of Lords; and in this same year, 1812, his marriage with Mrs. Apreece took place. The changes in his position entailed changes in his mode of living, and he found it necessary to withdraw from the Royal Institution. He gave his farewell lecture the day after he was knighted, and resigned the chair he had so long adorned. But though he had thus given up all active part in the public duties, he still retained the honorary position of Professor and worked diligently in the laboratory. For some time, however, after his marriage he travelled much, and was welcomed not merely by individuals but even by towns and by whole nations. In fact it was during the very hottest time of the great French war, when all other British subjects were kept as prisoners in France, that Davy, having expressed a wish to go to the continent, received from Napoleon express per-

mission to do so. On this occasion he visited Paris, made acquaintance with Laplace, Gay-Lussac, Thenard, and all the illustrious academicians of the time, was received with the utmost honour and commanded every attention.

Nor was he forgetful of science in his "triumphant progress." In Paris he became acquainted, for the first time, with a remarkable substance which had been obtained by an alkali manufacturer, of the name of Courtois, from kelp, and which was distinguished by many curious properties.

The substance was black, lustrous, and metallic, and it was readily obtained from its solutions. It was especially distinguished by the colour of its vapour, and from this Davy gave it the name it still bears—Iodine.

Round this substance a great deal of interest gathers; it formed one of a well-defined trio of substances, of which one—chlorine—was discovered last century by Scheele, and the third—bromine—in 1826 by Balard. These bodies, so different in appearance from each other, have many properties in common, and, among others, form analogous compounds. The hydrogen compounds of these bodies it was that attracted the chemists; because they are strong acids. Now up to this time all the acids known were com-





Mount's Bay, Cornwall.

pounds, containing oxygen according to Lavoisier's theory, and therefore chlorine and iodine were regarded as oxygen compounds. This opinion had been canvassed by Davy in an elaborate series of experiments, and the conclusion he drew was that, so far from these two bodies being compound, they were simple.

He gave various proofs of this derived from the preparation of chlorine, its properties, and the nature of muriatic or hydrochloric acid. When bodies burn in it—the metals, for instance—compounds are produced from which no oxygen can be obtained; while chlorine itself combines with oxygen to form various oxides.

When, therefore, iodine was brought under his notice, he was partly prepared for it, recognised its simple character—found it, indeed, an unexpected but splendid confirmation of his previous hypothesis, while Gay-Lussac was hampered with the idea of its possible compound character.

This is the second great modification of the Lavoisierian chemistry, for which we are indebted to Davy. It is the hydrogen as opposed to the oxygen theory of acids; but as he himself said, with a true perception of the whole essence of chemical composition, when reviewing Gay-Lussac's theory, it is a mistake to ascribe either to oxygen or hydrogen, the formation of an acid, or any other substance, as the properties depend as much on the state of combination as on the elements combined. It is to Gay-Lussac's credit, when he saw how untenable the old theory was, that he entirely accepted Davy's explanation of facts which he had himself discovered, and especially of the nature of hydriodic acid; and since then, after an interregnum devoid of critical discrimination of the leading facts, Davy's views have become

universally accepted, though they have come to us not direct from himself, but, as it were, at second-hand, after the minds of chemists had been properly prepared to receive and appreciate them.

After spending a couple of years on the Continent he returned to London, and was making a tour through the Highlands of Scotland, when an explosion of fire-damp took place in a pit near Newcastle in which ninety-six persons were killed, and which, like the Hartley accident a few years ago, or that recently at High Blantyre, filled the whole country with sorrow and dismay. A safeguard against such disasters seemed hopeless, and engineers and miners were at their wits' end, when it occurred to the Bishop of Durham to ask Davy if he could not devise an expedient. Never was a call more cheerfully answered. On his way back to London he stopped at Newcastle, gathered all the information he could, and, furnished with specimens of the gas, proceeded to his laboratory, and attempted to devise a light which, while secure in an explosive atmosphere, should also consume the fire-damp—a seemingly hopeless thing. He tried various substances and spontaneously closing lamps, but all were unsuccessful.

He therefore began with an investigation of the substance he had to encounter, namely, fire-damp. For combustion he found that it required more than three or four times its volume of air, it gave a feeble explosion with five or six, most violent with seven or eight, but even with fourteen of air there was still an explosion. To start the combustion required a very high temperature: red-hot iron was insufficient. The heat of combustion was also low, so that an addition of one part of carbonic acid prevented the explosion taking place.

He also found that if the explosive mixture were burned at the end of a tube one foot long, and a quarter of an inch in diameter, the flame took a second to pass, and in narrower tubes that the explosive mixture could not be fired. From this he inferred that as much heat was needed to start the combustion, and little heat was evolved in the burning, the action of other gases and of the long tube was of a cooling kind, and the explosive mixture had its temperature depressed below the point of inflammation.

He accordingly first constructed a tube-lamp, but though quite safe, the number, width, and length of the tubes had to be carefully regulated, otherwise the flame might pass to the explosive mixture. Further, a few apertures through narrow tubes were not safe unless the walls were deep; whereas a great number of small tubes stopped explosion even when the depth was only equal to their diameter; and he arrived at the result "that a *metallic tissue*, however thin and fine, of which the apertures filled more space than the cooling surface, so as to be permeable to air and light, offered a perfect barrier to explosion, from the force being divided between, and the heat communicated to an immense number of surfaces."

A lamp was accordingly constructed on this principle. Some initial difficulties, such as the extinguishing of the flame in an explosive mixture, had to be overcome, but at last he arrived at the simplest form, a light surrounded entirely by wire gauze; and by doubling the gauze so as to diminish the heat at any point, the lamp was made safe from explosion, and the fire-damp was made useful as a light. Observing, however, that fire-damp sometimes contains olefiant gas, he resolved to make the lamp safe for common coal gas, and by a series of trials found that iron wire gauze, composed of wires  $\frac{3}{16}$  to  $\frac{1}{8}$  inch in diameter, and containing 28 wires or 784 apertures to the square inch, was safe under all circumstances, and accordingly in January, 1816, the lamp was introduced into coal mines.

No wonder after it was seen, that various claims were put in for an anticipation of it, and that it has been often attempted to throw obstacles in the way of its safety, by the assertion that, under common circumstances, it is sometimes quite useless; but the fact remains unrefuted, that it was the application of a scientific inquiry, that it is successful, and that it does what no other lamp had done—it continues burning in an explosive atmosphere, instead of going out.

Connected with the invention of the lamp are the experiments to which Davy subjected fire-damp, and the views he proposed relative to flame. A flame is gaseous matter heated to luminosity, and may be so produced; for instance, by the electrical discharge through such a gas as air. But generally, flame is the result of chemical action, and it is always caused by gaseous matter either existing as such, or produced during the combustion.

Whenever a gas burns in the air, it must mix with a certain proportion of it, and if it requires a high temperature it will be easily extinguished by dilution with other gases or direct rarefaction; if a low, it will burn even in highly rarefied or much diluted air. Hence if gases be heated first of all the burning continues more easily, whereas if much cold air be added the flame will be either extinguished or much reduced.

How is it, however, that the luminosity of some gases is so much greater than of others, for instance, of coal gas as compared with hydrogen, and coal gas burned in different ways? On reflection, Davy considered that in coal gas the light might be due to a *decomposition* of part of the gas in the flame, where the air was smallest, and to the deposition of carbon, which by ignition increased the intensity of the light. This explanation he supported by reference to several well-marked phenomena connected with the burning of bodies; such as the great luminosity of flames in which the products of combustion are solids—for instance, when phosphorus or zinc is burned in air or in oxygen—as compared with the slight luminosity of flames in which the products are gaseous—for instance, when phosphorus is burned in chlorine or sulphur in oxygen: or, to take another example, the intense light produced when the non-luminous flame of the oxyhydrogen blow-pipe impinges upon such an infusible non-volatile substance as lime. He applied his view also to explain important chemical changes going on in flames, and showed that it was possible to draw inferences respecting the composition of such a body as ether, from the nature of its flame.

The whole research on flame, which is full of detail and experiment, was executed rapidly. A fortnight after he began he saw the remedy for the fire-damp explosions, and had contrived four lamps before he finally adopted the form above described and now commonly used; and it must be confessed that the simplicity of the contrivance—a common oil lamp surrounded by wire gauze—is worth

of the elaborate and consummate investigation of its principle.

For this invention, which he conferred as a free gift upon the world, scorning the gains which a patent would have brought him, the King created him a Baronet, and the coal-masters of the Tyne and Wear gave him a present of silver plate. But his true reward was the knowledge of its use to the miners, both in this country and on the continent.\* Into the mines of Hungary he had the satisfaction of introducing it himself when, in 1818, he went abroad for the second time. He visited the collieries in Belgium, and then went down into Austria; but one of the chief objects of his journey was to devise a method of unrolling the newly discovered Herculeanum papyri. His plan proved quite successful, but the researches bore no real fruit. The relics were too far destroyed, and the authorities appeared to be jealous of his work.

After completing his examination he remained in Italy, doing a little scientific work, and enjoying his favourite recreation of angling. He went a good deal into society, and devoted a considerable amount of attention to literature and philosophy, wrote verses, and made observations on natural history and geology, which were partly embodied afterwards in his two books, "Salmonia" and "Consolations in Travel." He was on his way back to England, in the summer of 1820, when the death of Sir Joseph Banks rendered the presidency of the Royal Society vacant. To this office he was elected, and he was re-appointed for seven years, until failing health compelled him to withdraw from all public duties.

After settling in London, his attention was turned to the liquefaction of gases, and especially to a subject which was referred to him by the Government. It was to discover a method of protecting the copper sheathing of ships, which was found to be rapidly corroded by sea water. After many trials he suggested a remedy, which was intimately connected with his earliest galvanic experiments. In short, he recommended no coatings, but simply the attachment to the copper of metals, which, oxidizing more

rapidly than the copper, would make it, so to speak, the negative pole of the battery. It was found to answer to perfection; but an obstacle arose which could not have been foreseen. The sheathing became crusted over with saline deposits, and shell fish adhered in such numbers that the speed of the vessel was seriously reduced, and after several trials the plan was abandoned by Government.

The disappointment caused to Davy by this was great, for it was accompanied by much besides calculated to depress his hitherto buoyant spirit. He was almost taken to task by the Government because it had at considerable expense fastened protectors on some men-of-war; the public newspapers and journals, which had formerly admired his success, were now laughing at the miscarriage; and, worse than all, he found himself a confirmed invalid, and unable to undergo the fatigue of removing the drawback, which he felt he could have done. He had drawn heavily on the store of health with which he had been originally endowed so liberally, and now, at the age of forty-six or forty-seven, he was compelled to go abroad to recruit his exhausted energies and calm his harassed mind.

But his recovery was slow, and he was forbidden all active employment. His stay abroad was followed by no cure; he returned to England, "the ruin of what he was," as he describes himself, and visited a few old friends, on fine days pursuing his favourite amusement of fishing, and, when able, writing a page or two of the "Salmonia." The picture given of him struggling against his infirm body is a very sad one.

By the advice of his physicians he left England in 1828, to which he was never again to return. He was to try what the south of Europe could do for him, and so he travelled by Germany, Carnithia, and Styria to Rome, wherever he went being entertained as a friend. The winter of 1828-29 passed without any alteration. He worked a little in the laboratory, made observations on the torpedo, investigated the volcanic phenomena of central Italy, and wrote "The Last Days of a Philosopher."

He arrived at Rome in February, 1828, wrote home a dreary letter, and was almost immediately taken ill. He knew he could not recover, and he summoned his wife and brother to his bedside. Both were soon with him. Rome, he thought, almost hoped, would be his last resting-place, but he was wrong. Seized with a nameless restlessness,

\* The colliers at Whitehaven presented him with an address, which ran as follows:—"September 28, 1819. We, the undersigned, miners at the Whitehaven Colliery, belonging to the Earl of Lonsdale, return our sincere thanks to Sir Humphry Davy, for his invaluable discovery of the safe lamps, which are to us as life preservers; and being the only return on our power to make, we most humbly offer this our tribute of gratitude."

The plate was preserved by Dr. John Davy, and at his death in January, 1888, it became the property of the Royal Society, in fulfilment of Sir Humphry's desire that it should be employed to found a medal, to be given annually for the most important discovery in chemistry.



he wished to go home again, and in this way, after two months of slow travelling, he reached Geneva in May. Here he had a fresh paralytic stroke, and died on the 29th. He was buried at Geneva, and a funeral, as public as the authorities would permit, was given him by the English residents.

At the early age of fifty-one Davy was removed from his labour. For the length of his life few men have got more work and, in a way, more enjoyment out of theirs, than Davy did. There never was a more active worker than he. What have been mentioned are only his more striking discoveries, and fill three or four out of the eight volumes of his collected works. But there are many others which, though they were by-play rather than serious work for Davy, many a chemist might be proud to have produced as the results of his happiest hours.

For his discoveries he gained all the honours which were to be had. He was F.R.S. at twenty-five, secretary at twenty-nine. He received Napoleon's prize of three thousand francs for his voltaic discoveries, and that at the time when the two nations were at deadly enmity. He was elected Associate of the Institute, was member of most of the continental societies. Besides his degree from Dublin, his baronetcy and presents, Alexander, Emperor of Russia, sent him a vase for his safety lamp; and after having obtained all its medals he was elected President by the Royal Society.

Far away in Geneva a plain tablet with his name marks the place where his remains are interred, and in Westminster Abbey a stone, with half-a-dozen lines of Latin, expresses the nation's regret and admiration for the man who threw so penetrating a glance upon nature.

Davy's mind presents so many characteristics that one cannot help thinking of it when

perusing the narrative of his life and discoveries. It is that of the highest type of experimentalist. There is never any straining after either facts or laws. If there was a practical problem to solve, there was an instinctive perception of the number and kind of experiments required, and of the means to be employed. He asked his questions; Nature replied gently, kindly. How could she keep silent, when the being she had made to learn from her inquired? There was never anything superfluous, for he always saw the aim of the replies no less than of the questions, and knew what to do next.

Was it a question in science? the same instinct guided him to the means. The intensest perception of real analogies led either to the discovery of new bodies, and to the unravelling of obscure and perplexed phenomena, or to the enunciation of views of general action, which are only now adopted in all their extent and recognised as true. It was thus that he declared against the oxygen theory of acids, that he was never a devoted convert to Dalton's atomic views, and that he was so thoroughly a dynamician in a science which is still almost entirely statical. The laboratory, rather than the study, was the scene of his triumphs; it was there where his strength lay. No phenomenon was too minute to escape him, no consequence too improbable not to be brought into connection with the premises, no law too wide to be grasped in its known entirety.

In all his work, in all his thinking, there is a magnificence, an ever-burning light which make us lift up the head and gaze with purified vision upon the world, and a wild freshness, a provocative thought which, while we recur to it again and again, and are never sent away empty, are no less proofs of this man's vivid and enduring individuality.

J. FERGUSON.

## AFTER DUSK.

PALE gleam the stars in the dark sky,  
The yellow moon hangs low;  
The little white-topped wavelets die  
On foam-girt rocks, and rippling flow  
On into shining pools where slow  
The silver eel twists to and fro;  
And with a clang of wings on high  
The wild swans seaward fly.

The sea's soft wash amongst the weeds  
Sways hushfully away;  
The wan blue heron soars and speeds  
Back to the inland marshes grey,

Where hardly ever wind-breaths fray  
The brooding waters day by day;  
And from yon sea-marge of tall reeds  
The loon his shy mate leads.

A fitful falling wind doth stir,  
And sob, as weeping o'er  
Some deep-down wave-worn sepulchre;  
Till reaching the dim silent shore  
Its music mingleth with the lore  
By waves sung softly evermore.  
Hush! all is still—save one last whirr  
Of doves in yonder fir.

WILLIAM SHARP.

## BELLS.

BY THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

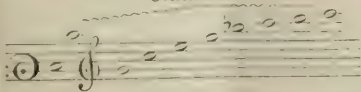
## PART SECOND.

## III.

BEFORE proceeding to speak of the making of bells, I must offer you some rudimentary remarks on the nature of sound. What is the difference between noise and a musical sound? Roughly speaking, noise is varying and unsteady; sound is steady, constant, one note yielding equal numbers of vibrations in an equal time. Musical sound is produced by alternate air-pulses of condensation and rarefaction. When the pulses succeed each other with a certain degree of rapidity, a musical sound is generated. The scientific instrument known as the "syren" illustrates this. A musical sound varies in three ways—in loudness, pitch, and quality. The loudness depends on the extent of the vibrations, the pitch on the rapidity of the vibrations, and the quality on the mode of vibration. The tuning-fork demonstrates to the eye the extent and rapidity of these aerial vibrations; the pianoforte and violin will enable us to analyze the quality, which depends on the mode of vibration.

It is obvious that the same note struck on violin, pianoforte, flute, &c., differs in *timbre*, or quality. What causes that difference? Helmholtz has shown us that most musical notes are not simple, but composite sounds. He calls these clangs; they contain within them certain *buried* notes, belonging to a fixed series, and these he calls overtones; and the quality of every *clang*\* depends upon the number, order, and intensity of these overtones. The presence of overtones in a clang can be easily demonstrated by striking a note on the pianoforte, just releasing the damper of its octave, and by the law of resonance the overtones, often up to the eighth, will be heard resounding sympathetically, which would not be the case were they not really *buried* in the clang of the one struck.

Overtones.



The law obeyed by the overtone series can be seen at a glance, and it is to the

\* Composite note.

presence, number, order, and relative intensity of these overtones that we owe all that variety of musical timbre which makes the charm of an orchestra and furnishes with inexhaustible tonal resources the empire of musical sound.

An approximately pure tone like that of a tuning-fork, or the upper notes of a piano, is insipid and characterless. Richness and character come in with the presence of these latent overtones, the order of which the diagram will show you at a glance. All are not always present, nor are those present always in the same place of the series, nor are they always of equal intensity; therefore it is said that quality depends on the number, order, and relative intensity of the overtones present in a clang or composite note. Now as long as we have but one clang, yielding to the ear but one definite musical note, the construction of a scale on violin or piano with such clangs is simple. But when you come to bells, I believe you have to deal in one and the same bell with a number of different clangs, each with its series of overtones, the overtones of the different clangs sometimes overpowering each other, at others tones are found in the bell representing intervals less than a minor third, and producing beats, and at the same time we get certain deep hums, which I believe must be due to what in acoustics are called combination tones. Now obviously what a bell aims at musically is one fundamental note, and the problem is how to subordinate all other clangs, extinguishing those tones that are discordant, and subduing the overtones of the fundamental clang, so that none of them drown the desired note of the bell. Thus when you strike the bell on the sound-bow you get one definite note, varying in quality according to the number and proportion of the overtones, varying also according to the character and pitch of any other unextinguished clangs that may be present.

I must content myself with pointing here to the elements of the problems which can only be solved by experiment. The bell-founder has, in a word, to contend first with different clangs, secondly with loud overtones, thirdly with beats, and fourthly with combination hums; and the problem is how to obtain the presence in right proportion of

those tones he requires in order to produce the timbre of his fundamental note, and how to extinguish those tones which interfere with the supremacy or quality of his fundamental note.

Now the Belgians have a summary way of settling all this. They fix the note and have a clear perception of the quality they require, and they find that what they look for goes along with certain properties easily tested: they seek by rule of thumb for the presence of a third, fifth, and octave in each bell, and they tap the bell in certain places as I have elsewhere described, in order to develop this third, fifth, and octave; and any ear trained in bell sounds will be able to detect the presence of at least the third or fifth, and generally the octave, in a good Belgian bell. The presence of these preponderating and selected notes is important, as constituting the bell in tune with itself, a quality of the last importance in musical suites of bells tuned for the carillon.

If, now, I am further asked upon what depends the manufacture of bells possessing these properties, I must again reply generally, firstly, quantity and character of the metals; secondly, shape, proportion, and various thicknesses of the bell. Only two metals are now used in large bells, tin and copper. The Belgians use twenty-three to thirty per cent. of tin; the English lean to more tin, twenty-five to thirty-one per cent. Tin makes the bell sound bright, but it also makes it brittle, and the reason why the English can afford to put in more of this brittle element is because they make their bells thicker, as a rule; and the reason why they are made thicker is that instead of being merely chimed they are swung round on a wheel, which brings the hammer with great force upon the bell. If we treated the delicate Belgian bells in this rough fashion we should probably crack them, though if it were known that they would be swung, the Belgian makers could doubtless thicken them to order; they are not meant in Belgium to be whacked like big drums, but to be struck with hammers from *pp* to *ff*, like a pianoforte. They resonate more easily than English bells, requiring a gentler stroke to elicit their full tone. In a word, the Belgian bell is a musical note, not a gong or a drum. Secondly, the thickness and general proportions of the bell are of the utmost importance. Bells vary from one-fifteenth to one-twelfth of the diameter at the thickest part of the sound-bow, and the height is commonly about twelve times the

thickness. English bells are, roughly, as broad as they are long, if you measure diameter from outside rim to rim, and length from rim to top of canon. But in truth the thickness of the bell at different levels is all-important. The thickness near the top is as important as that of the sound-bow, and the diameter of the crown as critical a dimension as that of the rim. The deep, rich tone (in proportion to size) of the smaller Belgian bells is probably largely due to the wide top diameter, combined with the thinness in certain proportions of the sides half-way down. The way in which altering the thickness affects the tone, and even the pitch of a bell, is shown by the fact that a sharp bell can be flattened by shaving off the metal inside above the sound-bow; and Mr. Lewis tells me that he has destroyed beats by scooping the bell elsewhere until they disappeared at a certain point, but that on continuing to scoop they reappeared. All this shows how purely tentative and experimental is at present the art of bell-founding in England. In Belgium it is not scientific, but empirical, the accumulated experience of ages. A certain tact or rule of thumb takes the place of science; rules there must be, founded on principles, but the masters cannot explain their secrets. They produce the work of art, others are left to discover the laws they have obeyed. When we have analyzed their methods, we may be able to make their bells. So thought the Germans when they measured and analyzed Raffaele and Tintoret, and produced the correct but lifeless *banalités* of Airy Scheffer; so thought Vuillaume when he imitated the very worm-holes in the Amatis, but for all that the French fiddles are not Amatis. It may turn out that in the making of rich musical bells like those of Van Aerschodt, there is something which cannot be taught—the instinct, the incommunicable touch.

When Severin Van Aerschodt, the lineal descendant of the Van den Gehyns, the repository of the Hemony traditions, draws his bell, he will vary his model here, giving amplitude to this line, and depression to that; he has no fixed or proportionately graduated scale for a suite of bells, but every bell is drawn separately; he has no fixed proportion of tin and copper, but for every four bells or so the quantity of tin is varied. I was present lately at the casting of six large bells for the Catistock carillon, Dorchester. When the glowing pool of metal boiled like a molten sea of dazzling jasper, and on the surface certain strange lines of



sinuous motion began to curl and circle like live things born in the heat of that unearthly atmosphere, the master had a ladleful of the crystal fluid taken out and plunged into cold water; he then broke it, and after a glance at it, took a couple more blocks of tin and threw them into the furnace. Instantly they dissolved like wax. But what effect could that have upon such a mass? It was rule of thumb; he obeyed an instinct which he could no more explain than the skilled doctor can explain why he varies slightly your prescription, or pitches upon the appropriate remedy—instinct born of accumulated experience which cannot be taught. We may sneer at all this rule of thumb, this want of science, but would it not be wiser to make as good bells before we sneer at the way good bells are made?

## IV.

I will close with a few remarks on bell music. I shall leave to others the task of descanting on bell-ringing, which I do not call bell music, although it has the sort of musical quality possessed by scales and exercises. It is well known that our peals of bells are swung right round on wheels, and thus each time a stiff blow is delivered, and a proportionate shock imparted to tower and bell-frame. Before Elizabeth's time only the half wheel was used, so bells could never be swung fairly up; but the art of bell-ringing made a giant stride when Fabian Stedman, about 1567, invented a system of bell notation by which changes on a few bells might be rung *ad infinitum*.

Start with three bells, 1, 2, 3, and proceed 1, 3, 2; 2, 1, 3; 2, 3, 1; 3, 1, 2; 3, 2, 1; it is much simpler than writing a tune, and has the merit of a perfectly purgatorial prolongation, so that it would take ninety-one years to ring the changes on twelve bells, at the rate of two strokes a second, and the full changes on twenty-four bells would occupy one hundred and seventeen thousand billions of years. No one can watch the skilled ringer without admiration at his litheness, readiness, and the deft, clever manipulation of that treacherous rope that has to be coquetted with and released at intervals under penalty of dragging the luckless ringer up to the roof, and there breaking his skull. No one can look at the ingenious arithmetical progressions displayed in Stedman's "Tintinnalogia" without admiration of a kind; but this hunting up and down, the dodging and snapping, the plain bob, and the extreme change, is not music, although it may be

prolonged for ninety or a billion years; it is exercise, it develops muscle, quickness, and it promotes thirst. On a summer evening, some way off, it is pleasant enough, especially if heard only at intervals; but the bell-ringer's paradise is the musician's inferno!

Nothing can justify the practice of putting a citizen of London through two hours of change ringing with twelve heavy bells by Taylor of Loughborough, and the surest way to deter the public from providing a delicious Belgian carillon of forty bells for the sister tower is to make them suppose that it will produce a sound similar to the present peal.

Bell music comes in with the bell struck by a hammer, and treated as a musical note.

We hear a good deal about the clapper bringing out the full tone of the bell each time—but who wants that in music? Do you require a Sims Reeves to bawl out each note at the top of his voice, or Joachim to play fortissimo throughout? But in fact the Briton exacts the wheel of torture and the purgatorial clapper because, unlike the Belgian, he has never considered his belfry in the light of a musical instrument.

Bell music comes in with the barrel, the carillon, clavecin, or keyboard, and the suite of bells tuned in semitones.

The barrel is similar to the revolving barrel of a musical-box; it is fitted all over with spikes which lift tongues at whose extremity is the wire attached to hammers up aloft, each acting on its own bell. Our clock-chimes are thus played; and in Belgium immense revolving barrels fitted with thousands of spikes liberate a little flood of music every ten minutes, and at the hour some melody with full accompaniment, as from a pianoforte, floats over city towers and ramparts—and why is not this oppressive? One bell is often too much for us, how should we endure sixty? Better far than one; it is the one or two, *ding, dong*, that wear out the tympanum and ruin house property. Substitute for this little flights of music, and the ear is charmed and recreated.

We have to learn the use of small bells mixed with the large. We deal only with heavy peals of ten or twelve. But substitute a suite of thirty, ranging from two or ten tons to a few pounds or hundredweights, and divide the music between them, using no more of your big bells than you would of your bass notes on the piano or organ, and how different the result! Again, it is noise not music the Briton insists upon in his bells, and when he has got it he abuses it.

But the triumph of bell music is only

reached with the application of the clavecin or keyboard. In Belgium the keyboard consists of jutting pegs, tones and semitones, ranged like white and black keys, one above the other, with a row of pedals for the feet acting on the big bells. A smart blow is needful to bring out the full tone, as the carillonneur sits stripped to his shirt, and proceeds with hands in gauntlets to manipulate his mighty scales. The English and Belgian keyboards have distinct qualities. The English machinery of Gillett and Bland substitutes for pegs, keys; and the lightness of touch rests with the player. A lady can play the heaviest suite with ease, for the instant the hammer drops it is lifted again by independent machinery, and all that the pressed key does is to let off the hammer as by a hair trigger. In the Belgian clavecin the peg has to lift with appropriate leverage as well as to liberate the hammer—hence the heaviness of the Belgian touch; but musically the Belgian clavecin, rude as it is, bears the palm, for the Belgian carillonneur can impart by his stroke the most delicate *pp* or emphatic *ff*; he can produce at will wonderful crescendos and decrescendos, while of course he who only liberates a hammer, as in the English patent method, cannot control its stroke. The beautiful English mechanism has been applied by Messrs. Gillett and Bland to the Manchester carillon and elsewhere.

At Mechlin the barrel weighs  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tons, containing 16,200 holes, and the present tunes for the hour are produced by 2,900 nuts or spikes. The tunes are changed twice a year by the carillonneur, M. Denyn. M. Adolphe Denyn is acknowledged to be the first carillonneur living; he is fifty-two years old, strong, thickset, muscular; he is most genial and obliging, and a musician of the finest quality. He has been carillonneur of Mechlin for twenty-nine years, and, as I failed to hear him six years ago, I communicated in time, and was fortunate enough to be present at an exceptionally fine performance, which was most courteously protracted for an hour for my benefit. To hear M. Denyn, go to Mechlin and take your stand in the marketplace at eleven o'clock on Sunday, or at eleven to twelve on Saturday morning.

It was market-day, and crowds were assembled, and stood in groups, after business, about twelve o'clock, to listen to their favourite player. I stood first at a remote corner of the market-place, and after a short running prelude from the top bells, weighing only a few pounds and hundredweights, to the bottom ones of several tons, M. Denyn

broke into a brisk gallop, admirably accented, and sustained at a good tearing pace without flagging for a single bar. Such an exercise could not last long, as I quickly perceived when I ascended the belfry and watched him at work. Whilst he was playing I made my way up the winding stairs of that immense and incomparable tower, which for majesty and beauty combined has always seemed to me to stand absolutely alone. The room of the carillon keyboard is not large, but just suffices to isolate the player from the resonance of the bells above and below him. M. Denyn then played me some admirably selected flowing melodies with full legato accompaniments, in the style of "Adelaide" and "Casta Diva." Then he gave me a specimen of bravura passages, using the great nine-ton and six-ton bells for the melody with his feet, and carrying on a rattling accompaniment of demi-semiquavers on the treble bells. Next, after a rapid passage of sweeping arpeggios, he broke into a solemn and stately movement, which reminded me of Chopin's "Funeral March." This was followed by an elaborate fantasia on airs from the *Dame Blanche*—interrupted by the mechanical clock tune, "Comme on aime à vingt ans." M. Denyn waited patiently until the barrel had finished, and then plunged rapidly into an extempore continuation, which was finely joined on to the mechanical tune, and must have sounded below as if the barrel had become suddenly inspired or gone mad. He called my attention especially to the complete control he had over the *pianos* and *fortes*, now lightly touching the bells, now giving them thundering strokes. He wound up with "God save the Queen," beautifully harmonized, and I must say that I never, on piano or violin, heard more admirable phrasing and expressive rendering of melody, whilst the vigour and sustained fire—straining every fibre and muscle until the whole man became one with the vast machinery he set in motion—reminded me of some of Rubinstein's finest efforts.

How indispensable, how historic and how dignified are the uses of bells! and above all let us remember that if bells are not music, they are noise, and that noise is prejudicial to health and exhausting to the nervous system. Firstly, then, let us cast our bells in tune; secondly, let us cultivate that excellent quality which was so much admired in the Belgian bells I lately exhibited on the table of the Royal Institution; thirdly, let us encourage the casting of large suites, for it is the admixture of the smaller bells which recreates

the ear, throws up by contrast the grandeur of the large ones, and makes possible the performance of full pianoforte scores; and fourthly, let us cultivate the noble art of carillon clavecin playing, so that our organists shall look to the belfry for their second keyboard, and the citizens learn to assemble on Saturday or Sunday afternoon to listen to the compositions of Handel or Mendelssohn rolled forth on a prodigious scale, from the most colossal instrument it has ever entered into the heart of man to conceive or to realise.

I have for ten years been trying to excite the public curiosity and interest in the "aerial art" of bell music, and it has been my privilege and my pleasure to bring the question before the most influential scientific audience in this country, but I now leave this great subject in your keeping, and let me remind you as we part of the great influence upon public opinion which you, the readers of GOOD WORDS, wield as a body. From the perusal of these "words" you will go forth to speak with the most persuasive authority;

you will tell your friends that bells need not destroy house property, nor split the tympanum of the human ear, nor drive musicians mad, but that they can discourse most eloquent music; that as they mark with gushes of melody the flight of time, so the dull prose of life is lifted into poetry, and day and night set to music, a music capable of recreating the weariness of labour, filling the idle spaces, soothing the restless, and even mingling with our dreams, as at Mechlin or Bruges, without disturbing our slumbers. And so the great river of time flows on no more in grim or apathetic silence, but like "the tides of music's golden sea, setting towards eternity!" And though the bells utter neither speech nor language that can be construed in barren words, yet are they for ever rolling forth the universal language of emotion intelligible to all hearts. In the words of that beautiful motto, inscribed on one of Hemony's bells: "Non sunt loquelæ neque sermones;" there is neither speech nor language, but their voices are heard amongst them—"audiuntur voces eorum."

## DE MORTUIS.

*DE mortuis nil nisi bonum* is an axiom not always just or possible to be carried out, seeing that—

"The evil that men do lives after them;  
The good is oft interred with their bones."

But this truth also must be received with limitations, since good has, of its very essence, a longer existence than evil. Often, too, the noblest parts of a man's nature are so obscured and hampered by that "fleshy garment of decay" which he wore during life, that death only tears the veil down and allows the world to see him as he is—to recognise all that was beautiful and lovable in him—to trace not merely the end, but the windings and difficulties of the way; and whether the result was victory or defeat—to be made acquainted with the full bitterness of the struggle. It is this, the thoroughly human interest which we all of us feel in the story of another human life, which makes few forms of literature more attractive and more valuable than that rarest of books, a good biography.

Probably there never was a better loved or better hated—at any rate, better abused man, during his lifetime, than Sydney Dobell.\*

Bursting into sudden notoriety by his remarkable drama "The Roman;" watched hopefully by all the critics as the new poet of the age, then disappointing the expectations of most by his incomprehensible next work, "Balder—the First Part" (the second part, which might have elucidated it, being, alas! never written); afterwards dwindling down through "England in Time of War" and other lyrics of fragmentary kind to a style of writing, poetry or prose, of which the few published specimens were, to the ordinary mind, almost wholly incomprehensible; until, after a long, sad silence, during which he was almost forgotten, came the news of his death in the prime of his days.

Then the half-regretful public remembered him for a little space. Notices were written about him—criticisms, fair and unfair, intelligent or unintelligent, upon his writings. Some few recalled his personality, too remarkable to be altogether passed over, even after a good many years—how he had appeared in London and Edinburgh society as a young man of unmistakable intellectual power, much culture, great charm of manner, and conversational capabilities of a kind which delighted some, annoyed others, but could not be ignored by any. A shrewd observer has

\* "Life and Letters of Sydney Dobell." Edited by E. J. Smith, Elder & Co.



been heard to say that the only time he ever saw Carlyle "talked down," and this in the sweetest, most respectful, but most persistent way, was by Sydney Dobell.

Whether or not Sydney Dobell was a man of genius—whether his writings, which have been pronounced by some to contain passages as grand as Milton, and to evince a knowledge of humanity not unworthy of Shakspeare, and been condemned by others as hopelessly obscure, long-winded, and puerile, will live for posterity, this paper does not attempt to decide. The poems are open to all—every one can read and judge for himself.

But his personality, that *ego* which we are all so anxious to get at after a man is dead; that life-story which is often more pathetic, more interesting, more deeply instructive than any book he has ever written; this would soon have vanished out of the very fondest memories, had it not been for such a book as the one just named, which preserves, alike for friends and foes, the image of the real Sydney Dobell much clearer than any he projected for himself during his lifetime. That portrait even his severest critics, his unkindest detractors, must allow to be a very striking one.

Sydney Thompson Dobell was the eldest son of a father who counted his lineage from the days of the Cavaliers, and of a mother whose great pride was *her* father, a man of the people, but of power enough to originate and head for many years a very remarkable sect, who called themselves Free-thinking Christians. A description given of this sect and its founder, its creed, its growth, and its decadence, is a very interesting contribution to the history of theological opinion.

That the influences under which he was born and brought up strongly affected the boy from earliest infancy, cannot be doubted.

Indications of his remarkable character when no more than a child of ten years old roused in his parents that tendency to "regard him, and through his early years even brought him to regard himself, as having a special and almost apostolic mission," which "in a more ordinary man would have fostered an exclusive arrogance fatal to the real usefulness of life. The generous nobility of Sydney's nature saved him from this worst evil, but he did not pass through the ordeal unscathed. His precocity was stimulated, his emotions exercised, his nervous system overstrained, and, during the first period of his career, the isolating influences of his home-life hampered his social powers."

So writes his biographer, but it may be questioned whether the peculiar idiosyncrasy of the son was not as much at fault, if fault there was, as the upbringing of the parents. More children are ruined by lack of love, and want of sympathy and wholesome praise, than by the superabundance of the three—which Sydney must always have found in his mother, a rarely good and noble woman. That his was not an idle life, these passages, taken at random from his diary, at the age of fourteen, sufficiently show.

"October 24. Up at half-past six. Wrote some 'Napoleon' in the evening. Description of true eloquence. Sir A. B. Falkner here for an hour.

"October 26. Rose at seven, learnt lessons and did the business of the morning till half-past one; dinner. Afternoon—learnt lessons and sent out some wine; read Blackstone *De Jura Personarum* till half-past five. Tea. Read Blackstone till half-past six. Then Mr. — (tutor).

"October 28. Sunday. Out in the garden till one; out again till three. Read till four Dillon's 'Essays on Religious Worship,' a work which enters into its subject, leaves no hills unsurmounted, and no depths unexplored (!) Played chess for half an hour, and five-o'clock tea. After tea, papa read Shakespeare aloud for a couple of hours. Play, *Merchant of Venice*—one of his most exciting plays in parts for the criticalness of the situations, but spoiled in others by the low language of Launcelot, and the coarse jests which abound in the lower characters.

"October 29. Out on business till one. Have quite forgotten how the afternoon passed, besides the usual routine of business. After tea wrote a satirical piece entitled 'Hope.'

"October 30. Up at seven. After breakfast subjected my squib to the universal critic, papa, and we two, after two alterations, one expurgement, and the addition of a verse, pronounced it good, copied and signed it 'Corrector,' folded it, and directed it to the *Free Press Office*. . . . After tea read some more of *Merchant of Venice* aloud.

"October 31. Up at half-past seven. Business of the morning as usual till half-past eight; breakfast. Went out till eleven to see Collins about bottles. Came home, wrote bills; dinner at one. After dinner began posting the accounts of the month. After tea finished *Merchant of Venice* aloud."

Read this, ye lazy lads, who cost your parents hundreds per annum, yet contrive to learn as little and play as much as you possibly can, and wonder at this boy, who had never been to either school or college, who at fourteen had already for two years gone to business with his father, getting his education finished how and when he could. This family of ten—five sons and five daughters—had a hard battle with the world. Migrating from Cranbrook, in Kent, to London, and thence to Cheltenham, it settled there, living in great seclusion. For, besides his peculiar doctrines, John Dobell, this descendant of Cavalier soldiers, was a tradesman, first a hide-merchant and then a wine-merchant, and as

such tacitly tabooed both by the religious and fashionable "sets" of that very exclusive town. Not that he cared for this, being so imbued with his "separatist" theories, and with the impossibility of "the Church," as its adherents fondly called it, ever mingling with "the world." But still, the complete isolation of the Dobells, while it kept them simple, pure, and high-minded to the last degree, and while held by many of their neighbours to be almost beyond the pale of Christianity, helped them to carry out literally all the primitive Christian virtues—no doubt stimulated in all, but in Sydney the eldest especially, a strong originality, and a persistent putting forward and clinging to their own opinions, which could not fail to mark them out as a very remarkable family.

As precocious in his affections as in his brains, the next epoch in the boy's life, which coloured it to the very end, was his falling in love, at fifteen, with a girl of his own age, Emily Fordham, the beautiful daughter of a Cambridgeshire squire, who was also one of "the Church" of Samuel Thompson's founding. With the unworldliness which characterized it and most of its members, the parents on both sides consented at once to the engagement, and to the marriage five years afterwards, when the bridegroom was twenty and the bride twenty-one. The courtship, as here told, is a perfect idyl in its way. How Sydney looked back upon it the following passage, from one of his letters to an intimate friend, will show—

"Here at last I am at peace. Here in the scene of my early and only love; here, where the old days look out on me from every cottage window, murmur to me in every one of these old pines, whisper in the tall evergreens (where we so often sat together), and under the broad green sod of this quiet lawn lie buried but unforgotten. I cannot tell you the ineffable happiness with which once a year I come to this place. To these placid fields, murmurous—I have no other word—with sheep-bells; this solitary hamlet, with its church beside the green, where for five years of happiest courtship I was the ever-welcomed hero of village tattle and romance; these silent lanes, which once were not so silent; this dark old manor-house, to me so full of sunshine, round which the thoughts of my long absences used to walk day and night. Her father lost it the year we were married, after a lawsuit of a quarter of a century; but happily it is still in friendly hands, and I can still sleep in the room where she was born."

The young couple began life with very narrow means, and the health of both, especially the wife, was exceedingly delicate. Indeed, from this time dates the chronicle of continual illness and suffering, above all that vicarious suffering which is hardest to bear, and which, for him, ended but with life. To most

men this would have been the extinguishment of all intellectual growth, all delight in life. But Dobell's extraordinary force of will, vitality of brain, and power of dividing himself in two, so to speak, of conquering the body through the spirit, of analyzing his own sensations, and keeping up a mental existence quite distinct from the life of the heart, carried him through seas of affliction in which a feebler barque would have been totally swamped.

His own letters, and the testimony of all his friends concerning him, go to prove that, full of trial as his life was, there was in him little or none of that morbidness, or even melancholy, to which men of genius are supposed to be prone. "Spasmodic" as his poetry was considered, he himself was of a thoroughly cheerful and healthy mind, and there remained with him and in him to the very last, a most touching enjoyment of all that was left him to enjoy—a permanent sunshininess of nature—which must have been one of his greatest charms in the eyes of those who loved him.

And these were not few. For if he exacted much, he gave much, especially to women, with whom his friendships were many and sincere, and whom he treated, high and low, near or distant, with the chivalrous tenderness of a stainless heart, as seeing in all womanhood the reflection of his own ideal of it—his wife.

His family relations seem to have been rarely fortunate, tender, and close.

"A sentence pencilled in one of his early notebooks may be quoted here. 'Habit of obedience necessary to be early formed. Therefore, before reason can comprehend the Will of God, another will is necessary; but when reason is gained God becomes the Parent, and the parent sinks to brotherhood.'"

When we compare this with an extract from a letter to his eldest sister, written after the sudden rush of popularity which followed the appearance of "The Roman," and the changed life which ensued therefrom, it is easy to see that Sydney Dobell must have been a very difficult person to guide or influence.

"You think I am improved lately. As a moral and intellectual whole, perhaps I am. But I shall never cease to look back on the four or five years preceding my illness with a kind of self-reverence—as to an impossible saintdom, to which I would not return, but which I can never equal on this side the grave. I see that I have a wider mission and a rougher excellence before me; but I cannot look back without a melancholy interest to the years when I never thought or said a word but under the very eyes of God."

Strong language, and capable of great misconstruction, as no doubt the writer was often

misconstrued. His *ego*—that is his ideal of the self that he wished to be—was enormous, but it was mixed with no petty vanity, or desire of worldly admiration. Such could not exist in a man whose aim it was to live “under the very eyes of God.” But these characteristics in him, so patent from very childhood, make it clear that the mistakes of his youth, in both physical and moral up-bringing, were his own mistakes, and not, as has been sometimes asserted, his parents’. In great things and small, he inherited his grandfather Thompson’s resolute will and strong self-consciousness, together with a certain iconoclastic spirit, which, with all his sweetness and almost angelic purity of heart, must have made him, even from boyhood, what parents call “extremely difficult to manage.” Add to this the inevitable circumstances of his daily life, being sent to business at an age when most boys are only just sent to school, and, all his education being private, deprived entirely of that wholesome friction with the outside world which is an incalculable advantage to both boy and man—and it is easy to understand how and why Sydney Dobell became what he was.

“The Roman” was written and published when he was but twenty-five. “Balder” followed soon after. These are his only complete poems; though they were followed by a good many sonnets and lyrics, especially “England in Time of War,” which contains passages of unparalleled beauty. And at thirty-five the poet—“spasmodic,” eccentric, unintelligible as his writings may be called, few will deny to him that title—the poet published his last work. This single decade, then, is all that posterity has to judge him by.

The human story of these ten years, if externally uneventful, is very interesting. Literature was only the delight of his leisure; he still earned his daily bread as a wine-merchant, being, it is recorded, a shrewd and clever man of business. He kept up an æsthetic, picturesque, and hospitable home, in which he carried to the utmost limits an almost lavish system of almsgiving and general benevolence, on an income which was rarely over, sometimes under, four hundred a year. The necessity of many wanderings, in England, Scotland, and abroad, chiefly in quest of health for his invalid wife, gave some variety to a life that otherwise would have been painfully monotonous. Everywhere he seems to have been surrounded by devoted friends, of whom, among the women, a certain “M.” who is described by him as “the light of the house,” and another who is called “our

adopted daughter,” stand out prominently; while among his intimate and affectionate masculine correspondents and allies, are George Gilfillan, Professor Blackie, the Rev. J. Brown Paton, Alexander Smith, Dr. Westland Marston, and John Nichol.

Dobell’s correspondence must have been very voluminous, and it is much to be regretted that the book contains so little of it. His is an exquisitely polished epistolary style, perhaps even too perfect, as in its striving after originality it sacrifices that frank simplicity which must be given up if people write their commonest letters “with an eye to posterity.” Whether or not he did so, posterity must needs be grateful for the result.

Landscape letters, vivid with brilliantly minute word-painting, are interspersed by others of an ethical kind, full of his own strong, clearly defined, and never-concealed opinions.

“In old times gentleness, the one comprehensive caste, depended solely on blood. Given the blood, and nothing within the wide limits of virtue and honour could degrade the gentleman. To believe otherwise he would have resented as mortal insult to the noble liberty of gentle birth. To be made or unmade by external circumstances (of moral indifference) was the characteristic and villainous condition of the serf. ‘Gentleman,’ therefore, came to be the social standard; and we find ‘gentlemen’ employed in the free and varied manner that might be expected from the liberal consciousness of unalienable rank. We never went so far in England as abroad, where nobles, without loss of caste, might be found as grooms and menials; but the difference was not in the principle, but in the degrees of application.”

However high was Sydney Dobell’s standard of manhood, in that of womanhood he must, in this age of advanced opinions, have laid himself open to the charge of narrowness. Evidently he held the doctrine of the softer sex being the “inferior” animal. He says of “Aurora Leigh,” though owning to having read it with “profound admiration:”—

“I hold it to be no poem; for no woman, not even such a ‘large-brained woman and large-hearted man’ as Mrs. Browning . . . can create one, but it is one of the most signal and monumental books of modern times. . . . The more I live and study human nature, the more I perceive all feminine literature to be an error and an anomaly. A necessary anomaly at present, and to be dealt with as such, but always under all circumstances to be recognised as an anomaly, and never suffered to enter into the ideal of human society.”

Consequently, with a sister who had committed the great enormity of writing a book, he argues as follows:—

“Now I dare say you will say I am very unreasonable when I confess that, much as I liked the per-



formance I was sorry to see it. But to show you the higher ratio of the apparent unreason I will explain why. I never doubted that you could if you liked accomplish a thing of this kind, and better even than this, and take your place among the hourly aggregating troops of authoresses who are the pleasant vices and brilliant misfortunes of recent English literature. But I always hoped you would be content with the potentiality, and would set the much-required example of resisting a temptation which bids fair to stain with ink the sweetest sanctuaries of life, and taint with the inevitable evils of many unnatural and abnormal qualifications three-fourths of the 'women of England.'

"It is precisely those women who could do otherwise, if they chose, that should be careful to set the example of reminding the sisterhood that there are nobler vocations in this world than writing books, and a truer womanhood than that which wears its heart upon its sleeve. All honour and sympathy to those women for whom *res angusta domi* make this self-immolation an unmistakable necessity (and the best of them confess how sorely they feel the profanation and all the defeminizing influences of their profession), but whenever no irresistible duty demands the service, I think, and every year strengthens the conviction, that it ceases to be justifiable."

A dictum which few men, and possibly fewer women, will be inclined to indorse.

Clearly, the poet, devoted to a special idol, does not perceive the flaw in his own argument, viz., that if female authorship be so great an error, to commit it *for money* does not render the offence less venial, but more so. The *res angusta domi* should be met in some other way than by such a sacrifice—granting it to be a sacrifice. A question which it is idle to argue, since the world's experience proves that as a man may be a man of genius and yet a good citizen, husband, father, and friend, so a woman may be able to express in art, literature, science, or any other form, that which it has pleased Heaven to put in her to express, without either ignoring or denying her womanhood, or giving up one iota of those domestic duties which are at once her utmost blessing and her greatest charm.

Nevertheless it would be well for all women who desire to unwomanize themselves in any foolish way, to lay to heart some of Sydney Dobell's words in a letter planned, but never finished, when the question "Why are early marriages more and more rare?" was mooted in the *Times* newspaper. The cause, he considers, is "the increasing selfishness of young men, and the decreasing loveliness of young women."

"Lovely (he says) is an unsatisfactory word, but it is the best available. A lovely thing is a thing which is lovable, and it is more or less lovely as it is more or less adapted to be loved. . . . I never knew a man of more than moderate stature who felt undersized by the side of the loftiest female intellect, but I know that the strongest and proudest men have often felt ready to sink in sackcloth and ashes upon

knees no human force could bend, before the humility, the purity, the unconsciousness, the self-oblivion of the simplest woman in the world."

A few prose writings, in which, as here, Dobell expressed, as if forced by inner compulsion, some of his strongest opinions, political, ethical, and moral, a few poems provoking diverse and most opposite criticisms (into which this present paper enters not, as it deals with the man rather than his writings), and now and then very beautiful letters to friends and kinsfolk: these were all that broke the sad silence of the next ten years.

Yet it seems to have been by no means a melancholy or idle life. The utmost amount of brain-work that his physicians allowed him to do, he did daily. He studied several languages, so that during his compelled winters abroad—in the south of France, Spain, Italy—he was able thoroughly to throw himself into the social life of the people, and gather, invalid as he always was, more or less, all the good that could be got out of foreign travelling. Nor, though continually drifting hither and thither, seeking, for his wife and himself, the health that never came, does theirs seem to have been a dreary or homeless existence. He carried his "home" with him. Wherever he pitched his tent all his friends immediately gathered round him. Whether in Scotland or Gloucestershire, he seems to have had the faculty of choosing most picturesque places to live in, and the still higher art of making every house a home. Even when driven to wandering he apparently made the best of his nomadic life by drinking in at every intellectual pore the keen delight of travelling.

But the years were fast narrowing wherein this restless spirit, which had begun life with such lofty aims, such gigantic aspirations, was allowed to do his work in the world, be it little or much. Sudden and mysterious attacks of illness, supposed to be partly epileptic, attacked him from time to time, and were followed by long prostration. Consecutive brain-work became impossible. All his bad symptoms were aggravated, if, indeed, they were not primarily caused, by an accident at first thought to be very slight. Standing on the shore at Puteoli, the supposed landing-place of St. Paul, and trying to realise for himself the exact sight which met the apostle's eyes, he stepped backwards into an old Roman drain, bruising the neck and the top of the spine. Successive attacks of illness followed.

"The one thing chiefly prescribed for him by his physicians at all times of his life—rest—seemed always unattainable. Rest of brain, rest of heart,

were alike impossible. The more difficult all effort became, the more resolved he seemed to persevere in it; the more a duty cost him in personal suffering, the more indomitably determined was he not to give up the doing of it. Education, early habits, and natural disposition, combined to produce an over-conscientiousness, which, so far as earthly results went, defeated its own end. To try and follow from his own memoranda and from other records his inner life at this time, is to wonder that nerves and brain so long endured such tension, and that the blow which soon struck him down did not fall sooner."

Something of this is indicated by the portrait of him prefixed to vol. i., and painted about this time by his artist-brother.

In the summer of 1869 a second accident befell him. Trying a newly purchased horse, he was thrown—"found himself unable to move, beyond leaning upon one elbow, and at once faced the probability that he was dangerously, perhaps mortally injured."

"Nearly three months of helplessness and much suffering followed. Though the injury proved to be, in some ways, less than could have been expected, the blow to the spine and the shock to the nervous system caused an amount of prostration that induced doubt as to whether he would recover the use of his limbs, and the muscles of one hip were so far strained and weakened that he never again felt to have a good and safe hold of his horse. Riding, which all his life had been the one almost unailing restorative, became from this time impossible.

"During the many weeks before he regained power to walk, or even to stand, while he was very incredulous of ever being again anything but a cripple, those about him were struck with his wonderful serenity and thankfulness."

Nevertheless it probably helped in his temporary revival to a moderately healthy condition, during which his ever-active brain pertinaciously accomplished as much work as it could, and much more than it ought. Solid political papers—Dobell was from first to last a keen politician—alternated with light fancies.

"He often amused odd quarters of an hour when resting on his sofa, or longer periods of his unrestful nights, in making little *jeux d'esprit*, sometimes in English, often in French, Italian, or Spanish, which he afterwards scribbled down. He wrote also at such waste times two or three political or electioneering burlesques. His pleasure when a punning couplet on some question of the day, sent to *Punch*, was immediately inserted, was like a boy's. There was unselfishness as well as philosophy in the sweet-blooded way in which he made the most of all the more mirthful and pleasant aspects of his life. Although his deeper thoughts must always have been serious and solemn enough, they were never touched with gloom."

A "decided and severe epileptiform attack" convinced his friends and himself, as he says in a letter, "that his travelling days were over." It became necessary to settle

in some comfortable house which might be "a home to live in and to die in." This was found in Barton End House, near Nailsworth, Gloucestershire, not far from the pretty cottage where, eighteen years before, he had finished "Balder."

"Most of his friends felt that the life he now led of self-denial, of suffering, of constant prostration and chastisement, of gallant resurgence from prostration, only to be overwhelmed afresh by the mysterious evil which sapped the powers of life, could have had for them no beauty that they should desire it. . . . Truly he possessed many kinds of joy. No one, his wife says, who had ever seen could ever forget the rapt delight with which, after a restless night of suffering, he would listen to the matin music of spring birds. . . . This pure joy in the exquisiteness of spring and of morning made the very opening of his eyes upon these aspects of nature a feast of thankful wonder. . . . His faithful 'joy in the deep things of God,' as revealed to us by the 'mind of Christ,' and his unwavering allegiance to the central truths of the religion thus revealed . . . made an atmosphere about him which it was a spiritual and even a physical support and elevation to breathe. Consciousness of the weakness of his sick body was lost in the impression of wholesome health made by the sound and strong spirit."

But in spite of this the flesh was fast failing. In the spring and summer of 1874 sudden and heavy worldly cares consequent on the death of the manager of his house of business fell upon him. "Long letters had to be written, and written at once—long business discussions held, and complicated statements attended to." The all-but dying man roused himself, and did whatever it was necessary to do, so that members of his own family who visited him were deceived, and "his wife's repeated expression, 'These things will kill him!' was considered to be passionate exaggeration, as was his mother's exclamation, 'Then you have killed him!' when told of two or three hours of close and uninterrupted business discussion, and of the mental vigour he had shown, only a month before the end."

That end his biographer alone must tell, for no one else could do it so touchingly and so well. After a brief three-days' absence—

"The change she (his 'adopted daughter') saw was not only that of increased weakness; there was in his face a peculiar, inwardly absorbed expression, as if the invisible world, more real and present to him than the visible, so occupied him that it was only with effort he brought himself back from that far country to consciousness of what was passing around him. . . . A perfect peacefulness and placidity was the general expression of his face about this time . . . so that those about him received an impression of insuperable vitality that would not allow apprehension of the great change.

"On one of the first days of August, he was persuaded to lie out in the open air on the sunny gravel sweep in front of the house for a quarter of an hour, and seemed in a peculiar manner to delight in all that

met his eyes. He was taking his last fully conscious look at his beloved beechwoods, and the sloping terrace garden at the east end of the house, of which he had always been specially fond. On going indoors he fell into a profound sleep on the sofa. On his awaking, the evening was passed as usual, but in the middle of that night he woke in a strange tremble and confusion of mind, from which his brain never wholly cleared."

Nearly a week passed, during which he did not leave his room, and "had one or two fixed delusions." On the 8th of August acute delirium set in, and the strong, acute, delicate brain was overthrown for ever.

"He lay for two weeks only partially and at intervals conscious—consciousness always marked by some gracious, pleasant, tender saying or recognition. His incoherent talk was oftentimes of abstract philosophy . . . or expressions of love, anxiety, and compassion for his wife. . . . 'How beautiful!' was the comment of all who looked upon his face.

"On the evening of August 22nd, as his favourite rooks, winging home, were crossing the sky in front

of his window, his last breath was quietly drawn. Rest came to him. The last sunshine of a gorgeous August evening lay rich and deep upon the scene he loved so dearly. The arms of his wife were round him; his hand was held by his mother.

"On the first day of September, his favourite month, the month of his wife's birthday, the month which in the old early days of happy courtship he passed at her house, his mortal remains were taken to the Painswick Cemetery, chosen for their resting-place as overlooking a district the ideal beauty of which was specially dear to him. The funeral service was read by Dr. Percival, who made a long journey from the place of his holiday sojourn to be present. His brothers and many old friends gathered round the coffin, which was lowered to its rest covered with fragrant white flowers. On his coffin (by his own wish, expressed years before) were engraved the words, '*Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom.*'"

And reading this record of an imperfect, never-fulfilled, yet most lovely and lovable life, who can doubt He will?

D. M. C.

## OLD HASTINGS.

IT is not difficult to account for the popularity of this ancient town and fashionable health-resort; such a flavour of antiquity clings to it, so many of our best-beloved artists—dead and living—have pictured it, so numerous are its natural beauties still, in spite of a veritable building mania that has defaced every corner. And though it cannot be said to possess perpetual spring like Algiers and Mentone, lovers of sunshine and genial weather come hither from less-favoured parts of England, finding as a rule no ill substitute for the delicious lands out of their reach. We have not the almond-tree with its "rosy tresses," as the great Spanish poet Calderon so poetically says; we have not the balmy south winds that make an Algerian picnic in March a practicable thing; we have not the warm purple skies and glowing suns of Southern Europe, but at least we are freer from the unkind blasts of winter than the rest of our insular neighbours. At Hastings the winter, as a rule, is rather made up of rain and wind than snow and frost; and though it is oftener Boreas that threatens to blow us into the sea than the gentler Zephyrus, woer, according to ancient mythology, of Flora, goddess of blossoms, who visits us, we are for the most part enabled to take exercise in the open air without blue noses or frozen beards from October till April. In fact, there is this difference between Hastings and inland places in England,

that in the former winter is supportable, and in the latter, not. The wind—well, there is no denying that the wind makes itself felt and heard here. Whether you plant yourself immediately in front of the sea, where at high tides your kitchen may be flooded and your uppermost chambers darkened with the pyramidal waves that break against them; or whether you take an airier perch on the glorious West Hill, from which the descent in certain days is a drawn battle between the elements and the traveller, as in Æsop's fable, you cannot escape from the wind; and if you are a lover of it, which a charming American essayist, Thoreau, says a true lover of nature must absolutely be, then you will enjoy Hastings. There is every variation of this music, from the tender breathings of the south, which, no matter what the season may be, bring forth the violets in Ecclesbourne valley, and stir the gently lapping waves into plaintive melody, to the thunder and fury and overwhelming majesty of the sou'-wester, which comes as a conquering, devastating Attila, with devouring hosts in his wake, drowning our pigmy voices in the fray, tearing up paving stones with giant wrench, engulfing not only the fisherman's bark at sea, but the solid dwelling-houses on dry land. We prepare for this foe, indeed, as for an invading army, and if his passage is fraught with no further mischief than an inundation of the



more exposed quarters of the town, we have every reason to be thankful. Even when visiting us in a more subdued form the sou'wester is an imposing, exhilarating phenomenon. The atmosphere seems cleared of every impurity and infinitesimal cloudiness. As it passes by, we take large breaths of it, feeling invigorated, rejuvenated with every inhalation, as if indeed we were suddenly transported to a mountain-top. Then the sound—we should say music—adds greatly to such intense physical enjoyment. What music is there for solemnity and unconscious effect like that of wind-tossed waves? We know not what they mean, these stately rhythms, these inexhaustible cadences, these indescribable *adagios maestosos* and deafen-

and flashing coruscations of white foam and creamy vortices, and deep dark gulfs, no sooner disclosed than hidden.

The sea, indeed, and its environment of green hills may be said to constitute all that remains of old Hastings, properly speaking, so persistent and vast have been the encroachments of the new and its twin town, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Of the latter place we shall not speak, and indeed there is nothing to say; except perhaps that it is idler, more indifferent to what is going on in the world, and more monotonous than most other places under the moon. A new population plants itself in the fashionable quarters every year, but you always find the same people. The young ladies have different names and wear different



All Saints' Street.

ing *crescendos*; but nothing in nature or art affects us precisely in the same way. The storm god reigns in full majesty at Hastings; and nowhere else are the stupendous contests of wind and waves more grandly displayed, whilst the sea off this coast is strikingly beautiful. In the summer months it is a vast smooth translucent mass of warm blue water, rivalling the turquoise tints of the Mediterranean; whilst in the changeful seasons of winter and autumn we see every variety of wave-colour—deep green, with tints of purple and orange, cold steely grey with hardly a line breaking the metallic-like surface; again at other times, a frothy, seething mass of brown waves, as the old Greeks used to say, and truly, with silvery crests



High Street.

gowns, but they read the same novels and behave precisely as their forerunners did the season before. Yes, the St. Leonard's population is perennial, ever-green; doomed like the Sibyl to perpetuity, though unlike the Sibyl, serenely unconscious of its fate; a social Phoenix ever dying and being re-created from the ashes of the old. Quite different is old Hastings, which has a history of its own, and in a certain sense must be said to continue it, though, alas! not in bricks and mortar. A lover of antiquity and natural beauty need not be a very susceptible or sentimental person to shed tears over the havoc and desecration worked everywhere by that enemy of the human race, the speculative builder. The sea remains, and the superb East Cliff, and the West Hill, and

Fairlight Glen, and Ecclesbourne Valley, but old Hastings is no more; it has vanished as completely as a city swallowed up by earthquake, and is nowhere to be found except in old books and engravings, and the memories of those few old "Hastingsers" who can still recall it as it was fifty years ago.

Even within the last ten years what changes have come over the place! It would be curious to know how many millions of bricks and how many tons of mortar have been used in that space of time. Everywhere you see lines and congeries of new tenements—dwelling-houses they are not worthy to be called—which have been built at the lowest possible cost, to be let of course at the highest possible rent. There is nothing within or without to recommend them. For the most part they are so ill-constructed that the very object of privacy is not secured, and you can hear your next-door neighbour's tittle-tattle, family prayers, or curtain lectures, not to speak of what Thackeray euphuistically calls "the music of the nose," in other words, snoring, as well as the babies crying in the nursery, the young ladies strumming the piano, and all the thousand and one noises that, were houses properly built, people could keep to themselves. In fact, you might just as well live in a child's card house as far as your privacy and tranquillity are concerned, whilst nothing could be worse than the construction considered from other points of view. The curious part of it is that though Hastings is eminently an attractive place, nothing has been done in the way of building to attract people thither, and at St. Leonard's it is hardly better. A little conscience, a little taste, and only a moderate outlay would have sufficed to make the new quarters of both towns not only ornamental, but habitable in the true sense of the word.

Nor is this the worst. Wherever the builder came in contact with an obstacle, it must straightway be sacrificed; and thus it has come about that "Hastings House," of literary and artistic memory, was pulled down the other day in the All Saints' Street, being, of course, replaced by new constructions of the kind with which we are here, alas! but too familiar. Tourists and excursionists who want to know what old Hastings really was, *i.e.* the Hastings of fifty years ago, and where it was, must make the peregrination—or so it seems—from the railway station or the pier to the centre of High Street, parallel with All Saints' Street, as from this point a small circle might be drawn taking in the whole. Such a circle would include the half-dozen handsome houses known as Pelham Place, which

thus formed an isolated block, and in the words of a writer of that period, "is one of those improvements in building which mark the rise of Hastings within the last few years, as well as a proof of the beneficial consequences of the Act of Parliament of the first year of his present Majesty (written in 1826) for paving and otherwise improving the town." Beyond, in the words of the same writer, "a double row of handsome houses formed two sides of a square with an oval plantation in front. It is well sheltered from the east by the Castle cliffs, but open to the north, south, and west. The views of the surrounding country, Beachy Head, and the sea, from this spot are particularly picturesque." What is more generally known as Hastings therefore did not then exist. A cluster of houses was all that then constituted White-rock Place, whilst a superb cliff imposingly marked the western limits of the town over against the pier of to-day—that eye-sore to marine painters, that delectation of the sea-side lounge.

St. Leonard's was nowhere, and we can fancy how glorious must have been the prospect from White-rock then, how delicious the solitude of that seaboard, how captivating the sense of freedom, airiness and largeness to be had everywhere! Now, no matter in what direction you go, you find that the town has made vast inroads upon the country. Natural as well as historic features have been destroyed, and what grandeur and picturesqueness man could mar has been achieved.

There were of course some drawbacks to these artistic enjoyments. In the early part of this century an old timber bridge spanned a stream, in the actual focus of fashion and activity, that is to say, where the Albert Memorial now stands, and in rainy seasons the fields and meadows round about, for town there was none, would often be flooded. The site of the present fashionable terraces, known as Robertson Terrace and Carlisle Parade, was occupied by rope-walks. The adjacent ground between the White-rock and the West Hill was considered unsafe after nightfall. There were no lamps, and great quantities of pigs and pigsties, so that belated pedestrians, if in no danger of being molested by burglars, were at least liable to be tripped up by the pigs which were allowed to run wild. In the centre of the present town was held the famous Rock fair, when pitch-and-toss, hockey, and other games were played on the site of Trinity Church. It requires some exercise of the imagination to conjure up the picture

presented to us by those who describe the Hastings of three generations back. The regions then unlighted and unprotected, given up to pigs, geese, and sheep, have become so populous since, that in spite of the splendid views of land and sea and the invigorating air of the West Hill, life there has become insupportable. Oxford Street, if a degree noisier, is hardly more distracting. The lover of quiet gets none on these deliciously picturesque breezy heights from dawn till near midnight, and the tumult arises less from the fact of the inhabitants being more tumultuous than their neighbours below, but from the vast numbers there are of them. A little city of working people has indeed planted itself at the back of the superb West Hill, and working people, as we know, must tramp off to their work at all hours, the lads must whistle as they go, the herring-mongers cry their wares at every door, the organ-grinders toil up the hill for the delectation of the children, the boys delight to exercise lungs as well as limbs on the splendid play-ground nature has here provided them.

Fifty or sixty years ago, then, instead of seeking the nucleus of life and animation near the pier, you would have to go a mile eastward. The nowsombre and old-fashioned High Street, All Saints' Street, and Bourne Street, constituted the town proper of former days, which, in the words of a contemporary, was said, "though small, to contain a number of genteel families and some good houses. In the High Street stand the Town Hall, the Post Office, the Custom House, the Assembly-room, the Bank, and the little river Bourne ran through the midst, and is described as being 'extremely good for all culinary purposes.'" One characteristic of the old town was its fine gardens, some of which still remain at the back of the High Street, where in spring-time the patriarchal pear and apple trees in blossom afford a rare glimpse of loveliness. I have seen an aged pear-tree in one of those old gardens that was a pyramid of white flowers, an unforgettable "thing of beauty" in the midst of picturesque decay and tawdry modernisation, for contemptible constructions have sprung up on the verge of this most poetic recreation ground of generations long past away. The only bit of good solid masonry on which the eye can rest with satisfaction is the block of working men's dwellings at the back of All Saints' Street, inaugurated some years ago, and named after one of the most public-spirited and best-beloved of "Old Hastingsers," true son of old Hastings inspired with the spirit of his native place—"Scriven's Buildings."

Bourne Street, formerly Eastbourne Street, was in former days the most picturesque spot in Hastings, with its pointed and sloping roofs, quaint dormers and turrets and high chimneys, all now vanished. Above Bourne Street stretched the Tackleway, a straggling line of houses perched at the East Cliff and below the Fish-market.

Who does not know the Hastings Fish-market? and to know it is to adore and admire. Go where you will you can find nothing more picturesque, more beautiful under certain aspects, more breezy, invigorating, and altogether delightful. A hundred English painters have delineated it. What English painter, indeed, has passed it by? Turner, Daniel Cox, Prout, William Hunt, among the great names of the past are the first to occur to us, and of the favourite living artists the names are too numerous to mention. Of William Hunt, the memory is still green in these parts. Kindliest, most comical of living souls, and an adorer of little children, he was a general favourite, and delightful are the stories recorded of him. There is an inexpressible, indefinable fascination for artists in the majestic outline of the hoary East Cliff, the tender light of dawn under which a flotilla of fishing boats glides out of the harbour, the sturdy, Herculean forms of the fishermen in their quaint garb as they rig their boats and mend their nets, the silvery masses of fish that sometimes literally cover the shore, the brown fishing-huts, the never-ending animation and variety into which life shapes itself here according to the tide and the weather—the indescribable grandeur of a storm when the waves break against the upper stories of the houses—the no less indescribable witchery of summer-time, when the sea is a sheet of azure, the vast heavens a canopy of warmest blue, and all along the brown sands under the cliff sport little naked lads browning their skins, invigorating their bodies, and delighting their hearts with hours of play in the still, warm waves!

How beautiful is all this, how unlike the life of cities and towns, how full of breezy, healthful, animal enjoyments! You may see a dozen pictures in a day if you set yourself to study this Hastings Fish-market—joyous, moving, rollicking, as the case may be, for the existence of these "Travailleurs de la mer" is mixed tragedy and comedy, poetry and prose, as the great French poet has portrayed it, and the dark threads, as in most tissues of human life, prevail over the bright ones. At best the fisherman's career is one of hardship and ill-repaid toil, and in



bad seasons he is exposed to all kinds of privations; in fact, the harvest of the sea is as uncertain as that of the land, and just as a bad harvest puts the farmer into straits, a poor mackerel or herring season reduces the fisherman to temporary want. When the times mend he eats, drinks, and makes merry as well as any one, but he does not lay by for the rainy day that comes so often, and, as naturally happens, is unprovided for in old age. The life of the fisherman is much as it was in old days. A curious feature in the fishing trade here is the method of selling fish by Dutch auction, peculiar, I believe, to Hastings. A heap of fish is shot down on the beach, the seller names his price, then gradually lowers it till some one cries, "I will have it," whereupon the bargain is at once concluded. A Dutch auction is an animated scene, and upon such occasions as these, the fishermen in their huge top-boots, oilskin petticoats, and slouch hats, are to be studied to the best advantage. From early times the Hastings fisheries have been esteemed of importance, and so far back as 1626 a petition was addressed to Charles I. for a grant to make a haven at Hastings, "in consequence of the great decay of their pier, the danger of its being carried away by storms, and the loss of their fishing-trade thereby." Nothing, however, was done. Traces of the pier mentioned in the petition, and which was constructed in the reign of Elizabeth, are still to be seen at low tide opposite the Fish-market.

The importance of the Hastings fisheries is much diminishing at the present time, and Rye is now by far the most considerable harbour and seat of the fishing trade in these parts. Year by year, therefore we may expect to see this last characteristic of old Hastings diminish also.

The most prominent, historically speaking, of all English towns, Hastings has always, as a Cinque Port, retained importance and splendour. The Barons of the Cinque Ports inherited the duties and privileges of the Courts of the Saxon Shore (*Litores Saxonianæ*) as they were known to the Romans, and always bore themselves with princely hauteur. At the coronation of James I. and his queen, with their peers they attended "dressed in doublets of crimson satin, scarlet hose, and scarlet gowns, faced with crimson satin, black velvet shoes, and caps of the same fastened to their sleeves." They stood with their canopies at the upper end of Westminster Hall, and as the procession advanced sixteen of them received the queen under her canopy. The king was received by sixteen

in the same manner. The passage from Westminster Hall to the Abbey was covered with broad blue cloth strewn with sweet herbs and flowers. At dinner the Barons of the Cinque Ports were privileged to sit at a well-spread and well-furnished table to the right of the king, and we are told that so tenacious were they of their privileges, that on the occasion of the coronation of George III., the table provided for them not being put in its proper place, they refused to sit in any other! Among the immunities granted to the Barons of the Cinque Ports was that of marrying their heiresses without the king's consent.

The ruins of the castle still nobly crest the cliffs above the town, giving it a look of severity and venerableness from far and near; the tasteless churches planted here and there below, and the clusters of unsightly modern houses that almost cover the lateral ridge of the hills on either side, cannot, happily, dwarf or deform these relics of the olden time. Unfortunately the ancient churches—All Saints and St. Clements—have undergone restoration. Old Fairlight Church and Ecclesbourne Church have disappeared altogether; one by one the most characteristic private dwellings have met with the same fate. It is inexplicable how inherent in human nature is the detestation of antiquity. It suffices for a building, or, indeed, any object whatever, to be ancient, forthwith it is doomed to destruction.

Think of pulling down the house in which Byron stayed, and in which lived Sir Cloudesly Shovel! In the garden, however, of the fine old house called All Saints' House, at the bottom of the Fish-market, is an antiquity of the first water. This is a mulberry-tree, offspring of the famous mulberry-tree of Stratford-on-Avon, and planted by the hand of the great Garrick, who again and again visited the eccentric Shakespearian, Edward Capel, in this very house. It is said of the charming French writer, Charles Nodier, that he copied the works of Rabelais three times, in order to improve his style. Capel, so the story goes, copied all Shakespeare's plays ten times. Titus Oates, of evil memory, inhabited a house in All Saints' Street, and was for a time officiating minister of the parish church. A very different person, the most inoffensive of human kind and amiable of authors, is buried in the graveyard of this parish—Moggridge, better known as Old Humphrey. Within All Saints' Church are still some antiquities left to be commended to the curious.

There is, indeed, much here of interest still left for the archæologist, as all readers of Freeman's History and Lower's charming work on Sussex well know. Hastings, a most important town in ancient times, had its mint, and a large treasure in early coins was lately found at Seddlescombe; this had evidently been buried hastily on the approach of the Norman invaders. Lately, too, a highly interesting discovery was made in the castle ruins of a hitherto unknown dungeon. The Roman circumvallations on the Castle and East Hill are noteworthy; and more of antiquity, doubtless, remains to be discovered. St. Clement's Church, both without and within, still commends itself to the architect and ecclesiologist. Hardly a town in England is more interesting to the student of early English history; and Freeman and Lower give all the help necessary for appreciation. For geologists there is the subterranean forest, traces of which are still found at low tide. These things require a whole chapter.

But the true spirit of old Hastings is not to be found in the pages of history, whether ecclesiastical or dating from that early battlefield of Senlac, which has made the name of this sea-girt town the most famous in our map, and when William the Norman, having viewed the body of Harold and Edith, said, in the words of the Laureate,

"Wrap them together in a purple cloak,  
And lay them both upon the waste sea-shore  
Of Hastings. . . . I am King of England!"

With battle-fray indeed the chroniclers of

recent times here have to do, but not for "St. George and Merry England," and they have never been written for the best of reasons. Hastings was the very nest and nursing ground of smugglers and "scaramanchers," as their congeners were called in local phraseology; "scaramanching," in plain English, stands for no less a word than piracy. But we are here touching on thorny ground, and must bear in mind the story of a certain Portuguese king who said to his prime minister that he desired that all those of his subjects who had Jewish blood in their veins should wear a certain shaped hat. "Sire," said the minister, "then your Majesty and myself also must wear those hats."

Lively and interesting as the history of Hastings smuggling and smugglers might be, it is not likely to be written. What true-born "Hastingser," indeed, would like to sit down and describe the achievements of his forefathers in this field?

It is a curious fact, that in spite of its numerous historic and artistic associations, Hastings has given birth to no illustrious personages in the old days or the new. It would seem, indeed, that the sea-coast is rather the nurse than the cradle of genius, so few great men having their birthplace within sight of the "smile innumerable" of the ever-changeable ocean.

The accompanying vignettes are from original drawings on wood by Miss Joanna Samworth of Hastings.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

## THE MISSION FIELDS OF INDIA, CHINA, AND JAPAN.

BY THE REV. W. FLEMING STEVENSON, AUTHOR OF "PRAYING AND WORKING."

### IV.—AMONG THE MISSIONS.

"THE men in power would have no objection to Christianity, but they have no great wish for it, and they will certainly not hurry in that direction. The bulk of the converts belong to the middle class, and are persons of education, and there is freedom to teach the gospel, and no actual persecution. Few, however, of those who have been educated in Europe and America stand by Christianity when they return. They have little depth or moral courage, and are Romans in Rome."

"The heads of the present Government would have exterminated the Christians, and intended it; but pressure was applied by fo-

reign Governments, and as the people made no stand against tolerance, tolerance gained the day, tolerance even of their old enemy, the Church of Rome. Yet, though the edicts against Christianity are no longer hung up at Nihon, the Government would say they are taken down only because the boards on which they were written are decayed; and in point of fact the edicts against murder and other crimes were taken down at the same time. Until the Japanese learn to distinguish between the men who can serve them and those who cannot, there is nothing certain. They have an absurd notion of their own superiority and their power to absorb and master what

they learn, but they skim over their instructions, as quick and shallow people skim the pages of a careful book."

These are the opinions expressed to me by two of the shrewdest men in Japan, and who have had the best opportunity for forming an opinion. They are not sanguine opinions, and they may be erroneous; for, after a revolution so recent and complete as that which has taken place, there is room for little but conjecture. They have a use, however, beyond their own value, that they may help to moderate the expectations which sanguine people entertain at home. It is natural that the large changes which have taken place should breed large hopes, and that they should encourage dreams of a Christian conquest that may be remote; and it is, perhaps, impossible to state these changes as they fall under the eye of a traveller without suggesting for probable what is only possible. All that the Government suggested in the creed of 1872 might run, "Fear God, honour the king, keep the fifth commandment, and obey the laws of nature." Japan may even return to its exclusiveness, as some of the residents are bold enough to think; but at present Christian teaching has a singular vantage-ground, and Christian missionaries have not been slow to seize it.

While we were at Tokio a conference of all the missionaries in that city was assembled at the house of our host. They were of several societies—the Church Missionary Society and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the United Presbyterians of Scotland and the American Presbyterian Board, the Episcopal Methodists of the States and the Wesleyan Methodists of Canada, the Dutch Reformed and the American Lutherans, so that there were about thirty-seven in all, men and women. From four o'clock until after nine we were together, hearing and answering questions; enjoying practical unity for which at home we always pray and yet never seem to reach; feeling (for I can use no other word) the fine, brave, humble, patient, confident spirit of all these workers, and recognising in their unity the room and mission for the special gifts and temperament of each.

There were thus eight Protestant societies represented, but there are others in Japan, besides the Greek and Roman Churches, so that the staff of missionaries is large.\* The head of the Russian Mission is

a man of singular earnestness and a most striking appearance, with a face that is full of dignity, suffering, and love. He holds the principal service in a chapel simply fitted up in his own house, reading the liturgy from a manuscript translation. We found his little chapel crowded, and his day occupied by incessant work, among which a Bible-class is well spoken of; but he has helpers serving in different parts of the town, and his official position in the Russian Embassy has given him influence over many of the official Japanese. When most of the congregation had been dismissed, a few remained for the Communion, and afterwards a large bowl of rice was brought in, upon which a broad cross had been traced out in Japanese tea. After a short special liturgy those who remained received the rice and tea, which they mixed together with their fingers into a little ball.

The oldest missions are the American, and on the Sunday we were in Tokio one of the native chapels was opened after its enlargement, of which the cost (about £100) was defrayed by the effort of the Christians themselves. The building, not only plain but ungainly, would accommodate more than three hundred, and was crowded with a reverent and earnest congregation. There are at present one hundred and seventy-five members of the church, and more than one hundred and sixty remained for the Communion, which they have every month. The singing was, to an unused ear, slightly confused, and though the voices of the people are soft and low, singing is not their strong point; but they sang with a fine body of sound, and kept wonderfully near the tunes, which were those we sing at home. Two of the native elders (one will soon be ordained, and the other is an official in Government employ) assisted at the Communion; and the Communion addresses, the passing of the bread and wine among the dusky worshippers, the bowed heads of young and old, and all the quiet of the solemn service, so natural, and yet in the very centre of this heathen people so unlikely, stirred many deep and blessed thoughts. Ten minutes' walk from this spot (and ten minutes of a very hot day) there was another native service, where the sermon was preached by a native, and where the church, a school-room adjoining, and rooms for residence and an orphanage, have all been built by a native Christian at his own

\* In May last, to a population estimated by the most recent census at 34,338,404, or almost equal to France, there were 104 missionaries, including thirty-eight single women.

The Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States maintains a bishop and some clergy; and one of the strongest of the Missions, that of the American Board, has its chief seat in the district between Kobe and Kioto.



expense. He has said that he merely gives the use of them in the meantime to mission work, but there seems little doubt but that he will never withdraw it. The next service we attended had not been long begun, but from forty to fifty persons came in, and many of them are communicants. It was late in the afternoon before I was able to return to the Union English Church. One of the native congregations has permission to use the building till it has completed one for itself. Here also there was the Communion, and had we been able to arrive a little earlier we should have had the joy of seeing six adults baptized. Late in the evening we closed a very happy day by accompanying our host to his final service. It was rather a free talk than a service, and was held in a low room that opens directly off a crowded, and, as usual, narrow street. A lamp hung above the door bears on one of its sides an invitation to enter. The room could hold about sixty people. They squatted on the matted floor as they entered, men from their work (for except in Government offices there is no Sabbath in Japan), and women with children at the breast. They filled up all the space, and then a crowd of figures, just visible through the semi-darkness, blocked up all the room about the door. Some would move away, but others always took their place. First the catechist spoke, and then the missionary. All listened, though in the gloom there could sometimes be seen little but the sparkle of the dark eyes. One old man of eighty-two, clearly visible under the light of the lamp, was absorbed and happy. He had been a physician and a keen student of Confucius, and after a struggle had yielded to Christ, and was baptized the week before. Near him sat three *jinrikisha* men who were entreating baptism for themselves and their families. After the service was over, a number remained for conversation, and it was late when we got to rest, wearied but beyond measure thankful.

Although some of the congregations I had visited were among the most characteristic and the largest in Tokio, there were many other points in the city where there were bands of worshippers, and beyond the city there were meetings in the neighbouring villages, so there were probably twenty voices proclaiming on that day and in that district the blessed gospel of our Lord. The number of hearers at some of these stations was no doubt small, and of thoughtful hearers smaller still; yet it was impossible to forget that five years ago, for example, there were only eight members in

the congregation that has now a hundred and seventy-five, and that most of these additions have been led to Christ through the earnest persuasion of their converted neighbours.

The Sunday we spent at Kobe was wearily hot; but the occupations of the day prevented the weariness being felt till it was evening. We first went to a Sunday-school. A low room open to the street, and raised above it not more than two foot, is used for teaching and preaching. There were several classes here, some taught by ladies of the Mission and Japanese Christian women, others by men. Thirteen men (all of the middle class, shopkeepers and manufacturers) were gathered round a Japanese, a medical professor in the local Government college; others were taught by a young doctor; and, mounting up the steep and narrow ladder that served for stairs, we found more classes occupying the rooms above. The little ones were taught by a bright little girl, the daughter of the headman of a neighbouring *daimio*, and the *daimio's* little girl, in a straw hat and English dress, was one of her twenty-three pupils. It was pleasant to hear their high childish voices as they sang "There is a happy land" and "Jesus loves me," and one felt inclined to join in with the English words beside their Japanese. The afternoon service was held in the room of the morning, and was crowded by perhaps a hundred and fifty people, and the open side facing the street was filled with two or three rows of heads, as the people stopped to listen. About twenty of the congregation were from the missionary families; the rest were natives. They had quite outgrown their accommodation, and were waiting for a suitable site to build; and here, again, they were in such thorough practical earnest that they saw their way to the £200 at which they estimated the probable expense.\*

The first of the evening services was at Hiogo, of which Kobe is an offshoot, and which is one of the most ancient, conservative, and bigoted towns in the Empire. The room was of the same size and character as the other, but much neater. As the congregation was only assembling, I spoke with the young preacher, and from his answers gathered that, in a friend's house, he had seen a copy (in Chinese, which is the polite and official language of Japan) of Dr. Martin's "Evidences of Christianity." Struck by what he read, he asked permission to take the book home, and

\* The building has since been erected at a cost of nearly £300 including the land, accommodates 400 persons, and is free of debt.

grew more interested. Passing afterwards one day, during the service at Kobe, he was attracted by the harmonium, and as he stopped to listen, the hymn they sang, "Jesus calls you just now," had a wonderful power over him. He stayed as a listener to the sermon, and afterwards took his place among the hearers, and soon among the believers. The next visit was to a church on the busy crowded thoroughfare that connects Hiogo with Kobe. The place was packed with people, men and women, and outside there was the usual and not very shifting crowd of passers-by. The preacher was again a native, a man of deep earnestness, holy life, and much spiritual experience. His hold over the worshippers was complete. For an hour, which is the orthodox duration of a sermon, they sat with their faces fixed on him; and when they joined to sing the closing hymn, the full hearts and emotions of the people were evident enough to even a stranger.

Preaching plays a large part in these services, for the Japanese are great sermon hearers, even when heathen, and the sermons of some of their own priests are justly celebrated. The sermon is irregular in form—a frank and inartistic, but not unstudied talk over the topic that has been in the preacher's mind. He takes a passage for a text, and then probably passes on to some cognate passages as he proceeds. Beginning with the soft, low voice of his people, he soon warms, and often uses much gesture and eager rhetoric; but one of his strong points, as it is of the old Buddhist sermons, is his power of illustration. To take an example or two only from the sermons I heard. Speaking of the impatience of the Christian under trial: "Summer and winter are each hard to bear; but they are soon over, and we take them as they come. Let us also take trial as one of God's seasons, and believe that it is only for a season." Of faith and works: "A hawk and a crow" (the two common birds here, and the former the model of the Japanese kite)—"a hawk and a crow, you know, can fly away when they have two wings. And if one wing be maimed or shot off, the bird flutters to the ground and cannot fly. We also have two wings on which we fly to heaven: the one is faith and the other works. But we can only fly thither with two; and if we try with one we fall to the ground, and flutter and crawl there like a maimed bird." Of the hopes of heaven: "When you fly a kite" (a universal amusement in Japan), "if you tie the string to one place the kite will fall; if to another, it will whirl and tumble un-

steadily in the air, but never mount; if to another, it will rise a little way, and then flutter and begin to descend; but if to the right spot, it will soar into the sky. So, if we tie our hopes to anything earthly, they come to nothing, though they sometimes seem, by our affections and aspirations, to mount unsteadily for a little space; but when we tie them to heaven, they soar into the sky, and dazzle us with the sunshine of God."

There are colleges for the native students, and one at Kioto has over seventy, most of them studying theology.\* These students frequently evangelize during their holidays; nor is the desire to spread the gospel confined to them. I saw a letter from a young man who was visiting his home, a long way from Tokio. He described very simply how he told his family of the Saviour he had found, how some wondered and others mocked, how the news spread, and hearers and inquirers came in, until at last he had almost a regular service and a crowd of people in his native village. When we were in Tokio two young men of the highest promise had offered themselves as evangelists to one of the missionaries, one of them giving up for this a fair income, and with only this plea, that when they had been home for their holidays they had found that Christianity was spoken of as something powerful and wonderful, about which they would like to know more.

It needs to be remembered, however, that much of this advance may be only apparent, that in many directions it is recent, and that there are thoughtful and well-informed men who say it is only skin deep. It is a country where a stranger, taken by surprise by what he sees, may easily form erroneous impressions; and especially in noticing Christian progress. Foreign sermons and foreign doctrines will be listened to with apparent eagerness; for the Japanese is polite. Politeness is almost his present creed. He would not wound a foreigner by not hearing what he has to say. He will veil his real indifference, and perhaps hostility, under courteous phrases. For months, and perhaps longer, a crowd will gather round a missionary, cheer his hopes, and then disperse; and he may be forced to remember that Japan is proverbially fickle, a land out of which religion has almost died, where religious yearning scarcely exists, and where there is a reign of indifference, for the religious heart of the people has withered till it is dry.

\* The total number of students connected with all the missions is 173.

On the other hand, there are causes at work that, like education, operate in favour of the Mission, and the educational arrangements of the country have not only owed much to missionaries, but many of those who work them out are Christian men. A neglect of education has never been charged against the Japanese; although, until recently, the schools have been sustained by the public spirit of the district, the liberality of the *daimio*, or the enterprise of the teacher; but the change to a central government has led to a scheme of national education which proposes to maintain over forty thousand primary schools scattered over more than thirty districts; and these, again, possess their dis-

trict colleges. The sexes are mixed in the schools, where there is a primary division attended by the children from six until they are nine, and a senior division where they remain till they are fourteen. The private schools are wisely allowed to remain, but they do not profess to teach more than reading and writing, for which they charge from five to ten cents a month; and they will gradually die off in the competition. The Government schools add to the private acquirements arithmetic, geography, and history, natural history, physical science, chemistry, mathematics, and design. Normal schools (and one of them is for female teachers) are a part of the plan; in the chief educational



Characteristic Japanese Types.

divisions there are schools of languages; there are also agricultural colleges; and in the capital there is a university. The school-books are excellent, well-printed, cheap, and abundant; and there are shops where apparently only school-books are sold. The university buildings are scarcely yet worthy of their name, though the conception is generous, and French and Germans, as well as English, are represented on the teaching staff; but the largest and most striking European building in Tokio is the Imperial College of Engineering, where about three hundred men are educated for Government employ, and become both civil and military engineers. Both these seats of learning issue annual calendars full of reports and examination papers, and the prin-

cipals speak well of the capacity and steadiness of their students.

In fact, there is a genuine enthusiasm for education among educated people, perhaps with the hope of ultimately dispensing with foreign aid. *Daimios*, who were pensioned off by the Government, have devoted their pensions to sustain schools; and there are evening schools that teach the same subjects as the day-schools, and are sustained by the shopkeepers of the town. In Kioto the governor has induced the municipality to maintain more than one group of schools, for girls as well as boys. These girls' schools are mainly industrial, and, as they are arranged for every class of the community, some are open even to a class peculiar to the



country, girls who are being trained up as public singers and dancers, an experiment conducted with the hope of introducing among them a moral tone, and preventing them afterwards swelling the number of courtezans. We spent some time in one of these female schools, attended by about three hundred girls of noble family. The education was excellent; the pupils would certainly be the better daughters and wives by the various plain work and embroidery that they were taught; and the conductors, with an eye to profit, had taken a small contract for army clothing. It was curious to watch the importance attached to the lessons in etiquette, for a young lady is thoroughly trained here in the elaborate ceremonies of good society; and the entrance of a visitor, the mysteries of afternoon tea, the respect to superiors, and the conduct of meals were being taught to a class in one room with as much gravity as history and classical literature in another. It was also curious to find in the English section "The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold," and some of our hymns written out by these girls as English compositions, and in a fair, even hand. The "schools of languages" are peculiar to the country. The buildings are large, and divided into groups of class-rooms, a separate language being allotted to each group, and all the education is imparted by natives of that language in their own tongue. It was bewildering to pass from one room to another, over-hearing the same subjects taught in Chinese, Japanese, English, French, and German, but the intention is that the lads will afterwards be sent to these countries, become familiar with their institutions, and pursue higher studies there.

The influence of foreign customs must also operate for some time indirectly in favour of the Mission: for its tendency is to breed a regard for the Christian nations whose skill and customs are considered so superior, and to open the country to our Christian literature of the West. Yet the foreign customs do not have it all their own way. I spent one afternoon with a member of the Government, a gentleman who has been educated in Europe, and he received me not in European costume, but in the loose and simple and becoming dress of his country. "We are in danger of going too fast," he said, "faster than the bulk of our people like. The young men are too eager; they offend prejudices, and forget the respect that is due to our own country." He represents the party

of moderation; but the more radical reformers have something to say for themselves. They go very far. An influential paper urges that fortune-telling and *saying prayers* should be suppressed. One of the most distinguished men in the country gravely argued one day that English would become the language of the people. "We can make nothing of Japanese. It is not strong enough to hold your Western thought; it is not flexible enough to express it. Used by our best writers it is weak and effeminate: newspaper writers express themselves with vigour, but the vigour is coarse. It is no longer capable of meeting our wants. The change will begin in the higher Government schools, and then gradually filter down among the primary. We have been always literary borrowers; once it was Chinese, now it will be English."

It is not likely that even Japan will present the novel spectacle of a country deliberately changing its language; but it cannot be doubted that the people have a singular capacity for adopting foreign ways. When they decided to change their coinage, they bought the plant of the Mint at Hong Kong, established a decimal currency, and in some years, the director proved to me, have surpassed any other mint in the number of coins issued. The only foreigners employed on their railways are the managers and the engine-drivers. Their lighthouse department would be a credit to any country. Their steamboat companies are as well controlled now, when the vessels are owned in Japan, as when they were American. Their post-office was only established in 1871, and in 1872 it carried more than two millions and a half of letters, had more post-offices than in Ireland, and more pillar-boxes than offices; it has letter-boxes in the wall, red mail-carts, post cards, and savings-banks. A few years ago they opened two short lines of rail, together not more than sixty miles, and they carry three millions of passengers in a year. They had no newspaper but the miserable Government *Gazette*, and now they have their *Daily News* and their *Illustrated News*, and about fourteen papers in all, with a daily circulation of fifty-two thousand, and without a Sunday issue; while there are also weekly, fortnightly, and monthly papers, altogether more than two hundred, on law and medicine, prices current and industry, education and agriculture and poetry, the *Jinrikisha News*, the *News of Wind and Willow*, *Fashionable Intelligence*, and *A Staff for the Traveller through the World*. The Japanese are the cleverest

carpenters in the world, and among the exhibits in the machinery court of their Exposition I was struck by an ingenious, though probably not practical, invention for spinning cotton—a frame which was fully sixteen feet long, had intricate arrangements of perhaps twenty wheels, was all wood, and yet had not a single nail to join the pieces together. But they bring the same dexterity into work with which they have not been familiar. They are now able to construct their iron bridges, and the most delicate machines in their mint and arsenal can be made without foreign supervision. Nothing can be ruder than their grinding of rice, or their weaving of silk. We visited some of the weaving factories in Kioto, and they were only low-ceilinged, dirty, and evil-smelling cellars, with an earthen floor,

where a dozen naked figures sat at the most primitive looms, and perched over each of these clumsy structures there was a small naked lad, a veritable imp, squeezed against the ceiling and guiding the threads. Yet these same people are shrewd enough and facile enough to manufacture the goods which we always counted on exporting. Fans are their own industry and we have merely stimulated the produce until in Kioto alone it has risen from ten thousand a year to four millions in 1876. But they also make solid leather portmanteaus, excellent and cheap carpets, hats equal to ours (one house turning out twelve thousand a month), revolvers and guns fairly finished, sewing machines less costly than they can be brought from America; and they not only make silk umbrellas, but export them to Hong Kong to compete with ours.

## ISANDULA.

WHEN the cry of death from the far South land  
Smote thro' the dream of the slumb'rous North,  
And England with passion-uplifted hand,  
Swore to avenge the Twenty-fourth,

It soothed not the mother's sore grief in me,  
For my boy would come no more, no more;  
And the cry of vengeance seemed to be  
As the idle wave on Death's dark shore.

We parted at Plymouth; with boding sigh  
I pressed to my breast his fair young head;  
Kissed him, and blessed him, and sobbed "Good-bye,"  
And now—O God! O God!—he is dead.

And doubtless he died where the bravest fell!  
Oh, who was not brave in yon hard hour,  
When each was a hero who strove to quell  
The swift down-rush of the savage power?

Bravely they stood, while the echoing hills  
Rolled down the fire-edged Caffir flood;  
Bravely they stood;—no craven thought thrills  
The breasts of men who have British blood.

They hoped not for help, they thought not to fly,  
But sternly faced the sharp assegai;

Fired their last cartridge, then waited to die,  
Meeting with swift death as brave men may.

Oh, weary the thought that my hope, my son,  
Will come back to me no more, no more;  
The stay of my age, and the only one  
To brighten my life and fill my store!

So I sit with my grief, and wildly ask  
('Tis only a childless mother's cry)  
Was it God, the right, and a brave, true task,  
That bade my son and his comrades die?

O Chist! while I think my own woe dies  
In the tender world-wide love of Thine,  
And I wander away under southern skies,  
Where dark-browed mothers have grief like mine;

I kneel by their side in the Zulu kraal,  
Under the awe-stirring Southern Cross,  
And we mingle our grief in one sad tale  
Of wrong, and love, and a kindred loss.

We pray to the Spirit Supreme to brood  
Over this war-waging world again,  
Bringing peace and the power of brotherhood,  
And love's own law, to the hearts of men.

JAMES HENDRY.



## THE PHYSICAL THEORY OF SIN.

IT is time that a clear and candid expression of opinion on the subject of those close relations which obviously exist between the physical constitution and the character of man, should be opposed to the loose, if not scientifically inaccurate, statements of philosophic speculators who, having failed "by searching" to "find out God," illogically deny, or ignore, the existence of a Deity, and proceed to build up a kosmos of their own in which matter is everything and everywhere, spirit a mere figment of the imagination, a needless and chimerical element in the theory of causation and moral effects. Such reasoners forget the first principle of scientific inquiry, namely, that *failure to discover can never be a proof of non-existence*. The fact that natural laws do not, as any particular school of philosophy may interpret them, compel the student to assume the existence of a system of forces and operations outside the physical world, does not even imply, much less demonstrate, that no such system actually exists.

The failure of Science to discover spiritualism leaves the question of its existence precisely where Religion begins by placing it, namely, in the province of faith, as distinguished from reason; with this practical difference, that whereas religion offers an outlet for those aspirations which every man feels within him, yearning towards a future beyond death and a source of strength and hope outside "nature," recognising the religious instinct; science, when it repudiates the aid religion tenders to man, cuts off the most powerful incentive to virtue, destroys hope, and reducing the mind to the lowest depths of degradation turns it inward to prey upon itself. The Greeks in their intellectual energy personified the several attributes of Deity and conceived the existence of many Gods, and lest one should be omitted erected an altar "to the Unknown;" the more recondite but less intelligent wisdom of these latter days prefers that grosser material system which, determining to believe nothing it is unable to demonstrate, closes the only door whereby man can escape from his penthouse to breathe the pure atmosphere of the universe, or let in the light of a future to cheer his lonely way through a life that seems to end in darkness. The highest, the proudest, the most philanthropic achievement of which this negative philosophy is capable, of which it even dares to boast, is to chase away the imagery of beautiful "dreams," to prove that there is "nothing" to look and

yearn for, to change the bright vision of immortality for the blackness of despair. Those who come among us with so inglorious a mission may, at least, be put to the test of producing better proofs than they have hitherto been able to offer.

This re-furbished materialism tricked out in a new dress, and called by the high-sounding name of Scientific discovery, has many masks and rôles with which to disguise its identity and delude its dupes. One of the most insidious approaches is now made in a branch of applied science where, especially, its disastrous tendency needs to be exposed, that is, medical-psychology. Under cover of an apparently useful and benevolent theory of mental disease, and particularly of that form of aberration known as "moral insanity," public opinion is asked to accept the proposition that human conduct is the simple and inevitable consequence of man's physical constitution; that just as his body is the formulated organic result of material forces, in part hereditary and partly personal in their nature and action, his mind is the mere outcome or expression of his brain: in short, that mind has no separate existence, that it is nervous matter in action; and a particular arrangement of nerve-cells must naturally produce a specific mental result, like the discharge of electricity from a suitable apparatus, or the decomposition and re-arrangement of elements in a chemical experiment. Science undoubtedly demonstrates these facts, and, so far, the modern or revived school of materialism attempting the exposition of mental disease is justified in the line of reasoning pursued; but it fails to tell the whole truth, and by so doing misleads. The light that streams through the lens of a photographic apparatus and falling on a chemically prepared surface produces a picture, is modified by the optical properties of the lens, and is further influenced in its operations by the qualities of the prepared plate upon which it acts, but *before* it entered the apparatus of the photographer this light had come from an external source through external media, and been reflected from external objects. The photographic apparatus may be taken to represent the brain and physical organism of man, the light his spirit or mind-power. The essential principle of mind certainly *may*, for aught Science has to say, spring from a source far above man's material nature, and before it reaches him be modified and influenced by external media and objects.



So far as the scientific inquirer into the nature of life and intellectual energy is concerned, the power of investigation is limited strictly to the study of *apparatus*; his search cannot be carried one step beyond the confines of fact. It would be simply honest and scientific to avow the point at which the inquiry fails for want of power to push it onward, or any lines to go upon! A candid statement of the whole truth would be a confession that the ken of the scientist is bounded by the confines of a narrow field of observation, in which the organ of the mind can be seen in operation. When the machinery of the intellect acts its work is, of course, conformable to the capability of the instrument. That must needs be the fact whether the power of action be inside or outside the organism. Science throws no light, can throw no light, on the question of *causation*, because it is unable to do more than study the working of the machine. The student is in the position of a man inside a moving carriage, wholly unable to ascertain how it is propelled, although he is able to study its progress. When the manifestations of mind are suspended by death all science can determine is, that the apparatus has ceased to be capable of working; but whether the force of action has been extinguished, or its operation simply suspended because the instrument has broken down, it is altogether beyond the province or power of science to determine. This will suffice to illustrate the limits of the authority with which the scientist can speak on this great subject, and it will show, beyond question, that the philosophy of nature has no warrant for pretending to draw any inference adverse to the claim of Religion to take up the inquiry at the point where Science fails. Every truly scientific reasoner will go thus far with us. At this point, however, he will call a halt, and ask us to believe there is not only no ground, but no need, to go farther. The materialist asserts the sufficiency of the causes he has discovered to explain all the effects shown. That is where the fallacy exists. The difference between the *how* and the *why* of the problem is not recognised. Science can explain *how* brain acts, and exulting in its achievement forgets that it has contributed nothing to the solution of the question "What is the cause of action?" This is the point it is important to make plain, because upon the essential nature of that fact the whole argument rests, and every inference depends.

The researches of the physiologist and the psychologist do not, so far as can be judged, tend to bring us nearer the discovery of the

secret of life; and mind is possibly a distinct phase of the spirit of existence, for which the brain has been provided as an organ of communication with the surrounding world. The investigation in progress, and of which scientific men are so proud that they overstep the boundaries of their province and misrepresent their work, is in truth simply, as we have seen, a scrutiny of methods and means, of processes and apparatus, of functions and parts of the organism. The interest and value of this inquiry cannot be exaggerated, but it is not so projected as to promise any accession to our knowledge of causes. In respect to the latter, we must be content to remain in the dark. There will, doubtless, as science advances, and the powers of research at its disposal are multiplied and perfected, be large contributions to the sum of human knowledge in relation to natural fact, and inductively, natural law; but it is difficult to see how any achievement in this department can elucidate what lies outside—namely, the province of super- and extra-natural forces. It is the audacity of an essentially feeble philosophy, mistaking itself for wisdom, that presumes to deny the existence of anything whatever lying beyond the boundaries of its perception, to base a positive denial on a mere failure to demonstrate!

Nor is this the only error that stands confessed on the face of the argument; there is the more serious defect of ignorance to be alleged against scientists who thus overstep the limits of a study of nature; they do not recognise the real character of their own data. After all that physiology has been able to tell us about the brain, or that psychology can demonstrate with regard to the consciousness, it should be obvious to those engaged in the inquiry that many alternative possibilities of cause and effect must be excluded in order to make way for a purely materialistic theory. For example, if it be argued that a particular individual, the child of criminal parents, with a history pointing to an hereditary disposition towards crime, is the creature of circumstances, it is equally reasonable to believe that the evil result observed has been produced by the influence of bad moral example, as that it is due to corrupt physical organization or a perverted natural force. The partisan of the physical hypothesis rejects the presumption of moral influences because he prefers the evidence of conformity to a preconceived type of development. The alternative explanations, offered by moral phenomena, which do not fit in with the theory of a purely physical causation of character, are systemati-

cally rejected. Again, the fact that the observed connections between special conformations of brain, and particular classes of character, are by no means constant, is disregarded. In short, the violence done to scientific truth in the bolstering-up of the physical hypothesis is great and wanton. The principle on which the modern materialist proceeds is, that if it be possible to assign the production of any result to an organic or functional cause without the recourse to a presumption of extra-natural production, it is incumbent upon him "as a rational being" to claim its attribution to the near or apparent origin. At first sight this method of reasoning is plausible, but what does it involve? Clearly the stultification of all progress in science. The better and purer light which has been thrown on subjects of scientific inquiry in the past has taken the very course the materialist sets himself to resist and repudiate. Even the anatomy of the nerves themselves has been investigated by tracing them from superficial and apparent, to deep and real origins. This little fact, hourly before the physiologist, should of itself suggest a more rational method of reasoning.

How does all this bear on the subject of "the physical hypothesis of sin?" By showing that science, which is responsible for the modern attempt to degrade men and women to the level of organisms capable of a very small amount of self-control, and chargeable with a scant measure of responsibility, has transgressed the boundaries of its legitimate province in meddling with matters of mental causation. It has no right or authority to speak on the subject of conduct, except in so far as the imperfections of the apparatus of mind may explain the faults and errors observed. It is open to scientists to teach, and they may do good service by showing, how diseases and distinctive tendencies of the brain and its activities arise, in what these consist, and how they may be prevented or remedied; but when, in the name of Science, philosophers claim to be able to argue from nature to the supernatural, or, with greater presumption, to pretend that their knowledge of means, agents, and processes can qualify them to challenge the existence of a Great First and Universal Cause, they not only misrepresent the branch of knowledge for which they affect to speak, but offend against the elementary principles of logic and reason by assuming, and asking others to believe, that facts gleaned in the investigation of the *how* are available for the discovery or nega-

tion of the *why*. Physiologists can tell us how we go wrong, and, in the sequence of a special series of minor dependencies of conduct, they may point out the relation of subsidiary causes and subordinate effects, but where function ceases science must stop—it is powerless to go one step farther.

The relations between conduct and physical constitution are simply those of capability and result. The apparatus limits the operation, but the observation of its working cannot possibly explain the source or nature of the power whereby it acts. Moral character and conduct are outside and above mere physical organism or development, just as the mental genius for music is something apart from the physical power to play an instrument. If the automatic apparatus and the muscular system be capable and trained, the man with "a soul for melody" may become a practical musician, while if these powers are not at his disposal he will be incapable. So is it with the production of mental effects by brain power. No doubt, also, the cultivation of the apparatus of mental work reacts on the mind, and aids its development; but mind is not, so far as science can show, brain-in-action, any more than the power of performing on a musical instrument is the genius it may sometimes embody or express. In the same way a physical tendency towards wrong-doing is not sin, or even an embodiment of the evil principle. Brutish passions born of low organic peculiarities do not excuse or necessitate the commission of wrong, although they may give their possessor greater cause for watchfulness and self-control. They will increase his responsibility, but they cannot constitute an excuse; still less do they reduce him to the level of a machine. The existence of organic or functional facilities for evil-doing creates a special demand upon the faculty of Will, and the motives and influences required to aid that responsible governor of the conduct in well-doing need to be multiplied and strengthened. In this emergency the false prophet of science appears on the scene, and, armed with stores of knowledge accumulated in the study of natural law and fact, affects to offer peace to the conscience and establish a reign of good-will by persuading the struggling spirit that it is powerless in the midst of circumstances, the weak creature of its organic imperfections. Surely this is one of "the oppositions of science, *falsely* so called," against which the wise will stand on their guard, and the unwise need to be warned.

J. MORTIMER-GRANVILLE.

## THE ZULUS.

THE vast disjointed dominion which upon the maps of the world bears the colour and the cognomen of British colonial territory, has ever had strange methods of making its existence known to the mother country. For many successive years various portions of it will lie in a kind of moral and political torpor, giving forth to the far-away home land only the feeblest evidences of existence. Life, indeed, will at such times be very far from being extinct in these quiet dependencies. Ships will sail to and fro between the great maritime centres of commerce and distant ports in the southern hemisphere, all the work of life — the buying and selling, the birthing and the burying—will be carried on there; but beyond some chance allusion in the column of a newspaper to a change of ministry, to the appointment of a new governor, or to the state of trade, that world which calls itself "the world" passes along its road utterly ignoring the existence of entire colonies, and serenely unconscious of political or territorial divisions whose superficial area would measure ten times that of Great Britain.

All at once, however, "the world" rouses up to a wonderful greed for knowledge upon some particular spot which has been British territory for half a century, but which Britons have never bothered their heads about. Some colony has suddenly spoken. A black king whose name nobody ever heard of, has suddenly crossed a river whose name nobody could ever remember, at the head of thirty thousand of his soldiers whom nobody knew anything about. The excitement instantly becomes intense. Everybody has something to say about this black king, his thirty thousand soldiers, and the river which he has crossed. The illustrated papers immediately produce the very blackest pictures of this black king, the magazines have articles minutely describing the interior economy of his household, the number of his wives, and the habits and customs of his court. His fathers and his grandfathers, personages whom he himself may be said to possess indefinite ideas about, are reproduced in colours of lasting enmity to mankind in general and to Britons in particular. What is called "the popular mind" of the nation is educated into such a becoming frenzy of hostility against black kings as a principle, that the holders of spades and clubs at the evening rubber are half inclined

to forget to call honours ere the trump has been turned. It does not matter much whether the black king has crossed the river into our territory in attempted rectification of some wrong which he has suffered at our hands, or whether we have crossed the river into his territory upon the clearest and most conclusive testimony that his property and that of his subjects would be vastly benefited by being transferred to our hands.

If any person should attempt to enter into the justice of the cause of quarrel before this "devout consummation" had been arrived at, cries of unpatriotic conduct are quickly raised. "Shoot first and try afterwards" becomes the rule. While the black king's dealings towards us are weighed and measured by the strictest code of civilised law and usage existing between modern states, our relations towards him are exempted from similar test rules, and the answer is ever ready for those who would preach the doctrine of a universal justice between man and man, of the impossibility of applying to savage communities the rules and maxims of ordinary life.

Thus to-day in South Africa the strain of our empire rolls on by the same methods and the same laws that propelled it two centuries ago in North America, with this difference however: 1st. That in South Africa we are working up into a vast continent peopled by tens of millions of negroes, while our progress in North America was across a sparsely peopled land. 2nd. That while in America what we will call the keynote of settlement, *i.e.* the land-grant to a settler, was struck at the modest figure of two hundred acres, in South Africa it has been fixed at twenty times that figure, and four thousand acres made the minimum amount of land upon which the pioneer of civilisation will begin his work. In these two differences lie most of the difficulties that beset our work in South Africa. While on the one hand our settlers spread themselves farther and farther out in defenceless isolation from each other, peopling a territory as large as France with a population of a tenth-rate English town, the natives driven back into more compact masses outside our frontiers, or rapidly increasing in their locations within our own limits, are always disposed to try, after certain lapses of time, the chances of war against us. Nothing is more natural than that they should do so. Whatever may be the abstract justice of our laws, and the blessings



of peace and security resulting from their application, it is impossible to prevent the intercourse between the white settlers and the aboriginal native from being one which is subject to frequent instances of manifest injustice. The brutal but heedless blow struck by the driver of a post cart at some wayside wondering black man; the license of some diamond digger who, frequently a runaway from the restraints of law in his own home, would deny to the black man every vestige of human right; the inevitable greed for the possession of huge areas of land existing in the minds of all South Africans, and the consequent temptations to indulge in annexation—all these produce in the native mind a deep and widespread feeling of antagonism and resentment which every now and again finds expression in open conflict.

It will occur to many readers to ask how it was that the vast force which they have lately read of as obeying the orders of the Zulu king could have been able to maintain themselves, in a land divided from our territory by the breadth of a river fordable in hundreds of places, without making their presence such a menace to our farmers as must, years ago, have caused conflict between them and us? Men may fairly ask, how came it that this army of disciplined savages should have remained all this time at perfect peace with us, yet that the moment we declare war against them they show themselves strong enough to inflict upon our troops the greatest reverse sustained by us during the present generation? Let us see if we can reply to that question.

Fifty years from the present time Chaka, the first great king of the Zulus, died at the hands of his subjects near the banks of the Lower Tugela River, in the present colony of Natal. As he fell covered with spears he uttered words which still live in the memory of the Zulu nation: "You think you will rule this land when I am gone; but behind you I see the white man coming, and he will be the king." Six years after these words were spoken the white man came. He came trooping in long lines of lumbering waggons down the steep sides of the Drakensberg Hills, and, making his laagers along the broad valley of the Upper Tugela, he called Natal his home. These men were Dutchmen from the Cape Colony, who, dissatisfied with English law, had wandered forth to seek their fortunes in the wilderness. Before a year had passed they were at war with the Zulus. For years, with varying fortune, this war went on—now it was the Zulus who

carried death and destruction among the laagers, anon it was the Dutchman who fought his way into the Zulu kraals, and laid in ashes the chief stronghold of the Zulu power. While all this went on another band of white men had established themselves on the coast of Natal, close by the Zulu kingdom. These people had come as friends of the Zulus, and not the least important link in the chain of friendship that bound together the successor of Chaka and the sea-coast colony was the knowledge that the white men who had crossed the Drakensberg and those who had pitched their tents by the surf-beaten shore were at enmity with each other. It would take long to tell the varying phases of that enmity between Englishman and Dutchman which made the early history of Natal one of conflict between these rival races. Enough for us to show that to the Zulu mind there was ever apparent but one real enemy—the Dutch Boers. It was against this foe that for thirty years the military instinct which Chaka had first fostered was sustained by Panda and by Cetewayo. In a form, that grew as it was fed, the earth-hunger of the Dutch settlers had gone on from year to year with more insatiable desire. Boer dominion had spread itself out farther into the northern wilderness, lapping round the Zulu kingdom on the west, and threatening its existence on the north towards Delagoa Bay. This republic, which numbered eight thousand families, and possessed a territory larger than France, was, year by year, annexing, seizing, and confiscating some new slice of territory, driving back into remoter wilds Basuto or Batlapin, and pushing its frontier nearer to the tropic line. There had been encroachments made, too, on the side of Zululand; but these had never been enforced by arms. The beacon line, which the Transvaal Dutch claimed as their boundary on the Zulu frontier, remained a disputed territory, because both Zulu and Boer understood that England would not tolerate hostilities on her Natal frontiers. England was, in fact, to the Zulu his great hope against Dutch aggression. When the regiments mustered around the king's kraal for the annual training, the imaginary enemy against whom their evolutions were directed was on the western and not upon the southern frontier. If any rumour of Boer incursion reached the king's kraal at Udine, messengers were dispatched forthwith to acquaint "Somseu" (the Secretary of Native Affairs in Natal) and to ask advice and assistance from the English. The boundary line of the Tugela was, as we

have said, only a narrow river, easily forded in the dry season in a hundred different places; yet for twenty years the sheep and cattle of the Natal farmers were as safe from Zulu raid or theft as though the farms had lain along the valley of the Thames. Four years have not yet passed since an English governor of Natal camped night after night for twenty days in succession along the Buffalo and Tugela boundaries of Zululand without a single armed man as escort, and with most of the work of camp and transport carried on by Zulu hands.

Whence, then, came the change that has succeeded in transforming this state of friendly feeling into one of dire hostility and war? The answer is not far to seek. For thirty years the emigrating Dutch had acted as a buffer between us and the native races. By the annexation of the Transvaal Republic we removed that buffer, and placed ourselves face to face with the black man along seven hundred miles of frontier. Nay, we did more than that. We stepped at once into the possession of a legacy of contention, aggression, and injustice, from which it was almost impossible to escape, save by the exercise of a calm control, a clear and impartial judgment, and the employment of just and able instruments in our dealings with the frontier races. Not only did our annexation of the Transvaal expose us to a vast variety of difficulties with natives which heretofore we had been secure from, but it placed us in that position of difficulty at a moment when circumstances outside our control had carried the whole question of the relationship between black and white to a state of tension filled with the gravest outlooks.

Twelve years ago the discovery of precious stones and minerals in large quantities in the upper plateau of South Africa brought to the colonies of Natal and the Cape a new race of adventurers. The miner, the digger, the prospector—all those wild waifs and strays that the great game of gold brings together, flocked into this upland country, and began to work beneath a sun, and under conditions of life, more than ever prone to set alight the ever easily fanned flame of passion and avarice. To the great pit where lay the rich shining stones flocked also many thousands of black men. From far-away tropic regions beyond the Limpopo, from nearer Basuto mountains, from Zululand and Kaffirland, came bands of twenty tribes, whose common brotherhood had been lost ages ago, amid wars and wanderings of times before the white man came. As, month by month, the

great pit grew deeper at the delving of these countless negroes, deeper too grew the hostile feelings of the rival races—black and white. The great war of capital against labour had here added to it the older strife of colour against colour. In this vast schoolroom at Kimberley the prizes given were rifles and ammunition; the lesson taught was identity of interest against a common foe. Here, first of all, the black man learned that all white men were one against him, and that he, through his many subdivisions, was one against the white man. And he learned this lesson, too, at the hands of men, many of whom were turbulent and desperate, and some of whom he saw in armed hostility to English law, and in open defiance of English government.

This view is not new to us. Four years ago, after visiting the diamond-pit at Kimberley, we put on record the opinion that the result of the coming together of the black races at the Diamond Fields, and of the distribution of arms and ammunition amongst them as wages for work, must produce war between the white and black races. It has been computed that more than 400,000 stand of arms, principally rifles, with ammunition, passed into possession of black men at the Diamond Fields. But more dangerous even than these arms and munitions of war, has been the knowledge of which we have spoken, and the lessons of lawless opinion and defiance of authority imbibed at the same time.

Thus it will easily be understood how, at the moment of our annexation of the Transvaal, we were brought face to face with the culminated results of many circumstances, all of which tended to a war of races. But the question may be asked, with regard to the particular war in which we are now engaged: how came it that the annexation of the Transvaal caused a radical change in our policy towards the Zulus, seeing that before that annexation our frontiers were continuous with those of the Zulus along one hundred and fifty miles of territory? To this it may be answered that the annexation not only doubled our frontier adjoining Zululand, but it put us in all the inimical positions previously held by the Dutch, and made an escape from the vicious policy of our predecessors a matter requiring the utmost tact and caution.

We will not here enter into the question, whether either of these attributes has been observable in the conduct of our dealings with the native races, or whether the an-

nexation of the Dutch republic was not a necessary consequence of the error which, in 1854, permitted the formation of foreign states beyond our frontiers. While holding for ourselves that the annexation was premature, and was entered upon in opposition to the opinions of the majority of the respectable inhabitants of the state, we nevertheless are of opinion that, notwithstanding that annexation, hostilities could have been avoided both in the Transvaal and in Zululand, and that it was possible to have inaugurated a line of policy towards the Zulus and other tribes which would have fostered the gradual

disintegration of the dangerous elements of that power, and produced the final disappearance of tribal influence from the natives of South Africa.

Although the discipline and strength of the Zulu army has lately been made terribly apparent to Englishmen, its power is nothing new to the colonists of Natal. No one that has ever seen a Zulu regiment march, or heard the deep, terrible note of the Zulu war-step, could fail to realise the fact that the power which comes from numbers moving with one will and from one impulse, was here existing to an extent but rarely seen even among



civilised races. It has been usual for modern writers to trace the history of organization among the Zulus to the time of Chaka; but there are strong reasons for believing that the institutions of Chaka were but the revivals of far earlier customs, and that we have to seek in the first records of African discovery south of the Equator for the origin of the warlike habits of the people whom to-day we call Zulus.

Four hundred years from the present time a great wave of black men swept southward towards the Cape of Good Hope from the vast interior highlands of Equatorial Africa.

At times the waves surged east till they touched the early Portuguese kingdom of Quillimane on the one hand, and west until they reached that of Angola and Congo upon the other. At each side the story was the same. The Gaigas, as this torrent was called, carried death and destruction wherever they went. They moved under rigid rules of martial law, their captains and common soldiers were trained under a terrible discipline, their bravery was undoubted, their ferocity struck terror even into the other cruel races with whom they came in contact.

The narratives of the Portuguese mission-



aries of the fifteenth century are filled with their ravages and conquests. A countryman of ours, by name Battel, a sailor, joined the conquering people, fought under their king, and became a leader among them. From his narrative most of our knowledge of them is derived. We know that after ravaging during many years the frontiers of Angola and Benguela, they passed south towards the Cape of Good Hope, and then for nearly two hundred years they are lost sight of. In the vast wildernesses of the Orange River, in the glens and fastnesses of the Amatola, Maluti, and Drakensberg Mountains, the human wave that had begun its course where the green Soudan merged into the grey Sahara, sunk at last to comparative quiet, and settled down to pastoral life over all that great wilderness of beauty which is to-day South Africa. That this human wave, which probably was first set in motion by the Arab conquests in North Africa during the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries, drove out the aboriginal races of Southern Africa—the Bushman and the Hottentots—there cannot be a doubt; and there is every reason to suppose that the wide human family known to us to-day under the appellation Kaffir—a name given by the Arab traders, and adopted from them by the Portuguese settlers at the Mozambique—that family broken into its many subdivisions of Gaika, Galega, Khosa, Zulu, &c., dates its descent and inherits its characteristics of courage from the torrent which so long rolled its troubled course along the great central highland of the continent. The military organization and the iron discipline introduced by Chaka into the Zulu nation were but revivals of the laws and institutions of which Battel tells us.

Of this military organization it has been fairly said that it was impossible it could have gone on in close proximity to our Natal frontier without producing, sooner or later, an inevitable conflict with us. This view would be undoubtedly correct if the organization of the nation into regiments had been founded upon any principle more lasting than the king's will; but the despotism of the Zulu monarch was of all despotisms the most exposed to the danger of overthrow from revolt within itself. Chaka and his successor, Dingaan, were both assassinated by their rebellious subjects. The present king and his brother Umbulazi long waged deadly war upon each other, and only a few years from the present time the waters of the Lower Tugela were black with thousands of Zulus killed in a bloody battle between the two great sections of the army.

The elements of the destruction of Zulu power lay in Zululand itself, and another policy might long since have freed the people from the tyranny of the military system, and broken the power of the chiefs from the Pougola to the Kei. It was not followed. Steadily through past years we have continued to uphold the principle of chieftainship. How much wiser would it have been had we adopted the communal system of the village, dividing the land in our native locations by villages or kraals, instead of by tribes! From this the transition to individual proprietorship of land would have been an easy one, the introduction of civilised habits, to say nothing of religion and morality, would have been possible, and the chance might still have been open to us of solving that inscrutable problem—the raising of this vast, fallen African race to light and hope.

And now let us look back at a page of well-nigh forgotten history. At the door of England lies the memory of a great sin. Three hundred years from the present time an English ship bore to the continent of America from that of Africa the first cargo of slaves ever taken from that dismal shore. During two entire centuries that terrible trade was prosecuted by English capital and English enterprise to a far greater degree than by the efforts of any other nation.\* Could the long catalogue of horrors that filled the continent of Africa with blood and strewed the tropic ocean with corpses be unfolded to-day, the nation might well stand aghast at the awful spectacle of human misery wrought by the "enterprise" of bygone Bristol and the "energy" of early Liverpool. Over the dreary surf-beaten shore, between the feverish forest and the yellow sand, there rise to-day along the pestilential West Coast of Africa huge bastioned castles, lonely and untenanted. Their work has long since vanished; their guns lie overturned, the gates are rusty, their vast vaults are empty; but still they stand the white monuments of a mighty crime, bearing testimony to the sea and to the land of a gigantic injustice. In these vast tombs the living dead were buried until the slave ship was ready in the offing. There was the land-gate and the sea-gate! As the rusty land-gate swung out upon its hinges, home, kith, and kin closed with it; as the sea-gate opened towards the ship, toil, the lash, and death coiled closer around the negro's heart.

\* In the year 1788, 120,000 Africans were taken from the coast as slaves by Europeans; of which half were in British ships.

All these long centuries of crime are still unpaid for. The slaves set free by us fifty years ago were not a thousandth part of those we had enslaved. Yet the account is still open, and the wrong done by us during all these years in West Africa can yet be righted in the future of the southern continent. This, then, is the question which Englishmen have a right to ask—"What have you done with this people? Have you taught them nothing better through all these years than to exchange their assegais for rifles? Do you dare to tell us that in this land, which is larger than France, Spain, and Germany put together, there is not room for three hundred thousand white men and a million and a half of blacks? and can all your teaching, preaching, and civilisation evolve nothing better for this African than a target for your bullets?"

Notwithstanding the wide gulf which we fancy lies between us and this black man, he is singularly like us. He will cry if you stick a pin into him, he will be thankful for a gift, he will resent an injury, he will weep for the loss of a wife or child, he will fight for his homeland—he can even die for what he believes to be the right. And mark you this vast difference between him and the other aboriginal races with whom your spirit of colonisation has brought you into contact: he does not die out before us. He asserts the fact of his existence amid our civilisation. He increases upon every side. While the work of colonisation has been going on for more than two centuries, the black race to the white is still as six to one. Here, in South Africa, lies our chance of undoing the wrong done by Europe to the Libyan race in the past; here lies our sole hope of ever shedding into this vast, dark continent the lights of faith and justice. Let us not imagine that by trade these precious gifts can be carried into the dim interior. The first principle of trade with the savage, whether it be trade in human heads or cocoa-nuts, is to outwit him. During four hundred years we have traded with the Gold Coast and with the Gambia, yet within a rifle-shot of the shore the fetish is rampant, the savage instinct is untamed. In South Africa the European constitution flourishes beside the negro. There it is possible to teach without death closing the schoolmaster's book ere the lesson has been learnt; there precept and example can go hand in hand together; there the limit is large enough for ten millions instead of two millions; there the capabilities

of future extension are vast as the continent itself.

Agès ago, along the lofty plateau of the central continent, the hordes of savages pressed southward from the equator, darkening and devastating as they went. That same road now lies open for the reflex flood of light and truth. How is that tide to be set in motion? Not by wide-sweeping annexation, by trade in rum and rifles, by "commando" warfare, not even by zealous though missionary enterprise alone. But it may be done by other and gentler means. It may be done by lighting, even within sight of Cape Town, or of Port Elizabeth, or of Durban, a ray that has never yet been lighted in the black man's mind—the idea that he may be made an independent unit in a civilised community; the idea that he will be protected against all injustice, whether from black man or from white; the idea that liberty does not mean idleness, and that the schoolmaster has a claim upon his little ones that cannot be overlooked; the idea that his toil, given for many centuries to the world at large, must now at last be given to himself; the idea that service of arm to his chief, or of muscle to his master, must be changed to service of mind and body for his one wife and for his children.

These rays, once lighted, can never be put out. Northward, year by year, they will travel into regions where never yet the white man's foot has rested. "Good Hope"—thus they named this lofty sea-girt promontory far down in the Southern Ocean. It rests with England in the future to fulfil the aspiration of those brave Portuguese sailors whose eyes first looked upon that rugged frontlet. Surely it is a brave and noble toil, and well worthy of our nation's manhood.

If from the wretched scenes now being enacted, and from the selfishness and strife which have culminated in this most deplorable of our Kaffir wars, there arises in the minds of Englishmen a fervent resolve to attempt a new beginning, then may even our past

"Sin itself be found  
A cloudy porch that opens on the sun."

W. F. BUTLER.

NOTE.—The writer of these pages is fully aware that the idea of breaking the tribal system, and establishing individual ownership in property, has been frequently advocated in the past, particularly by Sir T. Shepstone and Sir George Grey, but its adoption has never been even attempted. The outlay necessary to start the machinery which might effect the change has always been refused, and while thousands have been deemed too great an expenditure in the cause of humanity and progress, millions have been freely lavished on the old, hopeless lines of punishment and repression.

## THE BRIDE'S PASS.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH," "LADY BELL," ETC.

## CHAPTER IX.—THE FULL MOON, AND WHAT ITS LIGHT ACCOMPLISHED.

MRS. MACDONALD calmly communicated to her husband and daughter, the day after the picnic, what she had heard from Lady Jean of Frank Tempest's great expectations.

It was a matter of no importance to the family at the Manse, unless, indeed, in the interests of humanity in general. In that light Mrs. Macdonald referred to the fact repeatedly, and took to dilating on the great responsibility which rested on a boy like Frank Tempest, or rather on his seniors, his friends and guardians, for him, that he might be brought up to use worthily the influence which should one day be his.

Mrs. Macdonald was so impressed with this obligation that she began to see and admit more than she had ever done before, that the Moydarts, with all their merits and friendliness, were worldly people. In proof of it one had only to take their withdrawal in a former generation from the revered Presbyterian Church of Scotland, for which, Mrs. Macdonald remarked vaguely but cuttingly, their ancestors had fought and bled. The Moydarts' profession of the episcopal form of worship, which Lord Moydart and Lady Jean did not overturn, was a foreign element of debasement and decay in the Christian religion of the country, that had always been a personal grievance to Mrs. Macdonald, though it implied no slight to her husband's ministry, since Castle Moydart was not in his parish. Now the offence haunted and harassed her perpetually.

It was in vain for the minister to remind the inquisitor that the Moydarts for the last hundred years had been educated at English schools and universities, had married English wives, and spent the greater part of the year on their English property or in London, so that naturally their associations, notwithstanding a little Highland enthusiasm in the shooting season, were thoroughly English. Mr. Macdonald asserted, further, that the English minister up at Foulknapp, whom he was happy to call his friend, was a good man and a good Christian, though he held rather by Martin Luther and Thomas Cranmer than by John Calvin and John Knox; and certainly Lord and Lady Moydart might do a great deal worse than listen to Mr. Philpott

every Sabbath—or Sunday, in their phraseology, and in that of Christendom in general. But the minister's remonstrances were to no purpose.

Mrs. Macdonald had not expected to transfer to her husband and daughter the impression made on herself by Frank Tempest's prospects, and she did not love and respect them the less for their indifference; because this was no hardened woman of the world—this was a creature of higher aspirations and nobler aims, which at this very moment were waging so fierce a war within her as to increase tenfold the asperity which was becoming more and more prominent in her character. Mrs. Macdonald had never been so unresting in her ministration in the parish, so hard to please in household service, so stern in her requirements as to church attendance and religious exercises in her followers, ay—here was a pathetic paradox—so fervent in her own devotions, as she showed herself this autumn. She conveyed a greater idea than ever of austere saintliness to her awed and admiring world.

Frank Tempest had got the introduction to Mr. Macdonald which he had desired, and had proved so modest and ardent an embryo naturalist as well as sportsman, that the minister, besides wishing that Donald of Drumchatt had the English student's thews and sinews, took a real liking to the lad, quite irrespective of his being in days to come—

"Chief of Errington  
And Lord of Langley-dale."

It was a double triumph to Mrs. Macdonald when young Tempest deserted the English chapel up at Foulknapp, and appeared Sabbath after Sabbath for the English part of the service in Fearnavoll kirk. Sometimes he occupied one of the heritors' pews, for the most part given over to servants; but more frequently he was under the shadow of the pulpit, in the minister's seat, to which he had a gracious general invitation from Mrs. Macdonald.

In the circumstances Frank took kindly to the many novelties. He put a mark in at a particular psalm which in the Scotch version was new to him (as so many other things were), and showed it to Unah one day when he had been suffered to walk with her as far as the Manse garden. "Do you know, I



think what was sung this morning described the minister," he said.

The lines were—

"His heart is pure, his hands are clean,  
And unto vanity  
He hath not lifted up his soul,  
Nor sworn deceitfully."

Her father was too much a part of herself, and the shy Scotch girl's filial feelings were too sacred, for Unah to make an audible response. As to accepting the application and beginning to praise her father to the young stranger, Unah could not do it. She would sooner have praised herself. She would almost as readily have proclaimed her religious experiences, and she would have sunk into the ground before she had divulged the last. She puzzled the English speaker by looking put out at his impetuous suggestion. Yet in her heart she was keenly touched and deeply gratified by it.

What had the moon to do with the close short intimacy that sprang up between Frank Tempest and Unah Macdonald? A good deal that was distinct from its sentimental influence. The moon, the very stars are a great social institution to this day in some of the remoter districts of the Highlands. One of the marvels which Unah made known to the admiring young Englishman, was that there was still a species of visiting regulated by the stars, that went on among the old women—the Cailliachs, who travelled far for the purpose. The meetings were held with the joint object of spinning and knitting, and gossiping in company, and the programme included the crooning of certain prescribed Gaelic ditties, while the gatherings were fixed by immemorial custom to take place when certain glittering constellations hung overhead in the sky. The minister said the whole thing was as unmistakable a relic of heathen worship, as the blazing bonfires which had once shone like glowing red caruncles on the summits of Ben Voil and the Tuaigh, on Beltane Eve, had been. But the celebrators of the rite had long lost the knowledge of its original significance and kept it in innocence of any idolatrous practice, so that he could not agree with his wife in the opinion that he was called on to interfere and put it down. The set in which Frank Tempest and Unah Macdonald moved were not so dependent on the state of the weather and the light of the moon for their festivities as were the circle of the Cailliachs and the old men of Fearnavoi. There were carriages and coachmen at the service of the former. Still the scene was the Highlands

and the time fifteen years ago. A little consideration for their horses' lives and their own caused the quarters of the moon to be taken into account even in the chief period of the intercourse of the gentry of the county in early autumn. A week of fine weather and bright moonlight had often a large amount of neighbourly visiting compressed within its seven days and nights.

Even the engrossing occupations of the season in the grouse-shooting, the deer-stalking, the drawing of the salmon nets, when they were conducted on a grand and social scale, did not leave the age of the moon altogether out of count. Thus there was always a great fishing party on Loch Moydart, ending in a dinner at the Castle while it was full moon. The Hopkins' at the Frean followed suit, and had a deer-stalking day on which Mr. Hopkins could afford to hire all the disengaged ghillies and drive in the herds in his forest to afford sport for his friends. The ladies and, to tell the truth, Mr. Hopkins and some men of his standing, who had no ambition to try their wind or afford a handle to their gout by a mad first attempt, late in life, to speel braes and wade through bogs, only saw the sport from a distance, at which the sportsmen looked like so many flies hanging on the face of a mountain. But to compensate the excluded members of the party for their deprivation, the day's toils and glories ended in a splendid tableau eagerly got up by Laura, with the aid of her æsthetic brother, and of which the idea was taken from a painting by Landseer that had its origin in the highest quarter. The living picture consisted in the return of the deer-stalkers by mingled twilight and torch-light, and the display of their spoils on the lawn, prior to the company's dressing for dinner. "It was as good as a bit of a fancy ball, before the evening party commenced," Laura declared, and, indeed, it was all fancy to Laura.

Even the Manse had its entertainment in keeping with the practice of the times, and to vindicate its title to be regarded as a country house, among such country houses as Castle Moydart and the Frean. The minister's glebe was not a bad bit of country for "birds," as some of his friends among the semi-aristocratic Glasgow merchants and Edinburgh lawyers of Highland descent, and the dons of Scotch universities, knew right well, though the minister himself had long renounced the gun and confined his sport to fishing, under protest, in the Fearn and its tributaries. Mr. Macdonald was quite willing to

offer his moor to the neighbourhood, as well as to the guns in his house, for a day's shooting, and to give his countenance to his wife's luncheon at the nearest point to the Manse among the bracken—already offering the hectic contrast of its sere straw colour and russet to the deepening red flush of the heather. After the luncheon there was generally a little dinner to a favoured few of Mrs. Macdonald's selection, sometimes an equally choice evening party given by the lady who, on her worldly side—in truth, on her spiritual side also—was the most exclusive of women.

The unusual intrusion of the world with such a simultaneous burst of gaiety in the Highland parish which led so quiet a life for the rest of the year, was a little disturbing and exciting to the maturest and best-balanced natures. And if even Mrs. Macdonald declared herself unhinged by the experience, and set herself to repent in sackcloth and ashes for what she not only consented to as a class obligation, but countenanced and promoted, a girl like Unah might be forgiven for being carried away by the current.

This year she had a double delight in the series of entertainments, though Donald Drumchatt was more than once slightly ailing and unable to form one of the party. But he was not worse than usual, and she was used to his being delicate and frequently disqualified from sharing in her pleasures. Poor Donald! it became all the more incumbent on her to take part, as far as her foolish shyness would let her, in whatever was going on, and to carry him the liveliest accounts of the doings. His absence did not spoil her pleasure. Why should it, when Donald was philosophical, and entertained himself tolerably well with his "bailie's" accounts, his newspapers, and his music?

And in the room of Donald Drumchatt she had Frank Tempest, who was not so bent on sport, though he was a keen sportsman, as he was wild to learn all Highland fashions, in order to conduct himself like a born Highlander.

He might have been satisfied with Lord Moydart and Lady Jean for his instructors, but he showed his discrimination in recognising them, with all their zeal, to be only half Highlanders, and in giving a delicate preference to Unah and the minister of Drumchatt, as fitter authorities to guide him in his commendable pursuit of knowledge.

Unah actually thought herself called upon to be Frank's special prompter, since her father and Donald were not always to be found, and she was proud of the progress of

her pupil. It was not to say that her engagement to Donald Drumchatt served to blunt her perceptions and blind her to ulterior and quite distinct consequences, out of the sphere of any "Highland Society" investigations which might be the result of her intimate association for a couple of months with Frank Tempest. Even without Donald, had he not been in the category, the absolutely sincere young woman, still childish with all her sense and intelligence, would not have seen beforehand any motive save the literal reason for their friendship.

Frank Tempest knew better. He formed the exception to the rule of lads younger in mind than girls of the same years. Frank was older in character, and much older in strength of will, than Unah Macdonald; she would have no cause to say, like Lady Jean, that she could not reverence him. He was perfectly aware of the nature of his feelings from the first moment he had seen her, he told himself; for Unah Macdonald stood apart from all other girls to him.

• Frank Tempest's passion—calf-love, if you will—had survived the anti-climax of the information that Unah Macdonald was engaged in marriage to her cousin, Donald Drumchatt. At first he had felt stunned and miserable under the blow. He had absented himself for days—after an open and boyish mode, at which an older person might have smiled half wistfully, half cynically—from Castle Moydart, and from any chance of an encounter with Unah. He had betaken himself to the farthest-off, most desolate lochs, and the least accessible and dreariest recesses of the deer forest. He was not sulking, as Lady Jean had been tempted to guess. He was trudging long miles in order to walk down the pang of his disappointment and the pitifulness of his rue for himself, in what was to the hitherto favoured, fortunate lad, the blight that had suddenly fallen upon the flower of his days and fortunes.

But Frank Tempest's very youth, which made him feel so acutely the suffering, made him think better of the circumstances. This engagement of Unah Macdonald's was, after all, problematical; that was the most that could be said of it. It was always spoken of in the same breath with doubtful allusions to the precarious health of the poor fellow who was the necessary pendant to Unah, and to the early deaths and settled doom of Drumchatt's house, causing a reservation in the gossip's anticipations, and apparently preventing either Drumchatt or any one else from being particularly eager to bring the

affair to a conclusion. The result was that Donald Drumchatt and Unah Macdonald were more like brother and sister than plighted lovers.

Frank Tempest made up his rash young mind a second time. The engagement was a family compact, probably contemplated from the childhood of the two, and which would never come to anything. Certainly, so far as he himself was concerned, there should be no realisation of the prospect. He was sorry enough for Drumchatt, or for any other poor young fellow set apart for premature decline and death. But what sort of bridegroom was he to match with a bride like Unah Macdonald? There was sacrifice in so much as thinking of such a union.

For Frank Tempest was to a great extent his own master. No wrath of the representative of the Delavals, who had a life interest in the Wiltshire estates, not the combined strategy of a host of lawyers, could virtually affect Frank's future prospects. And even if it had been otherwise, the lad had a nature which already showed a manly, no less than a wilful, inclination to grapple with rather than be repulsed by difficulties.

Nobody interfered between the couple, who were always together in these August and September days. Lady Moydart would have derided any danger, had it been hinted to her, from the minister's daughter for Frank Tempest. It was no business of Lady Jean's, though she had really given timely warning to more than one person concerned. Further, she was like a mischievous kitten, in many respects, in spite of her worldly wisdom, her formed manners, and her ease in society. She had a mind to regard with more amusement and curiosity than any other feeling the drama that was being played out before her.

Laura Hopkins, however provoked, was too gentle to open anybody's eyes.

And no eyes were more thoroughly sealed by the blindness of complete confidence, and by his own self-importance, than those of Donald Drumchatt. He was not always on the stage of events, to watch over his own interests. But when he was present, his vanity was flattered rather than aggrieved by young Tempest's unconcealed homage to Unah. She was so indisputably Donald's that the admiration was almost a compliment to himself. It was certainly a tribute to the excellence of his choice, and the superiority of Unah to Lady Jean and Laura Hopkins. With the gratification derived

from this confirmation of his opinion, Donald could spare his cousin to initiate the young Englishman into the customs of the country, and to impress him still further with the unapproachable gifts and graces of a true Highland woman who had never been beyond the gates of the Highlands.

The minister was as guileless as the greatest baby that would play with fire, and he was conspicuous by his absence where gay expeditions and dignified entertainments were concerned—though he rarely failed at a marriage supper any more than at a funeral feast, hardly ever at a family tea-drinking to which his parishioners chose to invite him.

Mrs. Macdonald was the person who could have interposed with the least awkwardness and the greatest effect; she was the mother who had guarded Unah jealously from her infancy. She was also the adopted mother and early gracious patron of Donald Drumchatt in his suit. She was the strict model of propriety; she was the rebuker of every shadow of indiscretion in the parish; she was not absent; she was not blind. But she remained quiescent, clasping her hands tightly and looking with a nervous rigidity of non-notice over the heads of the actors.

It was as if she had first bound her daughter hand and foot, and then let her stray to the verge of a precipice for the desperate chance that if she fell she might alight on a bed of roses. Possibly Mrs. Macdonald spoke peace to herself, and grew vehemently sophistical, in the keenness of the contest within her, to reconcile herself to the part she was playing. She could say that she had not interfered; she did nothing to throw the young people together; very likely they would have gone their own way and met their fate in spite of her utmost efforts. Life took a new form, and tended to another result without any help of hers. What was she that she could control destiny (or was it Providence?) thus unexpectedly, by no deed of Mrs. Macdonald's, circumventing her plans, transforming her very ideas, working out another future for Unah, who might be the Lord's instrument in guiding Frank Tempest to higher ends, and helping him to dispense worthily his great inheritance. Even poor Donald was lending himself unawares to the catastrophe.

It is hard for a sober chronicler to tell in cool, rational words how Frank Tempest was spell-bound and fast passing into a craze, what with his hot blood, his bad habit of having his own way—not that it had been a bad way hitherto—his lively imagination, and the





At Fearnavoil.

novelty and delight of all that was bold, free, and wild in nature, and all that was strange, primitive and daring in the life, and in the endless old legends which still made a great part of the life around him. The whole was illustrated to him by the face which had won him more than any other face in the world—more than the dim recollection of the face of the dead mother who was little more than a sacred, tender dream of his childhood. Unah's was a face that to indifferent, even stolid people, had an untold story, and the thrill of the interest of a fate out of the common, in its lily-like freshness and fairness, in the unimpaired simplicity which preserved the child in the woman, and in the earnestness that dwelt as largely in her gladness as in her gravity.

On Loch Moydart, a small loch that looked blue as the sky on a wintry night, and cold as a mountain well, sunk deep in its amphitheatre of hills, the Moydarts' guests ended a long busy day's rowing, floating, fishing, and sketching, with the drawing of the salmon nets by less amateur fishers in the most authentic of greased boots and striped jerseys. Their spoil in native livery of silver, white and pink, slate colour and loveliest grey, speckled and freckled in the daintiest inanner with olive and brown, was the flapping and floundering salmon-trout and perch. They were made to flash and gleam on the shaken surface of the water, and then to lie in a rich mass at the bottom of the boat, given up to the wet and scaly burden. And all was for the pleasure of the forayers of the loch.

Unah was in the same boat and on the same bench with Frank Tempest. It was

she who interpreted to him the boatmen's speech among themselves as to winds and currents, when they allowed him to take an oar to exercise his muscles, and earn their cautious approbation of his Eton and Cambridge strokes. Unah bore him company here, too, in more than her ready sympathy and simple pleasure in his prowess.

The boatmen let her row in turn with much less doubt than they had expressed with regard to his attempt. They knew that Miss Macdonald could pull fairly for a lady, and that she was well acquainted with the loch, which she often crossed in her father's company.

Unah laughed merrily at his foolish care lest she should hurt her hands, and showed them to him with an approach to boasting. Those shapely little hands were supple, strong, and rustically brown with gardening as well as rowing; though she did not add, with lending help to the helpless, with kindling, with quick fingers—as at the picnic—Lachlan Dbhu's fire, and pleasing poor querulous, paralyzed Babby Ruthven (Riven) by scouring, till they were like silver, Babby's mother's antique pewter dishes, which would have formed a treasure for an antiquarian.

Unah translated, also for Frank's edification—she could not have done it for the behoof of the company in general, her bashfulness alone made all her communications with Frank perilously confidential—the tenor of the monotonous Gaelic song in one minor key which those preternaturally solemn and tolerably conceited boatmen were persuaded to sing for the delectation of the party.

"It is no glorification of Moydart," said Unah mischievously,—“no Roderick vich

Alpine ho! ieroe!" referring to what she had heard Lady Jean say of his preparatory study of the "Lady of the Lake" in the early days of his stay in the Highlands. "It is only the lament over the failure of a particular potato crop which prevented Hamish from marrying Aileen."

"Is there no romance, then, about Loch Moydart?" he asked. "It looks as if it deserved a story."

"I suppose the early frost, which withered prematurely the green 'shaws' of the potatoes that had bloomed with such beautiful purple and white flowers a month or two before—the song says all that—makes romance enough for the singers. But I have heard my father say Lord Moydart's sister once galloped on her brown mare across the loch when it was frozen hard in a severe winter. The same season my father himself crossed it walking at midnight, in order to take a short cut from Rory's on the Brae, where he had been summoned late to pray with a dying man. My father had no creature with him except his terrier Ghillie-oe (Yellow-boy). He was in a hurry, and he never thought of the loneliness of the situation and how far he was from human help in case of an accident, till the ice in the middle of the loch began to crackle under his feet, and Ghillie, who had crept close to his master's heels, in his sagacity whined with terror."

The speakers were not thinking of the present hour till they were recalled to it by a sudden crimson reflection on the face of the loch, broken into ripples and what the boatmen called very pretty "shentle" waves by the breeze. Even the ruffled water at their feet became tinged for a few seconds with a wavering red, while away at the distant edges of the loch the deep blue was converted for the same brief space into a violet-purple. Looking up, Frank Tempest and Unah saw billows of rose colour and gold rolling across the western sky; there was an instantaneous shimmer on the face of the water, as of the sun's last kiss before he sank below the horizon; a shadow, soft and tender at first, but growing every second clearer and colder, descended on the landscape, and a moment's instinctive hush for the death of the day passed over the whole pleasure-party.

#### CHAPTER X.—THE MOON ENTERS HER THIRD QUARTER.

WHEN the deer-stalkers returned to the Frean, Unah was, as she felt, ungratefully glad that there was not only no glare of sunshine

—there was hardly sufficient light, even in the lingering twilight of the north, to mingle with the red gleam of the torches, and bring out the pompous dimensions and white meanness of stuccoed perfection in the building that, under Mr. Hopkins's auspices, had replaced the long, low, weather-stained shooting lodge of the Frean. Not only Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins, but Laura, still looked complacently on the change, and the most of Laura's brothers did not mind it, save in its gloss, because of its reasonable increase of accommodation and comfort. But the æsthetic young soft-goodsman, Mr. Gerald Hopkins, went far beyond Unah in his regret for the desecration of the place. "I would have been content with a deer sheiling," he protested mournfully; which was saying a good deal for a young man whose rooms in college and his sanctuary in the house in Lancashire were worth a small fortune in old china and Queen Anne's spindle-legged chairs and tables, and who was rendered miserable on a journey by the person whose duty it was to care for his wardrobe forgetting to pack up his dressing-gown. But it was not of Mr. Gerald Hopkins that Unah was thinking when she wished the tableau to be perfect, even more than the brother and sister desired the same happy consummation.

No doubt deer-shooting by means of a cordon was reduced to the level of a battue, with the same artificial character and suspicion of butchery which Unah was forced to despise and detest. For she had been brought up in the traditions of genuine sportsmen, who regarded toil, exposure, and self-denial as the very essence of their sport, and who were often as accomplished naturalists as her father was. Neither could she think it necessary that even "a stag of ten," honourably slain, should be brought home with an excess of parade, tending to cast ridicule on old justifiable Highland rejoicings.

But Unah was compelled to put up with the world as she found it. And at least Frank Tempest, for whose sake she hoped the performance might be good, did not make the cordon. He had honestly tramped and climbed and scrambled and held on by points of rock and tufts of heather. He had stretched himself flat on the hillside and lain till he was stiff and cramped, waiting for a shot, not moving a finger to strike a match to light a cigar, lest twenty pointed ears on the alert should hear his lightest motion, even when the wind, blowing in the opposite direction, could not bear the subtle fumes of

his cigar to noses as fine of scent as the ears were keen of hearing. At the same time he had not failed to observe a single crow which croaked above a patch of rock roses that bloomed beneath him. He had complied faithfully with every obligation of the game, and he had sprung up quick as lightning, and fired with so steady and sure an aim at the single moment of action given him, that he had received his reward; for it was he who had brought down the leader of the herd with the magnificent antlers, the principal excuse for all the glorification.

And Unah did wish that he who was so interested and eager about their Highland doings should see at its best the arranged impromptu on the beautiful lawn of the Frean, where the great pine-trees and larches, which had been happily spared, took the place of the mountains—only dimly visible—in casting long shadows on the moving groups below.

What assemblage would not look picturesque in the wonderful combination of light? Even Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins acquired a kind of stateliness as master and mistress of the white castle just revealed in the background; Laura and Lady Jean were like mountain sylphs flitting here and there; and every man, whether in trews or philibeg, appeared a chief or a dhuinniewassel at the least.

The pile of game, consisting of a yellow fox, a capercaillie, a good many grouse, a fine roe-deer, crowned with Frank Tempest's trophy, might have been a contribution to the hunting expeditions of a Mar or of a Douglas and a Percy, when the Miricath seized the hunters, causing the woe of Chevy Chase to be sung for generations.

Unah went up and looked piteously on the chief victim of the day, with dun and dappled sides, tongue between its teeth, drooping head and glazed eyes, whose white chest would no longer cleave the wave, nor its fine, small hoof beat the heather.

A hurried voice said compunctiously in her ear, "Are you sorry? I was so proud when I brought him down, and I meant to keep his head and antlers, and to have his skin dressed and to offer it to you—though I dare say you have many like it—as a remembrance, if you cared to have it, of the first stag I had shot. But if I had guessed you would have been sorry, I almost think I would not have fired."

"I almost think you would," said Unah in a tragi-comic tone. "He has but died as a stag should die, shot by a fitting foeman.

And if he was to be shot, I am not sorry that you were the foeman," looking up at him with her shy, bright eyes. "I shall be proud of the skin! I shall put it beneath the piano, in the room of the old skin which Mr. Macdonald, Ballyrea, gave to my mother. What horns he has! Do you know, people used to believe there was poison in stags' horns!" and she told him one of the versions of the ballad of "Lord Ronald, my son," when the hero returned from his hunting with the ominous gash on his brow, and the despairing cry—

"O mak' my bed, mither,  
I fain would lie down."

Laura and her brother Gerald would not have been satisfied if the show had not ended with the dancing of reels by the best dancers among the Hopkins's kilted ghillies, in the space cleared for them.

"How well they dance!" cried Frank Tempest in wonder and admiration; not without a rueful consciousness of his own tired legs, and a distinct recollection that before he turned into the Frean avenue and was told to fire off his gun with the others as a note of preparation to the cook (and with what a welcome sound these cracks reverberated in the evening air!) before he knew who was awaiting him on the lawn, he too, without the ample excuse of a gore from a stag and its numbing drowsy poison, had been tempted to anticipate what he had since heard was poor Lord Ronald's last petition. But these men sprang and span, "houched," and snapped their fingers, as if their bones and sinews were iron and whip-cord, and did not know what weariness meant. "I can dance reels," said Unah with a little elation, "though I never had any lessons from a dancing master."

"Can you?" he questioned with involuntary incredulity, and drawing in his breath with a little awe, as if she had said she could scale Ben Voil where it was a rugged precipice, or that she had leapt across the Clerk's Pool in the Fearn which she had prevented him from attempting to cross. For even as the men danced, the music of the borrowed piper—Mr. Hopkins had not yet set up a piper—played faster and faster, and the wheeling and bounding, houching and snapping of fingers, grew wilder and madder.

"Indeed I can," she said, laughing again, "and if you don't believe me, I'll let you see me do it to-night."

"And will you teach me to do it also?" he besought her, more to prevent her having



another partner than to prove he was not beaten.

"If you like. If you will not be as slow in learning to dance as you were in pronouncing the name Auchnamchil."

She did stand up with him in a reel that night, flying in and out of the mazes like another Atalanta, or "setting" to him with twinkling feet in the exquisite evolutions of a choice strathspey step.

"How disgracefully Unah Macdonald is flirting with Mr. Tempest!" Laura Hopkins said to Lady Jean.

"Disgracefully!" repeated Lady Jean in her quick way; "are you sure it is not a disgrace you would like to share, Laura? Frank is such a nice boy. Besides, you are so far wrong, my dear, that I don't suppose Unah Macdonald knows the meaning of the word flirting. I don't imagine she has even read an explanation of the art; for Mrs. Macdonald is like the Pope, and keeps a list of works—novels which are forbidden to her daughter."

"She knows the meaning of the act if not of the word," said Laura with a shade of spite in her sweetness as she spread out her satin train, and put up her hand to feel that her diamond locket—her father's last birthday gift—was under her chin, and not beneath her ear.

"I am not so sure of that either," said Lady Jean critically, "for I have not attended much to the strict definition of the word. I'll tell you how it is—Frank Tempest is paying outrageous court to Drumchatt's future wife, and she is cruelly kind without intending it. What is Mrs. Macdonald about? Is she nodding at her post? Is she guilty of treachery as well as of mad ambition? I understood she was quite beyond this world. But I'll tell you something more, Laura," cried Lady Jean, coming nearer to her confidante, and with a sympathetic thrill and shiver of enthralling breathless excitement as when one anticipates the crisis of a good ghost story. "Frank Tempest is a great deal more in earnest than some people think. He has been rather spoilt, and is wilful and obstinate in spite of his niceness. Depend upon it there will be a grand catastrophe."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Laura, shrinking back; "then why don't you prevent it? Why don't the Earl and Countess"—as if an earl and countess were necessarily all powerful—"interfere and send him away, and bid her give over being always with him, and attend to Drumchatt? I do call it disgraceful of her to forget her cousin."

"What! is having two strings to one's

bow so very extraordinary and wicked a course?" cried Lady Jean, turning to laugh at Laura, whose disposition to indulge in a plurality of lovers—one at every corner—was well known to the speaker. "Papa and mamma don't believe in dangers outside the pale of their experience; and of course I am only a spectator—an interested one I confess, still a very small person with not a title of power," ended Lady Jean in a sudden fit of humility.

Frank Tempest was so infatuated, he had so twisted and perverted the truth, that he followed Unah Macdonald even into Donald's presence, up at the mansion-house of Drumchatt, which its unsuspicious master made hospitably free to the young Englishman. For Unah was still unavoidably taken there by her mother as well as her father, and left occasionally for part of a morning or afternoon to entertain her cousin, while her proper guardians pursued their primary objects of visiting, catechising, and offering ghostly counsel and comfort in the immediate neighbourhood.

It was at Drumchatt that Frank Tempest heard Unah sing. She was not an accomplished musician any more than she was a trained dancer, and if she accompanied her song on the piano, Donald, who was better skilled in music, besides being in his way something of a martinet, was constantly calling her back and setting her right. But even Donald acknowledged that Unah could lilt or croon sweetly, and perform that rarest feat, in these highly educated musical days, sit with her hands in her lap and sing a ballad as it ought to be sung, with perfect unconsciousness, incomparable simplicity, and full capacity of expression. This was the manner in which thoughtful, feeling, tuneful women sang ballads by their wheels, at the cows' or ewes' milking, on the hillsides, and over their infants' cradles, in the years long past.

What songs—inspiring, melting, altogether bewitching—Unah sang thus, generally in the sober peacefulness and pensiveness of autumn afternoons, in Donald Drumchatt's presence, and often by his desire, to turn still further Frank Tempest's reeling head, to while away what remnant of reason was left to him, and to fasten the spell that bound him with triple knots.

The grim old dining-room where Donald generally sat, and which the dilatory architect had spared to him—the view from the windows of the rank yet run-out garden, at present desecrated, as time had never injured it, by the trampling feet of masons and car-

penters with their heaps of lime, blocks of stone, and piles of wood to be employed in the "biggin" of Unah's future bower—the mournful bleak hills around, all were transformed as they rang with—

"Wha will mount wi' gallant Murray?  
Wha will ride wi' Georgie's sel'?"

or echoed to the deeds of those—

"Hunder pipers and a', and a',"

who having swum in the van of an army, danced themselves dry on the mountain-side ere they marched to a man dauntlessly against the overwhelming numbers of the enemy.

But even the exuberant defiance and abounding mirth of some of these songs were hardly in proportion to the tender intensity of melancholy in others. There was the perfect picture in a few words when—

"Booted and spurred and gallant rade he,  
Toom cam' his gude horse, but never cam' he.

"Out cam' his auld mither greetin' fu' sair,  
Out ran his bonnie bride tearin' her hair,  
Booted and spurred and gallant rade he,  
Toom cam' his gude horse, but never cam' he.

"His hay is to cut, his corn is unshorn,  
His barn's to big, and his baby's unborn.  
Booted and spurred and gallant rade he,  
Toom cam' his gude horse, but never cam' he."

And there was that tragedy which matched so well with the scenery round Drumchatt—

"The stars were all out, and the tempest was over,  
Fain was the maiden, and fond was the lover;  
But the wind it blew cauld, and his heart it grew weary,  
And he lay down to sleep on the moorland sae dreary.

"Saft was the bed she had made for her lover,  
White were the sheets and embroidered the cover;  
But whiter the sheets and the canopy grander,  
And sounder he sleeps, where the hills foxes wander."

But all the sadness of the saddest songs was summed up in that most woeful of Gaelic laments—

"Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille  
Gea thillis Macleod, cha till Mhic Chruiminn;"

("O never, never shall I return!  
Macleod may come back, but never Mackrimmon")

which went wailing through the air in a tongue that was unknown to Frank, but with an accent of hopeless despair which no human heart, quailing before the majesty of misery, could mistake.

Yet so differently are men influenced by the same power, that at the end of Unah's songs, while Frank Tempest sat pale and dumb, far beyond uttering words of praise, Drumchatt would rise briskly—for him—stretch himself slightly, and call out, "Come along, Tempest, while I have still light to show you my 'nowt.' I suppose you will be a cattle-

feeder yourself, some day. My cousin, Miss Macdonald, will excuse us in the meantime."

And Unah might have been a complete personification of the Lorelei, or of a mermaid with sea-green hair, holding a comb in one hand and a mirror in the other, instead of a worthy minister's modest young daughter, considering the disastrous effect of her syren songs on Frank Tempest.

At Mrs. Macdonald's luncheon on the moor, it was the minister, never dreaming of evil, who sent Unah away a quarter of a mile with Frank Tempest, to show the Englishman Highland reaping, while the rest of the party still sat round the flat stone that had turned up so opportunely for a table.

A Highland harvest-field was not very different in its details from a lowland or English field, except for the tartan still prominent in the dress of the women, and the Glengarry caps or blue bonnets worn by the men, and the piper sitting on the hillside waiting to celebrate the completion of the work. The chief distinction lay in the great mountain chain hemming in the meadows, and which—just brushed with purple first when Frank Tempest came to Fearnavoil, was becoming every day brighter in its bloom, and contrasting more vividly with the golden yellow of the oats.

Unah knew most of the people, and in that knowledge and in the friendly respectfulness of the greeting it implied, existed Frank Tempest's immunity from experiencing some of the rough customs of a Scotch harvest-field. If Unah had been wickedly inclined she would only have had to raise her finger and the confidently careless young man, taken unawares, would have found himself snatched up by sinewy hands, and violently "bengied" before his mistress's eyes.

Frank Tempest held it as a matter of course that his goddess should be gracious to all her retainers—her father's parishioners—but he looked slightly aghast when a bandster, not "lyart and wrunkled and grey," but decidedly vigorous in his red-haired, freckled, muscularity, left his work, came forward, and after raising his cap held out the hard hand with which he had been twisting straw ropes, shook hands with the young lady, and stood speaking to her for a few minutes, of the weather and the crop, on terms of equality.

"Is not that fellow presuming a little?" Frank Tempest ventured to suggest, and in his sense of offence he kicked away a mass of shorn corn marigolds and blue-bottles which threatened to entangle their feet.

"Oh dear no," said Unah, opening her eyes wide; "that is Ludovic Macdonald, of Saonach, who is coming out for the ministry, and has gone through the greater part of his college course. He 'takes' the harvest in summer to help to pay his winter classes, because his people are very poor. But my father says that he is a good scholar, and may be Moderator of the Assembly before he dies. My father does not think it any loss to him to know the habits of the people so well, and to work with them in the fields and on the moss. In spite of that, the Gaelic he has is the very best, for his mother is a lady, and claims descent from the great Dukes of Albany. She comes of the royal Stewarts, while the Moydarts only represent the subject Stewarts."

Frank refrained religiously from smiling; in fact, he was inclined to accept without protest new orders of society, like other eccentricities, which ceased to be eccentric in these wonderful Highlands which he saw glorified by the light—

"That never shone on sea or land."

"I must tell you," said Unah confidentially, "that Mrs. Macdonald, Saonach, is a little queer in maintaining the family dignity. Poor Ludovic, who has no pride, is tried with her. His father is dead, but he had never much to say in the matter, since he was not gently born, like Mrs. Macdonald. Well, just after the father's death, the Queen, in one of her excursions, came down the glen and passed the door of the Macdonalds' cottage. Of course old Ludovic, who was not in life, could not attend the muster of the clansmen to meet and greet her Majesty, and young Ludovic was then consenting to act as a tutor in a Lowland family. But Mrs. Macdonald was determined that her house should not go unrepresented in the general homage to the sovereign of whose race she came—she alone should not fail in hailing her crowned kinswoman. She put out a rope from window to window, and slung from it old Ludovic's philibeg and boots, just as when he wore them, to represent the dead man."

"And is that another relic of a dukedom?" asked Frank, with a comical sense that here he had no reason, unless it were one of dirty acres, to take pride in being the heir of the Dukes of Wiltshire. What was a Duke of Wiltshire, created so late as Charles the First's time, compared to a royal Duke of Albany massacred in the reign of the poet King Jamie, not long after the era of Geoffrey Chaucer? While Frank spoke he pointed to

an apparent ne'er-do-well, an excited, shambling lad, the sleeve of whose jacket was in tatters, and who bound in a spasmodic fashion on the "rig" next that of the "douce" expectant probationer. Unah had no idea that Frank was gently making fun of her, though she had a girl's love of fun, and was not generally slow to appreciate its existence.

"Oh no," she said simply; "that is only poor Robin Fraser. He has a 'want,' you know, and is not fit for much. But he has not a good mother, and she is hard upon him for the very reason that should make her tender, because he is not quite like the rest of the world. She tried to have him confined in a lunatic asylum, but he was not mad enough for that, and then she turned him adrift to shift for himself. We are always so sorry for him, because of his father, the old Captain, who fought at Waterloo."

"Good heavens! was that poor creature's father one of the gallant Waterloo veterans, to whom England owes so much?" Frank Tempest reflected in dismay. He felt rebuked for his idle jest. But he did not go on to find sufficient explanation of the incongruities around him in the frequent appearance among the people of the "queerness" or "want" to which Unah had twice alluded in their conversation. He said these were some of the primitive practices and strong lights and shadows of this wild Highland life which attracted him so much. He told himself also that he had received a lesson in gentle bearing from his gentle companion. Henceforth he was more carefully courteous to the proud, lounging brothers of Gillies Macgregor, his host at the Ford Inn, whom he had been tempted to regard as decidedly useless and tolerably disreputable members of society, but whom he began to bind to him by his thoughtful consideration.

Jenny Reach and Malise Gōw were both in the harvest-field; the former of her free choice, that she might try the recurrence of an old experience and take her share in an important act, which partook of the character of a festival.

Of such signal moment, and so full of sedate joy were the various epochs of rustic life, sheep-shearing, lamb—"speaning," hay-making, corn-cutting, potato-gathering, still considered in the Highlands, that the highest magnates, Lord Moydart and Lady Jean—in their parts as a Highland chieftain and his daughter—felt bound when they were not otherwise engaged to join in the lighter work. Lord Moydart used to insist on his whole household, excepting his English countess,



her maid, and the cook, turning out into the meadows on the first day to help to toss the hay. And once Lady Jean had sought to steal a march on everybody by putting on the dress of a reaper, and repairing to the harvest-field with a hook, never doubting that she could impose on the "bailie" and her fellow-workers, and return to the castle in triumph after having shorn her "day's darg." But even before the first stroke the strange lass gave, and the first word of Gaelic she spoke, the secret of her masquerade was penetrated, and she had to go back crestfallen under the remonstrances of the "bailie" and the mingled affront and amusement which her presence created among her social inferiors.

"Humph!" ejaculated Jenny when she perceived Unah and the "Englisher" to whom she was cicerone.

Malise was naturally in Jenny's wake, exerting himself till the sweat-drops gathered on his furrowed forehead to bind his best for her, while she smiled like a philosopher at what she knew were the jeers of the field at "the old lass and her jo." She looked tolerantly on his efforts, and even defended him from the taunts of the younger, abler-bodied men.

"Miss Macdonald," said Malise—but he pronounced it "Miss Mactonal"—"she is looking her very best; and that young Sassenach, he is clean confounded by her."

"Humph!" said Jenny, again more emphatically than before; "I wish there may not be more confounded before all is done."

"What do you mean by 'humph,' Jenny?" inquired Malise, hovering between meekness and the quick resentment of his hot Highland blood at a slight offered to his remark, and, above all, to the credit of his master's family.

"I mean," said Jenny deliberately, taking care, however, that nobody was within ear-shot, for the philosopher was not a common gossip, and she had her own ideas of honour and fidelity, "that I wish either the lassie Unah's marriage with Donald Drumchatt had never been thought of, or that they were married out of hand, and no more to be said and done about it."

"But that could not be," remonstrated Malise. "Drumchatt and Craigdbhu, let alone the minister of Fearnavoil's daughter, are not to come together without preparation like shepherd folk."

"The more fules they," answered Jenny scornfully; "and if they do not take heed, harm—harm, said I?—black, burning shame will come of it."

"Jenny Reach," protested Malise solemnly,

rising up from his stooping posture, and stepping back a pace, "I crave leave to ask, are you taking farewell of your seven senses?"

"And I crave leave to answer no, Malise," said Jenny with a twinkle in her eyes, "but some other persons whom I will not mention, to spare your delicate lugs, are behaving as Daft Robin," meaning that most conspicuous of the Fearnavoil "naturals," "would be ashamed to behave himself. Tie a lass—that has been kept like a very bairn—to a poor sickly child like Drumchatt, and then set her free to speel the braes, row on the lochs, dance till the sma' hours with the boldest, blithest lad out of England who is fain to lay the hair of his head beneath her feet—heard you ever such folly?"

"Jenny, do you dare to even any Sassenach lad to Drumchatt?" cried Malise wrathfully.

"Deed, then, Malise, my braw man, I can hardly tell you what I do not dare," answered Jenny with provoking candour and coolness.

"But you do not dare to even the mistress—Mrs. Macdonald, Fearnavoil, her own self, who is so clever, and so pious, and belongs to the salt of the earth, to be no better than a silly person, or a liar, false to the Country?" gasped Malise furiously, as if he must break with Jenny for ever on the spot.

"Well, I would not like to think worse of the mistress than she deserves," admitted Jenny, considerably, in her calmness. "I would not just use the words you have employed, Malise; but what can I think when she who was so careful a mother takes no further heed of her daughter, and that at the kittlest step in the lassie's road in life? Oh, yes, Mrs. Macdonald is for ever dropping regrets for Drumchatt's great falling off in health this autumn, and the manner in which his cough is settling down on his chest, while I see with my own eyes—that have good sight to this day, though I say it, who am not so young as I have been, yet I have never had any call to put on glasses," Jenny broke off to explain, as if the immunity were a case in point—"I have never found the bridegroom looking halier or heartier—for him. Then I hear endless stories of this foolish English laddie's great possessions and what a promising youth he is, and how, if he were brought to the truth—which it seems he has not yet got a glimmer of, for all his promise—not him alone, but many a poor man and woman would be rescued, and brought into the right way. Now I put it to you, Malise Gow, as an honest man, what am I, a simple sinful woman, to make of such twists and hankles of reasoning?"

"Jenny, I fear you are but a traitor in the camp," groaned Malise, turning away to pursue his work, sorely exercised by what seemed to him his mistress's lack—alike of reverence, faith, and charity.

"A traitor yourself, sir," denied Jenny, slightly moved from her equanimity, and speaking with a shade of indignation. "They are the traitors who fool poor weak human nature to the top of its bent. But I have not yet discovered that the minister is carried off his feet, and there will be a debt to pay to him as well as to Drumchatt for this work. Hech! who is in at the settlin' of the lawin' (the bill) will hear the other side of the question on the deafest side of his head"—a conclusion which, in prospect at least, afforded comfort to Jenny's inquiring and analytical mind in its aggrieved righteousness.

The evening on which the little party at the Manse took place chanced to be unusually mild for an autumn gloaming in the Highlands. Everybody spoke of the heat, and made much of it, in the way of complaint; though the Moydarts, who were accustomed to breathe the no-air of London routs in the season, and Frank Tempest, who had known what it was to lie and float lazily in his punt in the sultry warmth which sometimes broods, even after sunset, over the waters of the Thames, at Eton, and the more northern Cam, smiled at the idea of this being too warm weather to do anything save protest. Why, it was only a delightful, luxurious tempering of the mountain freshness. But the more experienced of the company among the young people were as ready as the rest to make the weather an excuse for lingering to the last in the garden, listening to the babble of the Fearn, examining the minister's last roses and geraniums, and Mrs. Macdonald's and Unah's ferns, speculating on the dappled sky, and then strolling beyond the garden gate to ascertain if Ben Voil's grand brow were still serene, in the probability of a change of weather after so portentous a marvel as a warm September evening in Fearnavoil. Dawdling in the open air was preferable to Mrs. Macdonald's somewhat formal arrangements of a little music for the entertainment of the young people, since no dancing, not even with the apology of its being done domestically on a carpet, was held under Mrs. Macdonald's reign at the Manse.

Donald Drumchatt was of the party. But he had grown wary, like the burnt child who dreads the fire, and proved the first of the young men to desert the twilight garden. He was alone among the elders, and he did

not take the arbitrary classification so complacently as was his wont: it rendered him restless. Seeing his dissatisfaction, Mrs. Macdonald did summon Unah to return to the drawing-room, believing that her friends would follow her lead. But Unah only got as far as the glass porch, which was now as radiant and fragrant as it could be made by hanging orange nasturtiums, spreading purple petunias, crimson and white verbenas, mignonette, and heliotrope—a bright, sweet summer entrance to the old Manse. It was not an unfitting background to the lad in the first flush of his manhood and the fervour of his passion, and to a lily maid like Unah. For Frank Tempest detained her there to tell him a story which she could not give in the hearing of Drumchatt.

The talk had been of the owls which haunted the Pass and of their eerie screeching in the night, like the eldritch cry of something not "canny."

"But you have no ghost among all your heroes and heroines," Frank had said to Unah. "The spirits of the clansmen may be on the gale, as Ossian's dead warriors were in the winds; but I have not heard of an individual homely ghost."

"There is a ghost at Drumchatt, only we don't often speak of it," said Unah.

"Will you tell me about it before we go in?" he begged, feigning more curiosity than he felt, to keep her with him in the porch.

"It is a very old story. A remote ancestor of Donald's paid a visit to an ancestor of Fraser of Treig's, to arrange about levying black-mail—that is, plundering the Sassenach; but a quarrel ensued between the proposed plunderers, and Drumchatt was slain at Treig. The murderer was not punished at the time; only the dead man's son, a little child of three years of age, was made by his widowed mother and the principal clansmen to swear on a bloody sword to revenge his father's death."

"After the fashion of Hannibal," suggested Frank.

"Yes," she answered the observation; "I have often thought of that; these old stories have so much in common. When little Drumchatt grew to be a man he dissembled and induced Treig to come up to Drumchatt, and there he was barbarously slain in reprisal. It is Treig's ghost that 'walks;' but neither Donald nor any of us have to fear encountering him—strange to say. He must be quite a friendly, or at least no more than a sentimental ghost—rather a refinement on ghosts, don't you think? For he only

appears to Treig, or, as some say, to any foe of Drumchatt's, when he sleeps in the house, to warn him, and to reproach him with forgetting kindred blood, and hate, and the fate which has doomed Treig to wander as a ghost in Drumchatt."

"Then I should not be safe from the meeting," said Frank quickly.

"You! because you are an Englishman? I do not think so," she said, laughing. "I don't suppose Treig's ghost is so patriotic. It is strictly individual and homely, as you said, and it only concerns itself with Drumchatt's personal enemies. Remember, the original Drumchatt and Treig were fellow-countrymen. Treig's ghost's quarrel is a private one, and has nothing to do with the long-standing feud between the Saxon and the Gael."

But any one who had watched Drumchatt's face, as the loitering couple entered the drawing-room, might have questioned Frank Tempest's certainty of escape from being remonstrated with by the sympathetic spirit of that Treig of old, if the young Englishman were ever rash enough to sleep a night within the weather-stained walls of Drumchatt.

This evening, for the first time, there were signs of the calm breaking up, and giving

place to a storm in the amazed, indignant suspicion and resentment stirring in the young man's breast. And there did not fail to awake, along with these unpleasant elements, answering tokens of the old spirit of his race. No delicacy of constitution, and no fragility of body, were sufficient to quench the pride and the ire of the Highlander. The blue veins on Drumchatt's white forehead swelled and became purple as he knit his brows; the hectic colour in his cheek deepened to fiery red as he set his mouth and raised his head haughtily.

He could control himself; he disdained to betray his jealousy. He even spoke lightly to Unah and civilly to Frank Tempest. But any bystander not blind might perceive that something had gone wrong with Drumchatt, and that he was repressing with difficulty a towering passion.

Mrs. Macdonald, daring woman though she was, trembled a little when she, alone having eaten of the tree of knowledge, recognised fully the nature of the flame beginning to kindle in Donald Drumchatt's eyes, and to cause him to pull together his lax sinews, and raise to its full height his tall, drooping figure. Mrs. Macdonald was driven to temporise and play the diplomat for the protection of all concerned.

## THE MAY-QUEEN.

**B**ORNE upon the strongest shoulders  
To the sports upon the green,  
Decked with flowers all fair in season,  
Comes the laughing-sweet May-Queen.

Little ones look back and wonder  
At the far-extending train;  
Still o'er yonder height come wending  
Buxom lass and happy swain.

And the old folks, smiling softly,  
Think of other Mays long past,  
When in trains more gay and sightly  
They had scorned to be the last.

Think, too, of the train of pilgrims  
Nearing to another shore;  
Still they smile upon the young ones,  
Glad to see one May-day more.

E. CONDER GRAY.

## COMPARATIVE EFFICIENCY OF ENGLISH AND FOREIGN LABOUR.

By THOMAS BRASSEY, M.P.

**T**HE present depression in trade has led to much discussion concerning the character and conduct of the British workman, always so severely criticized in a time of commercial depression. When trade expands, and every available man is wanted, wages rise, and the growing demands of the workman are disliked. When trade collapses it is always said, and often most unjustly, that the

inflation of wages has been the main cause of our disasters; as if those who control the application of the capital, which constitutes the wage fund of the country, were not responsible for the over-production of textile goods and iron, and for the multiplication of furnaces, factories, and ships. It is owing to this constant and unnecessary augmentation of our manufacturing resources that the mar-





"Borne upon the strongest shoulders  
To the sports upon the green,"

"Decked with flowers all fair in season,  
Comes the laughing-sweet May-Queen."



ket has been overstocked, and that a general depreciation of prices has been brought about.

If we test the comparative efficiency of British labour by the amount of our exports, we shall see that we have lost ground chiefly in our trade with the great manufacturing countries, where the supply of capital and labour has been abundant, and where we have to encounter a serious protective tariff. Indeed, it is in those very countries, against which we have been told to be on our guard as formidable rivals, that the apprehension of British competition is most keenly felt. The growth of our trade to non-manufacturing countries and to neutral markets is not unsatisfactory. The following figures are taken from the Board of Trade tables. The comparison is made between 1873, when our exports were at the highest point they have ever attained, and 1877:—

Countries.	Exports.	
	1873.	1877.
	£	£
Java and other possessions in the Indian Seas	774,673	2,088,775
Algeria	65,565	276,000
The Philippines	430,177	1,314,160
Morocco	305,164	405,258
Venezuela	541,620	633,740
Ecuador	109,383	255,618
Japan	1,884,145	2,460,275
British Possessions	74,447,707	75,752,150

It is difficult to obtain an impartial opinion on the subject of our investigation from persons practically familiar with the capabilities of the working man. In pursuing my inquiry I have keenly felt the loss of the valuable counsels of my late father. He had enjoyed unequalled opportunities of comparing the industrial powers of many nations. He felt generously towards the working man, and he was ever ready to pay liberally for vigorous and efficient labour.

In seeking for opinions on this difficult question of the relative efficiency of English and foreign labour, it is before all things necessary that the witnesses should be free from bias. I would rather take the opinion of a literary man, or of an economist, than that of a manufacturer, on such a subject; although I am sensible that in the former case I am leaning on the judgment of a theorist rather than a practical man.

Mr. Lecky, in his "History of the Seventeenth Century," quotes a passage from Defoe's pamphlet entitled "Giving Alms no Charity," which gives a vivid picture of the labouring men of England in the beginning of the last century. A bad system of poor

relief had already wrought a pernicious influence on the peasantry. "I affirm," says Defoe, in the passage quoted by Mr. Lecky, "of my own knowledge, that when I wanted a man for labouring work, and offered 9s. per week to strolling fellows at my door, they have frequently told me to my face that they could get more a-begging. Good husbandry is no English virtue. . . . It neither loves nor is beloved by an Englishman. The English get fortunes, and the Dutch save them; and this observation I have made between Dutchmen and Englishmen, that where an Englishman earns his 20s. a week, and but just lives, as we call it, a Dutchman with the same earnings grows rich, and leaves his children in a very good condition. Where an English labouring man with his 9s. a week lives wretchedly, a Dutchman with the same money will live tolerably."

By the kindness of Mr. Watson, who has had extensive experience in the construction of public works in Holland, I am enabled to give you some facts, which will enable you to judge how the Englishman compares with the Dutchman in our own day, nearly two centuries after Defoe's pamphlet was written.

In summer the Dutch mechanic begins his day's labour at 5 A.M. and ends at 7 P.M., with two and a half hours' interval. In winter he commences work at 7 A.M. and ends at 5.30 P.M., with pauses of an hour and a half. The workman's food costs from 1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d. a day. The English labourer, who consumes more meat and beer, would probably spend from 2s. to 2s. 6d.

Education amongst Dutch mechanics is more advanced than with us. Carpenters and bricklayers can generally understand and work to a drawing, and write and read fluently.

With the view of comparing the cost of work in Holland and in England, Mr. Watson analyzed the cost of some sea locks executed in Holland in 1870, 1871, and 1872. The brickwork cost £1 1s. 2d. per cubic yard. On a railway contract near London executed in 1878 the price of ordinary brickwork was found to be £1 4s. 4d. per yard. The quality of the Dutch work is on the average better than the English. The bricks are excellent, and the workmanship cannot be surpassed.

In Holland the wages of a good bricklayer average 3s. 10d. per day of 10 hours. The Englishman will do about the same amount of work, but his wages for ten hours of labour in or near London, until a recent date, were about 8s. a day.



Extending the comparison to earth-work, the cubic yard costs by Dutch labour, 3'02*d.*; by English labour 3'63*d.* The transport of earth to long distances is of rare occurrence in Holland. In this particular the men are not expert, and the work is quite as costly as in England.

Carpenters for rough work are paid in Holland from 4*d.* to 4½*d.* per hour. They are good workmen, but not so active as Englishmen. It may be assumed that the labour of four Englishmen would be equal to that of five Dutchmen; but the four Englishmen, at the London price of 6*s.* 6*d.* per day, would cost £1 6*s.* as compared with the sum of 18*s.* 9*d.* which would be paid for the five Dutchmen—thus making the English work about 46 per cent. dearer than the Dutch.

The quality of the carpenters' work is excellent, but joiners cannot compete in quality or finish with London workmen.

In a report made by the director of a large engineering establishment at Amsterdam to the proprietors, comparing the Thames and the Clyde prices and results with those obtained on his own works, it is assumed that three Englishmen would accomplish as much as four Dutchmen, but the wages of the former averaged 8*d.* per hour, and the wages of the latter were 5*d.* As regards quality, though not equal in finish to London work, excellent steam-engines and machinery are now turned out of the Dutch establishments.

The cost of labour of all descriptions in Holland has risen at least 30 per cent. during the last ten years, with a corresponding rise in the cost of living.

It will be observed that Mr. Watson sets the cost of labour in the rural districts of Holland in comparison with its cost in the vicinity of London, during a period of exceptional activity in the building trades. I cannot, therefore, accept his statement as a final judgment. We ought to take the prices paid for piece-work in the provinces, and the rates of wages paid throughout a period of at least ten years, in order to arrive at a fair average.

It would have been interesting to examine the cost of engineering works in all parts of Europe, and materials are not wanting; time and space, however, do not admit of such an investigation on the present occasion. We will therefore proceed to examine the comparative cost of labour in the mines and iron works. Mr. Lowthian Bell is a high authority on this subject.

The following comparative data are taken from a paper written on the occasion of his visit to the Exhibition at Philadelphia:—

Coal-hewers.	Hours of Actual Work.	Tons of Coal daily.	Daily Net Earnings.
Durham . . .	5'39	3'90	5 0
Northumberland .	5'52	3'15	4 9
United States (bituminous coal)	10'0	5'0	8 6

The average earnings throughout Great Britain were about 5*s.* 2*d.* per day, or 11½*d.* per hour of actual work. In 1874 the rates were 1*s.* 2*d.* per hour, for which the quantity worked was about 11 cwt. per man. In Northumberland and Durham the miners are supplied with firing and live rent free, which makes their wages worth an additional 1½*d.* per hour, as compared with the earnings of colliers in the United States.

In America in 1874 the hewers got 13 cwt. of coal and were paid about 1*s.* 1*d.* per hour. It thus appears that at that date the advantage was rather on the side of the pitmen of this country.

In November, 1874, the price paid for puddling iron on the Tees was 10*s.* 9*d.* per ton; the average price in the United States at the same date was £1 0*s.* 7*d.* Since 1874 the price at Middlesboro' has been reduced from 10*s.* 9*d.* to 8*s.* 3*d.*, or 2*s.* 6*d.* per ton. During the same period the amount of reduction in the United States varied from 2*s.* to 4*s.* 6*d.* per ton; but these concessions had been obtained at the expense of considerable interruptions to work and some serious disturbances.

Mr. Lowthian Bell could detect no difference, between the Old and the New country, in the skill of manipulation exhibited by the workmen employed in the rolling-mills, but the cost for labour per ton was fully 25 per cent. higher in America than in our own country.

Mechanics in the building trades command exceptionally high wages in all newly settled countries; indeed, they are always the first to profit by a local scarcity of labour. Houses must be built *in situ*. Textiles, iron, and many descriptions of food can be bought in the cheapest market, and can be imported by the railway and the steamship from remote districts. The wages of the manufacturing operative are fixed by competition with the whole world. In the building trades the competition is limited to the workmen on the spot. Mr. Lowthian Bell gives the following wages as the average earnings of

tradesmen in America:—Blacksmiths, 7s. 6d. to 8s. 6d. per day; masons and bricklayers, 11s. 3d. to 15s., and the latter had received in 1873 as much as 18s. 10d.

The effect of the scarcity of labour during the civil war in raising wages may be appreciated from a few striking examples. At Pittsburg, ordinary labourers were paid before the war 3s. 4½d. per day; during the war they rose to 7s. 6½d. They had fallen at the date of Mr. Lowthian Bell's paper to 5s. 7½d. In the Lehigh Valley the furnace labour on a ton of pig iron rose from 5s. 9d. to 12s. 3d. during the war; it had subsequently fallen to about 8s. 6d. As a rule, all over the States, we find a steady increase in the scale of wages for the last twenty years. It reached its culminating point during the rebellion, since which time it has receded to from 50 to 75 per cent. higher than it was a quarter of a century ago.

Mr. Lowthian Bell gives the following as the earnings of workmen employed in ironworks on the continent of Europe for the year 1873, the period of the highest wages in this country and in America:—

	Coal-hewers.	Ironstone Miners.	Puddlers (12 hours).
Belgium	{ 4s. to 7s. 2d. in 8 hours.	{ 2s. 6d. to 3s. 7d. per day.	{ s. d. 1st hand 5 0 2nd „ 2 10 to 3 2
Silesia	{ 3s. 6d. in 10 hours.	{ 1s. 10d. in 8 hours.	{ 1st hand 4 9 2nd „ 3 2

It is stated in a recent paper by Mr. John Nevis that the wages of miners at the Aniche mines in France are 3s. 8d. per day of 8 hours. The colliers receive coal, medical attendance, and education for their children gratis, and they pay a nominal rent for their houses. We learn from the same authority that at the Anzin mines, where no fewer than 12,230 men are employed underground, and 2,861 on the surface, the hewers average 3s. 11½d. per day.

It is satisfactory to know that, after his wide and searching inquiry, both in the United Kingdom and in America, Mr. Lowthian Bell arrives at the conclusion that, in regard to cheapness and efficiency of the labour, the workmen engaged in the ironworks of Great Britain have nothing to fear from foreign competition, even where the hours are longer and the scale of wages, measured by the day, is much lower than in our own country.

Turning to the textile industries, we have in Mr. Mundella a most competent authority, from personal experience both in Notting-

ham and on the Continent. He tells us that the Englishman, though much less sober, less instructed, and less refined, is yet more inventive, and can give more good suggestions to his master than the artisan of any other country.

And now let us turn to our most eminent statisticians—men who survey the oscillations of trade from an absolutely neutral standpoint, and who have spent their lives, not in battling with more or less numerous bodies of workmen for small reductions of wages, or in minimising concessions, when they are compelled to make them, but in measuring the broad results of international competition.

I take, first, the following passage from Porter's "Progress of the Nation." "The amount of skilled labour performed in a given time by any given number of our countrymen is commonly greater than that accomplished by the like number of any other people in Europe. To this circumstance it is in great part owing that, with a higher rate of daily wages paid for fewer hours of toil than are required in other countries, our manufacturers have been able, under otherwise adverse circumstances, to maintain the superiority over their rivals."

The work of Mr. Porter has been carried down to the present day by Professor Leone Levi. Confirming the favourable opinion of Mr. Porter he describes Britain as a perfect beehive of human labour. Taking space and population into account, possibly there is no other country in the world where there is a larger proportion of labourers, where harder work is gone through all the year round, and where the reward of labour is more liberal than in the United Kingdom.

Mr. Mill summed up what he conceived to be the main features in the character of the British workman in the following passage:—

"Individuals or nations do not differ so much in the efforts they are able and willing to make under strong immediate incentives, as in their capacity of present exertion for a distant object, and in the thoroughness of their application to work on ordinary occasions. This last quality is the principal industrial excellence of the English people. The efficiency of labour is connected with their whole character; with their defects as much as with their good qualities."

A generation has passed away since Mr. Mill placed on record the opinion I have quoted, but I find his views confirmed in the pages of Mr. Wilson, who, in his valuable volume, entitled, "The Resources of Modern

Countries compared," has given us the latest collection of evidence on this subject. The following passage embodies the final result of Mr. Wilson's elaborate inquiry: "I have generally come to the conclusion that as yet our supremacy has not been substantially interfered with. The backward wave, which has swept the trade of the whole world downwards, has been due to causes too universal to lead us to suppose that any special decrease in the producing and monopolizing capacity of England has occurred. Let the conditions be the same as they are now when business enterprise again revives, and we shall on the whole be able to retain the position we now hold. We shall be the largest carriers in the world, the largest manufacturers, and the most extensive employers of both labour and money. The resources and advantages of the country in ships, in machinery, in mines, in skilled labour, in teeming population, in unopened stores of coal and iron, and in geographical position are such as no other country can at present lay claim to, and with these we have nothing to fear. Not only so, but year by year the growth of our own Colonies in wealth and certain kinds of producing capacities must tend to strengthen our hands and to make the trade supremacy of England more assured. No other country that the world has ever seen has had so extended an influence, and as yet there are almost no signs of the decay of this vast empire."

The advantages acquired by Great Britain in international commerce during the last twenty years are shown with admirable force and clearness by Mr. Newmarch, in his recent essay on "Reciprocity." He there shows us, to use his own words, "why it is that, since 1856, the foreign merchandise imported has risen in amount or value by 117 per cent., while the British merchandise exported has risen in value only 74 per cent., or, put in a more simple form, why it is that in 1877-75 we got 20s. worth of foreign goods for 11s., while in 1859-56 we had to pay 14s. In the twenty years we have acquired such an enlarged power over the foreigner by means of accumulation of capital and improved production, that he now has to send us 14s. worth of his merchandise in all the cases in which, twenty years ago, he had to send us only 11s. worth."

Again, when it is attempted to raise an alarm as to the incursions of the manufacturers of the United States into the Manchester markets, let me refer to some examples of successful competition by British

with American manufacturers. I quote the following from an essay by Mr. Wells, entitled, "How shall the Nation regain Prosperity?" "In 1874 Chili imported from Great Britain more than 55,000,000 yards, and from the United States only 5,000,000 yards, of cotton cloth. This little State, one of the smallest among the nations, with a population of about 2,000,000, imported more cotton cloth, to supply her wants, from Great Britain in 1874, than the United States exported that same year in the aggregate to all foreign countries combined."

In 1874 the export of cotton goods to the Argentine Republic was in excess of 40,000,000 yards, while for the year 1875-6 the export from the United States of the same fabrics was officially reported at 155,000 yards.

Mr. Morley may not be accepted as an impartial witness, but his testimony will be accepted on matters of fact. "They are turning out," he said in a recent paper, "a greater quantity of work in Lancashire for each spindle and loom per week than at any previous period in the history of the trade, and more than they are doing in any other country in Europe, however many hours they may work." He reminds us that it was admitted by the Manchester Chamber of Commerce in 1876, when trade was still profitable to employers, that the price of calico was lower than in any year save one in the history of the cotton trade. Again, as he most fairly argues, "if it were true that it is the action of the workmen that disables us in foreign competition, then we should expect that the more labour entered into the cost of production, the greater would be our disadvantage in the competition. But in the cotton trade, at all events, exactly the contrary of this is true. The articles in the production of which labour is the most expensive element, are just those in which competition is least formidable. A common shirting, sold, say, at 7s., and which has cost only 2s. in wages, is exposed to competition. But a piece of fine cambric, sold, say, at 9s. 3d., has cost 4s. 6d. in wages, and yet in this description of goods, in which labour is the main element of cost, we have complete command of the markets."

I might have added largely to the opinions which have been quoted, but I question whether I could have had recourse to more impartial authorities than those I have laid under contribution. It was my father's conclusion, after a long and wide experience, that in fully peopled countries the cost of



railways and other public works was nearly the same all over the world, and that for every country the native labour, when obtainable, was, with rare exceptions, the cheapest and the best.

For a task of exceptional difficulty, one requiring all that dogged courage and determination to which Mr. Mill refers, the British miner and navvy are unsurpassed. After a long residence abroad, the Englishman adopts the diet and habits of the population around him. He lives as they live, and works as they work. Climate counts for much in the physical condition of the human frame.

The preceding observations as to the uniformity observable in the cost of works do not apply to newly settled countries. Amid the sparse populations of the colonies labour is necessarily dearer than elsewhere.

I have referred to the invigorating effects of a cold climate. In my judgment the influence both of climate and of race is abundantly displayed in the many admirable qualities of the British people.

The enterprise of our colonists and our merchants is irrepressible. During my visit to Cyprus I rode side by side with a man who had been driven only a few weeks before by the Kafirs from his farm on the borders of Natal. He was then earning a living in Cyprus by carrying parcels on horseback between Kyrenia and Larnaka, riding a distance of forty miles every day under a burning sun. On the following morning I purchased some Australian preserved meat from a merchant at Larnaka, who had just arrived from Vancouver's Island, where trade had been flagging ever since the island ceased to be a free port, and who had come to try his fortune in another out-port of the British Empire.

If we turn from the merchant to the manufacturer we recognise less brilliancy, perhaps, and less of that wise caution which distinguishes the Frenchmen, but we perceive an undying energy and admirable skill in administration.

For the workman I contend that, with all his admitted faults, and notwithstanding his incessant clamour for higher wages in prosperous seasons, and his hopeless resistance to reductions in adverse times, he stands before all his rivals in many essential qualities. Beaten we may be at last by the exhaustion of our natural resources. I do not believe that we shall ever be beaten through the inferiority of the ironworkers, the spinners, and the weavers of the United

Kingdom. Their habits of industry are a national inheritance, and their labours are wrought in the most favourable climate in the world for the development of the bodily and mental energy of man.

My immediate personal experience of the working qualities of our labouring population has been chiefly acquired afloat. I admit that the British seaman submits less readily to discipline than the Swede or the Dane, and that in the ordinary routine of a sea life he cannot always be relied upon to use his utmost energies; but when the trial comes of nerve, and strength, and skill, the British seaman is rarely found wanting.

The character of the British seaman was admirably depicted by Shakespeare in *The Tempest*. The boatswain, with his "Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! Yare, yare! Take in the topsail; tend to the master's whistle. Down with the topmast! yare: lower, lower. Bring her to by the main course!" and his dauntless remonstrances with his craven passengers, "Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?" was a portrait drawn from nature by a master hand.

It is a maxim of our law that there is no wrong without a remedy. We cannot contemplate the existence of an evil and not desire to remove it; but the remedies for the avoidable imperfections of our commercial and industrial organization are to be provided rather by good social influences than legislation. The legislator has done his part by removing the shackles from industry, and by placing the workman and his employer on an equal footing in the courts of law; but the effects of all our legislation will be incomplete and unsatisfactory unless they are followed by social reforms.

The concentration of wealth and administrative authority in our own country would have created a wider breach between the wage-earning and wage-paying classes, but for the counteracting sympathies exhibited by many privileged persons for their humbler neighbours. I do not speak of public subscriptions, but of that sincere solicitude for the welfare of others which is found in the highest ranks, which flows from the pen of the man of letters, which sends forth young men of rank and wealth on self-denying missions to the lowly dwellings of the poor, and which leads so many ladies to convert a life of leisure into one of unceasing ministrations to necessity.

Let me give an instance. The custom prevails in Kent of employing the migratory

population of St. Giles to pick the hops, for which the county is renowned. These people come from a distance to their work, miserably equipped with the means of preparing food. Their lodgings are of the rudest. Their earnings are adequate, but their lives are singularly comfortless, especially in rainy weather.

During a short visit last autumn in Kent, I had an opportunity of watching the efforts of certain ladies, who had no personal interest in the result of the hop-picking, but who, out of pure kindness of heart, provided hundreds of hop-pickers, at cost price, with tea, and soup, meat pies, and bread—in short, with all the necessities of life. The labours of these benevolent ladies were most arduous. They were wrought in the seclusion of a rural district, not to be seen of men, nor yet as a reward to dependents and followers for their faithful services. The recipients of these favours were wanderers from afar, and sympathy with strangers, whose lot seemed hard, was the only motive which actuated their benefactors. It is gladdening to turn aside from the recent strike of the agricultural labourers to a scene such as I have so imperfectly described.

In his separate report to the French Commission, M. Jules Favre insists in forcible terms on the general duty of masters to maintain kindly personal relations with their men. Taking a general view of the intercourse between men and their masters, not only in Paris, but throughout France, he declares himself convinced that the prevailing uneasiness and distrust are the result of a misunderstanding rather than a real antagonism, and that an agreement, based on an appreciation of the interests which

they have in common, might be established, if employers would but appreciate their social duties to their workmen.

The industry of the United States is to some extent organized on the same republican principles on which the government is framed. The workmen are more readily acknowledged, as having an equal interest in the results obtained by the combination of their manual skill with the capital furnished by their employers.

Having spoken of the masters, the workman should be reminded that he too has his duties. He must be more provident. From the high wages earned during a period of exceptional prosperity an accumulation should be made, as a provision for the cycle of years of depression which will surely follow, the intensity and duration of the crisis being generally proportionate to the height of prosperity which had preceded the reaction.

Mr. Morley has published some remarkable returns, showing what considerable progress has already been made by the operatives in the Manchester district in this direction.

Of a total number of 114 local building societies, 75 sent in returns as to the condition of their accounts.

Total number of members . . . . .	50,690
Annual income . . . . .	£6,584,300
Share deposits . . . . .	£4,125,500
Loans with interest . . . . .	£6,159,100
Mortgage securities . . . . .	£10,474,500
Contingent reserve fund . . . . .	£239,231

These are encouraging statistics. The more general the ownership of property, especially of property consisting of a house or a plot of land, however small, the more strongly the fabric of society is cemented together.

## THOUGHTS FOR QUIET HOURS.

BY THE EDITOR.

V.

THE true eye and the perfect object, the capacity to appreciate beauty, whether material or moral, and, with the appreciative taste, to have absolute loveliness presented for its contemplation, are the evident conditions on which enjoyment depends. "In thy light shall we see light" expresses thus the highest attainment possible for man as a spiritual being. For to see things in the light in which God sees them is to have the right eye, and to see *light* in the

light of God is to contemplate the purest of all objects.

We all know how differently the same scene appears according to the mood in which we regard it. When we stand on the breezy hillside in the joy of youth all nature arrays herself with the brightness of our own glad hopefulness. The young blood bounds as in sympathy with the rushing winds and the flashing streams. But when we return to the same spot, burdened with the toil and

sad experiences of life, then the same vision of loveliness is so shadowed by sorrowful memories that it awakens a sense of weariness and dejection. Nature speaks no longer of hope, but of mutability and decay. Verily,

"We receive but what we give,  
And in our life alone does Nature live;  
Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud."

What we once saw in the light of youth becomes another scene when viewed in the light of mournful experience.

A similar principle determines the effect produced by things moral. Falsehood, selfish cruelty, or coarseness are invested with different qualities, according as they are seen in the light of the man of honour, generosity, or refinement, or in that of the depraved and hardened. The indignation or disgust experienced by the noble-minded are unknown to the base.

Now one great part of the work of Jesus Christ was to produce the right spiritual eye, so that man might see all things in the light of God. The change which took place in those who came under His influence was chiefly of this nature. This, for example, was what He required of Nicodemus as the condition on which alone he could "see the kingdom of God." He did not need the presentation of new objects, so much as the child-like heart to perceive the glory of the King of righteousness and truth, who was then speaking to him. It was not another sun that was required, but another eye to behold the light even then shining. The work of salvation in the highest sense consists accordingly in leading men to regard all objects truly, by putting them into sympathy with the mind of God. For the repression of evil in its outward manifestation can never be compared to the infinitely more important reformation of evil tastes; just as the existence of a depraved will is a greater problem than the question of punishment. No good parent on earth would be satisfied with preventing his son by force from committing evil, or by delivering him merely from the penal consequences of his actions. His deepest desire would be to make him feel rightly, so that he may view his dishonour with all the disgust in which it appears to himself. He can be pleased with nothing short of the *same kind of feelings* which he himself experiences, however incapable his child may be of realising them in all their depth and intensity. All is gained when the right mind is produced which sees for itself the beauty of goodness and the foulness of what is wrong. And so we may bless God that He makes it our eternal life to be

in fellowship with Himself and with Jesus Christ, His Son. For that which constituted the majesty of the life of Christ, and which was the source at once of his sorrow and his joy, was beholding all things, each germ of good or each bitter fruit of evil, in the light of God. It was because He saw all men in the light of God's loving purpose that He sought their well-being with an earnestness whose intensity was measured by the Cross; because He beheld also His own path of life in the light of the same wise and perfect will, He never swerved from the appointed way, although it led to Calvary and the grave. And the grand purpose of Christ in saving men is to bring them into sympathy with this mind, that seeing all things in the light of God, they may become spiritually His brothers and sisters.

For it is evident that a change wide as the distance of heaven from hell is involved in the difference between the eye which colours all things with its own moral depravity and that which beholds all objects with the clearness of perfect holiness and truth. Viewed, for example, in the light in which a man of the world would regard it, nothing can be more harmless than a life of simple ungodliness. Never to kneel in prayer, never to be filled with the awe of God, nor be moved to earnestness by any religious motive, are not spoken of as faults in what is termed "society." The code of honour does not condemn either indifference to God or to the spiritual well-being of mankind. To him who sees humanity only in the light of his own self-indulgence, it makes no matter whether God is loved or hated, or the race saved or lost. The selfishness of the miser or of the reckless spendthrift, the barren life of the cold-hearted or the wasted life of the voluptuous, the pride of rank or wealth, the cruel separation of rich from poor, are not visited by the man of the world with any severe judgment so long as certain proprieties are observed. But what a change would take place in his estimate if for an instant all were suddenly revealed in the full light in which St. Paul or St. John, or in which Jesus Christ Himself would regard them! Then the animalism, the stupid unbelief, the unnatural indifference, the wicked selfishness, the contemptible shallowness and vanity of the worldliness which once seemed so innocent would appear intense sinfulness. Once life is set in this light of God its aspects are wholly changed, and this change of view measures the distance of heaven from earth.

For the moment a man comes to regard



all things in the light of God, he will, in proportion to the clearness of his vision, be put into sympathy with the experiences of Christ and of every apostle and saint in the Church of God. The things which gave joy to Christ must, according to the trueness of his perceptions, give joy to him, and he must to a similar extent enter into the sorrow with which Christ was affected by the sins and sufferings of earth. The possession of the true eye infers in this way the possibility of a new range of painful as well as blessed experiences. Holy and loving sympathies necessarily bring a new liability to suffering, even while they enshrine blessedness and peace as their inalienable inheritance.

And except for the light in which Christ enables us to view life, how tragic would be the mystery which surrounds us! No satire is too keen for such a disjointed medley of passionate loves and holy hopes that seem born only to sink into dust and silence—the wise man dying as the beast! Without that vindication of humanity whereby through Jesus Christ we are made children of hope and heirs of immortal promise, intelligence would become a cruelty, and affection twin-sister to despair; since, for all we know, the clinging arms and the kisses which seal the cold lips of death are but vain mockeries.

I have hitherto spoken of the true eye as a necessary condition for sharing the joy of Christ; but fulness of joy depends on the possession also of the highest and most perfect objects. Evil seen in the light of God must bring holy sorrow, but to see light in the light of God is perfect heaven. Earth would have been as another heaven to Jesus Christ if, instead of wickedness, he had found spotless goodness, and if instead of hatred he had received the perfect sympathy of brothers and sisters rejoicing, as He rejoiced, in the one righteous Father. But if the world ever presents such elements as are enough to mar perfect happiness in those who share, in any degree, the mind of the Master, a day is coming when, seeing "light in the light of God," we shall not only have the true eye but the purest objects to delight its vision.

It is a glorious witness to the purpose of

God in Christ to trace, even in this world, the education of the sympathies in every saint who has been led from spiritual infancy in an ever-increasing growth towards the fulness of "the stature of the perfect man in Christ Jesus;" when we can measure, for example, the gradual advance of St. Paul or St. John or an Augustine, and can mark the deepening insight, the ever-enlarging love, the increasing holiness which characterized their progress during the brief years of their mortal career. In what these men became we can test to some extent their capacity for enjoying that eternal life which is "to know God and Jesus Christ." But imagination fails to measure the fruition of their blessedness when, with hearts made perfect in holiness, they shall see spotless light in spotless sympathy with the mind of God. If in contemplating such a possible destiny an aged apostle felt his furthest earthly advance was no more than a spiritual childhood, and confessed his inability to comprehend all that the future involved of eternal growth, saying, "it doth not yet appear what we shall be"—we may well confess our blindness as we gaze up the mighty vista suggested by the promise that we shall one day see "light in the light of God,"—the stainless purity of perfect goodness beheld with the perfect clearness of a Christ-like holiness and love.

We have only to reverse the thought in order to create a picture of hell. To see all things as the devil sees them, with a heart in sympathy with his pride and hatred and corruption, would make even heaven itself, beheld in such a light, become a hell.

And it is because we are now forming good or evil sympathies that the question of character becomes so important. It is this which lends such significance to that battle which is being waged in the secret history of every life, ending in the imperceptible growth of habits and the acquirement of tastes. He who possesses the childlike heart can alone really possess the Father—for it is the godlike love which is in us that can alone understand and rejoice in the love that is in God. "If children, then heirs, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ."







"YOUNG MRS. JARDINE."



## YOUNG MRS. JARDINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

## CHAPTER VIII.

W



E L I.,  
mother,  
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are we  
to have  
that  
little  
talk  
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promised  
me  
now  
nearly  
two  
weeks  
ago?"

"A-  
bout  
what,

my dear?"

"Surely you remember?"

A vexed look, passing like a shadow across the round, good-tempered face, showed that Mrs. Jardine did remember, though she would have been glad enough to pretend she did not, and to shirk the question.

"What, that entanglement of yours with the little Swiss girl? Oh, she has forgotten you by this time, depend upon it; and I was in hopes you had forgotten her."

"That was not likely. And I must beg of you not to call it 'an entanglement.' What I have to speak to you about is the very serious question of my marriage. You promised to consider it. I have waited, not merely a few days, but a whole fortnight, and you have never said a single word to me on the matter, which, you must know, is so very near my heart. It is rather hard, mother."

It was hard; and, to do the young man justice, he had behaved exceedingly well. Never sulky, never *distracted*, as is the manner of young men in love, he had set his mind steadily to do his best, had been at his mother's beck and call from morning till night, had gone with her wherever she wished, and done whatever she told him to do. He had, indeed, devoted himself to her and all her whims and ways with an earnestness rather pathetic, not from selfish motives, but

from a sad, inward consciousness that however this difficulty ended, he could never be as much her son as he had been; never again live in the same house, nor even in the same town, for he was determined to quit Richerden, and begin a quite different life—the unworldly, heavenly life with *her*! "My son's my son till he gets him a wife," is a law of nature, inevitable under the best circumstances, but never painless; and Roderick's tender heart was so alive to this fact that it made him especially anxious to soften things to his mother as much as he could, before the change which he felt was coming.

But now her total silence, and the silence at Neuchâtel—for Monsieur Reynier had never answered his letter—made him desperate. The more so as he was an idler at home all day, without the staff of regular business work to sustain him. Richerden life—such as is generated in most mercantile communities where wealth, suddenly earned, results in a superficial veneering of luxury, not refinement—had always been distasteful to him; now it became positively obnoxious. How he hated that perpetual "worrying" over trivial outside things, instead of the large and calm simplicity which, let levellers say what they will, is oftenest found in people of good birth and education. A duke will ride in a second-class carriage, and a duchess come down to breakfast in a linsey gown, with a composure that would astonish your *exigeant* parvenu, who thinks his dignity compromised by anything short of the most splendid equipage, most sumptuous of eating and drinking, and most magnificent of clothes. Roderick Jardine was no duke, only a gentleman, by nature as well as birth—for nature's gentlemen are born in all classes; but somehow he always felt himself at Richerden like a fish out of water; and now it seemed as if another week of these dreary, idle forenoons, and duller evenings, doing civility to a tableful of heavily eating, more heavily drinking men, and over-dressed, under-educated women, would nearly drive him mad.

Doubtless he judged harshly, and with the intolerance of youth. He did not see the under side of things—the anxious daily toil which inclined the men to enjoy to the utter-

most their good things of this life, so hardly earned. He knew not the endless cares of the many kind and motherly hearts which beat warmly under those brilliant gowns. Just now Roderick was altogether "off the straight," and disposed to make no allowances for anybody. He could endure, certainly; but even endurance has an end, and it had come now.

"Mother," he said, sitting down by her and taking her hand—it was a wet afternoon, and she had just sent the carriage away—"you promised to think it over—this matter so very near my heart. Have you done so? Will you give me your approval, and let me take your love and blessing with me to—to Neuchâtel?"

"And why? What may be your business at Neuchâtel?"

He turned bitterly away. "Mother, do you think I am a stone, that you try me so? You understand quite well, though you pretend to misunderstand. You know I am going to Neuchâtel to ask Mademoiselle Jardine to marry me."

"And then?"

A shrewd question, and pertinent; for, lover-like, man-like, he had not thought of anything that was to happen afterwards, neither his means of keeping a wife, nor the home he was to bring her to. His one idea was to secure the girl he loved for his own, to marry her, and then—*vogue la galère!* Winds and waves come to all men; no man is half a man who dares not slip anchor and face them bravely, with love in his heart and prudence at his helm. Still—

"And then?" repeated the mother.

"Then, I suppose, we shall be married."

"Might I inquire, what do you intend to marry upon?"

This question, hard and dry, was put after a whole minute's pause, during which mother and son faced one another, and recognised, perhaps for the first time, that each had the same strong will—an inherited quality, like others of the kind; which often make a struggle between parent and child so difficult and painful, because each is a reflection of the other. In this one only thing Roderick was liker his mother than his father. As they stood looking at one another, both felt that the contest, if contest there should arise, would not be a mere passage of arms, but actual war—war to the knife.

Roderick spoke at last, very quietly, after his habit; he was growing terribly quiet now.

"I have not considered the question of

my income; but it keeps me, and is doubtless enough to keep a wife. You pay it so regularly, that it is you who can best inform me its precise amount, and whence I draw it; for I should like naturally, from this time, to be as independent as possible."

"So you shall be, never fear, and much good may your independence do you! Roderick Jardine, since you will be such a fool, hear first what you have to look to. When I married your father, except that tumble-down place, Blackhall, he had not a half-penny. I was daft to marry him, I know that; but I was young, and I was fond of him." Her voice trembled a little. "However, that's all past; and he was a good man, and a kind husband to me—always let me do as I liked with my own. For everything was my own, and is still, and I will do as I like with it; mind that."

"Of course; who wishes to hinder you, mother?" said Roderick gently; for the loud tongue was growing louder and the red face redder. Self-restraint, he knew, was not one of his mother's characteristics—perhaps that was why he had been obliged to learn it himself.

"My money is my own" ("my ain," she pronounced it, dropping, as she always did in excitement, into the speech of her youth). "If ye vex me, and marry against my will, lad, ye may do the best ye can with that wretched hole, Blackhall; go and starve in the musty old rooms among the mice and rats, as I dare say your father would have liked to do; but ye'll get naething out o' me. I hae thousands—hundreds of thousands—to spend and to leave; but though you're my ain, only son, marry that woman, and I'll neither gie ye, nor leave ye, ae bawbee."

She thought she had overwhelmed him, crushed him; but he stood there, without any visible change in him, except a certain loftiness of carriage and brightness of eye.

"Don't let us quarrel over money-matters, mother. As you say, do as you like with your own. If I have Blackhall, I shall be quite satisfied, and so will she."

"Then you mean to brave me, insult me, and marry her?"

"Not to insult you. But I certainly mean to marry her—if I can."

"With or without my consent?"

Roderick waited a minute, and then answered in a very low tone, "Yes."

"Lad, lad! have ye gone clean daft? Do ye really mean what ye say?" For apparently, until now, ever accustomed to entire

and unquestioned authority, she had refused to believe him in earnest.

"I usually do mean what I say, mother, though I never say much—it is no use," Roderick answered with a sigh. "What I asked of you was not money—you may give me much or little, or none, just as you choose—but your consent to my marriage, which you refuse. Why? Give me your reasons."

Mrs. Jardine hesitated, probably because she really had no reason to give, except the common one to people of her temperament, "I've said it, and I'll stick to it."

"What reasons can you have?" pursued Roderick, speaking very gently. "You have never seen the young lady—you can have no personal feeling about her, one way or other. She is well-born and bred, and remarkably well-educated. The only exceptions you can possibly take against her are, that she is, as I told you, not pretty," and he smiled—"well, mother, that is my concern—and that she has no fortune. If I could, I would have obviated that last difficulty by making over Blackhall to her at once, but I find I cannot, as it is entailed upon heirs male. The small sum in ready money left me by Cousin Silence I shall settle upon her immediately, whether she is ever my wife or not, and glad am I that it should go to another Silence Jardine."

"It may go to the de'il for all I care," cried Mrs. Jardine violently. "Do the best you can with your own, for nothing shall you ever get of mine. It's my duty to prevent your doing a mad thing if I can. All your sisters say so, and your brothers-in-law, and indeed every friend to whom I have mentioned the matter."

"You have mentioned the matter then?" said Roderick, turning very pale. "While I kept dead silence, and asked the same of you, you have been talking over me and my affairs with all your acquaintances. Thank you. That was indeed being a wise mother and a kindly."

Frightened at his tone and manner, Mrs. Jardine tried to eat her words. "No, indeed, Rody. I would think shame to do that. I have told nobody—at least, almost nobody."

"Except my three sisters and their husbands, and the two or three particular friends to whom they have told it. Doubtless the whole of Richerden knows it perfectly by this time—that is, the version that you have given of it. Very well. So much the better for me. You have made my way quite clear, mother. Mademoiselle Jardine shall not be

talked about or compromised in any way. I have made up my mind now."

"And what might it be?—if your mother may presume to ask?"

"I shall go back to Switzerland, marry my cousin if I can, and present her here as soon as possible as my wife. If she will not marry me, I—I shall never come home at all."

"Nae fear o' that. She'll tak' ye, lad; she'll jump at ye if she thinks you've got the siller."

"Mother"—Roderick spoke beneath his breath in a white heat of suppressed passion—"mother, how dare you say such things to me? If there is a creature in the world that ought to be sacred to a woman, it is that other woman whom her son loves."

For a moment Mrs. Jardine seemed startled—even touched. She looked at her son, the son who seemed to have grown so suddenly old—nay, so suddenly wise, in his assertion of his manhood and its rights. His air was so manly, too; quiet, brave, and strong; and the strange beauty of his face—not merely handsomeness, but beauty, spiritual almost as a woman's—shone in it clearer than ever. A son for any mother to be proud of! And she was proud of him: yet she was about to lose him, perhaps for ever. It was too hard; the pain of it almost drove her wild.

"That other woman, as you call her, is nothing to me. You chose her without my knowledge, and you say you will marry her with or without my consent. Do it. But from that day I will never set eyes upon either her or you."

"Be it so." Roderick sprang up in irrepressible passion, and paced the room once, twice, then stopped opposite her. "You didn't really mean what you said? Mother—oh! mother." The appeal was almost like a cry, but in vain.

"I did mean it, and I do."

And there came into Mrs. Jardine's face a look such as in all his days Roderick had never before seen there. It reminded him of his grandfather; the clever, hard old man, who, by that mingled cleverness and hardness, had raised himself from the very dregs of the people, and died a millionaire, well respected, though little loved; of whom it was said that he never forgot a friend or forgave an enemy.

"Then, mother, it is no use our talking together any more. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

Roderick held out his hand, but she did not take it. His voice was tender, sad—



nay, almost broken-hearted; but hers was cold as a stone.

"By good-bye I do not imply that I am going away at once," said he, clinging unconsciously to some last hope. "It will take a few days to arrange my affairs. Shall I stay on here, or would you prefer my leaving the house?"

"Stay on here. It looks more respectable."

"You are right. And perhaps"—with a bitter accent—"that we may at least do things as you suggest, 'respectably,' you will be kind enough not to talk any more of me or my affairs, at least, till I have left Richerden."

"Very well. The sooner you go the better."

"I know that."

And seeing her rise to leave the room, he rose too and opened the door for her, with a sad gentleness which showed plainer than ever the gulf which had opened between them—opened, perhaps, never to be closed more.

For five days they went on in the same way, keeping up a sort of piteous politeness before servants and guests, but otherwise never exchanging a word, and never meeting except at meals. Sometimes Roderick felt this state of things so dreadful that he would fain have fled from it; but to fly seemed such arrant cowardice; and besides, his strong sense of duty urged him to endure to the uttermost before he took the final step of throwing off parental authority, even though it were unjust authority.

"Yes," said the family lawyer, who, apparently knowing everything, had sent for him and talked to him on the subject, as did his two married sisters. Indeed, the poor fellow, who himself kept absolute silence, was talked to—or worse, talked at—from morning till night by different members of his family as if he had been the one black sheep therein, whom all were trying to lure back from his errant ways. "Yes, my dear sir," said the old man, "I own Mrs. Jardine has her prejudices. And she has a strong will, too; and you have thwarted it—which no woman likes. But then, remember, she has money."

At which Roderick, who had otherwise replied nothing, howsoever or by whomsoever he was talked to, answered passionately, "I do remember. But I must now endeavour to forget it—and her. I have seen enough of riches and the curse of them. Now I am going to try poverty."

"Poor boy!" said the lawyer half aside.

"My father's son can afford to be poor," continued Roderick proudly. "And my father's argument to me was always, 'Do a thing because it is right;' never, 'Do it because I choose you to do it.' I think it right—the very highest right—to marry the woman I love, who is also the best woman I ever knew, and I mean to do it. I am ashamed," added he, "thus to bring up the name of a young lady who is still ignorant of my hopes concerning her: but I am forced to it. And now, will you explain exactly how my affairs stand?"

It was with some difficulty that he took in the explanation, for Roderick's education had been so utterly unbusiness-like, that he had no notion of the sad mysteries of *£ s. d.* But he understood thus much, that his income would be greatly diminished, and that he would have to live entirely at that "old, tumble-down place," Blackhall.

"She will not mind that," said he, smiling. And the vision of her in her cheerful poverty—alas! he had never seen any but the cheerful side of it—with her strong common-sense and practical ways, gave him a soothing sense of comfort, a dim foreshadowing of what his life would be when she was that "help-meet" which a man should always seek in a woman. Happy if he find her neither idol nor slave, but equal friend, bearer, glad and proud, of half his burthens; not only guided by him, but sometimes guiding him, too, on the right, the prudent, the holy way. "I'll try to keep right," Roderick said to himself. "I'll try to hold my own, and yet do nothing wrong to anybody if I can help it. But, oh! it's hard to bear. I don't think I can bear it much longer alone."

And he might not, for his nature was very tender, and it was a single-handed battle against every creature that belonged to him, had any one of them, especially his mother, said to him a single kind word! But nobody did; not even on the last night, which they knew was his last—that he would never again sleep under his mother's roof. He had told her so, yet she had a dinner-party that evening, at which she sat opposite to him, wearing her diamonds, and beaming all over with those exuberant spirits which always rose to the highest pitch whenever Mrs. Jardine was dispensing her magnificent hospitalities.

Perhaps she wanted to make him feel all he was throwing away, the things she prized so highly: perhaps she did not really believe he would have the heart to renounce them. It seemed to Roderick that never had his

mother looked so radiant, so happy, as on that night—the night which she must have known was their last together, and which she had signalised by giving, as he overheard her triumphantly telling one of her guests, “the very biggest dinner that ever was given in Richerden.”

It ended at last, and the mother and son stood alone together, as many a time before, in the drawing-room, or rather in the dining-room, the “banquet-hall deserted,” where, with a curious mixture of economy which ran like a thread through her lavish luxury, she was examining into and locking up the remains of the wine.

“Good night, mother,” holding out his hand, which she did not take—she had not taken it nor offered him the slightest caress for five days. “Good night and good-bye; for I shall be away before you are up to-morrow morning.”

“Away! Where to? Oh! I remember.” She laughed contemptuously. “No, no, laddie; you’re not such a fool!”

“Better be a fool than a knave, as I should be, if I forsook my cousin, an orphan without a penny in the world, because my mother has a prejudice against her.” He spoke bitterly, but immediately checked himself. “Mother, I am neither fool nor knave, but an honest man; and I act honestly and openly in telling you what I mean to do. I shall marry Mademoiselle Jardine, if she will take me. If not, I will be a good cousin and friend to her; and help her all that I can.”

“With your large income, which of course you will tell her of beforehand.”

“I shall tell her everything, and then even you cannot accuse her of making a mercenary marriage. Oh, mother, mother!” the tears rushed to his eyes and almost choked his voice, “why are you so hard to me? I want none of your money. Do whatever you like with it; but I want your blessing, your love. Why can’t you love me as you used to do?” (Mrs. Jardine turned round, half mollified.) “Only, you must love her as well.”

“Never! Never as long as I live.”

Without another word, Mrs. Jardine gathered up her velvet skirts and sailed out of the room, slamming the door after her.

Perhaps her son was weak; perhaps he ought to have followed her—persuaded her—come to some definite conclusion with her. But he had a natural horror of “scenes;” struggles from which her rugged and yet easy temperament came out triumphant—nay, refreshed; while he, cast in finer and gentler mould, felt

their effects for hours afterwards. Perhaps too, having said he was going next morning, he should have gone; but he did not go.

Mrs. Jardine must have guessed or known this, for when she came down and found him in the breakfast-room, she made no remark, only slightly smiled. And no conversation passed between the mother and son except upon the boiling of the eggs. After breakfast, she went about her customary business, or pleasure, in her customary manner, even saying to the servants in his presence, “to have Mr. Roderick’s dinner all ready for him at seven o’clock, as she should be absent till nine.”

“You forget, mother,” he said, “I shall be absent too. I must leave to-night.”

“Stuff and nonsense! I’ll believe it when I see it.”

These were her last words, loud and angry, as she went out of the room. For long and long, he tried hard to forget them and her face, as she looked then—alas! that ever a son should wish to forget his mother’s face! but he never could. They haunted him all through that cruel day, when he busied himself with putting his things together—very helplessly, for he was one of those men who can do little for themselves, and always instinctively rest on a woman’s care; through the solitary night, when, alone in the railway carriage, he tried to collect his thoughts and could hardly believe that he had left his mother’s roof for ever, that thus, in the most commonplace way, without any tragic scene, if that is not the deepest tragedy of which there is no outward sign, and around and above which all the little wheels of every-day life go calmly rolling on,—thus, alas! had been broken a tie which, when perfect, is the most perfect and the closest in all this world; and even when imperfect, as in this case, has in it a depth and tenderness which is scarcely fully felt until it is broken.

Though his conscience could accuse him of nothing; though he had done all that mortal man could be expected to do, in the piteous crisis in which he found himself; and though now, safe and free, he felt himself sweeping on across land and sea towards the desire of his heart, with a firm hope, even more than hope, of winning and possessing, still, for many, many hours, there could scarcely be found a more miserable man than Roderick Jardine.

But human nature is human nature, and all people, even parents, must get what they earn. Had his mother bade him go through fire and water for her sake, explaining the

why and wherefore, Roderick would have done it; he was one of those who never shrink from doing anything, for duty, or for love. But when she insisted upon blind obedience, giving no reasons, listening to no explanations, merely asserting her own imperious will, "I say it, therefore it must be," backing her words by the power of punishing which fortune had laid in her hands, then her authority failed; as such tyranny ever must fail, save with cowards and time-servers.

Roderick stayed a day in London, at an hotel, the address of which he had carefully written out and left upon Mrs. Jardine's dressing-table, waiting vaguely in the hope of some blessed telegram that might change his miserable journey into a happy one. Then he started; and when he found himself drifting away from Dover pier under the cold clear winter stars, he felt as if he had cut the cable of his old life for ever.

Now, whatever happened, he was at least free: free from Richerden and all its intolerable shams, its burdensome luxuries, and thinly disguised vulgarities. How he hated them all; and, in his passionate youth, how harshly he judged them all! Now, he thought, he could carve out a life for himself—a life of useful, honourable toil, simplicity, and peace: such as his father had often talked to him about, wherein the new generation should carry out all that the old had lost.

"Oh, father, father!" Roderick looked up to the winter stars under which they two had walked together so many an hour, and which still seemed a strong bond of union, a kind of memorial witness between the living and the dead. "Father, I am glad you are dead and know nothing of all this. Or else, that you know everything, which I almost believe you do."

And the solemn nearness of the dead, contrasted with the sad far-off-ness of the living, comforted him, in a way by which such natures are comforted, and other and different natures cannot in the least understand.

By-and-by, as the gleaming circle of Dover lights receded, and mile after mile of stormy sea rose up between him and England, Roderick began to look forward, not backward. Who would not, at his age, with a passionate first love thrilling every nerve, and wakening every power of brain, heart, and soul? Once in his life, some one says, every man becomes a poet. Then, too, almost every man becomes a hero, capable of the bravest acts, the noblest self-denials.

If any one had seen Roderick now, they

would have seen a boy no more, but a man. The very expression of his face had changed. Its softness and dreaminess were gone; there was firmness in the mouth and fire in the eyes; the strength to do and to dare, which comes to all generous souls when it is not alone themselves that they have to think of, had entered his heart.

"I *will* have her," he said to himself, for the thousandth time, and kept pondering over every possible way in which he was to tell her so; to woo her down, Diana-like, from her blue heaven of saintly peace, and make her stoop to become a mortal wife. And alas! a poor man's wife. But that, he felt, was his best chance. Roderick Jardine, with unquestioned thousands a year to lay at her feet, would, to a girl like Silence, be infinitely less dear than Roderick Jardine—just himself—asking her to love and comfort him, to help him and work with him, to take her fair share in the burthen of life, the best lightening of which would be that it was borne together.

That she could bear it, he had not the shadow of a doubt. In those six weeks—no, two months—of constant association, he had seen more of her than nine men out of ten ever see of the woman they choose as a life-companion; choose her out of ball-rooms, croquet-grounds, picnic parties, a mere Ellemoid, as he had once laughingly said to his mother. But this was a real woman, strong as gentle, human and loving,

"And yet a spirit still, and bright,  
And something of an angel light."

"Ay, even though, as I told my mother, she is 'not pretty,'" laughed he to himself, as he recalled with a thrill of passionate remembrance the soft grey dress (alas! forgetting it was black now), the slender figure, the clustering light curls, and the whole simple sweetness of that vision of perfect womanhood, now for ever before his mental eye. Was it wonderful if all his Richerden life, the sharp voices and unkind looks, the atmosphere of sham elegance and real coarseness, that strange mixture of extravagance and meanness, of worldliness and religion, or rather religiousness, in which he had been brought up, faded away from his memory; and he thought only of the other atmosphere into which fate had driven him, where a certain heavenly influence seemed to make hard things easy, and sad things sweet, to bring peace in the midst of poverty, and love and calmness through deepest sorrow. Sorrow, which led the way to joy. The joy that was approaching, even though it was the mere



bliss of being near her, of being able to help her, as a man helps a woman, and a woman rejoices in that sweet dependence, filled his whole being: coming nearer and nearer with every lessening mile.

By the time he reached Pontarlier the strong tension had changed this hope almost into a fear. What might not have happened during the weeks that had passed since he heard anything of her? She might have been ill—dying; but, no! he had a certain trust in the good Reyniers, and in the silent freemasonry between himself and Sophie. No misfortune could have come, or he would have known it.

Nevertheless, as he swept along through the Val de Travers, as once before—only then it was in morning sunshine, and now in the chill shadows of early dawn—a great solemnity came over him. The bare trees, the silent snow-topped crags of the ravine, seemed a warning that all things come to an end, even youth and love. Only, will the young ever believe this? Or rather, why should they? Because, though in a sense it is true, in another it is utterly, divinely false. When he came out above Neuchâtel and saw the eternal Alps still standing in their place, the long wavy line of snowy white above the deep blue lake, Roderick felt, by an intuition beyond all reasoning, as he had felt the first day when he looked into her eyes—a stranger's eyes—at Berne. And again at Lausanne, when they talked together of love until death—ay, and after. For when two who have loved one another see life drawing to an end, does there not come a mysterious sense of a new life just beginning, a life of absolute and heavenly union, of which human marriage, when perfect, is the nearest type? Strange how, even now, in the fulness of youth and strength, Roderick's imagination leaped forward fearlessly to the time when, every charm faded, he should clasp in his arms the one woman he had loved—the woman who had loved him, and him only; whom, whatever they might be to the world, this divine unity of love made each to the other eternally young.

Reaching the hotel, after his long night's journey, the familiar faces and the bright Swiss welcome warmed his heart. It was Sunday morning—during that miserable week he had almost lost count of days—and all the good people of Neuchâtel were gone to church: doubtless also the Reynier family. Still, he could not rest. He thought he would just go and see the outside of the house, perhaps hear she was well, and then

hover about for a glimpse of her, till he could speak to the professor, her nominal protector, and ask permission, after the fashion of the country, formally to offer his hand. For he was determined no respect, no decorum, should be wanting in anything he did, down to the commonest outside *convenances*, towards the woman he adored.

His hand almost shook as he rang the bell of Professor Reynier's door—for after all he could not pass it—and his voice failed, and his disused French seemed to fly away from him when he faced the little *bonne*, who at once recognising him, and breaking out into the most courteous of smiles, showed him in quite like “un ami de la famille.”

They were all well—they would return from church immediately—Monsieur must allow himself to wait—her master would be charmed to see him. Would Monsieur repose himself in the salon? No one was there, she believed.

And for the first moment he believed so too, and sat down, looking tenderly round on the familiar room—the Paradise where his Eve had appeared to him that first night—making ever afterwards the whole world new. The dear, silent, empty room! Empty? no! something stirred in a recess; some person, sitting there reading, rose with a slow, listless air, came forward, suddenly stopped.

The slender figure, the black dress, the fair, clustering curls!—Roderick started up. The whole thing was so sudden, so unexpected, that there was no time for any disguises on either side. Besides, both were so young; and it is in later life that love learns concealment. As they stood, these two young creatures, face to face, and quite alone, no human power could have concealed the joy of both.

Roderick advanced a step. “Me voici! je suis revenu,” was all he said, speaking in French, as seemed most natural.

“Oui, oui, oui!” and, with a glad cry, Silence clasped her hands, the first impulsive gesture he had ever seen her use; “oui, il est revenu!”

The minute afterwards—he knew not how; in truth, neither ever did know—he felt her in his arms, gathered close to his breast, sheltering and sheltered there as if it were her natural refuge. He did not kiss her—he dared not; but he touched her soft hair as it lay on his shoulder; he pressed her, all shaking with sobs, to his breast; he called her by her name—first, “ma cousine,” and, then, “Silence.” An instant more, and putting her a little apart from him, so that

he could look down into her eyes, he breathed, rather than spoke, another word—an English word—"My wife."

Silence shrank back for one moment, trembling violently, drooped her face, all scarlet, and then lifted it up with a strange pathos of entreaty, almost appeal, as if she had but him in the whole world.

"Your mother," he whispered—"your mother knew it all."

"Then—yes!"

Roderick drew her back again, close into his very heart, and pressed his lips upon hers. In that long, silent, solemn troth-plight the two became one—for ever.

#### CHAPTER IX.

WHAT a change, sudden as wonderful, unto Roderick, as unto any human being with a heart, a soul, and a conscience!—to pass from the lonely, selfish, or at least self-absorbed existence of idle youth, useless and aimless, into the double life, with all its duties strongly and clearly defined, which every one takes, and ought to take, upon himself or herself, after that great crisis, "engaged to be married,"—when both cease to be sufficient to themselves and each becomes the right of the other; man and woman together forming the complete being, as is the holy law of marriage. And however some, having fallen short of it, may doubt, disbelieve, or even deride it, still this holy law remains the same, and still unbroken, open for every new generation to strive after; the ideal—possible, and sometimes attained—of true love and perfect marriage. Few find it, maybe; but if found—

Roderick felt that he had found it. When, for the first time in his life, thank God! he clasped a woman to his breast, the one beloved woman who to him was all the world; when, gazing deep down into her eyes, he saw reflected there a heaven of pure love—the love that seemed to look beyond himself and into heaven—there came to him a great calmness. He was satisfied. He felt himself no longer solitary, restless, drifting hither and thither as fancy or feeling led. His life now had a distinct purpose, an unquestioned duty. He had taken the helm in his hand, and was ready to sail away across any seas, known or unknown, if only he had her beside him—his friend, companion, helpmate, wife.

"My wife!" He said the word over and over to himself, with a strangely solemn tenderness, as he walked home to his hotel that night, after such a happy Sunday. Ay, though the wind blew and the rain fell, all

day long, outside the little window alcove where he and his betrothed were left to sit and talk. For, immediately on the family's return from church, he had asked for an interview with M. Reynier, and explained everything, while Silence did the same to Madame Reynier and the girls. There had been due congratulations, both formal and tearful, from the simple affectionate Swiss household, and then the thing was an accepted fact; the young people were *fiancés* and treated as such, according to the fashion of the country, which holds the bond almost as sacred as that between husband and wife.

His wife! Yes! heart and soul took in the dear new word, only a few hours old, and felt that it was making a new man of him. Not the mere selfish rapture of attaining his prize, but the deep, peaceful joy of being the one object of a woman's love; of holding her happiness in his keeping; of having taken root, so to speak, and given himself the chance of growing into a goodly tree for the shelter of many, instead of floating, floating, mere driftwood, down the remorseless river of life, which hurries us all away so fast. He might have many cares, many sorrows, but he had, and would ever have, the one sheet-anchor of life, pure and righteous love. For though he had chosen suddenly, and almost by instinct, he felt that he had chosen righteously, neither rashly nor blindly, and that he need not be afraid. Nay, with her beside him, it seemed to Roderick as if in the whole wide world there was now nothing to fear.

After that Sunday, that day of days, came eight or ten more, slipping peacefully by: he preferred to let them slip. First, because on that very night he had again written to his mother; a long, tender letter, explaining exactly how things stood with him, and entreating her once more to reconsider the question, and let him give her blessing to his bride, without ever having told, or had need to tell, poor Silence, that she came into the family unwelcome and unbidden. Waiting the answer to this last earnest appeal, he rested on the delicious present, in the new life, wonderful as new, which had opened before him.

Something else had opened too, unlocked by that betrothal kiss, the sweet, pure maidenly soul, so reticent by nature, that otherwise it might have remained for ever "a spring shut up, a fountain sealed."

"If you had not loved me," she said to him one day, "I think I should never have

loved any man alive. Now it seems all so natural, so right, so sweet." And she laid her head down on his shoulder. "Oh, if my mother knew how safe and happy I am! how you will take care of me always! But, also—I think I shall take care of you."

"Yes, my darling." For, well as he had thought he knew her, until she was really his own he never guessed what depths of tender-

ness lay hid in her—tenderness rather than passion. She was not a girl who would have died for love, or done wrong for love; but that she could love, through good and ill, through joy and sorrow, with a tenacity of fidelity that few, even among women, are capable of, her betrothed read in her eyes. And amidst all the passion of his youth it was a sort of balance-weight—this steady



calm of hers—making them in a sense each the complement of the other, as in marriage should be; diverse but not opposing elements, welded together in one harmonious whole.

A week went by, and still he heard nothing, had told her nothing, of his own people, except briefly answering her innocent questions, that his mother was quite well and his sister married. But each day he felt that

the time was come when he must tell her. Nay, her quick-sighted love was already piercing through the generous hypocrisy he was practising—beginning to read his face, as women always read the one face that they love, and to find out that he was not quite happy, not even beside her.

"I am sure there is something on your mind, my friend" (she often called him by



that innocent translation of "mon ami," being still shy of saying "Roderick"). "Could you not tell me? You mean to tell me everything, do you not?"

"Yes, my love—my love of loves! the one human being to whom I can tell everything," said he, passionately, as he pressed her hand against his heart. They were walking arm-in-arm up and down the cemetery, their favourite promenade, strange and *triste* as it was, the Reyniers thought—but they did not think so; not even though a few steps from them was the new little mound, with the white cross at the head of it, which Roderick had already caused to be erected, marking the mother's soon-to-be-forsaken grave. "But she will not mind—you will not mind," he had said, in gently hinting this possibility as a reason for completing everything. "If the dead can know anything, she knows that I think of her and of my father together, and that I will take care of you and cherish you—so help me God! as long as He keeps me in this world." To which Silence had answered never a word; but—he knew.

They were rather a singular pair of lovers, not given to much sentimental demonstration; rather more like old married people. They would sit together hour by hour, he reading, she sewing; troubling nobody; seeming to want nothing but the mere bliss of being together. At least, it was evidently so with her; and when he looked at her calm, sweet face, so full of innocent peace, Roderick, with a deep pang, pressed all his own troubles deep down in his heart, thanking God that he had a man's strength to bear them all—bear them, if needs be, for two.

This might have gone on still longer, he shrank so from the cruel task of giving pain to his innocent darling, had it not been for a letter which came one morning, the very morning when he took her to look at the new white cross, and she had asked him to "tell her everything." He had told her a good deal; how the repairs were progressing at Blackhall—not restorations, only needful repairs; which he had left in charge of Mr. Black, the factor—desiring that nothing might be altered which was not absolutely necessary. But in reading the letter to Silence, he had omitted the P.S., which ran thus—

"I saw Mrs. Jardine this morning. She was quite well; looked exceedingly well. She had let her house for the winter, and was just starting on a round of visits in England.

She bade me tell you she had received your last letter, and there was 'no answer.'"

Then she was inexorable, this woman who called herself a mother. As Roderick stood beside the grave of the dead mother here and thought of his own, he could almost have forgotten his manhood and burst into an agony of childish tears.

But he did not; he controlled himself, thinking how best he could break to Silence, whose only idea of motherhood was perfect love, perfect trust, the fact that there were other mothers—shall I say God forgive them, or only God pity them?—who could act differently; yet, perhaps, acting not unconsciously according to their several lights.

Roderick tried to think so; with his whole heart he tried: with true filial duty abstaining from harsh judgment, and saying to himself, "It is because we are so different that she cannot understand. Still, still——"

"What are you thinking about? Is there anything in the letter that vexes you? or anything that you have not read to me?" She spoke in her pretty broken English; she always talked English with him now; and she looked him straight in the face with her innocent eyes. "I shall not mind your not telling me everything, if you say distinctly, 'I have reasons. I would rather not.' But still I think it would be better—better for us both, if you did tell me."

"You are right," he answered, with an almost convulsive clasp of the hand which lay on his arm, which she returned. It was one of the touching peculiarities of her that now she was betrothed she never seemed the least shy or ashamed of loving him, of identifying herself with him, and of belonging to him and him alone, without an atom of coquetry, or exactingness, or doubt. That delight in teasing, in showing their power, which so many girls—really generous and good girls—have with their lovers, was in Silence Jardine altogether absent. She simply loved him; nothing more.

"Now tell me, what is it?" she said. "It will not hurt me. Nothing can hurt me now, except so far as it hurts you. Tell me."

So he told her, as briefly and tenderly as he could, without compromising the truth. He attributed Mrs. Jardine's objections to his marriage chiefly to her vexation that his bride was of another country and had no *dot*. Of the family riches, or his own, he said as little as possible; and, in truth, Silence did not seem to take in that phase of the subject, or be affected thereby. The one thing which

struck her—and put it as carefully as he would, it could not fail to strike her like a heavy blow—was the fact that he was marrying her without his mother's consent, and hopeless of ever winning it.

"We never do that here," she said faintly. "It is, I think, impossible, illegal."

"It is not so, in our free England," Roderick answered passionately. "No injustice, even of parents, is allowed to blight our lives. After a man is twenty-one, or a woman either, both can walk out of their parents' door and in at any church-door and be married in face of all the world, which is a right and righteous thing—"

"Hush!" she whispered; and he saw that her face was white, and the touch of her poor little hand deadly cold. "We will not talk any more of this to-day. To-morrow."

"But we must talk of it, my dearest," cried Roderick, seized with sudden apprehension, and almost wishing for the moment that he had used deceit, or at least concealment—given some vague reasons, easily credited by her who so innocently believed everything, for his mother's silence, and so married her, not letting her guess the whole sad truth till she was married, and it was too late to retract. But second thoughts recalled him to himself, and he knew that he had acted rightly; that a generous woman, deceived in any point before marriage, may afterwards forgive, but to forget, never! Any deception, then, strikes the key-note struck by wise Shakspeare when he makes Desdemona's father say bitterly—

"I look to her, Moor! if thou hast eyes to see:  
She has deceived her father, and may thee."

"Love, my own love!" pleaded Roderick, "you will not be angry with me for daring to tell you the whole truth. Do not cast me off! My mother has done it, you see. I have now not a soul to make a home for me, to take care of me, to keep me right. No, I don't mean that exactly. I am not quite such a coward as to compel the girl I love to marry me by saying I shall be ruined if she does not. You make me good; but your forsaking me should not make me bad," added he proudly.

She smiled, a proud smile too. "No, I am not afraid of that."

"But you will not forsake me? My darling, we are two lonely creatures. Let us cast our lots together, and let us do it as soon as possible!"

Silence started, all the blood rushing to her face. "Oh, no, no. Think of this," touching her black dress; adding with a cruel

sob, "Mother, my mother, you loved him so! And *his* mother rejects me, will not have me for her child." Then, seeing the misery in her lover's face, she suddenly brightened, with a tender, fitful brightness, like the sun through a shower. "My poor Roderick, my dear Roderick! We are very unhappy, both of us; but we will try to bear our pain together. I will think all this over. You must let me think it over quietly, and not expect me to say anything, one way or other, for this night at least. We will part now. Do not walk home with me. Come and see me to-morrow morning."

"Not walk home with you! Not see you till to-morrow morning!"

In the smothered passion of his voice, the agonized entreaty of his eyes, Silence must have seen, have felt, how dear she was to him: that dearness and nearness which when a woman once finds out, her own heart echoing the truth and teaching her to believe it, is a heaven of happiness never lost—no, not even in the supremest anguish of separation, or the final parting of death.

"Roderick," she whispered, putting her cold little hands in his; they stood together in the shelter of the cemetery wall; the early December dusk had already fallen, and there was not a creature near. "My Roderick, kiss me—kiss and forgive!"

He kissed her—that sacrament of the lips which only faintly expresses the union, through life and after, of soul to soul; and both were comforted and at peace. Nevertheless, in walking home together they scarcely spoke a single word.

Reaching the Reyniers' door, Roderick did not offer to enter; in truth, he felt that the usual social evening would be as impossible to him as to Silence. In their present crisis of pain they needed either to be quite alone with each other, or entirely apart.

So he parted from her, lingeringly and tenderly, and spent the whole evening and best part of the night in writing home, arranging, with his masculine ignorance, everything he could think of domestically, concerning the repairs at Blackhall. Failing their completion, he began to consider whether he could not, just till the winter's end, take a furnished house in Richerden. His mother being absent, would make this no objectionable thing; on the contrary, there would be a certain proud, indignant pleasure in bringing his bride home to his native place, and presenting her boldly to all his friends—even his sisters, supposing they were amenable to reason and common sense. They had each

homes of their own, and honest, sensible husbands besides; it is generally the women, not the men, who make and fan family "differences." But, should his sisters fail, being still much under the influence of the strong, capable mother, ten times cleverer than any of her daughters—well! he would then show them, would be glad of an opportunity of showing, that he was not the "boy" they thought him, but a man capable of acting for himself, and not ashamed of anything, least of all of his marriage and his wife.

"Whatever I am, I am at least no coward," thought Roderick to himself, as he braced his quivering nerves, and choked down the tears that would spring, woman-like, to his eyes, when he thought of the forlorn homecoming that might be, instead of the triumphant bringing home of the bride. "No matter, she will be mine then—she is mine now—and I will defend her and uphold her to my last breath."

Still, when he saw her next morning, looking deadly pale, but assuming a faint smile of welcome, and sitting down beside him in the old way, though, he noticed, with a slight hesitation, as of doing as a duty what had before been so natural and sweet, Roderick's heart sank. He waited in a fever of apprehension for what she had to say, or rather he tried to prevent her saying it by talking about what he had been writing in the matter of Blackhall. To all of which she answered only by a pale smile, then said gently—

"You forget, my friend, the matter we had to speak about this morning."

"No, I do not forget—but yesterday, when I spoke of our marriage, it seemed to pain you."

"It will not, to-day, for I have been thinking it all over, and——"

"You are trembling! You are ill, my darling!"

"Oh, no!" gently putting aside and then yielding to his tender caress. "Don't mind me, I am not ill; but I lay awake the whole of last night, and it is trying when the morning breaks upon one and there is no rest, no division between two days—two such dreadful days."

"Dreadful! Why? What do you mean?"

Silence recovered herself. It was wonderful the power she had, that little gentle thing, of restraining emotion and speaking calmly. To him, born with a temperament in which every nerve was sympathetically alive, quick to joy and equally so to pain, this quality in her was a rest inexpressible.

She took his hand and stroked it with a gesture almost motherly. "Listen to me. I have a good deal to say, and you must listen. You will? I shall not hurt you, my Roderick—not very much! And that I love you—ah, you know it—only too well, if that were possible. But it is impossible! Were you a vain man, or a tyrant, or selfish, it might harm you, and I should be afraid; but you are none of the three. You are Roderick, my Roderick! I shall never love any man in this world but you!"

"Of course not; it would be very wrong." But suddenly his attempt at a smile faded in a vague terror. "Why tell me this? What do you mean?"

"Hush! Listen to a little story which struck me very much when I was a young girl, and I thought of it again last night. Our canton, you know, is Protestant, but there were in the village two young *fiancés*, both Catholics. He took a fancy to turn monk——"

"What an idiot!"

"Never mind that. I do not argue the point; he did it for conscience' sake. He was a good man. One day he came and told her they could never be married, that he did not think it right to marry."

"Faugh! And the girl—what did she do?"

"What do you think she ought to have done?" Then hastily, as if to prevent an answer, "She said to him—it was she herself who told me—'Mon bien aimé, if you think it right, I am content. You will never marry, nor shall I; therefore we belong to one another still. And you loved me, you will always love me; that is enough!' It was. They are alive still, I believe. He is a priest, and she a *Sœur de la Charité*. We Protestants thought it strange and wrong, but she never blamed him. Her answer to everybody was, 'He thought it right!' and 'He loved me!' Poor Clotilde! I could not understand her then: I can now."

"Why?" asked Roderick tremblingly.

"Do you not see, my friend? The cases are scarcely quite equal, but there is a likeness, enough to show me my duty."

"Your duty! What is it? What do you mean?"

"I think"—she spoke very slowly and softly—"I think we ought to part."

For the moment Roderick was completely stunned. Her whole manner was so quiet, that a stranger might have imagined she felt nothing, that she had no feelings at all. A slight quiver about the mouth, a tighter com-



pression of the fingers—she had taken her hands away from his, and clasped them together on her lap—that was all. Shallow people might have wholly misjudged her; even her lover did, a little.

"And—you say this—quite calmly—as if you did not care!"

"Not care! Oh, mon Dieu! mon Dieu!"

It was not said in the light French way of using the great name, but in the agonized appeal that we all make instinctively in moments of acute anguish to One above all, the only One who knows all and can understand all.

Then she turned imploringly to Roderick. "Do not be angry with me, I do not deserve it; only listen, it is for your good I speak. Yesterday I believed—you made me believe—that it would be the best thing in the world for you to marry me. Now, I doubt."

"Why?"

"Can you not see? It costs you so much—far, far too much: loss of fortune, though money is a small thing, comparatively; loss of your mother and her love. Oh! it would break my heart if, through me, you were to lose your mother."

"I have already lost her; or rather, since I could so lose her, I could never have had her really," said Roderick, with great bitterness. He might have said more, but was checked by the sweet amazement in Silence's face. "You cannot understand, my dearest. My mother and I were never like you and your mother; it was a totally different thing."

"Still, you were mother and son. She loved you."

"Yes, she loved me," said Roderick, turning away his head to hide the spasm of pain. He had such a tender heart—too tender for a man, some would have said. But the woman who loved him did not say so. Only, with the wonderful instinct of love, she leaped to conclusions which made her feel that she must harden herself, to save him. It was the only way.

"Do not let us talk of my mother," Roderick continued. "Love is shown in actions, not words. There comes a time when a man is no longer in leading-strings; he must judge and act for himself. If he acts conscientiously and openly, his parents ought to respect him, whether they like it or not. My father would have done so. Oh, Silence, how my father would have loved you!"

"Perhaps he does love me," said she, with the soft, far-away look peculiar to her, and so seldom seen except in the eyes of little chil-

dren. "Perhaps it is that which helps me. Something, or somebody, must have helped me, or I think I should have died last night."

"My poor love!"

Silence turned round suddenly, clasped him round the neck, and hiding her face on his shoulder, wept as if her heart would break, then suddenly dried her tears.

"Now it is over. I have made up my mind—that is, so far as, being *fiancée*, I have a right to make up my mind. I think it would be best for you to go home at once, and tell your mother that we have parted, that we thought it best to part."

Roderick sat, dead silent.

"Otherwise, think what will happen! You will be comparatively poor——"

"And you are afraid of poverty?"

The moment he had said the words he felt their meanness, their utter untruthness, and passionately begged her pardon.

"What need?" Silence answered, half sadly. "The question is not whether you hurt me, or I you, or whether we vex one another, but whether we do what is right, absolute right. That is the real heart of love. If I thought a thing right, I would do it, and help you to do it, though it killed me—ay, even though it killed us both."

And as she spoke, her voice never faltered, though her face was white to the lips. Roderick felt a strange sense of awe, and yet peace, for he saw in her the woman he had dreamed of, the sort of woman that a weak man fears, a selfish man scoffs at, but a thoroughly noble man recognises as his noblest self, ready to be at all times and under all circumstances his strength and consolation.

"I understand you," he said, with a quietness that was a marvel even to himself. "But it is a very difficult matter to decide, and we must decide, for our whole two lives hang in the balance. Let me go away and think it out alone—quite alone."

He rose with a grave, sad air, and went to the door, then came back and kissed her hand.

"My love! my only love! Yes, I have found you. It is not every man's lot so to find. Whatever happens, I thank God."

Without more words he went away to his favourite "thinking-place," a quiet walk along the lake-shore. Many an hour had he spent there within the last few months, but never such an hour as this.

He was at the age when life is at full spring-tide with most men, when self-restraint, or even the power of seeing aught beside

themselves and their own will, is rare to all. One or two good Swiss folk who passed "*ce monsieur anglais*," already well known in the little town, and thought that he must have an extraordinary fondness for pedestrianism, and a great indifference to weather, little suspected that in him was then raging the battle fought in every young life, the St. George and the Dragon combat which, soon or late, must be gone through. Even Silence had fought it; fought it, poor child! alone, in the dead of night—was fighting it now, though when Sophie came in gaily and asked her where her renegade knight had vanished, leaving her all alone, she only replied that "she had sent him out for a walk; he would be back presently."

Yes, he would come back, with the fiat of life or death in his hands. Byron, who wrote so many false things, wrote one true one—

'Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,  
'Tis woman's whole existence,"

At least, this is true of most women; and she of whom it is not true is scarcely a woman at all. Though, all the time Sophie sat chatting beside her, Silence neither wept nor complained, asked no sympathy, and betrayed by no word that anything was amiss, still, when the door opened and she saw her lover appear, a shiver ran through her, which made the kind-hearted Sophie, with a troubled and anxious look, immediately disappear.

So, once more they were alone together, these two young creatures, learning so early their hard lesson, and trying so painfully to learn it well, to do the right and fear nothing. Alas! a lesson never ended for us all, our whole life long. Will it, in the next life, end—or only begin again?

But with these two it was this world, this life, still; their lot was in their own hands, and they knew it. Clearly, Roderick knew it. As he came and stood before his betrothed, the boyish irresolution sometimes visible in him was altogether gone. All the man, strong, true, tender, shone in his loving eyes. She saw this at a glance, and the light came back to her own; but still she did not attempt to speak. And when Roderick sat down beside her, instead of the usual fond, half-involuntary, shy approach, the instinct of shelter and protection, she sat motionless, as if determined by no winning look or word to sway her lover into any resolve that was not absolutely his own act and deed.

He too—there was that in him which

makes tenderness all the sweeter—even passion only the most passionate, because of its self-restraint.

"My love," he said, "I have been thinking over everything; trying to see the right and wrong of things—simple right and wrong, without relation to ourselves at all. My father could do it, and used to say he believed I could when I was tried. I hope so; I hope I can judge calmly, without being either selfish or unjust. Am I?"

"No! a thousand times no."

"Well then, if you can rely on me—and I think you may—the case stands thus. How far, and for how long, ought the parent's will to be an absolute law to the children? and how much of their happiness, or what they believe to be such, ought children to sacrifice to their parents?"

"A great deal, oh! Roderick, a great deal. Think, if my mother were alive—or your father."

"Yes, but——" he did not say what he was going to say, that there are parents—and parents: concerning whom God only, and perhaps the children themselves, can know the difference. "My father is dead, or all would have been well. As to my mother, if she had any good reason to prevent my marrying, if mine were a rash, disgraceful, or even an imprudent choice, or if I had deceived her in any way, she would have a right to be angry. But she has none. I am making an honest, honourable, creditable marriage. I can perfectly well afford to marry; even if I lose everything else, my father's property will keep us from want; and I am young, I can work. You too—oh, my darling! if my mother knew what you are! But she ought to have known; she ought, in commonest justice to you and to me, to have taken some pains to find out."

Silence said nothing.

"That is, I feel, the cruelest wrong of all," Roderick went on. "To say to a son, 'You shall not marry,' offering no reasons except, 'Because I do not wish it,' is as unjust as another thing which parents sometimes do—give young people like you and me every opportunity of meeting, every chance of loving one another, and then turn round and say, 'Nobody expected this, and it must not be.' I say it must be, it ought to be, or it ought to have been prevented in time. But here I am, arguing—arguing; what a pity my mother did not make me a barrister? It shows, anyhow, that I can judge the matter calmly, even though it concerns myself."

Still, under all his arguments, there was visible a great agitation, a vague dread.

"Perhaps when I am an old man—when we are both old people, my Silence—I may view the question differently. But I think not, I hope not. I hope I shall always believe as I do now, that right, absolute right, is the first thing in life—but, oh! love is the second. My best and dearest! the one woman in the world to me! it all comes to this: I cannot, will not part from you; I should not be doing right if I did part from you."

He extended his arms, and for the moment Silence looked as if she would have flung herself into that dear refuge—she, alone, motherless, poor—but she did not. She held aloof—would not even let him take her hand.

"Stay a little. Roderick, you are very dear to me—dear as my own soul; but I could part from you, this minute, and for ever, if I thought it right."

"Could you?" he looked at her for an instant. "Yes, I know you could."

"And, above all, if I thought it good for you. Perhaps, it might be good for you? You are young, you are ambitious, you will lose a great deal by marrying. Besides, you will be poor. For me, it does not matter; but you—can you bear it?"

"I will try," he said, smiling.

"But, that is not the worst. The worst is—oh, my friend, have you considered?—that I cost you your mother. She will never love me, and she loves you. Suppose you should one day reproach me for having lost you your mother?"

"Never, while I have my wife."

At that word, spoken in English, though they had been talking in French, which Silence still dropped into occasionally, her face grew all rose-colour—a pure celestial rose, like the sunset Alps.

"My wife," Roderick continued, "I must have you. I cannot do without you. My mother does not understand—some people never do. Some people think one love is as good as another; and perhaps it is, to them—but to us? I am yours, you are mine. What use is it to tell us we must not be married, when in our hearts we are already married. You believe that?"

"Yes," she said, and no more. Then, after a pause, "I believe in you so absolutely, so entirely, that I think if, instead of deciding thus, you had told me that our marriage could not be; that there were strong, clear, righteous reasons why I should

never be more to you than I am now, I should have said, like that poor Clotilde, 'It is all right; I am content.'"

"But would it have been right? And, would you have been content?"

She lifted up to him her pathetic eyes. "I would have tried to be. I will be now, if you only say the word; if there is in your mind the slightest doubt, the slightest hesitation. It is not so hard, not so very hard, since you love me. If I had never known that, perhaps it might have been. Not now."

Roderick was silent.

"Is it to be, then, my friend? We are to part; but we are always to remain friends? And you will always love me—never any one else but me? At least, I know I shall never love any one but you."

"Oh, my darling!"

The strong curb which both had put upon themselves was gradually giving way. Human nature, or rather that divine instinct which rules and guides the strong passions of humanity, bringing them at last into the desired haven, the deep peace which comes, and only comes, when two, who have deliberately chosen one another, righteously belong to one another for life—human nature would have its way.

"My darling, we *must* love one another—we *must* be married. You left it to me to decide, and I have decided. It will be a pang in some ways, a risk in others—but it must be; it ought to be. Love is best. Come!"

He took her two hands to draw her to him. At that touch of his—soft, strong, and firm—the sort of clasp which implies, besides will and passion, the deep tenderness that includes both, and makes a woman safe for ever—all the girl's soul seemed to yield to him, the man who was now master of her fate. She looked him straight in the eyes—her one love who loved her.

"I would have lived," she cried—"yes, I would have lived! One has no right to break one's heart and die, till God chooses. But, life with you, and life without you—oh, the difference!"

Roderick clasped her in his arms, and they wept together like little children.

After that day there was no reserve of any kind between these two, who had determined to cast their lot together, and "sink or swim," as Roderick said with a smile, which showed how little he believed in the sinking. He was very unworldly in many things: ignorant too; often a great deal more ignorant than she, in all practical



matters. As he showed when urging their immediate marriage, without thought of to-morrow, or the day after to-morrow, or indeed of any earthly thing, except the eagerness to get safe possession of his treasure, and be sure that no evil fate could snatch it from him.

But Silence said no. She would not consent to be married until at any rate the first few months of her mourning had passed by; besides, with the customary pride of Swiss girls, she wished to earn her own trousseau, and not come to her husband quite empty-handed. Therefore she insisted on continuing her music-teaching, and paying her board to the Reynier family, and living as independent, busy, and practical a life as if she were not going to be married at all. Her "insistance" was, however, accomplished in no obnoxious or violent fashion; but merely a quiet way she had of doing for herself that which she felt to be right, without interfering with other people. So Roderick, constrained by the gentle force of circumstances, took a leaf out of her book, as he declared, and began to work too—establishing himself at a pension in the town, and joining various classes, so as to pursue certain definite studies, and fill up a few blanks in an education which, out of the lazy *laissez-faire* of prosperous fortunes, had been, even at Cambridge, a good deal neglected.

"But I shall neglect nothing now, you will see," he said to Silence. "I was a boy six months ago; you have made a man of me."

And she? Girlish as she looked still, you could see in her face that she was a girl no more. Grave, quiet, often almost sad, from that day when they decided to be married against every obstacle, she took in all things the serious, womanly part, assuming with love's joy all its inevitable pain. The half motherly relation which almost every woman, however young, comes to take towards the man she loves, watching him, guarding him, cherishing him, Silence now assumed to the full, yet after a fashion so sweet, so unobtrusive, that the proudest man could not be offended.

"I wonder what makes you take so much trouble over me?" he said one day, when she had been suggesting a warmer coat, or some other trifle, the sweet trifles that show a man how a woman cares for him. "You are always thinking of me, dear."

"Because you never think of yourself," Silence answered, smiling. "Besides, I love you!"

That was the secret and its cause. She loved him as such a woman never loves twice in a life-time, and not even once, unless the object deserves it. Did Roderick? A question he asked himself sometimes, in the strange humility which had of late come over him; but when he put it to his betrothed, she laid her hand on his mouth and told him "time would show."

They had to trust to time for the unveiling of many a dark thing. Once again Roderick wrote to his mother, informing her that he had delayed his marriage for three months, hoping against hope that after all it might not be that saddest of weddings, without a parent's blessing, but that whether or no, it must be. He allowed her no possibility of believing that he could change his mind. While opposing, he never deceived her, for deceit is always cowardice, and whatever he was, Roderick was no coward.

So he worked on, and Silence worked on, seldom seeing each other during the day, but in the long winter evenings meeting under shelter of the Reyniers' kindly roof, and "taking sweet counsel together," like lovers who are also friends, and who feel in one another's company the delicious repose, the unspeakable comfort, of a sympathy which long survives passion, and lasts till the very end of life.

Their life was only at its beginning, yet the sadness of things made them prematurely grave, even when, coming to the conclusion that they must wait no longer, and that it was vain to hope for the letter which never came, Roderick pressed his young *fiancée* to name their marriage-day.

It was on one Sunday afternoon which they were spending with the good Reyniers at Chaumont. They had climbed the hill through the long pine-woods, and were now standing watching that lovely view, the triple chain of lakes, with its long line of snowy Alps beyond. The air was mild and soft; there were violets in the woods. It felt like the first day of spring, which always comes, as it were, with a message of promise to the young. Ay, and even to those whose youth is only a never-fulfilled remembrance.

"Silence," Roderick said, as he took in his hand that would be his own through life, "I have finished all the work I had to do here. Now, when shall we go home?"

"Home?"

"Your new home, and mine; the home we are to share together."

Startled, she faltered out something about "waiting a little longer."

"I have waited. It is now nearly nine months since that day at Berne, when—

"I did but see her passing by,  
And yet I love her till I die."

"That would have been very foolish," said Silence, with a naive gravity; "unless, indeed, you had followed up the acquaintance, and come to know me well." Suddenly putting her two hands in her lover's—"You do know me, faults and all, so take me; and oh! be good to me! I have only you."

"And I you. You will be good to me also?"

She smiled. "Little use in talking, but I think there will never come a day when I would not cheerfully die, if my dying could help you. My living will, much more. So I mean to live."

And she looked up fondly, with all her soul in her eyes, at her young bridegroom. Would she, forty, fifty years hence, see in the old man's face that of this lover of her youth, the face forgotten by all but her? God knows! but it is good to believe so.

Ay, we elders may reason and preach, say that "calf" love is all nonsense, and early marriage most imprudent, that young people should part and forget, and a broken heart is soon healed—every new generation gives the lie to that doctrine. True, hundreds fall in love and "get over it;" yet now and then there is such a thing as a lost love and a lost life. Life with love, and life without it—that is, as Silence had once said, all the difference. But what a difference! For any parent who needlessly causes it, out of whim, or worldliness, or anything except righteousness and justice, I can only say, as was said of those who wilfully offend "one of these little ones," "It were better that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the depth of the sea."

The marriage was arranged, of course, to be quite quiet. All the usual Swiss festivities, the *soirée aux bouquets* before the wedding, and the ball after it, were of necessity omitted. The Reynier family alone were to "assist" at the ceremony, for which the girls implored Silence would, for one day only, put off her mourning and assume proper bridal white. She assented, "because my mother would have liked it. She used often to talk of the day when she would dress me as a bride."

As usual, the day before the religious was the civil marriage; that curious ceremony, when a few words spoken in an upper cham-

ber in the Hôtel de Ville, before a rather dense official, with only Monsieur Reynier and Sophie standing by as witnesses, made Roderick and Silence Jardine man and wife. The afternoon of that day, so strangely un-English and informal, was spent by them in walking up and down their favourite alley, and planting violets over the grave beside it—the mother's solitary grave. Solitary, but not sad, not even to the daughter who was leaving it, for the love remained, the love which had lasted to the end.

"And she would be glad, so glad! if she knew that you were taking care of me," said Silence, with a bright smile, though her tears were dropping down. "Also a little, that I was taking care of you. She used to say it was my *métier* always to take care of somebody. Therefore, adieu, my mother! You will not forget me, wherever you are; nor I you."

She laid her cheek on the white head-stone in a passion of sobs, then suddenly checked them all, gave her hand to her bridegroom, and suffered him to lead her away home.

He did not see her again till eleven next morning, when Sophie, Marie, and Jeanne Reynier led into the salon and left beside him, shutting the door upon them both, the whitest, loveliest vision! More like an angel than a woman, he thought then, nor ever ceased to think, though he never saw it but once in his life, on that wonderful wet morning when the Deluge itself seemed to have come back upon Neuchâtel, as if to sweep away with its torrents all his old life, and begin the new life with his wedding-day. The rain beat in loud storms on the window behind her, yet there she stood, this white angel, in her thin, flowing veil, like a cloud, and her crown of orange-blossoms, and her downcast eyes. His own—was it possible she would be his own!—a mortal woman, and his wife?

Suddenly he stooped and kissed, not her lips, but her hand. She looked surprised for an instant, perhaps just a little hurt, then perceived at once the deep emotion, the tender reverence.

"O my love, my love for ever! Thank God!" said she, or rather breathed than said it, as she put both her arms round his neck and clung to his bosom. She was but a woman after all.

Soon after, Roderick led his bride, both quite calm now and smiling, to the two carriages waiting below. He and she and the good Reyniers drove through the soaking streets to the damp, empty church, where,

strange contrast to his sister's brilliant marriage, they two stood alone, with not a creature of their own blood beside them, and heard the old minister in his unimpassioned voice address them as "*mon cher frère et ma chère sœur*," recommending them to observe "*une inviolable fidélité, une entière confiance, et une affection toujours plus profonde*." Then, having answered the few questions of the Swiss marriage liturgy, simple and Protestant, not unlike his native Presbyterian service, the young bridegroom listened as if in a dream to the final blessing.

"Que Dieu, notre Père en Jésus-Christ, fasse reposer Sa bénédiction sur vous, qu'Il scelle dans vos cœurs le lien que vous venez de former, qu'Il le sanctifie de plus en plus, et que vous viviez ensemble en Jésus-Christ, dans l'attente du jour où ceux qui se seront

aimés en Lui, seront réunis dans Son sein pour l'éternité. Amen."

Love fixed on the love of God, and which on the very day of earthly union could look forward to the day when, their flesh being mere dust, they should be "reunited in the bosom of God for all eternity"—ay, that was it; that was the true love. Through all the passion of his youth the young man felt this, and blessed God that he did feel it. And as he turned and kissed his bride (to the great horror of the Demoiselles Reynier, such a thing being quite contrary to the etiquette of Neuchâtel), in spite of the gloomy church, the pelting rain, the sad, quiet marriage, neglected and unhonoured by kith and kin, it seemed as if all heaven were around and about him, for his was a true love marriage, honourable before men and sanctified in the sight of God.

## THE MORAL LESSONS OF PHYSIOLOGY.

By J. MILNER FOTHERGILL, M.D.

MANY worthy persons labour under the impression that the study of physiology is antagonistic to sound morality, and that the advance of physiological knowledge is opposed to the teachings of revealed religion. Never did there exist an impression with less solid foundations. It will be readily apparent that the lessons taught us by physiological study are in strict accord with those of the moralist and the preacher. However much surprise this announcement may create in some minds, the fact remains. It may be well to inquire how far—putting a future state aside for the present—license and self-indulgence bring with them their own consequences in this world.

At the very outset of our examination of the subject we shall find that consequences are inseparable from actions. Repentance and contrition are powerless to avert the consequences of ill-doing in this world. The evil deed will bring with it its own results, unless the evil-doer sets in force some counterbalancing good deed which will neutralise the effects of the evil deed. Only by action can the evil-doer undo his work. The consequences of wrongdoing may be remote, too remote, perhaps, to be readily apparent in some cases, but nevertheless they will be found if sought for; they may not manifest themselves in the lifetime of the evil-doer, and may only reveal themselves in the life-history of his progeny. Such proverbs as

"ill-gotten money goes an ill gate," illustrate how far the common observation of humanity has noted the fact that money gained dishonestly carries with it a moral taint. The dishonesty which acquired the money is, however, but a part or outcome of the generally vicious family character, which manifests itself in other forms at other times. The family which in one of its members shows greed which cannot be confined within the limits of honest money-getting, will display in other members of it bad qualities of another character. The father is avaricious and parsimonious, the son is dissolute and a spendthrift; yet their characters may be fundamentally alike, circumstances having but given direction to the active manifestations of the family traits in each case.

A man looked at physiologically is but one in a link of beings; if that link from any cause ceases to be in harmony with its surroundings, or, in other words, ceases to live according to the laws of God, it cannot long exist. The physiologist realises, indeed, that "the wages of sin is death." Moral death is followed by physical death: sin is suicide. The being who gives himself or herself up to unlimited self-indulgence becomes prematurely old, and transmits to his or her progeny a deteriorated physique and a vitiated mind. The creed of the physiologist is the most practical, the most serious, indeed, in certain



senses, the grimmest that as yet has been evolved in the history of humanity. Physiology tells in unmistakable tones that it is indeed a serious thing to be alive—that existence carries with it a grave and weighty responsibility. Every one is potentially a parent, with offspring which will be the better or the worse for the conduct of the individual. If man is the product of evolution, and his character is formed by his ancestors, then surely, some will say, all responsibility of action is removed from the individual. He is no longer a free agent; what he shall do, or not do, has been determined for him; he has as little to do with his own conduct as the actions of the Calvinist have to do with his ultimate destiny. But physiology teaches otherwise; instead of luring a man into a conviction of irresponsibility, it points out the grave responsibility involved in every action, and the impossibility of escape from the consequences of deeds done. The character of his progeny will be influenced by his own conduct. The injury done is not confined to himself, unless he die childless. His unborn progeny are to be prejudiced by evil action, or benefited by his good deeds. What he makes himself he is unconsciously determining for his children. As the conduct of his ancestors has its effects upon him, so in his turn his conduct will mould to a greater or less extent his descendants. If the responsibility of what he himself does be shifted from his own shoulders to those of his ancestors; with this movement follows inevitably his responsibility for the deeds of his children. He has only shifted the load: instead of escaping from responsibility he has but increased his burden. Physiology in solemn accents repeats over and over again the terrible statement: "I will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of those that hate me;" and how can we hate God more than in attempting to live in contravention to His laws? The transmission of qualities from father to son; the hereditariness of mental characteristics as well as of physical peculiarities, is the moral lesson which physiology teaches with irresistible logic. A man by strenuous effort may improve his character and in so doing elevate the character of his progeny; he may give way to evil habits, he may degrade himself, and lower the inherited qualities of his children. Just as he can affect their physique, so can he influence their character. He can transmit disease; he can hand down sin. What he has acquired, they possess; for weal or woe he is their parent;

and they step into their inheritance whether they like it or not.

Deterioration of the character of the individual is a process which has usually made considerable progress before it is apparent. Like insidious disease, it has got a strong hold before it is detected or is manifest to the ordinary gaze. The skilled cracksman and the fraudulent banker work up gradually to what they become; just as Bright's disease has usually made considerable progress before it falls within the sphere of the physician's vision. The more the study of the mind advances, the more we find that there are psychical laws, like physical laws, that cannot be broken with impunity. We know that forgetfulness of the law of gravity means a fall; and if a man falls from the roof of a house, broken bones will be the result. We are beginning to see clearly that a breach of a moral law is followed by consequences that are necessarily disastrous. A man resides in a neighbourhood where all sanitary laws are set at defiance, and a physical deterioration follows which manifests itself in a diminished power of resistance when an epidemic appears; a man lives amongst people of lax principle, and his psychical deterioration reveals itself in a lowered power of resistance to temptation when it offers itself in some tangible concrete form. The man who lives amidst foul physical surroundings presents little resistance to the stroke of cholera; the man who lives amidst gamblers and courtesans is very apt to sign another man's name instead of his own under the pressure of impecuniosity. A man requires a certain amount of education in iniquity before he will sign his father's name instead of his own; knowing that he can raise money on a bill so signed with ease, when his own signature would not procure for him the smallest coin. A steady psychical deterioration has gone on some time before it becomes thus plainly manifest. Sin, like gout, may exist a long time before a distinct manifestation thereof is palpably obvious. To the physiologist the one is just as much a natural consequence as the other. He knows that just as a man who lives in a filthy neighbourhood is liable to be attacked with typhoid fever, or that he who lives in a swamp will probably ere long be the victim of ague; so he knows equally well that a life of self-indulgence leaves the individual in his old age a moral wreck, bereft of all capacity for noble action. A life of pleasure ends in moral decay as well as in tissue degeneration. Each is the result of actions, the inevitable outcome of a line

of practice or of conduct. That some individuals are less affected than others is due to the original constitution. Gout produces less evil effects in persons of sound constitution than in those whose constitutions are defective. One man is less deteriorated by a life of pleasure than another, but this depends upon his mental constitution. Mind and body, however, are inherited, as much the one as the other. The comparative escape is to be attributed to qualities which are inherited.

We may now review certain instances of what indulgence will do for the individual and for his progeny. Let us take first a comparatively innocent-looking pleasure—the pleasure of the table, the gratification of the palate. Too great indulgence in sapid substances depraves the palate, till all the cook's skill is taxed to give food a flavour which renders it attractive. Self-imposed hunger and sustained exercise can alone restore the primitive taste for food and endow the gustatory nerves with their pristine sensitiveness. Self-indulgence is followed by self-denial, as the only method of regaining the original condition. If there exists a strong active digestion and a fair appetite, together with a naturally good physique, the practice of taking food in excess may continue for years; but gout is the Nemesis of the gourmand. Even in cases where the individual himself apparently escapes, and dies of some of the internal diseases which we are beginning to recognise as the outcomes of gout, his children may suffer for his offences. He sows the wind, and they reap the whirlwind. He offends, and his children have to take the consequences. In a very excellent book that wise old physician, J. Henry Bennett, of Mentone, writes: "The children of gouty parents ought more especially to follow the hygienic and dietetic laws laid down in these pages if they wish to escape much suffering. As a rule they ought to be all-but water drinkers throughout life: they have to pay the penalty of their progenitors' excesses or dietetic errors."—"Nutrition in Health and Disease." The transference of the sins of the father to the children is sternly true.

At other times the individual is protected by what may seem at first sight a misfortune and a malady. The dyspepsia of which many complain is truly their good angel. A clergyman of a very gouty family once said, "I have been a dyspeptic for fifty years. Thank God for it." The cause of his pious gratitude was the fact that all his brothers

had died before him: gout in some of its Protean forms had carried them off; the dyspeptic alone survived. The apparently innocent pleasures of the table are then far from being free from very serious consequences.

Who is there, again, that is not too sadly familiar with the ruin, the decay, moral and physical, which results from the abuse of alcohol? The phrase "a drunken black-guard" is indicative of the general appreciation of the moral deterioration wrought by alcoholic excess. When alcohol is taken for its pleasure-producing properties, "to deepen the consciousness," as a well-known physician phrases it, its evil consequences are too often palpable enough; but it is when it is taken to give relief to misery—when persons fly to drink because they are unhappy, that the results are so distinctly disastrous. I wrote some years ago in a book entitled "The Maintenance of Health" the following passage: "When alcohol is taken as a moral anæsthetic there is little hope of amendment; indeed, a stationary condition is almost out of the question, and the progress is steadily downwards. The self-consciousness of abasement is added to the former weight of misery and despair, and the situation becomes still more intolerable; the determination to make an effort no longer really exists, and the persons so circumstanced

'Lie widowed  
Of the power which bows the will,'

and are incapable any longer of making a serious effort, or of adhering to any hastily erected resolution. Their determinations of amendment are as fleeting as they are readily formed, and can scarcely be regarded as serious. They no longer possess the power of adhering to any resolve." The progress of time confirms what was written then. The offspring of the chronic drunkard are deteriorated, and inherit very commonly a defective and impaired nervous system: idiotcy, insanity, or epilepsy are their inheritance.

Or, again, the individual abandons himself to sensual indulgence, and lives a life of hedonism (*ἡδονή*, pleasure). Misery, blasted lives, the loss of domestic peace, wretchedness, and sorrow follow on the trail of the dissolute—the *roué* and the *demirep* alike. Lust brings its own punishment with it often, in many well-known physical as well as moral results. Nor does the marriage ceremony suspend the action of physiological laws.

The history of the descendants of David and Bathsheba, the daughter of Ammiel, is as instructive as it is terrible. Murder and adultery are branded on every one of this

unhappy family down to the massacre of Athaliah. Every member of it manifested in their own conduct the terrible sins of these two ancestors; for two hundred years the curse of inheritance was upon them. It is not disease alone which may be handed down; moral disease, otherwise sin, can be inherited too.

To pass from matters connected with the senses and the passions, let us consider the effect of a lie. When discovered it brings with itself swiftly its own punishment. Unspeakable contempt is the reward to the liar when detected. Of all the cowardly, unmanly acts in the whole range of sin, a lie is the most contemptible. To escape the consequences of evil done by a misstatement of fact, to deceive by untruth—shows either a degraded intellect or craven fear. It is impossible to describe in words the withering scorn with which one regards the lie told simply for the sake of gain. When a man has given way to alcoholic excess he becomes an habitual shameless liar; his lies are the evidences of his degradation. There are those who also lie incessantly as a part of their nature apparently, but such persons are now regarded as moral imbeciles, and not as perfect men or women. To a healthy mind a deliberate lie is impossible; it is absolutely incompatible with an honest self-respect. No matter whether the lie be discovered or not, the utterer is conscious that he is a liar when he looks at himself in the mirror. That lie remains, hidden away, perhaps, amongst the residua of the brain cells; but though hidden it is not annihilated, but remains tainting all around it. The very foundations of our social system are based on the mutual confidence of man in man; and how can this exist where falsehood prevails? Individuals may become rich by falsehood, but lying communities do not flourish. The effects of a lie may not be traceable very far; but no one knows how far they extend, nor how many more lies one lie may necessitate. Nor is it easy to undo the consequences of a lie. Fiske, in his admirable work entitled "Cosmic Philosophy," states with much vigour, "No amount of repentance for lying can deprive lies of their tendency to weaken the mutual confidence of men, and thus to dissolve society. The lie once told must work its effects as surely as the stone dropped in water must give forth its arrested motion in rippling circles." The lie is the resource of the coward or the wile of the scoundrel. The man who lies and has ceased either to feel shame or sorrow for falsehood is the most

degraded being imaginable, far beneath the maniac and the idiot. There are families who lie. I know one where all seem born liars; chiefly a harmless, boasting lying, but sometimes progressing to malicious falsehood.

When once a lie is told the individual descends to a lower platform; there is a distinct fall in self-respect, and the tendency is downwards. We can only speculate as to the extent the example of a lying parent is deleterious and injurious to his or her children. It may act in two ways. It may induce them to lie; or, fortunately, it may so disgust them that they conceive an abhorrence for lying. But if they learn to hate lying and liars, with what feelings must they regard that parent whose untruthfulness has led them to that attitude! Can they honour that parent? It is the transmission of qualities by inheritance which, to the observant physiologist, is the most appalling side of wrong-doing. It is the grim fact that a man's offspring must take and endure the consequences of his misdeeds which evokes our grave thought, and excites a sense of horror at that want of agreement or harmony with our surroundings which is termed sin. If the wrong-doer always bore the consequences of his sins, he might be more careful; but where he sees the prospect of escape for himself he forgets that the consequences will come home to his descendants. Goodness must be regarded as being frequently due to prudence more than religious principle. But it is better that a man be good from prudence than not be good at all. The transmission of acquired qualities is one of the gravest facts demonstrated by physiological study. Self-denial practised persistently may enable the children of a gouty man to avert the stroke of their hereditary malady, and even to lessen the taint in their children; but all physicians know that in families with a gouty history, a very slight indulgence will develop their latent hereditary foe. The offspring of the drunkard, by constant temperance, and still more by total abstinence, may lessen the taint acquired from a drunken parent; but immense self-restraint is necessary to attain this; and the neurotic temperament of the offspring of drunkards renders it a very hard task. In each case the equilibrium is regained only by reversing the process; the self-indulgence of the parent can only be compensated by extra self-denial on the part of the offspring. There is no destroying the potentiality of force; it can only be met, neutralised, and counterbalanced by setting some new force



in action. As a vitiated physique can only be strengthened and improved by sedulous attention and unintermitting care ; so a deteriorated morale can only be improved by the most watchful attitude and unceasing self-attention of the individual. A mere negative attitude is of no avail.

There are some other lessons taught by physiology beyond those gross and palpable ones just described. There are many comparatively innocent matters of which physiology takes cognizance, and where it discovers consequences the reverse of agreeable. A somewhat keener attention than is ordinarily given will detect some drawbacks of a not unimportant character in several subjects not usually reasoned upon very closely. Physiology tells us that too much study leads to body deterioration ; the body suffers from too much mental exercise. On the other hand, the athlete, the keen sportsman, and the generally muscular man has usually but dull wits as to other matters than those he has made specially his own. There is nothing wrong *per se* in either study or athletics ; but either carried to excess entails consequences distinctly undesirable. Reasonable indulgence in each is beneficial.

Thus we see that physiology tells us in distinct language that not only are many of the ordinary objects of man's ambition not an unalloyed good, but that in some respects the drawbacks are in excess of the advantages to be derived from success. It tells us that a mere life of hedonism—so craved after by many—is not a thing to be desired. Moderation in the indulgence of every appetite, and every sense, is alone compatible with health of mind and body. It even goes the length of asserting the absolute necessity for a life of self-denial, sometimes even of asceticism, on the part of many individuals for their own sakes as well as that of their progeny. In mind as well as body we are all of us the outcomes of the co-operation of countless ancestral forces, extending back for thousands of years. As the character of each ancestor influences us, so in our turn will our character influence our descendants for good or evil. Those most powerfully influenced will be those who stand nearest to us in time : the parent upon his children ; the child upon his child. The influence consequently is

strongest upon those to whom each is most personally attached.

It is a very serious thing for any man to assume the responsibility of marriage. He may no longer do that which seemed to him good : the consequences of his actions will not die with him ; he will leave children to inherit them. Whatever he has made himself, they will tend to be. Whatever his self-culture, so will they be modified. If a deteriorated physique and a depraved mind are to be their inheritance, then surely, of all his sins, the calling into being of other similar organisms is one of the gravest. Every act of self-development by volition will be felt in his children and his children's children. If he attempt to live in defiance of the laws of God around him, and they follow in his footsteps, then his race shall die out. Looking at the human organism as but one link in a chain of beings, the physiologist sees in the chain the "man." Then he clearly comprehends that "the wages of sin is death ;" that the race which sins shall die. In this the physiologist is in perfect accord with the moralist and the theologian. "The wicked man shall perish" is as true physiologically as theologically. No repentance, no contrition can do away with the persistence of force. The consequences of sin will and must follow it ; and repentance can only avert the consequences by calling up an equal force to counteract that of the past. Sin must be followed by sorrow. Not a mere wailing sorrow, but a regret that must assume an active form ; contrition must not stop at inactive regret, but must take the form of beneficent action. Such, then, are the plain teachings of physiology ; and it is impossible for any one to assert that its creed is a demoralising creed, that it tends to degrade the owner of it, or to deliver him over to his lusts and his passions ; that it relieves him from a sense of responsibility, and renders him simply a recruit for the legions of the cursed. On the contrary, the lessons taught by physiology corroborate those taught us from other directions, and declare that wisdom and goodness are inseparably allied. The observations of the physiologist bear out the sternest dictates of the ethical philosopher, the denunciations of the prophet, and the teaching of the theologian.



## TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM AND THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

BY PROFESSOR SIR WILLIAM THOMSON.

THE first part of this article was written five years ago. I then thought I had a pleasant and easy task before me in the completion of it—to describe a scientific instrument which was known to the Chinese two thousand years before the dawn of science, and first used by them as a guide across the deserts of North-Eastern Asia; which for six hundred years has been in regular use by European mariners as a guide at sea; and which is now of ancient and world-wide renown as an appropriation from the most recondite province of modern physical science to purposes of great practical utility to mankind. (It is worthy of remark, in passing, that there are just two other practical applications of electromagnetic science extensively in use at the present day—the electric telegraph and electro-plating. These two upstarts, neither of them fifty years old, are both to-day familiar in every British household, while the venerable old mariner's compass, popular as it is in name, is not much more popularly known, in reality, now, than when Guiot of Provence described it six hundred years ago as pointing to “the star,” or when Shakespeare made “lode-star” a symbol of attraction.) But when I tried to write on the mariner's compass, I found that I did not know nearly enough about it. So I had to learn my subject. I have been learning it these five years, and still feel insufficiently prepared to enlighten the readers of GOOD WORDS upon it when I now resume the attempt to complete my old article.

In the slight historical sketch of the mariner's compass which appeared in GOOD WORDS it was pointed out that Dr. Gilbert, of Colchester, physician in ordinary to Queen Elizabeth, discovered the true explanation of the wonderful directional tendency manifested by magnetized needles. His explanation is, that the earth, not the pole-star, or any other “lode-star,” but the earth, acts upon a movable needle, as does a lump of lodestone or a bar magnet held anywhere in its neighbourhood. To illustrate Gilbert's discovery, I described a simple mode of experimenting, by which any one sufficiently interested may find for himself the mutual influence between two magnets, and suggested a mode of supporting the needle by flotation, to give it mobility, as this was

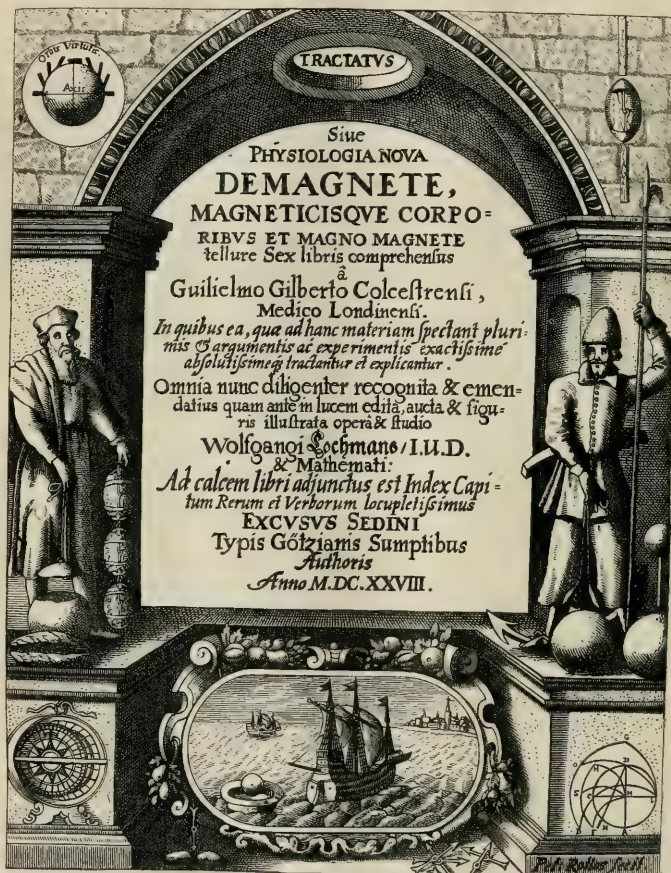
interesting in connection with the earliest known European account of the mariner's compass, that of Guiot of Provence, which describes the needle as being floated on a straw in a basin of water. If a sewing needle be hung by a fine thread tied round its middle, it will have freedom of motion enough to let any one verify for himself, without the trouble of floating it, that two needles similarly magnetized by the use of a little toy magnet (bar or horse-shoe), act upon one another with repulsion between ends which were similarly dealt with in the process of magnetization, and with attraction between ends which were dissimilarly dealt with. When one end of the needle turns in virtue of its magnetism towards the earth's northern regions, its magnetic quality is, therefore, dissimilar to that of the earth's northern regions, and similar to that of the earth's southern regions: therefore the end of the needle which, when there is freedom to turn, turns towards the northern regions of the earth, has magnetism of the same name as that of the earth's *southern* regions, and the end of the needle which is repelled from the north has the same kind of polarity as that of the earth's *northern* regions. Hence Gilbert remarks that that end of the needle which points *from* the north has truly *northern polarity*, and the other end, which points *towards* the north, has truly *southern polarity*. And he complains that all writers and instrument-makers and sailors, up to his time, had erroneously estimated as the north pole of the lodestone or steel the point of it that is drawn to the north, and the south pole the point that is drawn to the south.

Much confusion, and much of the difficulty now felt by practical men in understanding the elements of magnetism, has arisen through British instrument-makers having persisted up to the present day in this evil usage, notwithstanding Gilbert's strong remonstrance against it two hundred years ago. It is no doubt proper to mark on the fly-card of the compass the letters N. and S. at the points which are directed towards the north and towards the south, just as the letters E. and W. and N.E. and N.W. are marked on the card, to show the east and west and north-east and north-west directions; and thus no confusion can arise as to the indications of the mariner's compass. But when a

needle or a bar of steel has letters N. and S. marked on its ends to show its magnetism, N. ought to show true North magnetism and S. true South.

Gilbert gave his discovery of Terrestrial

Magnetism to the world in a Latin quarto volume of 240 pages, printed in London in the year 1600, three years before his death. A second edition appeared at Stettin twenty-eight years later, edited by Lochman, and



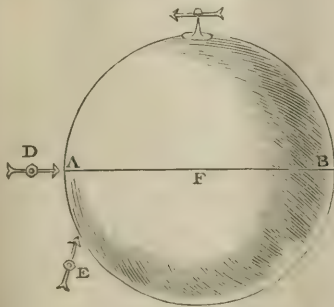
embellished with a curious title-page in the form of a monument, ornamented with commemorative illustrations of Gilbert's theory and experiments, and a fantastic indication of the earliest European mariner's compass, a floated lodestone, but floating in a bowl on the

sea and left behind by the ship sailing away from it! It is reproduced above in a slightly diminished fac-simile.

In the upper left-hand corner is to be seen Gilbert's *terella* and *orbis virtutis*. The *terella* is a little globe of lodestone, which he made



to illustrate his idea that the earth is a great globular magnet. Terellas have been made for the illustration of magnetic principles by the philosophical instrument-makers ever since Gilbert's time, and specimens are to be found probably in every old collection of physical lecture apparatus. The *orbis virtutis* is simply Gilbert's expression for what Faraday called the field of force, that is to say, the space round a magnet, in which magnetic force is sensibly exerted on another magnet, as, for instance, a small needle, properly placed for the test. Gilbert's word *virtue* expresses even more clearly than Faraday's word *force* the idea urged so finely by Faraday, and proved so validly by his magneto-optic experiment, that there is a real physical action of a magnet through all the space round it though no other magnet be there to experience force and show its effects. The meaning of the little bars bordering the terella in Lochman's frontispiece is explained near the beginning of Gilbert's book (Lib. I. Cap. iii.), where he describes a very fine iron wire, "of the length of a grain of barley," placed upon a terella and standing erect from the surface at either of two points, which he calls poles, but taking oblique positions at other points, and lying flat at any point of a circle midway between the two poles. The smallness of the magnetic indicator here allows the magnetic force to show its effect with comparatively little disturbance from gravity. The



nature of the magnetic action of the terella is further illustrated by Gilbert in the annexed diagram, reproduced in fac-simile from his original edition.\* It represents the directions

taken by a small magnetized steel needle, supported by a cap on a finely pointed stem, at different positions in the neighbourhood of a terella. The same results are shown more completely and more accurately by the diagram of curves shown on the next page, which have been calculated mathematically from the laws of magnetic force discovered by Coulomb two hundred years after Gilbert's time. A very small magnetized needle, pivoted so as to be perfectly free to turn about its centre of gravity anywhere in the neighbourhood of a terella, will place its length exactly in the direction of the curves of the diagram through it or beside it, with its poles in the positions marked by the arrow (feather for true north pole, and point for true south).

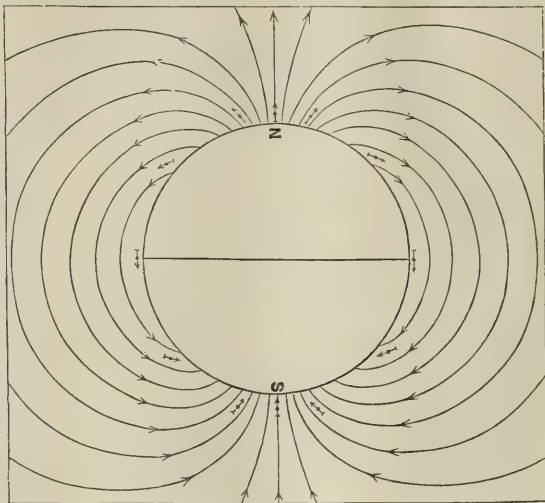
Gilbert uses the results of his observations on the direction of a small needle in the neighbourhood of a terella to explain both the horizontal direction indicated by the mariner's compass in different parts of the earth, which had been known for thousands of years, and the "dip," discovered by Robert Norman, sailor and nautical instrument-maker, a quarter of a century before the publication of Gilbert's book. Imagine the terella of the diagrams to be not a terella, but the earth itself, and by looking at the diagrams you will have, from the one showing curved lines of force, a clear idea of the general character of the directional tendency exhibited by a needle anywhere at the earth's surface, or which would be exhibited by a needle removed to thousands of miles from the earth. In experiments with a terella the needle is *attracted* obliquely or directly towards the globe with a very perceptible force: This is because the length of the needle is so considerable in proportion to the diameter of the globe that the magnetic forces on its two ends are not equal and parallel. But the length of the largest of mariner's compass needles is not more than about  $\frac{1}{1000000}$  of the diameter of the globe, and the length of the largest bar magnet that has ever been suspended so as to show by its movements any motive tendency it may experience from the force of terrestrial magnetism is not more than  $\frac{1}{1000000}$  of the earth's diameter, and therefore magnetic needles or bar magnets experimented on in any part of the world experi-

\* In page 14 of Lochman's edition there is a curious error in this diagram, which is repeated in page 20, the needle in the equatorial position being shown with the arrow-head

intended to denote its true south pole turned towards the south instead of towards the north of the terella. Lochman's wood-engraver generally reversed Gilbert's diagrams as to right and left (giving, for example, a remarkable picture of a blacksmith welding with his left hand a hammer to strike a piece of iron on the anvil, as a reproduction of Gilbert's picture which shows a blacksmith working with his right arm, and seems to have corrected the reversal for two of the needles, and omitted to do so for the other, in his diagrams of the terella.

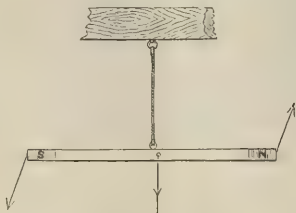
ence as wholes no sensible attraction towards, or repulsion from, the earth, and show only a directional tendency according to which a certain line of the magnet called its magnetic axis takes the direction indicated by the curved lines of force of our diagram. The word pole has been much used, but some-

what vaguely, to express a point in, or near, the surface of a body where there seems something like a concentration of magnetic action. In respect to bar magnets, or magnetic needles, I shall use the term "north pole" in a perfectly definite sense to signify a certain "centre of gravity" of northern



Curved lines of force.

polarity, and the term "south pole" to signify similarly a "centre of gravity" of southern polarity. Thus the action of terrestrial magnetism on a bar magnet is very rigorously the same as that of two forces in dissimilar directions in parallel lines through the



two poles, as illustrated in the annexed diagram; and the result, when the bar is free to turn, is that it can only rest with the line

joining its poles in the direction of the lines of force.

Gilbert, in respect to his *terrella*, uses the word pole definitely, to denote either point in which the little indicating needle places itself perpendicular to the surface; and in this perfectly definite sense the word "pole" is used in the modern science of terrestrial magnetism. The north magnetic pole is the point of the earth's surface where the dipping-needle rests with its magnetic axis vertical and its true *south* pole downwards; the south magnetic pole is the point where the dipping-needle rests with its axis vertical and its true *north* pole downwards. The line of no dip, or that line round the earth at every point of which the dipping-needle is horizontal, is called the magnetic equator. At either pole a horizontal needle, supported so as to be free to turn round a vertical axis, shows no directive tendency; thus the mariner's compass altogether fails at the magnetic poles, and for hundreds of miles round

them shows but very feeble directional tendency.

Gilbert fell into one grand error by a dereliction from his own principles of philosophy. He assumed, without proof from observation, that the earth's magnetic poles must coincide with the "poles of the world," as he calls those points which we nowadays call the true astronomical poles, to distinguish them from the magnetic poles, being, in fact, the points in which the earth's surface is cut by its axis of rotation. Modern Arctic and Antarctic explorations have shown the magnetic poles to be about  $20^\circ$  from the true poles.

Shortly before Gilbert's time it had become known in Europe that there the needle did not point to the true north, but several degrees to the east of true north, and not to the same number of degrees from the north in different places. The deviation of the needle from the true or astronomical north and south line was then called, and is called by sailors to the present day, the "variation" of the needle. Gilbert erroneously explained the different magnetic variations in different places by magnetic action of hills and headlands, and was thus led to the false conclusion that there would be no variation at great distances from the land or in the central parts of a great continent. We now know that the variation of the needle depends in the main on the fact that the magnetic axis of the earth deviates about twenty degrees from the axis of rotation, and that the amounts of the variation in different parts of the world are somewhat nearly as they would be if the distribution of terrestrial magnetism were regular, as in a uniformly magnetized terella, but with its axis thus oblique to the axis of rotation. If this were exactly the case, the directions indicated by the compass would lie along great circles passing through the two magnetic poles, and the angles at which these circles cut the geographical meridians would be the actual variations in different parts of the earth, and the magnetic equator would be a circle on the earth's surface midway between the magnetic poles, inclined to the astronomical equator at an angle of  $20^\circ$ . But, in fact, there are irregularities of distribution, such as those adduced by Gilbert to account for variation; only we do not find them related to distributions of land and water, as he imagined.

It is curious to find the idea of headlands attracting the compass still cropping up again and again, two centuries after it was first suggested by Gilbert, and fifty or one

hundred years after advances in knowledge of terrestrial magnetism had shown it to be erroneous. I find in an unpublished letter from the late Archibald Smith to Lord Cardwell, of date 13th of February, 1866, which has been communicated to me, the following statement referring to the loss of the iron steamer *Eastern Province*, lost on the south coast of Africa near Cape Agulhas, on the 26th of June, 1865:—"The captain attributed the loss to a change of the deviation of the compass, and that change to an attraction of the coast, a cause to which sailors often attribute supposed irregularities of the compass on rounding a headland, irregularities which have never yet been shown to exist, and which I entirely disbelieve. It does not seem to have occurred to the captain or officers, or any one else, that a change of course is necessarily accompanied with a change of the deviation produced by the ship's iron."

In the case of the *Eastern Province* it appeared from the captain's evidence laid before the committee of inquiry held at Cape Town on the 14th of July, to investigate and report on the loss, that the ship had been steered on a compass course of N.W. by N. till off Cape Agulhas, and then on N.N.W., which the captain supposed to be a change of course of one point, which would have carried her on a course parallel to the coast. Astronomical observation had shown an error (due, of course, to the iron of the ship) of  $25^\circ$  W. in the compass indication on the course on which they had been steering. If the amount of the error had been unaltered by the alteration of course, the change would have been one point, and the ship would not have gone ashore. Taking into account previous observations made in the ship, Smith found (by an application of the mathematical theory, which he had set forth in the "Admiralty Compass Manual") that the change of course actually made by the captain would probably diminish the deviation from  $25^\circ$  to  $18\frac{1}{2}^\circ$ , and showed that this change fully accounted for the error in the course which caused the loss of the ship.

In virtue of the irregularities of the distribution of terrestrial magnetism, rightly noticed by Gilbert, but wrongly attributed to magnetic continents, and mountains, and headlands, the lines of direction indicated by the compass are not great circles on the earth's surface, but somewhat irregular curves joining the north and south magnetic poles; and the magnetic equator is not a circle, but a sinuous line, round the earth.

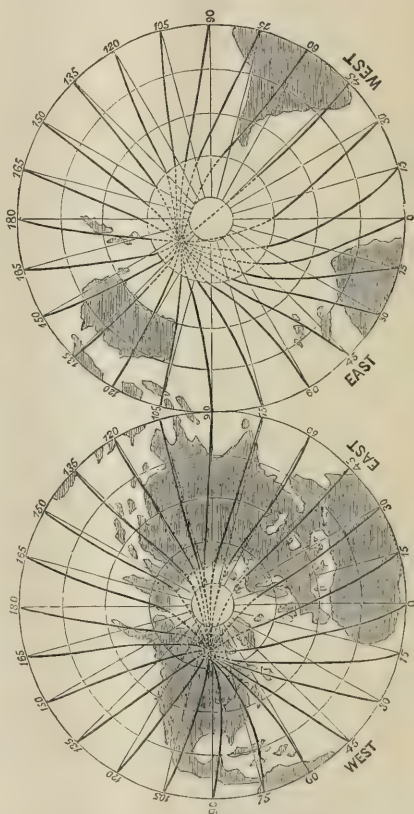


The best information regarding the configuration of these lines, at the present time, and generally regarding the present condition of the earth's magnetism, is to be found in the three small magnetic charts showing curves of equal variation, curves of equal dip, and curves of equal horizontal intensity, and in the large scale Admiralty Variation Chart, which have been prepared and reduced to the epoch of 1871 by Captain Evans, C.B., R.N., and Lieutenant Creak, R.N., from the results of observation in all parts of the world, collected, analyzed, and exhibited, in fully detailed charts for the epoch of 1840—45, by Sir Edward Sabine, R.A., K.C.B., in the Transactions of the Royal Society.

The annexed diagrams of the northern and southern hemispheres are drawn according to information taken from these charts. They exhibit, on a plan first proposed by the French navigator Duperrey, and largely used by Faraday in his drawings of lines of magnetic force, the lines of direction of the mariner's compass in different parts of the world, referred to above.

A traveller starting from any point of the earth's surface and travelling always along the line shown by the compass needle, and in the direction of the north point of the compass card, would be led to a certain point in the Island of Boothia, in about  $100^{\circ}$  of west longitude, and  $70^{\circ}$  of north latitude. This point is the earth's north magnetic pole. Or, if he travels along the same line but in the contrary direction, that is to say in the direction of the south point of the compass card, he will be led to a point in about  $146^{\circ}$  of east longitude, and  $73^{\circ}$  south latitude. This point is the earth's south magnetic pole. The diagram shows just two magnetic poles, and if, as is probably the case, it is approximately correct in the hitherto unexplored polar regions, Halley's celebrated hypothesis of four magnetic poles is disproved for the present time. But the dotted lines in the neighbourhood of the astronomical north and south poles are drawn conjecturally, and some degree of straining, particularly in the north polar region, is required to bring them all to pass through the points marked on the chart as

the north and south magnetic poles. There is indeed a somewhat determined tendency of the lines in the explored regions of from  $145^{\circ}$  to  $150^{\circ}$  east longitude, to converge towards a point in the unexplored sea north of Siberia in about  $105^{\circ}$  east longitude and  $80^{\circ}$  north latitude, and it seems therefore not



impossible that there is in reality a north magnetic pole in that region. As for the points marked as north and south magnetic poles on the chart, the northern one was actually reached and passed by Parry and other Arctic navigators; and the southern one was so nearly reached by Sir James Ross's Antarctic expedition of 1840—41, that there

can be no doubt of there being a south magnetic pole not far from the position marked. But the question whether or not there are other poles, whether north or south, besides those marked, cannot be quite decisively answered without more of observation, in the Arctic and Antarctic regions, than has hitherto been made. If there are really two north magnetic poles of *convergence* of the directional lines, there must, as shown by Gauss, be also a third pole, where the ordinary mariner's compass would show no directional tendency, and where the dipping needle would point with its true south pole vertically downwards. There would be no convergence of the directional lines to this intermediate pole, which might be called a pole of avoidance rather than a pole of convergence.

Even should it turn out that there is only one north and one south magnetic pole now, it by no means follows that there may not have been at other times of the history of terrestrial magnetism more than two magnetic poles. Indeed, Halley had seemingly strong reason for inferring two north poles from observations of early navigators, showing large westerly variation of the compass in Hudson's Bay, and in Smith's Sound (longitude  $80^{\circ}$  W., latitude  $78^{\circ}$  N.), and at sea in the north-west Atlantic; at different times, from 1616 to 1682, when the compass in England was pointing due north (in the earlier part of the period a few degrees to the east of north, in the latter a few degrees to the west). It may be that the present tendency to converge to a point in the unexplored Siberian Arctic sea may be a relic of a north magnetic pole which existed in Halley's time, and has since ceased to exist; but the amount of trustworthy information available scarcely suffices to justify such a conclusion. One thing is certain, the distribution of terrestrial magnetism has been changing ever since accurate observations were made upon it, and it is now enormously different from what it was in the year 1600.

Observations of Gilbert's contemporaries served to bring to light for their successors, not for themselves, that great marvel of nature, the secular variation of terrestrial magnetism. Borough, Controller of the Navy of Queen Elizabeth, seems to have been the first to determine by accurate observation the variation of the compass in England. He found it to be  $11^{\circ} 15'$  to the east of north at London in 1580. It was then imagined to be essentially constant, and Gilbert obviously

had not learned that it had changed when, in 1600, he reckoned its amount as about "half a point" (or  $5\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ ). Twenty or thirty years after Gilbert's death observers began to notice that the variation had diminished considerably from the amount found for it by Borough. An accurate observation in 1633 made the variation  $4^{\circ} 5'$ , so that it seemed to have diminished by  $6^{\circ} 10'$  in the preceding fifty-three years.

In 1659 the needle pointed due north in London; in 1700 it pointed  $10\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  to the west of north. From 1700 to 1818 the westerly variation continued increasing, but more and more slowly, till 1820, when at an extreme westerly variation of  $24\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  it turned, and began to come back from west towards the north, very slowly at first, and with gaining speed ever since, till now it has become reduced to  $18^{\circ} 40'$ , and is diminishing at the rate of nearly a quarter of a degree annually.

From 1605 to 1609, at the Cape of Good Hope, the variation altered from half a degree east to one-fifth of a degree west, and from that time it has been becoming more and more westerly. The needle seems now, at the Cape of Good Hope, to be returning, or about to return, towards the north, and may probably enough again point due north there a few hundred years hence.

Corresponding observations as to the magnetic dip have been made at different places. After the discovery of the dip by Robert Norman in 1576, when he found its amount in London to be  $71^{\circ} 50'$ , it increased gradually till about 1723, when it was  $74^{\circ} 42'$ , and since that time it has been decreasing till it is now  $67^{\circ} 36'$ ; and it is now decreasing about  $2'$  annually. At the Cape of Good Hope the dip (true north pole downwards) increased by  $11^{\circ}$  in the hundred years from 1751 to 1851; it has been decreasing ever since, and is still steadily decreasing.

Besides these great changes in the distribution of terrestrial magnetism from century to century, there are small diurnal and annual fluctuations depending in some regular manner upon the sun's influence. It seems also that there are still smaller periodical fluctuations depending on the moon. Besides all these small periodic variations, the greatest of which does not amount to more than a small fraction of a degree in the direction whether of the compass or of the dipping-needle, or to more than a small fraction of one per cent. of the magnitude of the directing force, there are also the great irregular disturbances of terrestrial magnetism, called by Humboldt magnetic storms, amounting sometimes to as

much as a degree or two on the direction, and to two or three per cent. on the magnitude, of the terrestrial magnetic force. A magnetic storm is never merely local, but is always experienced simultaneously over the whole earth, and generally, perhaps always, at the same time brilliant displays of aurora are to be seen in northern and southern polar regions, often as far from either pole as our own latitudes, and sometimes perhaps as far as the equator, and over both northern and southern hemispheres simultaneously. Though it is not quite certain that there is not always a display of aurora borealis or australis, or both, at the time of a magnetic storm, it is quite certain that no display of aurora, even of the faintest to be visible, is ever seen without marked disturbances of a delicately poised magnetic needle in any part of the world.

The electric telegraph has made known to us another allied disturbance—the underground electric storm—which is found always to accompany the magnetic storm and auroral display. A fourth agency, atmospheric electricity, has its storms too; and these produce great disturbances of the ordinary daily electric “earth current” discovered in every telegraph wire whether aerial or submarine.

But though the thunderstorm produces disturbances of earth currents, and though disturbances of earth currents are also produced by some cause which produces also auroral displays and magnetic storms, no connection, whether of simultaneous occurrence or of distinct physical relationship, has hitherto been discovered between thunderstorms and

their accompanying earth currents on the one hand, and the common cause of auroral displays, magnetic storms, and the underground electric storms with which they also are accompanied.

Still another wonder—the sun-spots, and the ten and a half or eleven years’ period of their alternate abundance and scantiness. It seems that in the years of most abundant sun-spots the magnetic storms have been greatly above average in frequency and in intensity; and there have also been unusually brilliant and wide-spread auroral displays. The last year of maximum abundance of sun-spots, 1870, must be remembered by many of the readers of GOOD WORDS for brilliant auroral displays. The magnificent red auroras seen on several nights in the autumn of that year in the south of England, lighting up the sky as it might have been by burning cities, were connected in the popular imagination with the horrors of the Franco-German war raging at that time on the other side of the Channel. We are now coming again to a time of abundant sun-spots which, according to the period hitherto observed, should be about the year 1881; and if again there is an abundance of auroras and magnetic storms, there will be further confirmation of the hypothesis of physical connection between the dynamical cause of those grand solar atmospheric storms which produce—we may even say which constitute—the sun-spots and the hitherto mysterious telluric influences concerned in our aerial auroras and underground earth currents and surface manifestations of terrestrial magnetism.

## THOUGHTS FOR QUIET HOURS.

BY THE EDITOR.

VI.

OF the many sayings of our Lord which may be characterized as central and vital, there are few more profound than that *formula of all religion* which He uttered in the sublime prayer offered to God immediately after the Last Supper with His disciples, viz., “This is eternal life, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.” I can in this paper do no more than give a few suggestions for thought respecting the truth which it embodies.

The “life eternal” spoken of by Christ evidently means more than immortality. The term “eternal” describes the quality rather than the permanence of the life. As we sometimes speak of “eternal justice” or “eternal righteousness” in order to express their unalterable character, and that, however various may be their application, yet as long as there is a moral being in the universe the principles of justice and righteousness cannot change, the lie remaining eternally wrong, and the truth eternally right; so, also, as long as



man is a spiritual being there is a condition which is eternally his life, and a state which is equally his death.

What then are we to understand by "knowing God and Jesus Christ"?

There is a sense in which it may be affirmed that, whatever may be his dogmatic belief, whether he be Christian or Atheist, the intellectual and æsthetic life of every man consists in a certain knowledge of God. For whatever a man knows truly is, consciously or unconsciously, a knowledge of God. Science is but another name for our acquaintance with those thoughts of God which are expressed in His works, and art is but man's conformity to the divine laws of beauty and stability. The student of natural science finds his joy in spelling out the ideas lettered in the manifold forces or designs which he investigates; while the mighty harmonies struck by the musician, the ideal beauty which lives on the canvas of the painter, or is shaped into deathless grace by the chisel of the sculptor—nay, even the achievements of the engineer or the architect, are but measures of the insight which human genius has obtained into the methods of nature, and of man's capacity to imitate the beauty and order with which all the works of Deity are stored. Man achieves intellectual or artistic greatness in proportion as he learns from God; and so his intellectual and æsthetic life may, in this sense, be said to consist in the knowledge of God.

But whatever ennobling conceptions this view may suggest of man as made in the divine image, yet this kind of knowledge, it need scarcely be said, falls very far short of the eternal life of which Christ speaks, for it may be combined with a very hell of moral degradation.

The knowledge of God which is eternal life must in like manner be distinguished from that formal acquaintance with a theology which may be mastered by blinded Pharisees or quibbling Scribes, denounced as whitened sepulchres by the very One about Whom they profess to construct their systems.

The knowledge of God and Christ which is eternal life belongs to a different sphere from mere intellect. It implies loving sympathy. It is thus that God is said to "know the way of the righteous," or "to know them that are His," because He regards them with loving approval.

For this knowledge, as being a knowledge of Persons, must from its very nature infer sympathy. The dishonest cannot comprehend, the sensitiveness of the man of

honour, nor the coldly selfish understand the passionate griefs or joys which characterize the movements of love. The poet we know best is the one who can strike with most power the chords of our own hearts, who interprets our desires and awakens our aspirations, so that as we read we ourselves rise on his wings into the airy regions of the ideal, gazing with his eyes, wondering with his wonder, and, dreaming over again the poet's dream, share for a while the heritage of his creative genius. Such instances may help us a short way to the true understanding of the knowledge of God and of Jesus Christ which is eternal life. They teach us that as similarity of temperament is required to produce the sympathy which understands the poet's heart, or the feelings of the honourable or loving, so there is a certain spiritual character—a *life*—required in order to "see the kingdom of God," with its righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. We must in a measure love as He loves, be pure as He is pure, merciful as He is merciful, holy as He is holy, before the glory of God can become our life and heaven.

Now Jesus Christ has at once revealed God and man. He has not only shown us that Father who is "the only true God," but we also see in Him, who found it His meat to do the will of the Father, that spirit of perfect sonship, which is the one fit response of man to God. It is not enough to see what the Father is towards man, we must also see the true position of man as a son towards the Father. And so it is said that eternal life consists not only in knowing the one true God, but also in knowing Jesus Christ whom He hath sent, for it is by the union of both that the relationship of Fatherhood and sonship can be adequately expressed. But Christ has not only revealed "that eternal life which was with the Father," He also inspires it, for "to all who receive him to them gives he power to become sons of God;" and, as "the bread of life," He nourishes it. The life of love is quickened by Christ, and in proportion as it assimilates His thoughts and sympathies it grows and increases Godward. It is thus at once life and knowledge, for the new spiritual life is strengthened by gaining the spiritual affinities which are the key to perfect knowledge. And so it is that Scripture speaks of "the old man" with his former fleshly, selfish, corrupt sympathies perishing; and "putting on the new man," which is renewed in the image of God, because reflecting His holy and

loving will ; or again of "putting on the Lord Jesus Christ," so that His thoughts and experiences may become ours, and we thereby "grow up unto Him in all things."

These reflections may suggest one or two lessons.

(1.) They teach us that there can be only one end of all religion. There can never be anything arbitrary in the ways of God. Salvation by Christ is no ingenious "plan" of escape from the necessities of spiritual law. If God would give us the highest blessedness of which as spiritual beings we are capable, He must bring us to be like Himself and be in sympathy with His will. There is but one highest good for man, however he attains it, or under whatever dispensation it may be imparted. The saints of the Old Testament found their life in the loving knowledge of God, as well as the apostles, and martyrs of the early Church, and all their experiences were in a degree either prophecies or reflections of the mind which was in Christ. The spirit of the divine Son was foreshadowed in the obedience of an Abraham, as it was reproduced in the devotion of a St. Paul or St. John.

And God forbid that we should limit the attainment of this kind of life to those only who have enjoyed the light of what is usually called revelation. The heathen who have been loyal to conscience, and, while they had only the suffused impersonal radiance of moral goodness, like the breathing of dawn before the sun, the visible source of all light, has appeared, yet walked faithfully in that light, are surely to be reckoned one with the children of light in all ages. He who trieth the hearts may be able to trace even in the gropings after righteousness of the lowest barbarian, the strivings of the same divine life which dwells in the holiest of the redeemed.

(2.) For it is *the kind* and not *the degree* of life which is essential. As it is similarity

in *the kind of life* which unites the budding acorn under the same category with the monarch of the forest, so it is his possession of the same kind of sympathy which unites the very babe in Christ with the seraph before the throne of God. No matter where or how produced, let there be only present, even in germ, that mind which was in Christ, and that is what God seeks, the pledge and promise of life eternal.

(3.) These thoughts may serve to deliver us from confusion as to the nature of salvation. For all those notions which identify salvation merely with future security against the penal consequences of sin, because of certain opinions being held as to the atonement of Christ, making a belief in certain external facts rather than a range of new affinities the condition of future blessedness ; all those systems which speak of holy sympathies as valuable because evidences of safety rather than as being the very end and essence of salvation, really darken the righteous ways of God. We may believe what creed or dogma we please, yet if that belief does not lead us into some fellowship with God and Christ, then heaven itself would be no heaven to us. It was to impart His own blessed life in God that Christ came and lived and died for us. It is to bestow this life in ever increasing fulness that the Holy Spirit strives with us. It is the possession of this life which constitutes the one joy of the redeemed. As the quaint Sir Thomas Browne piously and characteristically expresses it, "That wherein God himself is happy, the holy angels are happy, in whose defect the devils are unhappy, that dare I call happiness. Whatsoever conduceth unto this may by an easy metaphor deserve the name. To obtain this is the humble desire of my most reasonable ambition, and all I dare call happiness on earth. Dispose of me, good Lord, toward this according to thy wisdom. Thy will be done, though in my own undoing."



## THE BRIDE'S PASS.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH," "LADY BELL," ETC.



## CHAPTER XI.—"THE MIST'S ON THE BRAE."

FRANK Tempest came a willing messenger to the Manse one morning later in the week. English guests of special distinction, including a bishop and a Secretary of State, with their spouses, were expected to pay a passing visit to Castle Moydart. The Earl and Lady Jean were bent on welcoming them in Highland fashion, and it was Lady Jean's special business to see that the floral decorations of the house were in keeping with the general design. She would have liked to have had miniature lochans covered with water-lilies to light up the abounding heather. But water-lilies are long past blossoming in September; the only substitute was great piles of white foxgloves. "And she has used up all the white foxgloves that she can come at within miles of the castle," announced Frank cheerfully. "She wishes to ask if you can get her a further supply, Miss Macdonald? She is sure that neither Oberon, nor Titania, nor Puck himself, knows such "banks" in Fearnavuil as you know. I was not going to shoot this morning, so she has commissioned me to secure the spoil, and bring it over to her, if you will lend us your help."

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"Oberon and Titania are not Highland fairies," said Unah more slowly and shyly than she had spoken to him for many a day, "and so I dare say they are not very well acquainted with our glens. I may venture—without presuming to invade their province in order to gather fern seed—to tell you where to find the biggest foxgloves in the Pass. But I am afraid Lady Jean is a little too late. Even the foxgloves are nearly over for the season."

"I thought you would perhaps come with me," said Frank, his animated countenance falling, speaking in a low tone of reproach, and with the boyish pout of his mouth. "I hoped that you would come out and let me see the places where the things grew thickly, and where there is the greatest chance of flowers still. Have you been walking already to-day? Are you too tired?"

"Unah has hardly been out of doors for several days," broke in Mrs. Macdonald; "the child is getting lazy, or else she is wedded to her foolish messy leather work, or her decalcomanie. Which is it, Unah? and when are you to make leather look like wood, or glass like china?" Mrs. Macdonald spoke quite good-naturedly, even caressingly.

But Unah looked down with a vexed air. "I was trying to do neither, mother; I was hemming towels for Jenny."

"Then put them aside and go and get a little fresh air," said Mrs. Macdonald decidedly; and her aquiline nose looked finer and sharper, her dark eyes keener, her grey ringlets more perfect spirals while she spoke. "Jenny is too good a housekeeper to let her stock run so low as to be in great need of your help. Unah, don't you think that there will be plenty of foxgloves yet in the little birch wood just after you have passed Lochbuy farm, going up Ben Voil? That is a higher latitude, to use long words, and the summer is later there."

"Yes, do let us try for it, Miss Macdonald," pled Frank eagerly. "I have never been up Ben Voil, I have had so much to do. Soon the mists and frosts will be upon us, when Aulay Macgregor has the coolness to tell me, that none save a Highlander can ascend the mountain. But even to climb half-way up would be something."

"I am sorry you have not been on the top of Ben Voil," admitted Unah in her kind manner—as it were a little absently, "from



the summit you would have seen another world. But Lochbuy is not nearly half-way," she corrected him with a half-smile, "and at the same time it is too far to go in doubtful weather. I don't like the look of the sky," she said, glancing out on one of those dim grey days when the serenity of autumn forces itself on people's notice. "The Ben has had his head wrapped round, and even his chin tied up, like a dead man's, with a band of cloud, since six in the morning."

"My dear Unah," remonstrated her mother, "you are as silly as the rest of our Fearnavoil folk about the mountain. One would think that he was a prophet and could not lie."

"So he is, mother," said Unah, with quiet steadfastness, "one of God's prophets who cannot lie."

"But those who read his predictions are not infallible. I don't imagine you will assert that," said Mrs. Macdonald sharply now. "There is no science—shall I call it? more in its infancy, and none on which men's opinions differ more widely, than that of meteorology. I hold that these cool grey days at the end of the season always keep up till night fall. So get your hat, Unah, go with Mr. Tempest, and do not fail Lady Jean."

Unah had no resource save to comply with her mother's injunctions. But it was evident enough in so unsophisticated a girl—a girl who thought so little of herself, who was so ready to oblige her friends, that she complied reluctantly.

Neither on the evening of the party at the Manse, nor in the interval, had Donald Drumchatt said anything to her in the shape of angry complaint. But something in his look and manner had vaguely moved and scared her, since that mute accusation was met by the dawning consciousness of a change which had come over herself. She shrank back, candid as she was, from such a revelation, with all it implied. A fear of herself and others took possession of her. Thus she had stayed at home, fain to creep out of sight and cower in a corner, if that would extinguish the gleams of unwelcome light which came flashing across her inexperience during these last days.

"Mrs. Macdonald," exclaimed Frank abruptly, when Unah left the room to get her hat and jacket, "how good you are to me! How shall I ever thank you for all your kindness!" The lad spoke warmly, almost with emotion.

Mrs. Macdonald was taken aback; surely

her conscience smote her. "My dear Mr. Tempest," she said hastily, "I have done nothing. I could not have acted otherwise. Hospitality is a duty in which I trust we poor Highlanders are not on the whole found lacking. And if there is a Highland country house more bound than any other to do the little it can to entertain strangers, you must think for yourself it is the Manse."

Mrs. Macdonald had recovered her presence of mind before she put in this clause about the Manse. But she was in earnest; and it did not strike her that the strangers whom she entertained belonged to the upper ten thousand. It appeared to her *that* necessity went without saying, for it had to do with the obligations of her station in life.

"But you are my friend," insisted the young fellow strenuously. "I may look upon you in that light, may I not?"

He did not really like Mrs. Macdonald much for herself. He did not like her by any means as he liked the minister, only there was a wonderful charm thrown over her by the fact that she was Unah's mother. And he was even feverishly alive to the advantage of having her support in his raid on another man's territory. He clung to her favour in the exciting uncertainty of his prospects.

"Certainly I am flattered by your wish," she said, cordially giving him her hand, and imagining in her egotism and rashness that she fathomed the extent of the alliance to which she pledged herself.

"Mother," said Unah as she re-entered the room, "I believe we shall get all we want by the feal-dike" (wall built of turf) "opposite Malise Gow's cottage."

"Well, well, do whatever you think best," acceded Mrs. Macdonald, a little annoyed by her daughter's unusual pertinacity in having a mind of her own with regard to the state of the weather, and the locale of the foxgloves of which she herself knew little and cared less. Indeed, though Unah was to be married next year at the farthest, she had hardly done so much for herself yet, as choose the road for a walk in opposition to the suggestions of her mother.

Unah and Frank Tempest set out with an intuitive, palpitating, almost painful sense of restraint and awkwardness, which had suddenly taken the place of what had been, to the girl at least, their easy, happy boy and girl freedom and good-fellowship. The new element reduced the former enviable intercourse between the two friends to forced conversation, carried on in jerks.

The day was not inspiring. Over every-

thing, blurring each outline, hung an impalpable dull haze, through which the green grey smoke from the uncouth chimneys of the cottages in the village rose straight into the air for several feet, and floated there in a faintly visible suspension which was so full of peat reek that the pungency became an acute oppression.

The feal-dike, running up between a little pasture field and the moor, was reached. But though its green bulging sides and top waved yet with seeded grasses and late harebells, the row of tall foxgloves, like miniature trees by the boundary, stood erect exhibiting an after-growth of dark green seed vessels with ridiculously long threads—vestiges of stamens and pistils—springing from them, as all that was left of the long drooping white and purple bells of the flowers.

Unah hesitated; she was loth to disappoint Lady Jean. She did not know how to displease her mother. She had already become in a degree accustomed to being with Frank Tempest in the new conditions of their connection. For that matter, the strange unspoken trouble between them had given way a little and relapsed to some extent into the old secure friendliness, as they hunted up and down the feal-dike, and compared notes on their mutual failure in the pursuit upon which they had been sent. They were both so light of foot that Unah was persuaded they could go up to Lochbuy farm, and come down again in no time. And of course Frank Tempest when he saw that she was debating the point, was still more convinced of their capacity for the pedestrian feat.

They decided to push on to Lochbuy. As they walked along briskly, winding up among the bracken and heather, both of which looked withered and shrunk—"singed," Unah called it—with the first frost, under the grey light, she half-forgot her unwillingness to go so far, in recounting to Frank the difficulties he would meet, the novelties he would find, above all the marvels he would discover, if he were to be standing victorious, with the wind in his hair, on the crest of the mountain.

First he would find the beaten track come to an end, and have to wade deviously as when he was following "the birds" ankle deep in heather.

What was called Lochbuy farm was no more than a sheeling made of turf and heather, a bothie which was only occupied in summer by wood-cutters, shepherds, and herds. It was deserted when Frank Tempest and Unah mounted to it, as they found when

they sought to procure a draught of milk there. In an improvidence which was more unaccountable in Mrs. Macdonald than in either of the two who were likely to suffer from it, they had quitted the Manse without any provision for luncheon. Frank had even left his flask behind him. "Never mind," said Unah; "we shall be at home presently. We can go down in a few minutes. One might run down, only there would be danger of the speed increasing, in spite of us, beyond our power of breath or of restraining ourselves at any obstacle; and however hungry or thirsty we may get, we should not quite like to make the descent headlong."

Frank Tempest did not feel hunger or thirst, in spite of his healthy young appetite. He did not care about going down. If it rested with him he would willingly range the whole mountain and remain without food and drink from breakfast to supper. But Unah and he had merely climbed the heights of the mountain in imagination. They were only beyond the last belt of birch wood, and there, on its border, grew an abundance of foxgloves, still in the stately pride of their flowers. Their gatherers had no difficulty in selecting huge bunches of white queens to encumber the young man.

"I think even Lady Jean would say we had got enough," said Unah, adding a last flower to the collection. She rose from her stooping posture and looked round. "Oh, come away!" she cried in a tone of sudden alarm; "the mist is coming down."

He turned to look up at the mountain towering far above him. All the morning Ben Voi's head had been partially hidden in a swathing of cloud, which had occasionally rent and lifted a little, only to close and sink down again with a certain sullen darkening and increase of density in the veil. But now, between them and the cowed mountain, there were white wreaths of vapour, which, if the spectators had found time to watch them, would have been seen to assume the most fantastic and weird colossal shapes, as they rolled and whirled in the wind, and advanced stealthily and swiftly like ghostly legions rushing to battle.

Frank Tempest, thinking of the appearance afterwards, remembered a wild picture by a great German painter in which he attempted to represent the spirits of the warriors of two rival hosts contending over the field where their mortal bodies had fallen.

Behind the marching mist wreaths, dimly visible, was a white surging mass of vapour, which might have been the Red Sea when it

reared its waves and remained arrested—a wall of waters on each side of the Israelites, till they crossed its sandy bed—but broke down foaming and roaring to swallow up the Egyptian taskmasters in pursuit of their fugitive slaves.

"Don't stay to look," besought Unah more urgently than before, and with a panic in her accent that was doubly suggestive in so hardy and experienced a mountaineer. "It may not yet be too late to get far enough down, and be beyond all danger of losing our way, before it catches us."

"I don't understand." He sought an explanation, partly puzzled and partly with the desire of reassuring her. He himself was impressed, but totally undaunted. He was, on the contrary, fired by the prospect of a new hostile experience. "We are not far up; it was not steep coming here. What are you afraid of? Is it very wetting?"

"It is not that," she answered without stopping. "I don't mind the wetting, though we might pass through the Fearn in flood, and reach the bank with drier hair. It is not the wetting, it is the blinding and bewildering. I know the mountain; but the mist is worse than a snow-storm, and once in a snow-storm my father got so dazzled and confused that he turned his back on the way he ought to have gone, and walked in the opposite direction, till a rock, with which he was acquainted, warned him in time that he was on the verge of a precipice. We are not far up, thank God! but there are old, forsaken quarries close to Lochbuy, between us and the foot of the mountain."

They hurried along in silence a little way, and then she stopped short in increased dismay. "I thought I knew the road so well, and now I believe I have brought you out of it already. Oh! I wish you had come with a better guide!" She reproached herself bitterly. "No, do not say anything against it, for you do not know the risk you run. I should not have undertaken to lead you up, even so far as Lochbuy, in such weather. I ought not to have consented, for I did not like the appearance of the mountain all the morning. But it is too late to speak of that. We must have strayed out of the line we followed in climbing, when we were gathering the fox-gloves. And now I dare not go down at random. There is nothing for it but to retrace our steps as far as the edge of the wood; unless, indeed, we hit upon one of the water-courses, which would be our best chance, and let it direct us."

They turned their faces, and lo! the

white cloud which had fallen was at their back, and the lighter mist wreaths were floating all around or scudding past them, to become dim rack in the valleys. The rising wind had been blowing dankly upon them, though they had hardly felt it since they commenced their hasty descent. But now a chillness so intense that it pierced to the marrow, like nothing in life except the touch of the dead, came upon them.

In a moment the gloss on Unah's auburn hair grew dim as it hung dripping in her neck. Their very eyelashes were beaded with moisture, which filled the eyes and blurred the sight. If either of them had been weak of chest there would have been a weight as of iron on the breast, and a painful gripping clutch at the throat. As it was, though these wayfarers were young and strong, their breath grew laboured; they staggered a little dizzily as they strove to recover the lost ground. Instinctively Frank Tempest had caught firm hold of Unah's hand, as he would have clutched her sinking in a sea, and he clasped it tightly as they fought their way through the soaked heather and watery air. There were not many yards to go, but the pair took many minutes to traverse the space, and they found, when they regained the outlying sentries of the birch wood, that they must have come back by a circuitous route.

Unah stood still, exhausted, to think what was to be done next. Under the trees there was a little clearness, though it was no more than a dim obscurity like that of a church which has remained all night full of incense, in the chill of the dawn.

"I believe we had better wait here for a few minutes," said Unah, with some tremulousness in her voice. "I told you the mist was not only wetting and tiring, it was crazing"—she made a desperate attempt to find something to smile at in their mistake—"and then we must try and reach the bothie—I do not know that it is right to venture farther. Perhaps the mist will roll off soon—I have seen it pass away in half an hour. But that was in spring or summer, not in autumn," she concluded, with a sigh of apprehension.

"I should not mind a bit," protested Frank Tempest stoutly—"it would only be a little adventure on my part that I should boast of all my life afterwards in England, where we are not lucky in meeting with adventures often, as I have frequently told you—if it were not for you, Miss MacDonald. You are wearied out," he said, with







“Oh, no, no!” denied Unah in terror and distress, putting out her hands as if to thrust him from her.

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an unconscious inflection of tender concern in his tones; "you are wet through already"—he touched her light jacket with a mixture of reverence and remorse. "I must do something after we get back to the bothie. Look here, can you stay alone in this kettle of steam for a little while, and let me run down? I'll manage to make out the way somehow, and get help. I'll bring you up a lot of plaids and shawls and an umbrella at least. Do give me leave; it will be another feather in my cap, you know," urged Frank in his growing excitement.

He had only a faint idea of the danger he would brave in his enterprise, but he had a lively impression of the deprivation he was about to inflict on himself in another sense.

"No, indeed!" Unah refused very decidedly and a little indignantly. "It is I who should have known better than to have brought you into this difficulty. Would you have me send you down to encounter worse dangers on my account?"

"Is it for that you care? Is it of me you think?" he cried softly, with a glow in his eyes and a warmth on his lips in the midst of the bitter cold.

At his words she shrank from him with a quick piteous appeal in her eyes that struck him dumb, even while it vexed and chafed him. She made a great effort to rally from her distress and change the subject. She looked at the foxgloves still hanging over his arm, and which had become limp and sodden within the short interval since they were pulled.

"I have heard," she said with another small yet courageous essay at pleasantry, "that there is ill luck in plucking a wild white rose for a gift. And I have always wondered why? unless because it was Prince Charlie's badge—it seemed such an innocent flower. But I begin to believe there is a malignant influence in white foxgloves. Look, they have the green tinge of envy and poison in their flowers. They are associated with the 'good people'—you remember we talked of whether or not we should affront them before we set out?"

But his pulses were throbbing and his blood coursing far beyond all gentle restraint. He was not going to recross the Rubicon, which he had just passed, by violence done to himself. If he had been older he would surely have spared the woman he loved, when she was in his power, from a declaration that was little short of an insult to her in her position, and which would wring her tender heart. For he was naturally

honest and kind as he was bold and ardent; but he was hardly a man, little more than a rash, hot-headed boy—a spoilt boy to boot.

"I don't bear any grudge against the foxgloves," he said, a little resentfully and with a shade of sulkiness, "nor for that matter against the mist, since they have brought and kept us together. Unah—my Unah!" he exclaimed in the recklessness of passion, drawing nearer to her.

"Oh, no, no!" denied Unah in terror and distress, putting out her hands as if to thrust him from her. "Do not say such words, Mr. Tempest. It is very wrong. I am to be Donald Drumchat's. His house is preparing for me to stay in as his wife. You know—you must have known all the while."

"I heard something of a formal contract, a family agreement," he admitted with dogged reluctance, "but it cannot be put in force. It is not to come between us—it shan't stand."

"And who is to prevent it?" demanded Unah, always more shocked and speaking almost wildly. "I have given my word. Am I to break it? Would I fail Don, whom I have known all my days—who has been fond of me ever since I was a child, and who needs me so much? Be quiet, Mr. Tempest, or I shall be tempted to bid you leave me, and perhaps meet your death," lamented Unah wofully.

But his proposal to leave her had been already rejected; the time for it was past. And he would not be quiet. He would press his suit in season or out of season, not so much with humility—he had that to learn in a great measure—as with youthful confidence and daring self-assertion.

"Better bréak your word than keep it in the letter and be false to it in the spirit," asserted Frank. "Better fail one man, who had no right to take advantage of you as a child, than make three people miserable, though one of them is yourself and you may think you have a right to do what you will with yourself; that is just like a romantic girl," said Frank, adopting an accent of boyish superiority even at that moment.

"Nobody need be long miserable if they do what is right," objected Unah faintly, and with more regard to sense than grammar.

"Should we not aim for the bothie now, although we have quarrelled?" suggested Frank with an air of affront, whether at his own words or at hers.

She sought to comply in silence, but her limbs were trembling, her heart was sick, and when she advanced beyond the protection of



the trees into the seething whirlpool of vapour that was beyond, she began to grope like a blind creature, and to stumble as if she would fall every instant.

"Oh dear!" she cried in despair, "I do not know where to turn, or whether the bothie is on my right hand or my left."

He had sense enough remaining to see that she was in no condition to proceed. He drew her back beneath the shelter of the trees.

"Never mind," he said soothingly and penitently, since his heart smote him for the consequences of his wilfulness; "we'll wait a little longer till you have recovered, and I will not say another word to vex or plague you, if you'll only forgive and trust me again."

He found a heap of leaves and withered bracken less wet than the other heaps, and induced her to sit down, as she was no longer fit to stand; in truth, her teeth had begun to chatter and she was shivering from head to foot in spite of herself. She looked forlorn and prostrated—very unlike the Unah Macdonald who was only timid and helpless to the world without, but in the inner circle which he had penetrated, showed herself brave, cheery, and full of expedient.

He took her benumbed hands and chafed them in his own, which still retained some warmth, and she could not bid him desist. He begged her pardon humbly, over and over again, and she was not able to tell him to have done. Her pale face seemed to him to have grown as wan and shadowy in the mist, as the face of the moon when she rises in the sky before the sun has set. She appeared to be paying no heed to what was passing around her, and to be lapsing into stupor as people do who are exposed beyond their strength in a snow-storm, or in intense cold. She was like the lover of one of her songs—

"The frost it was keen, and his heart it grew weary,  
And he lay down to sleep on the moorland sae dreary."

Possibly she had not vigour left to fight—if she were conscious of its approach—with the deadly insensibility stealing over her.

He raised her hands to his lips and kissed them fondly to melt the frost in them. He said aloud they two were alone together on the mountain, and very likely the mist would last for days and nights, and they would indeed perish thus together, far from the rest of the world, without either its aid or its interference. And he could accept the portion rather than they should live to be parted. She was to be his and not Donald Drumchatt's. God

was going to be kinder to him than she had meant to be, and had decreed that in death they should not be divided.

At his frantic words she suddenly roused herself, sat straight up, and looked in his face with her heavy eyes.

"Did you care for me so much as that?" she asked in doubtful wonder, as if she were a third person listening to a story which was ended. "It was strange, and I such a mere Highland girl, so stupid," referring to her shyness, "and not handsome as my mother was."

"Don't talk nonsense, Unah," he interrupted her without ceremony, but speaking solemnly all the same; "you are the loveliest, cleverest, best woman I ever saw or shall see."

"No!" she refused absolutely to believe so incredible a statement, shaking her head. "And if we get down safely after all, you will go back to England, enter on the great possessions they speak of, and forget all about me. And it will be right," she said with firmness.

"Never," he cried angrily. "What do you take me for, Unah? A fickle lad? A man sure to be forsworn?"

"Among the many songs I sang to you and Donald," she answered him with a faint smile, "did I never sing to you of what befell the poor Highland lassies on Athole Green, when the lads, who had thought so much of them—only because they knew no better—were dancing with the English girls in Carlisle Ha'?"

"No," he answered proudly, "and I don't care. They were Highlanders, I suppose," he was still petulant enough to add, "and have nothing to do with me."

There was silence again between them, while the griping, searching cold began to weigh even on his heart and tongue. He struggled against its mastery, and if a proof had been wanted that his mad, youthful passion was singularly deep and strong, reaching well-nigh to the roots of his being, there existed one in the fact that it was still uppermost in his thoughts.

"Unah," he assailed her again—cautiously this time—and she had got used to the employment of her Christian name by him till she heard it without protest and as a matter of course. They had been a pair of friends for weeks, and they had become fellow-sufferers at last. "Do you think if the mist lasts and we cannot make our way down, that we shall not be able to survive a long exposure to it?"

"I do not know," she hesitated; "but we

will trust in God," she added in her reverent, wistful way. "They must guess our plight at Fearnavoil. My mother will know what detains us so long, for she sent us here; and my father," she said the names with little gasps, "will strive to rescue us. But they are almost sure to think that we have taken refuge in the bothie. Now I am not certain that we are not on the other side of the wood, so that even though they get so far, they may still miss us."

"Not if I shouted."

"You cannot tell when to shout, and the continuous effort would help to exhaust you; you could only try it at intervals, and I am not sure whether they would hear you at Loch-buay farm. We are young," she began again after an instant's pause; "but we have not had food for a number of hours, and I am worn out already. Several years ago a stranger at the Ford Inn was rash enough to climb the mountain without a guide. The mist came down when he was nearer the foot than we are, but he never got any farther in the direction of the Pass or the valley. People judged that he must have wandered in a circle for hours, and then lain down where he was found in the morning, not a hundred yards from one of the shepherd's cottages, if he had only known it," she ended with a sighing shudder.

"If we have so little chance left," he urged, "before we give up all thought of life and prepare to die, would there be any great disloyalty to him in your telling me that you could have cared for me if he had not been in the way, when I have loved you better than life, my darling, so that if you gave me one kiss I think I should die content?"

"Oh, Frank," she cried, thrilling him with the sound of his name that burst from her lips in her eagerness, "would it not be a bad beginning in making our peace with God, to let our last act be one of treachery to those who trusted in us?"

"It would not be treachery to be true to our love. You could not think so if you really cared for me," he said moodily.

"Oh, Frank, Frank!" she cried again, "do you believe I do not care for you because I care more for your honour and your highest good?" Then she broke down in another direction: she wrung her hands and made that involuntary motion common to deepest sorrow, of rocking herself to and fro. "It is I who brought you here to die," she said more to herself than to him, "and you were so young and brave and bonnie,

like the heroes of my songs. You might have been happy if you had never come to Fearnavoil. But you came, and liked us all so well—liked me far too well. What shall I do? What shall I do? Would it be a comfort to you for me to say—what I have never dreamed of or confessed to myself to this day—and though nothing could ever have come of it—that I care for you, who, till this summer, were a stranger to me, and who in a few weeks would have gone away and never seen me again, more than for poor Don whom I have known all my days, and who was to have been my husband, but who must live on now as he can at Drumchatt without his cousin? If there is sin in the words, how shall I keep from saying them?"

It was his turn to be generous and to comfort her. "God bless you, Unah," he said softly. "I will ask no more. I believe now you care for me, though I was too late—that was not our fault—and nothing might have come of it. I am happy—do you hear me say it, Unah?—happy as a king at this moment; and I can trust that God not only forgives us, but that He lets us have this single taste of happiness which was not for us. When it is nearly over, you will lay your head on my shoulder and let me hold your hand, and die as you might have died had you been my wife. Then I shall not care to live, or that the searchers should find me, until I am lying dead by your side."

But even as Frank uttered his tender adjuration, a muffled shout sounded through the mist. Both of them heard it; and though he was so startled that he could not at the moment reply, it was followed by another and a nearer shout, accompanied by the barking of dogs. She was the first to be recalled to the world of every-day life that had been left behind them, and of which they felt they had taken farewell. It was with a strange sense of perturbation, almost of pain, as when one is recalled from a swoon, and with a distressing consciousness of self-betrayal, that she awoke to the approach of deliverance. But, young and simple as she was, she gathered herself up, and drew swiftly around her again the cloak of reserve, with the instinct of self-preservation, and of the maintenance of a sacred privacy, which is so strong even in the most candid of single-hearted and pure-minded women, as to amaze the men who have most faith in them, and to draw down on them from cynics the charge of inveterate hypocrisy and guile.

"Listen!" she said to Frank Tempest, speaking almost as quietly in her re-

awakened hope as if the last two or three hours they had spent together had been blotted out. "It is my father with some of the shepherds. They have taken the precaution to bring with them young Ghillie and the collies. And the dogs are scenting us out."

Unah was right. The next moment the dogs, headed by the yellow terrier of famous descent, emerged, leaping and giving tongue joyously, as if from the clouds, soon to be followed by the tall figure of the minister and his stalwart assistants.

"Thank God, here they are!" cried the minister. "Unah, lassie, what possessed you to take to the mountain on a day like this? I thought you knew better." The worthy man reproached his daughter the moment he found her safe. Even his goodness and gentleness did not exempt him from the feelings of his kind in an inclination to scold a little when his anxiety was relieved, partly as a protest against a waste of feeling, partly to prevent the most distant chance of a scene.

"We wanted foxgloves for Lady Jean. I



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thought the mist might keep off, or that we should get down before it came," said Unah briefly, her teeth beginning to chatter again now that the high pressure of violent emotion was removed from her.

"I am the principal offender, Mr. Macdonald," Frank said, recovering his habitual boldness, and coming with his wonted alacrity to the front. "Lady Jean sent me, and I persuaded Miss Macdonald to come out with me."

"Say no more about it, sir;" the minister dismissed the subject somewhat drily, making a mental note to himself, "I thought that was

a nice lad, but he must be an unmitigated puppy to suppose that he was of any consequence in the matter. "Here, Unah, drink this, every drop, instantly," he said, carefully pouring out a certain measure from his flask, and speaking in a voice of authority, as if he were administering a nauseous drug on which depended the gravest results. "You had better have the rest, Mr. Tempest," he forced himself to add more heartily, yet with a touch of sarcasm, "unless you wish to carry off an exploded ague or a rheumatic fever as a reminiscence of the Highlands."

It was plain that Frank Tempest's share



in the expedition rankled in the minister's mind, disturbing its friendliness, and that there was great danger of the promising pupil in natural history undergoing an eclipse in his senior's good graces.

But the individuals most concerned were incapable of studying the thermometer of a third person's manner.

Unah was the calmest, but even Unah had only power to say, "Wrap me in your plaid, father, to make me warm again; put your arm round me to hold me up, and I think I shall find strength to go down." Then she looked round to the biggest of the shepherds, "Charlie, let Mr. Tempest hold by your arm, for he is so stiff that his feet will not feel the ground beneath him; no wonder, for we have been dead and are alive again," she added, in a lower tone, as if her mind were slightly confused, so that she mistook the clause of the verse she quoted.

#### CHAPTER XII.—THE FULFILMENT OF THE BOND.

THE next day the misadventure of Unah and Frank Tempest was repeated all over Fearnavoil, and had travelled as far as Drumchatt. The story was by no means calculated to allay the storm of suspicion and wrath which was already rising in the young laird's breast. He took the manlier course; he repaired at once to the Manse, and appealed to the minister himself for explanation.

Mrs. Macdonald had not been without an impression that the morning's walk might bring matters to a crisis—might enlighten two of the young people as to their feelings, and impel them to take some decided step in opposition to the destiny already appointed for Unah. But a crisis she had little counted upon was the immediate result.

Donald conducted himself with the dignity proper to a long line of dhuinniewassels. He did not accuse Unah to her father; he would not even have reproached herself had he seen her, which was out of the question. Unah's hours of chill in the mist had been followed, even in so hardy a girl, by a reactionary feverish attack, which, although it did not assume a serious character, made it a necessity that she should remain in her room for some days.

Donald inquired for her, a little loftily, possibly, but with due interest in her condition. He heard the particulars of the incident with attention and without making any captious objection.

He let the conversation become general for a few moments, and then he suddenly

turned it, and pressed his former guardian to consent to the immediate celebration of his marriage with Unah. He said, truly, that he could not be accused of impatience, since the period of probation originally appointed to the couple was now more than fulfilled. He reminded the minister of what he was well aware, that all their friends—notably Donald's former trustees, agreed in their approval of the marriage.

The minister heard the petitioner—holding the spectacles with which he had been reading between his fingers, and keeping his eyes fixed on the ground, while he listened without interruption—till the somewhat blustering reference to gossip with which Donald concluded; then Mr. Macdonald raised his mild brown eyes, not free from disturbance in their depths. But it was a disturbance which was compatible with perfect honesty, and so the listener looked the speaker full in the face.

"True, Don," he said, "those who mind gossip do the reverse of grasping their nettle," and then he freely assented to the reasonableness of Donald Drumchatt's urging the conclusion of his suit. "You have waited long enough. I do not like your remaining longer by your self with another winter coming on, my lad. Unah is the last girl in the world to care for a grand preparation and parade for her reception. It is not as if she were a stranger, she is almost as familiar with the old place as you are. Very well, Donald, let it be as you will. Let the marriage be celebrated this autumn—there are still a few weeks of it to come and go upon; I do not think you need apprehend any strenuous objections to the shortness of the warning given, at last. However, you must leave to the ladies the exact length of time they will require for the bride's 'providing.' Of course you don't care though she come to you as she is—empty-handed and in an old frock. But you must remember that, for the most part, a woman is a bride only once in her life, and we have Scripture for it, that on so important an occasion it is simply natural for her to delight in her ornaments, and adorn herself with her jewels. Unah's jewels will be of the simplest description, after all; for I cannot afford any other—and neither she nor her mother would wish me to cumber myself, and set a bad example of idle display. We must trust that my lassie is a jewel in herself. Nay, Don, I do not need you to assure me of it, keep your vows for Unah."

There was a gentle gallantry about the

minister, which caused him when out at dinner, and just after the ladies had left the room, to propose their health, and to add with emphasis in his old-fashioned phraseology, while he looked around him without hesitation for general confirmation to his sentiment, "What should we be without the fair?"

Donald Drumchatt was so far appeased by the minister's reception of his mission. But when he was further invited cordially to come to the drawing-room and talk over the matter with Mrs. Macdonald, have luncheon, and stay to dinner, though Unah was still kept in bed, and unable to see him, he excused himself on the plea of expediting the arrangements at Drumchatt.

It was so much more mortifying to Donald's vanity to recognise that Mrs. Macdonald had grown lukewarm in his cause, than it had been humiliating to his manliness to find her choosing a wife for him, that he was reluctant to admit this view of the case. He only acknowledged to himself that women were lovers of change and greedy of power, with a special inclination to poach on their neighbours' preserves, and that his future mother-in-law—for all her religious pretensions—was no better than the rest.

As for Unah, no doubt it was all right. She could never really put any other man before him; only she was so friendly and kind, as he was well aware, and that insolent fellow of an Englishman had taken advantage of her unsuspecting goodness by following her about and being always in her train. To think he had decoyed her up Ben Voil as far as Lochbuy on an autumn day, and contrived that they should be caught in the mist, so that they might have broken their necks or been chilled to death! And what would have become of him—Donald, in such a case? But all that was at an end—and high time too, when his speedy marriage with his cousin was announced.

But in spite of the minister's confidence in his wife, which their thirty years of wedlock had not rudely shaken, there was an uneasy misgiving, of which he was ashamed, in his look and manner, when he sought her in her own room; for he judged the drawing-room or his study not so safe from invasion as the discussion required. He shut the door behind him, and faced round upon her with the abrupt information, "Donald has been with me, my dear, about his marriage with Unah. He wishes it to take place at once, and I cannot say that I think he is wrong."

Mrs. Macdonald had just come in from

one of her parochial visits; she had put down the little basket in which she carried her tracts, sugar and tea, eggs, and beef-tea—condiments both for soul and body, empty on the table before her. She was standing in her plain walking-dress, with its perfectly instinctive touches of elegance, preparing to take off her bonnet and shawl, an act in which she needed no service, though Jenny Reach was in some respects her maid as well as her housekeeper.

In her unconsciousness and unconcern with regard to her personal appearance, Mrs. Macdonald in her middle age was still a handsome, distinguished-looking woman, far more so than Lady Moydart could pretend to be. Her husband, even in the ferment of his mind at that moment, admired her and was proud of her, as he had been every hour she had been in his presence, since he had first loved her.

She made an involuntary movement of surprise, stopping in what she was doing, with her glove half pulled off; but she did not give an exclamation or look round at her husband, as she might have been expected to do. "Has that not been a sudden determination?" she asked quietly. "Will that not be hurrying Unah unjustifiably, after everything has gone on in the most leisurely manner till now? Why, the house is not nearly finished," and at these words she looked round at her husband with something like her natural lively remonstrance.

"Don has made up his mind to stop the building for the present—as, indeed, the first frost would stop it for him. But he does not think the non-completion of the house need hinder the fulfilment of his engagement to Unah. And, to tell you the truth, Marjory, I believe he is right. I begin to regret that the marriage was ever delayed, and to have faith in the old adage, 'Happy's the wooing that's not long adoin'—like our own, you remember?'"

"I don't think Donald has been impatient," she admitted—"although the delay was entirely your doing;" she turned the tables on him. "As to our old affair, you had the good sense not to ask me to be your wife till I was less juvenile in mind than poor Unah is. Besides, I was not so fortunate as to have a father and mother to care whether I was too young to marry." She stopped in her calm reminiscences. "Do you think Donald is as well as usual," she added quickly, as on the impulse of the moment, "that he should, without any previous hint, get into such a violent anxiety to change all

the arrangements? It looks to me like the wayward caprice—the fit of longing of a man sick or sickening with a serious illness. I have not thought him looking his best all this summer. It would be too sad if Unah were to marry him on the brink of a breakdown.”

“How can you say such a thing!” protested the minister with pain, almost with anger. “I have been thinking Don uncommonly steady in his progress towards health, as well as very busy and active all this year. Marjory, I cannot bear you to forebode evil in his case at this date.”

He did not say whether it was merely because of his strong interest in, and affection for, his kinsman and former ward and pupil, or whether there was any other idea—the entertaining of which was, to his mind, an insult to his wife, who must be innocent, that made her speech move him with quick repulsion.

“If the evil is there,” she argued, “it will do no good for us to shut our eyes to it;” but she said it slowly and in a lower tone, and she did not look again at him.

“Certainly,”—he tried to compose himself and be reasonable—“only, if that be true, we ought to have foreseen it long ago.” Then he appealed to her half wistfully. “Something has occurred which has put me out. I don’t know how the foolish story has arisen—I suppose in the silly fit of excitement and dissipation which always comes over us with the shooting season—but I am sure it has been allowed to gain ground solely because you, like me, never dreamt that the smallest precaution could be necessary. I allude to Unah’s running about and chattering—though the child is not a chatter-box in general—as she would have done with any English girl near her own age to whom she could have been of use, in showing her the Pass, and the moor, and the lochs, and in introducing her to our Highland customs—but unfortunately it is not a girl—it is that jack-anapes Tempest. I must call him so, though he had the nous to show only manliness and modesty to me. It seems he has great expectations, and is a splendid match, with all the false importance and injury to a young man’s simplicity and generosity which that involves. I have seen something of the result before, even up here in Fearnavoil.”

She confronted him fairly and firmly now. “Farquhar, I never heard you so unjust before,” she said with spirit. “Frank Tempest is neither a conceited coxcomb nor a premature man of the world. He has much to learn yet, poor boy! but as it is he is a

fine young fellow, much less self-important and ostentatious than Donald Drumchatt, who has had in some respects far superior advantages. I will own that I like Mr. Tempest very much.”

“That is neither here nor there,” said the minister a little hotly and incoherently. “I may be prejudiced; very likely I am, since I have sufficient cause. Do you know this young fellow’s name is beginning to be coupled with Unah’s in a most objectionable manner, considering her engagement? Of course, this Lochbuy story is giving fresh impetus to the scandal. More than once yesterday, in my visits at Fetterbog, there were sly, and what were to me most annoying, allusions, which I could not overlook, made in the inquiries for the family here. And when I came to old Mrs. Macdonald, Menmuir, she put it to me plainly, whether my daughter’s marriage with her ‘silly’ cousin was not broken off, that she might form a grander connection with some fine English lord or other in the Castle Moydart family? Did you ever hear anything more disgraceful?”

“People take great liberties,” she protested indignantly and flushing hotly. “What have they to do with our private affairs?”

“Well, it seems to me they have a great deal to do, if I am their friend as well as their minister. That is not what I complain of. It is the utter falsehood of the story, and the being forced to see that they can suspect us of being guilty of such meanness and baseness. For it would be unutterably mean,” said the minister, with a look of being wounded to the quick.

Mrs. Macdonald appeared nevertheless to beg the question. “Mrs. Macdonald, Menmuir, is a very worldly person; she judges her neighbours as she does herself; she has the longest and worst tongue in the parish. If Donald Drumchatt is ready to condemn us on such evidence as hers, his faith in us can never have been very great!” she ended contemptuously.

“Donald has not condemned us. He has behaved very well, very well indeed, in the business. There is no fault to be found with Don,” continued the minister, always more excited; “but I will not have these things said of my daughter, and by inference of you and me, Marjory. I tell you I will not. If I believed there was a grain of truth in them—but there is not—it is a vile calumny on Unah to give credit to a single word of the malicious lie—I should never hold up my head, or have the face to enter my pulpit again.” The meek man was absolutely trans-



formed. He stood fierce in his resistance to a wrong which, if it were inflicted by any member of his family, would be inflicted by himself, inasmuch as he understood himself to have sworn, in the double light of the head of a house and the minister of a parish, that as for him and his, they would serve the Lord in the first foundations of truth and honesty, if they could go no farther.

Mrs. Macdonald was by mental constitution a woman of quick, keen sympathies when they were not overlaid and crushed by theories and dogmas. She thrilled in response to her husband's just wrath; she felt with the swiftness and sureness of intuition, at that trying moment, all the tender reverence and unstinted confidence of wedded love which hung trembling in the balance. And what would life be to her without Farquhar Macdonald's deep devotion and delicate homage to which she had grown as accustomed as to the air she breathed, without which it seemed she could no more exist than she could live without the vital air? Would any outward exaltation of Unah—were she to become a queen instead of a countess or duchess—atone for so terrible and irreparable a loss? "Never!" was the instant, unequivocal answer of Mrs. Macdonald's nobler nature. She could not even endure to contemplate the possibility of her deprivation. Thus Mrs. Macdonald in her cleverness and sensibility was baffled as a conspirator, where a less gifted and coarser actor might have gone on and prospered. Her sensibility, above all, forged weapons against herself, which, had she been a worse woman, would either not have existed, or would have been so tempered as to prove worthless.

Mrs. Macdonald suddenly looked up with bright, moist eyes in her husband's constrained, agitated face, and put her hand affectionately on his quivering shoulder. "My dear Farquhar, why do you suffer yourself to be vexed like this? Why do you mind what incredible nonsense people are silly or mischievous enough to talk, when you know Unah is no flirt or jilt, and when everybody knows you are the last man in the world to commit an injustice, or to fail in your word? Ah, Farquhar, it is not here that we need expect to be judged fairly, or to receive the reward of a patient continuance in well-doing. But you can so easily—with Donald Drumchatt's help, and it seems that he has taken the initiative—put a stop to the idle gossip. Let us drive over to the Ford, and take the coach to Inverness to-morrow, and buy what is wanted for Unah's outfit."

"My dear Marjory," said the minister with a great sigh, almost a gasp of relief, "I was sure you would see the matter as I did, and that you would not put any obstacle in the way of the wrong's being redressed. I am afraid there has been, in the very innocence of our hearts, an appearance of evil. I cannot think why I was so silly as to take this folly so much to heart. I think I must have been daft on my own account—a great deal dafter than Don, poor fellow! who might have been excused, had he not treated the trifle with the scanty consideration which was all it deserved. But the consultation with you has done me a world of good," he acknowledged gratefully; "a woman's judgment comes in where a man's fails."

"But I have not suggested any new course," said Mrs. Macdonald deprecatingly.

"No, no; but you reduced the whole thing to its due proportions, and stripped from it the exaggerated importance with which I was inclined to invest it. And we are agreed in letting the marriage come off at once, which is only making up our minds to part with Unah a little sooner than we intended."

"Yes," said Mrs. Macdonald quickly; "but you must break the new arrangement to her. It was your and Donald's doing, after all. I have only consented to it to save misunderstanding. And I do think, as I have already told you, that it is hard upon Unah to have her marriage come abruptly upon her like this."

"Oh, very well," said the minister, feeling every encounter easy after he was certain of his wife's views, which he ought never to have doubted. He was sure that Unah was true, since his wife had proved the high-minded, disinterested woman he had always respected as deeply as he had loved her dearly; and whose perfect integrity he had been so left to himself as to question for a wretched interval, during which he had been driven to become sceptical of the goodness of the whole world, with his faith in man, if not in God, tottering. "I dare say there will be no great breaking of the news needed," he predicted cheerfully. "A little lover-like impatience in the end is not without its sweet flattery to a girl. And Unah is far too unselfish and tender-hearted to grudge making a little sacrifice for Don."

The light of his glad deliverance from a miserable suspicion of the person dearest to him, was still on the minister's face when he went to talk to Unah, and announce to her the alteration in their plans and the near prospect of her wedding.

Unah was sitting up in her white dressing-gown, with her hair hanging loose on her shoulders. She looked younger than ever in her womanhood, and with something pathetic in the youthfulness, because of the little air of languor and fragility which even so slight an illness had lent to her pale face.

The minister, though a quiet man, had always plenty to say to his daughter, almost more than to his wife, whose tastes were not in such complete accordance with his own. On the present occasion there was, on one side at least, even a fuller flow of chat than usual, seeing that Unah had been shut up from the outer world for the last five days, and had not seen for herself that there had been a night of high wind and rain after the mist. One of the larches at Randal's Bridge had been blown down, while there had been the threatening of a "spate" in the Fearn, which, if it had been fulfilled, would have put an end to the dahlias which the early frost had spared in the garden. In addition the minister had christened Nicky Macdonald's bairn in the house, since it was far too weary a thing\* to be brought to the kirk; and Ludovic Macdonald, Saonach, had just been in to bid him good-bye before setting out for his winter's course of the Humanities.

Unah showed no indifference to the familiar tidings; on the contrary she listened eagerly, as if she thirsted for a return to everyday interests and occupations.

"And you must be quick and get well, Unah," broke off the minister, with the smile which when his heart was at ease had something of womanly gentleness in it. "You must know it is particularly incumbent on you not to be playing the invalid and learning lazy habits just now."

A flickering colour came into Unah's cheek and a startled inquiring look into her eyes. "I think I cannot do better in any case than get well as soon as possible. I am tired of being ill; indeed I am not ill, I am almost as well as ever—to say anything else is a polite fiction of the doctor's. I don't wish to give my mother or anybody else any farther trouble, or to miss any more events—wrecks left by storms, or christenings and leave-takings," she said hastily. "But why is recovering such a special obligation just now?"

"Because——" the minister hesitated, certainly no longer in any great trouble about the nature of his message, and with no particular

thought for his daughter on account of an indiscretion into which he was in the end persuaded she had been drawn, along with her mother and himself, in the over-confidence of innocence, but simply with the laudable desire to make his communication neatly. "Don has found that you are a great deal too precious to him to be suffered to go risking yourself on Ben Voil in a mist without his knowledge and consent. We have all come to the conclusion that his wooing has been protracted long enough for the shortness of modern life. Our years do not reach to the term of the patriarchs, so that you cannot expect to have as great a compliment paid to you as was offered to Rachel. Your mother and I are of opinion that you should do Donald the honour of marrying him one day before the autumn is over. You are aware that winter is rather a trying season for him, poor chap! and I am sure it is the most earnest wish of your heart to lighten his burdens. Do you see now, Unah, why you must look sharp and be brisk in getting about again, that we may not lose any part of the short time you are still to be your mother's and mine entirely?"

But Unah, timid as she was, did not betray perturbation; she did not shrink from the proposal. She heard it with a long-drawn breath and a fixed look in her father's face—a look that had more of indefinite yearning than of rebellion and repugnance in it. "Yes," she said emphatically, "I have wished to lighten Don's burdens. I have promised, and I think I can help him. There is nothing to hinder me since you and my mother have agreed to it. I would rather go to him at once. Let us have the marriage and the parting and everything over," she said, with a slight quiver of the lip and twitch of the wool which she had been knitting and with which her hand was playing. Then she smiled slightly, and added as at a joke she was guilty of making, "It is better to submit to an operation than to have it constantly hanging over one's head."

"You are my dear, good lassie," said her father warmly; "women are greatly mistaken when they imagine that pride and coquetry, or simply affectation, will recommend them and raise their value in the eyes of men worthy of the name."

The minister was perfectly satisfied. Even his ear, dulled by the familiarity of use and wont, and the tyranny of a preconceived impression, did not catch, in the voice which was so well known and so pleasant to him, a sigh of weariness after a sharp struggle—of

\* "Hap and row, hap and row, hap and row the festive o't; It's sic a wee bit weary thing I downa bear the greetin' o't."—*Cradle Song*.

terror clutching at the first support that offered itself—of desperate desire to get rid of uncertainty and apprehension by taking the decisive step which nothing could undo. "To have it all over," she had said piteously, and those who knew everything and could understand all might have measured her words. But among the enlightened was not the loving father, the good and honest man who had taught, trained, and cherished her since she had been a helpless baby.

Then Farquhar Macdonald sat down and talked a little longer to his daughter. He spoke to her quietly of the days of his youth—of his early hopes and aspirations. He told her of the mingled pride and humility with which he had become a minister of the Church—that old Scotch Church which had come through fire and flood, which had been more than once rent asunder, but which was still the National Church—nay more, which had yet beating warm at its heart life from the Lord of life—life that thrilled and throbbed through every member, and waxed strong in earnest faith and good works. He referred simply to the failures and mistakes as well as the successes of his own and her mother's work, but was clear that, withal, it became them to take courage and not be weary in well-doing.

Unah listened earnestly, and assented softly.

Although Unah had spoken of her illness as a polite fiction on her doctor's part, and although she might have grown tired of it, she had been more thankful for its reality, in the first place, than she remembered ever feeling grateful for any boon bestowed on her. It had been a refuge for her till she could come to herself, and brace herself to bear what was in store for her. It had made everybody—including Don, indulgent to her, and indisposed to weigh strictly and put harsh constructions on any disorder that she might be unable to banish in a moment from her words and looks. Above all, it screened her from what she dreaded most—any chance of meeting Frank Tempest after the day on Ben Voil. He was lavish in his expressions of concern—unremitting in his inquiries, but under the excuse of her illness she was saved from hearing more than the distant echo of his sympathy.

All the time she knew that when the days of her illness, like the days of the mourning for the dead, were ended, she would return to the world—much the same girl outwardly, perhaps, but still changed at the core, and that irrevocably. All the sweet lingering

immaturity, "the tender grace" of budding womanhood that is not yet in flower, would be left behind her, and the eyes of the spirit which had been unsealed would never be closed again.

Withal, it never entered into Unah's conception that the explanation which had taken place between her and Frank Tempest could alter her relations with Donald Drumchatt, even though her tender conscience and honourable nature were weighed to the ground under the sense of having unwittingly failed her plighted husband and played him false.

Unah was, like her father, simply incapable of doing anything else than keep her word, though "it might be to her hurt;" and neither father nor daughter could see beyond their word. It might have been moral stupidity and blindness in them—so many people argue glibly on the slightest and most fanciful premises that it is much better to break one's word, than to do unknown harm by keeping it. But then Mr. Macdonald and Unah were not at all the sort of persons who would take criminal vows, while with regard to the obligations they did incur, they had in them a curious mixture of self-respect and of modesty. They did not undertake what they were not fit to fulfil, and knowing this they felt bound to discharge their debt. They had a very Christian conviction that they could by higher help control their own inclinations. And they were not possessed with the idea that they and their feelings were of such enormous importance, that the absence of some special sentiment, or even the presence of a warring sentiment, painfully but faithfully resisted on their part, must work misery to more than themselves, and prove richer in the elements of ruin to all concerned, than broken pledges and shattered trust would be.

Unah knew that she could still, as she promised, help and cheer Donald in his dismal mansion of Drumchatt; and she believed that, being on the whole so well pleased with himself and his position, he would in all likelihood be content with what she could give him, even while her heart was sore for another love. It did not strike her that there was any wrong committed, any demeaning of herself, in thus doing what she could to atone for her involuntary betrayal of confidence; and so far from thinking that it was a sin against the love which she never knew she felt for Frank Tempest till the day on Ben Voil, it was that love which was a sin in her eyes, and against which she recoiled. It was under the consciousness of its exist-



ence that she writhed, and her ordinarily pale cheeks were dyed red with shame in the very privacy of her sick-room.

Unah was not yet a wife; Donald Drumchatt was not yet her gudeman; and she knew little or nothing of those fine distinctions of the sturdily honest old marriage laws of Scotland, which are disposed to hold a written pledge, even a verbal promise duly witnessed, as well-nigh equivalent to the sacred rite performed. But to a girl who revered her word as Unah revered hers, an engagement in marriage was what a betrothal is to a German girl, only second in solemnity

to the marriage itself, and not to be cancelled save for the weightiest and most terrible reasons—physical death, or infidelity on the man's part, which would be as his death to the woman.

The minister was acting in ignorance, and Unah in knowledge of the obstacle which had arisen in her heart. But had he shared her knowledge, his conclusion would have been the same. It might have been moral stupidity and blindness in them, but it was the manner in which they read their duty by the light of their Bibles, and by their quiet, steadfast godliness and true-heartedness.

## RAPIN, THE HUGUENOT.

### I.—A REFUGEE IN ENGLAND.

WHEN Louis XIV. revoked the Edict of Nantes, he expelled from France nearly all his subjects, except the Atheists, who would not conform to the Roman Catholic religion. He drove out the manufacturers, who were for the most part Protestants, and thus destroyed the manufacturing supremacy of France. He expelled Protestants of every class—advocates, judges, doctors, artists, scientists, teachers, and professors. And, last of all, he expelled the Protestant soldiers and sailors.

According to Vauban, 12,000 tried soldiers, 9,000 sailors, and 600 officers left France, and entered into foreign service. Some went to England, some to Holland, and some to Prussia. Those who took refuge in Holland entered the service of William, Prince of Orange. Most of them accompanied him to Torbay in 1688. They fought against the armies of Louis XIV. at the Boyne, at Athlone, and at Aughrim, and finally drove the French out of Ireland.

The sailors also did good service under the flags of England and Holland. They distinguished themselves at the sea-fight off La Hogue, where the English and Dutch fleets annihilated the expedition prepared by Louis XIV. for his descent upon England.

The expatriated French soldiers occasionally revisited the country of their birth, not as friends but as enemies. They encountered the armies of Louis XIV. in all the battles of the Low Countries. They fought at Ramilies, Blenheim, and Malplacquet. A Huguenot engineer directed the operations at the siege of Namur, which ended in the capture of the fortress. Another Huguenot engineer

conducted the operations at Lisle, which was also taken by the allied forces. While there, a flying party, consisting chiefly of French Huguenots, penetrated as far as the neighbourhood of Paris, when they nearly succeeded in carrying off the Dauphin.

The Huguenot officers who took refuge in Prussia entered the service of Frederick William, Elector of Brandenburg. Some were raised to the highest offices in his army. Marshal Schomberg was one of the number. But when he found that William of Orange was assembling a large force in Holland for the purpose of making a descent upon England, he requested leave to join him; and his friend Prince Frederick William, though with great regret, at length granted him permission to leave the Prussian service.

The descendants of the Huguenot officers who took refuge in Germany revisited France on more than one occasion. They overran the eastern and northern parts of the French empire in 1814 and 1815; and, last of all, they crushed the descendants of their former persecutors at Sedan, in 1870. Not long since, Jules Simon, when Premier of France, reminded his countrymen of what they had lost by the tyrannical edict of Louis XIV. He recalled the fact that not less than eighty distinguished officers on the German staff were representatives of Protestant families who were expelled from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes!

The subject of the following narrative was a French refugee, who entered the service of William of Orange. To find the beginnings of his ancestry, we must reach far

back into history. The Rapins were supposed to have been driven from the Campana of Rome during the persecutions of Nero. They took refuge in one of the wildest and most picturesque valleys of the Alps. In 1250 we find the Rapins established near Saint-Jean de la Maurienne, in Savoy, close upon the French frontier. Saint-Jean de la Maurienne was so called because of a supposed relic of the bones of St. John the Baptist, which had been deposited there by a female pilgrim, Sainte Thècle, who was, it is supposed, a Rapin by birth. The fief of Chaudane en Valloires was the patrimony of the Rapins, which they long continued to hold. In 1692 the descendants of the family endeavoured to prove, from the numerous titles which they possessed, that they had been nobles for eight or nine hundred years.

The home of the Rapins was situated in the country of the Vaudois. In 1375 the Vaudois descended from their mountains and preached the gospel in the valleys of Savoy. The Pope appealed to the King of France, who sent an army into the district. The Vaudois were crushed. Those who remained fled back to the mountains. Luther next appeared. The Bible was translated, and the Reformed religion spread in the district. An Italian priest, Raphaël Bordeille, even preached the gospel in the cathedral of Saint-Jean de Maurienne. But he was suddenly arrested. He was seized, tried for the crime of heresy, and burnt in front of the cathedral on Holy Thursday, in Passion Week, 1550.

Though the Rapin family held many high offices in Church and State, several of them attached themselves to the Reformed religion. Three brothers at length left their home in Savoy, and established themselves in France during the reign of Francis I. Without entering into their history during the long-continued religious wars which devastated the south of France, it may be sufficient to state that two of the brothers took an active part under Condé. Antoine de Rapin held important commands at Toulouse, at Montauban, at Castres, and Montpellier. Philibert de Rapin, his younger brother, was one of the most valiant and trusted officers of the Reformed party. He was selected by the Prince of Condé to carry into Languedoc the treaty of peace signed at Longjumeaux on the 20th March, 1568.

Feeling safe under the royal commission, he presented to the Parliament at Toulouse the edict with which he was intrusted. He then retired to his country house at Grenade, on the outskirts of Toulouse. He was there

seized like a criminal, brought before the judges, and sentenced to be beheaded in three days. The treaty was thus annulled. War went on as before. Two years after, the army of Coligny appeared before Toulouse. The houses and châteaux of the councillors of Parliament were burnt, and on their smoking ruins was affixed the significant words, "*Vengeance de Rapin.*"

Philibert de Rapin's son Pierre embraced the career of arms almost from his boyhood. He served under the Prince of Navarre. He was almost as poor as the prince. One day he asked him for some pistoles to replace a horse which had been killed under him in action. The Prince replied, "I should like to give you them, but do you see I have only three shirts!" Pierre at length became Seigneur and Baron of Manvers, though his château was destroyed and burnt during his absence with the army. Destructions of the same kind were constantly taking place throughout the whole of France. But, to the honour of humanity, it must be told that when his château was last destroyed, the Catholic gentlemen of the neighbourhood brought their labourers to the place, and tilled and sowed his abandoned fields. When Rapin arrived eight months later, he was surprised and gratified to find his estate in perfect order. This was a touching proof of the esteem with which this Protestant gentleman was held by his Catholic neighbours.

Pierre de Rapin died in 1647 at the age of eighty-nine. He left twenty-two children by his second wife. His eldest son Jean succeeded to the estate of Manvers and to the title of baron. Like his father, he was a soldier. He first served under the Prince of Orange, who was then a French prince, head of the principality of Orange. He served under the King of France in the war with Spain. He was a frank and loyal soldier, yet firmly attached to the faith of his fathers. He belonged to the old Huguenot phalanx, who, as the Duke de Mayenne said, "were always ready for death, from father to son." After the wars were over, he gave up the sword for the plough. His château was in ruins, and he had to live in a very humble way until his fortunes were restored. He used to say that his riches consisted in his four sons, who were all worthy of the name they bore.

Jacques de Rapin, Seigneur de Thoyras, was the second son of Pierre de Rapin. Thoyras was a little hamlet near Grenade, adjacent to the baronial estate of Manvers. Jacques studied the law. He became an

advocate, and practised with success, for about fifty years, at Castres and other cities and towns in the south of France. When the Edict of Nantes was revoked, the Protestants were no longer permitted to practise the law, and he was compelled to resign his profession. Shortly after he died, but the authorities would not even allow his corpse to be buried in the family vault. They de-

molished his place of interment, and threw his body into a ditch by the side of the road.

In the meantime Paul de Rapin, son of Jean, Baron de Manvers, had married the eldest daughter of Jacques, Seigneur de Thoyras. Paul, like many of his ancestors, entered the army. He served with distinction under the Duke of Luxembourg in Holland, Flanders, and Italy, yet he never



rose above the rank of captain. On his death in 1685, his widow and two daughters (being Protestants) were apprehended at their château at Manvers, and incarcerated in convents at Montpellier and Toulouse. Her sons were also taken away and placed in other convents. They were only liberated after five years' confinement.

Madame de Rapin then resolved to quit

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France entirely. She contrived to reach Holland, and established her family at Utrecht. Her brother-in-law, Daniel de Rapin, had already escaped from France, and achieved the position of colonel in the Dutch service. There he met her, and did what he could to alleviate the sufferings of herself and family.

Raoul de Cazenove, the author of "Rapin-Thoyras, sa Famille, sa Vie, et ses Œuvres,"



says, "The women of the house of Rapin distinguished themselves more than once by like courage. Strengthened and fortified by persecutions, the Reformed were willing to die in exile, far from their beloved children who had been violently snatched from them, but leaving with them a holy heritage of example and of firmness in their faith. The pious lessons of their mothers, profoundly engraved on the hearts of their daughters, sufficed more than once to save them from apostasy, which was rendered all the more easy by the feebleness of their youth and the perfidious suggestions by which they were surrounded."

We return to Paul de Rapin-Thoyras, second son of Madame de Rapin. He was born at Castres in 1661. He received his first lessons at home. He learnt the Latin rudiments, but his progress was not such as to please his father. He was then sent to the academy of Puylaurens, where the Protestant noblesse of the south of France were still permitted to send their sons. The celebrated Bayle was educated there. But in 1685 the academy of Puylaurens was suppressed, as that of Montauban had been a few years before; and then young Rapin was sent to Saumur, one of the few remaining schools in France where Protestants were allowed to be educated.

Rapin finished his studies and returned home. He wished to enter the army, but his father was so much opposed to it, that he at length acceded to his desires and commenced the study of the law. He was already prepared for being received to the office of advocate, when the Royal edict was passed which prevented Protestants from practising before the courts; and, indeed, prevented them from following any profession whatever. Immediately after the death of his father, Paul de Rapin, accompanied by his younger brother Solomon, emigrated from France and proceeded into England.

It was not without a profound feeling of sadness that Rapin-Thoyras left his native country. He left his widowed mother in profound grief, arising from the recent death of her husband. She was now exposed to persecutions which were bitter by far than the perils of exile. It was at her express wish that Rapin left his native country and emigrated to England. And yet it was for France that his fathers had shed their blood and laid down their lives. But France now repelled the descendants of her noblest sons from her bosom.

Shortly after his arrival in London, Rapin

made the acquaintance of the Abbé de Denbeck, nephew of the Bishop of Tournay. The Abbé was an intimate friend of Rapin's uncle, Pélisson, a man notorious in those times for buying up consciences with money. Louis XIV. consecrated to this traffic one-third of the benefices which fell to the Crown during their vacancy. They were left vacant for the purpose of paying for the abjurations of the heretics. Pélisson had the administration of the fund. He had been born a Protestant, but he abjured his religion, and from a convert he became a converter. Voltaire says of him, in his "*Siècle de Louis XIV.*"—"Much more a courtier than a philosopher, Pélisson changed his religion and made a fortune."

Pélisson wrote to his friend the Abbé de Denbeck, then in London at the court of James II., to look after his nephew Rapin-Thoyras, and endeavour to bring him over to the true faith. It is even said that Pélisson offered Rapin the priory of Saint Orens d'Auch if he would change his religion. The Abbé did his best. He introduced Rapin to M. de Barillon, then ambassador at the English court. James II. was then the pensioner of France, and accordingly had many intimate transactions with the French ambassador. M. de Barillon received the young refugee with great kindness, and, at the recommendation of the Abbé and Pélisson, offered to present him to the King. Their object was to get Rapin appointed to some public office, and thereby help his conversion.

But Rapin fled from the temptation. Though no great theologian, he felt it to be wrong to be thus entrapped into a faith which was not his own; and without much reasoning about his belief, but merely acting from a sense of duty, he left London at once and embarked for Holland.

At Utrecht he joined his uncle, Daniel de Rapin, who was in command of a company of cadets wholly composed of Huguenot gentlemen and nobles. Daniel had left the service of France on the 25th of October, 1685, three days after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He was then captain of a French regiment in Picardy, but he could no longer, without denying his God, serve his country and his king. In fact, he was compelled, like all other Protestant officers, to leave France unless they would at once conform to the King's faith.

Rapin was admitted to the company of refugee cadets commanded by his uncle. He was now twenty-seven years old. His first instincts had been military, and now

he was about to pursue the profession of arms in his adopted country. His first prospects were not brilliant. He was put under a course of discipline, his pay amounting to only sixpence a day. Indeed, the States-General of Holland were at first unwilling to take so large a number of refugee Frenchmen into their service; but on the Prince of Orange publicly declaring that he would himself pay the expenses of maintaining the military refugees, they hesitated no longer, but voted enough money to enrol them in their service.

The Prince of Orange had now a large body of troops at his command. No one knew for what purpose they were enrolled. Some thought they were intended for an attack upon France in revenge for Louis' devastation of Holland a few years before. James II. never dreamt that they were intended for a descent upon the coasts of England. Yet he was rapidly alienating the loyalty of his subjects by hypocrisy, by infidelity to the laws of England, and by unmitigated persecution of those who differed from him in religious belief. In this state of affairs England looked to the Prince of Orange for help.

William was doubly related to the Royal family of England. He was nephew of Charles I. and son-in-law of James II. His princess was the heiress-presumptive to the British throne. Above all, he was a Protestant, whilst James II. was a Roman Catholic. "Here," said the Archbishop of Rheims, "is a good sort of man who has lost his three kingdoms for a mass!"

William was at length ready with his troops. Louis XIV. suddenly withdrew his armies from Flanders and poured them into Germany. William seized the opportunity. A fleet of more than six hundred vessels, including fifty men-of-war, had assembled at Helvoetsluys, near the mouth of the Maas. The troops were embarked with great celerity. William hoisted his flag with the words emblazoned on it, "The Protestant Religion and Liberties of England," and underneath the motto of the House of Nassau, *Je maintiendrai*—"I will maintain."

The fleet set sail on the 19th October, the English Admiral Herbert leading the van, the Prince of Orange commanding the main body of the fleet, and the Dutch Vice-Admiral Evertzen bringing up the rear.

The wind was fair. It was the "Protestant wind" that the people of England had so long been looking for. In a few hours the strong eastern breeze had driven the fleet half across

the sea that divides the Dutch and English coasts. Then the wind changed. It began to blow from the west. The wind increased until it blew a violent tempest. The fleet seemed to be in the midst of a cyclone. The ships were blown hither and thither, so that in less than two hours the fleet was completely dispersed. At daybreak next morning scarce two ships could be seen together.

The several ships returned to their rendezvous at Goeree, in the Maas. They returned in a miserable condition—some with their sails blown away, some without their bulwarks, some without their masts. Many ships were still missing. The horses had suffered severely. They had been stowed away in the holds and driven against each other during the storm. Many had been suffocated, others had their legs broken and had to be killed when the vessels reached the shore. The banks at Goeree were covered with dead horses taken from the ships. Four hundred had been lost.

Rapin de Thoyras and M. de Chavernay, commanding two companies of French Huguenots, were on board one of the missing ships. The frightful tempest had separated them from the fleet. They had been driven before the wind as far as the coast of Norway. They thought that each moment might be their last. But the sailors were brave, and the ship was manageable. After enduring a week's storm the wind at last abated. The ship was tacked, and winged its way towards the south. At length, after about eight days' absence, they rejoined the fleet, which had again assembled in the Maas. There were now only two vessels missing, containing four companies of the Holstein regiment, and about sixty French Huguenot officers.

In the meantime the Prince of Orange had caused all the damages in the combined fleet to be repaired. New horses were embarked, new men were added to the army, and new ships for the purpose of accommodating them. The men-of-war were also increased. After eleven days the fleet was prepared to put to sea again.

On the 1st of November, 1688, the armament started on its second voyage for the English coast. The fleet at first steered northward, and it was thought to be the Prince's intention to land at the mouth of the Humber. But a violent east wind having begun to blow during the night, the fleet steered towards the south-eastern coast of England; after which the ships shortened sail for fear of accidents.

The same wind that blew the English and

Dutch fleet towards the channel, had the effect of keeping King James's fleet in the Thames, where they remained anchored at Gunfleet, sixty-one men-of-war, under command of Admiral Lord Dartmouth.

On the 3rd of November, the fleet under the Prince of Orange entered the English Channel, and lay between Calais and Dover to wait for the ships that were behind. "It is easy," says Rapin-Thoyras, "to imagine what a glorious show the fleet made. Five or six hundred ships in so narrow a channel, and both the English and French shores covered with numberless spectators, are no common sight. For my part, who was then on board the fleet, I own it struck me extremely."

Sunday, the 4th of November, was the Prince's birthday, and it was dedicated to devotion. The fleet was then off the Isle of Wight. Sail was slackened during the performance of divine service. The fleet then sped on its way down the channel, in order that the troops might be landed at Dartmouth or Torbay; but during the night the wind freshened, and the fleet was carried beyond the desired ports. Soon after, however, the wind changed to the south, when the fleet tacked in splendid order, and made for the shore in Torbay. The landing was effected with such diligence and tranquillity that the whole army was on shore before night.

There was no opposition to the landing. King James's army greatly outnumbered that of the Prince of Orange. It amounted to about forty thousand troops, exclusive of the militia. But the King's forces had been sent northward to resist the anticipated landing of the delivering army at the mouth of the Humber, so that the south-west of England was nearly stripped of troops.

Nor could the King depend upon his forces. The King had already outraged and insulted the gallant noblemen and gentlemen who had heretofore been the bulwarks of his throne. He had imprisoned the bishops, dismissed Protestant clergymen from their livings, refused to summon a parliament, and created terror and dismay throughout England and Scotland. He had created discontent throughout the army by his dismissal of Protestant officers, and the King now began to fear that the common soldiers themselves would fail to serve him in his time of need.

His fears proved prophetic. When the army of the Prince of Orange advanced from Brixton (where it had landed) to Exeter, and

afterwards to Salisbury and London, it was joined by noblemen, gentlemen, officers, and soldiers. Lord Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, Lord Cornbury, with four regiments of dragoons, passed over to the Prince of Orange. The Prince of Denmark, the King's son-in-law, deserted him. His councillors abandoned him. His mistresses left him. The country was up against him. At length the King saw no remedy before him but a precipitate flight.

The account given by Rapin of James's departure from England is somewhat ludicrous. The Queen went first. On the night between the 9th and 10th of December, she crossed the Thames in disguise. She waited under the walls of a church at Lambeth, until a coach could be got ready for her at the nearest inn. She went from thence to Gravesend, where she embarked with the Prince of Wales on a small vessel, which conveyed them safely to France. The King set out on the following night. He entered a small boat at Whitehall, dressed in a plain suit and a bob wig, accompanied by a few friends. He threw the Great Seal into the water, from whence it was afterwards dragged up by a fisherman's net. Before he left, he gave the Earl of Feversham orders to disband the army without pay, in order, probably, to create anarchy after his flight.

James reached the south shore of the Thames. He travelled, with relays of horses, to Emley Ferry, near the Island of Sheppey. He went on board the little vessel that was to convey him to a French frigate lying in the mouth of the Thames ready to transport him to France. The wind blew strong, and the vessel was unable to sail.

The fishermen of the neighbourhood boarded the vessel in which the King was. They took him for the chaplain of Sir Edward Hales, one of his attendants. They searched the King, and found upon him four hundred guineas and several valuable seals and jewels, which they seized. A constable was present who knew the King, and he ordered restitution of the valuables which had been taken from him. The King wished to be gone, but the people by a sort of violence conducted him to a public inn in the town of Feversham. He then sent for the Earl of Winchelsea, Lord-Lieutenant of the county, who prevailed with him not to leave the kingdom, but to return to London.

And to London he went. The Prince of Orange was by this time at Windsor. On the King's arrival in London he was received with acclamations, as if he had re-



turned from victory. He resumed possession of his palace. He published a proclamation, announcing that having been given to understand that divers outrages had been committed in various parts of the kingdom, by burning, pulling down, and defacing of houses, he commanded all lord-lieutenants, &c., to prevent such outrages for the future, and suppress all riotous assemblies.

This was his last public act. He was without an army. He had few friends. The Dutch Guards arrived in London, and took possession of St. James's and Whitehall. The Prince of Orange sent three lords to the King to desire his Majesty's departure for Ham, a house belonging to the Duchess of Lauderdale, but he desired them to tell the Prince that he desired rather to go to Rochester. The Prince gave his consent.

Next morning the King entered his barge, accompanied by four earls, six of the Yeomen of his Guard, and about a hundred of the Dutch Guard, commanded by the colonel of

the regiment. They arrived at Gravesend, where the King entered his coach, and proceeded across the country to Rochester.

In the meantime, Barillon, the French ambassador, was requested to leave England. St. Ledger, a French refugee, was requested to attend him and see him embark. While they were on the road St. Ledger could not forbear saying to the ambassador, "Sir, had any one told you a year ago that a French refugee should be commissioned to see you out of England, would you have believed it?" To which the ambassador answered, "Sir, cross over with me to Calais, and I will give you an answer."

Shortly after, James embarked in a small French ship, which landed him safely at Ambleteuse, a few miles north of Boulogne; while the army of William marched into London amidst loud congratulations, and William himself took possession of the Palace of St. James's, which the recreant King had left for his occupation.

S. SMILES.

## LOVE'S SONG.

LOVE is a precious pain :  
No skill can heal it,  
When they who sigh but sigh in vain  
In their hearts conceal it.

Love is a boundless bliss :  
All they who share it,  
With lover's look and lover's kiss  
Surely shall declare it.

Love with the crown of life  
His king and queen covers,  
When thoughtful man and tender wife  
Still are steadfast lovers.

Ah ! and when envious Death  
Our life shall smother,  
Love with his willow wreath  
Crowns that constant other.

Young men and maids, for love  
Seek till ye find it ;  
And having found, win heaven above  
About your hearts to bind it.

ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES.

## AMONG THE SCOTCH NAVVIES.

BY MRS. C. GARNETT, AUTHOR OF "LITTLE RAINBOW," "A PLEA FOR THE NAVVIES," ETC.

A LADY and gentleman driving rapidly along a country road to their home; a number of navvies standing idle in the driving rain, in vain seeking shelter under the sopping trees; behind all the grey waters of the Clyde met by the low veil of mist which dragged its length across the Cumbræ and hid the peaks of Arran, composed a picture frequently to be seen last winter at Fairlie, in Ayrshire.

Now, if the reader goes thitherwards, he would find standing near the road-side—and

close to the huts inhabited by the three hundred men employed on the construction of the new railway line which is being made there—two wooden rooms. And the object of this paper is to ask him to visit them with us. They have no pretensions to architectural beauty. They are just the buildings one commonly sees at navy settlements, and which we should expect to find in the far West, or on the sheep-runs of Australia. They are built of planks, and the roofs and sides are covered with felting, which occa-

sionally enjoys a bath of tar and sand. The two rooms are quite distinct, having different entrances and no communication between them, but for the sake of economy the middle wall acts as one side to both. They each have two ventilators, and are lighted by three side windows; and the far room has also a large window in one end. But our present object is to visit the room nearest to the highroad. We enter by a little porch, in which hang a jacktowel and a looking-glass, and where are arranged a tin washing-bowl, soap, and combs. We turn to the right and enter the room itself—the first navy shelter ever erected in Scotland. We find the windows are shaded by red moreen curtains, and the walls adorned with a clock, pictures, and two brackets, on which stand jugs of water and mugs. Exactly opposite to the door hang the rules of the shelter—very simple and comprehensive ones—framed and glazed, and above them a scroll with the motto of the place, in Gaelic and in English, “Right ahead, lads!” The shelter is furnished with long tables, forms, a good stove, lamps, and a school desk wherein are kept “useful sundries.” The end of the room is partitioned off, and makes a little home for a respectable man and his wife, she being the school-keeper. The room, therefore, though on the outside it measures about forty feet long, is shortened to twenty-four feet within; this seems to us a mistake, though we are told the arrangement was unavoidable. The object—as its name denotes—of this room is simply to provide a free place of shelter and comfort for the navvies: a place where they can sit, warm and comfortable, and smoke their pipes, read the papers, of which there is a plentiful supply, and play innocent games, as draughts, dominoes, &c.—a refuge, in fact, from crowded huts other than the public-house.

The place has admirably answered its purpose. It was erected and opened the beginning of February, 1878, by Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, of Hunterston, the gentleman and lady whose hearts ached in their own beautiful home for the men they passed on the road-side wet and neglected on those bitter winter days. They had no interest in the new railway line; and, indeed, had objected to its construction. People spoke to them of the navvies, and gave them a bad name, telling terrible tales of the wickedness of their lives—knowing, as usual, absolutely nothing personally of them. It is so easy for well-to-do righteous folk to judge others not so happily situated, and to condemn a whole class for

the sins of its worst members, whose acquaintance they make through the columns of the police reports. But do these really respectable people ever reflect how they would like to be judged by the same standard?

Mr. and Mrs. Hunter were told these tales then, but replied that they saw the men needed help, that they were the children of the same Father as themselves. One lady gave active help, the contractor gave the ground, and a few friends, unasked, sent some contributions; but the brunt of the undertaking they bore themselves, and built this room, and a second less costly one at Munnock, for the men engaged at the Irvine Water-works.

The shelter was opened. A committee was formed, principally from among the superintendents and gangers, to manage it. This arrangement, from our English point of view, appeared to us a mistake, for no class of men are more independent than navvies. Their manner of life fosters this feeling. The navy is a brave, self-relying man, who roams for his useful work, frequently for years, maybe for his life-time, about the country. He is the pioneer of progress and improvement everywhere. These migratory masons, joiners, blacksmiths, excavators, platelayers, and drivers go everywhere, leaving behind them railways, docks, reservoirs, &c. If work is scarce, or if they hear of “better money” elsewhere, off they move, asking no man’s permission, and giving no reason, save perhaps in joke, that “their feet tickled, and they wanted a walk.” A navy is a ganger to-day, earning say thirty-five shillings a week, and next week on the tramp with an empty pocket. We remember a friend of ours, an excavator, who we found had been made a ganger; we congratulated him, but he said he “could not stand it” many weeks, he wanted to be at work, not watching it, and dolefully remarked, “he was growing fat!”

Thus circumstances combine to make the men free. Gangers are not their superiors, and therefore they do not treat them with any particular reverence. However, in this instance, the committee men were all in earnest, and so the first Navy Shelter in Scotland was fairly floated. As the room was to be common ground it was arranged that no lecture, meeting, or service of any kind should be held in it; and though it was hardly erected before petitions to use it for many objects, even for a theatrical performance “of a highly instructive character,” poured in, this good resolution was firmly held to. Now

every evening it is filled with men and lads, quietly and happily enjoying themselves. We easily pick out the sons of Erin by their fine sparkling eyes, the lads from the Highlands, with their dark hair and swarthy faces, and the sandy-haired, broad-forehead Southerners—for all three nationalities are represented pretty equally upon the works. So here we have Scotchmen—English-speaking and Protestant—Irish Roman Catholics, and Gaelic-speaking Protestant Highlanders. It was therefore settled that on the Sabbath services should be held separately for each of these three divisions—their various ministers giving unpaid help. It will be long before we forget the only one of these services which we were able to attend. It was on the first Sunday in September. We had visited a few of the huts, and hearing the sound of an uprising hymn, went fifty yards beyond the row, to where, scattered about, lying on the turf or sitting on stones, were about two hundred persons, the larger proportion of them being navvies. Below us was the Clyde rippling in high tide, and opposite, across the water, lay the long Cumbræ Island, purple in its heathery bloom. Behind it rose ethereal mountains in long sweeping waves; highest of all, Goatfell raised its head, clear cut against the heavens, and enveloping its foot in a glow of pink. Above all rested God's ceiling, the pure evening sky, with bands of gold and crimson drawn across, reflecting itself in the sheet of water at our feet. There we heard three sermons. The first spoke of Christ's love and God's forgiveness; the next of the life of faith—in Him; and the last of the promise that "they who suffer with Him shall be glorified together." Surely a glorious message; just a right one for us toiling folk, and so we felt it. A deep, quiet attention rested on the thoughtful faces around. One man, wearing the poorest clothes and lying at the preacher's feet, raised himself on his elbow, and, supporting his face on his hand, never moved his anxious eyes from the earnest face above him. There seemed but one inattentive member of our congregation—a wee, bare-legged, red-headed laddie, who industriously and noiselessly collected stones in his bonnet from the pebbly shore, and conveying them carefully half-way up the mound, constructed quite a solid pavement a foot square by our side.

We have inspected the first shelter in Scotland, may we hope that the reader will forgive us if we ask him now to pay a short visit to the first navy night school?

Mr. and Mrs. Hunter were ready, at their

own cost, to build the room and supply it with all necessities, but were unable to be present night after night to teach those who might please to come, and to keep order. Nor was any suitable person to be met with to do so. After many discussions, and partly by the advice of the manager and foreman mason, it was resolved to call a public out-of-doors meeting of all the men, and ask them to make their own rules and select their own unpaid teachers. An evening was chosen, and two-thirds of the navvies crowded round the carriage as it took position near the wood which was already laid on the grass for the new room. The other third of nearly one hundred men were at work on the night shift. One by one the rules were framed, put to the meeting, and carried by a show of hands, the third and last being apparently the most popular. The third one was—"That every scholar attending this night school shall pay one penny per week, and that all materials shall be paid for on receipt." The question being put, "Will you pay, or shall this room be free like the shelter?" "No, no," replied several voices, one adding, "We *can* pay; let us feel we are standing on our own feet." When the last one was proposed, which, from the differences of race and religious belief seemed necessary, instead of giving offence it was welcomed with, "That's the best of all. Yes; we'll have that," and up went a crowd of hands in approval. The rule ran thus: "That this school is to be carried on in a spirit of brotherly love. Any person commencing a dispute ceases at once to be a member, and must leave the room." Gathering the teachers together was the next matter, and proved rather more difficult. We started prosperously with the young engineer, a mathematical prizeman, and two navy friends, both clever fellows, who had previously given their consent. But more teachers were needed, and the general meeting was appealed to, to bring forward their men. A lad stood near the carriage and gently whispered names to one of us; then such a one was asked to come forward, and his neighbours were kind enough to give him encouragement by friendly pulls and shoves. Or a name would be proposed in the crowd, and "Ay, ay," or "Sure he'll do grandly," attested his ability. Each name, coupled with the subject its owner promised to teach, was then separately submitted to his fellow-workmen, and the proceedings terminated by a librarian and school-keeper being chosen, whose duty it would be to collect and account for the payments. Mrs. Hunter thanked her



friends for the friendliness and goodwill of the gathering, wishing them good night.

On Friday evening, September 6th, the first navy night school in Scotland was opened by Mr. Hunter. The room was crowded. Sixty men and boys entered their names as scholars; these, with the ten teachers, make seventy men connected with the room by their own free will, and without persuasion or pressure of any kind having been used—the contractor and manager purposely standing aloof for this reason. So out of the one hundred and ninety men who were not at work, seventy were in the night school, and twenty-nine others were in the shelter. Before me lie two letters received the first week in October. In one Mrs. Hunter says she has gathered together a good library, and that two days ago, at three o'clock in the afternoon, she found in the room nine night-shift men and a teacher hard at work studying. The other letter is from a navvy, and reports: "Our school is a success altogether."

Before I close this paper I must mention one other admirable arrangement which I saw at work the day following the opening of the room. The assistant postmaster-general

for Scotland, Mr. Mitford, has arranged a plan by which upon the pay-day on all public works, where desired, a branch post-office savings bank and money-order office shall be held by an official sent for the purpose from the nearest district office. Fairlie has the honour of being the first place where the trial has been made. On six pay-days the office has been opened, and deposits to the amount of one hundred and forty-four pounds have been received. The amount of the orders we do not know. Navvies are accused of drunkenness—too often with truth; but we believe a good deal of that is owing to the fact that the men have no ready means of saving their money, and so they spend all they happen to have in their pockets. The post-office now steps in before the attractions of the public-house can be reached. We earnestly hope that the endeavours which are being made in England by the Navy Mission Society to obtain the like boon may finally be successful, and that the day is not far distant when on all the large works this side of the Tweed the post-office clerk may become as well known a person, and as well liked, as the cashier.

## THE AFTERTIME.

### I.

A WEE cot house abune the knowe,  
A snod flower-yaird wi' mony a posie,  
Where lilacs bloom and myrtles grow  
Beside a bower fu' snug and cosie.  
'Twas there I woo'd my winsome May;  
'Twas there I press'd her to my bosom,  
When spring keeked oot frae bank and brae  
In mony a bud and mony a blossom.

### II.

An auld kirk stands beside the stream  
That wimples through the daisied meadow,  
Where cowslips glint and lilies gleam  
Beneath the spreading bourtrees shadow;  
'Twas there I wed my bonnie bride,  
When summer light was fain to linger;  
'Twas there, while nestling at my side,  
I placed the goud ring on her finger.

### III.

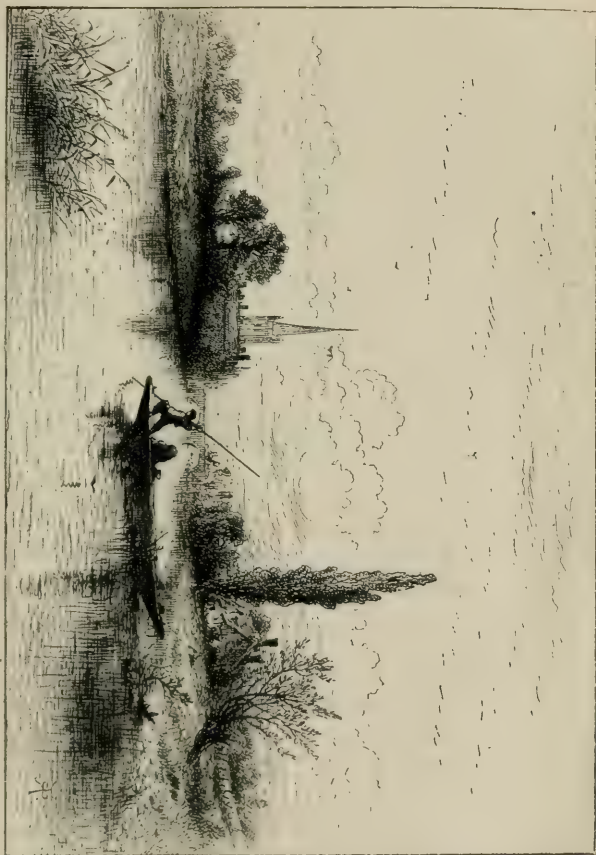
A lonely kirkyaird i' the glen,  
Where mony a pearlie tear has fallen,  
Where silence seals the strifes o' men,  
Whate'er their rank, whate'er their callin'—  
When winter's blast piped i' the grove,  
When lingering blooms had fa'n and perished,  
'Twas there I laid my early love,  
Beside a babe we baith had cherished.

### IV.

But there's a lan' ayont the blue  
That kens nought o' our kittle weather,  
Where a' the leal and guid and true,  
Though pairted lang, may yet forgather.  
There sits she by the gouden gates—  
For there I hae a tryst to meet her;  
But love that strengthens while it waits  
Maks a' the aftertime the sweeter.

HENRY JOHNSTON.





On the Thames, near Wallingford. By R. T. Pritchett.

## THE MISSION FIELDS OF INDIA, CHINA, AND JAPAN.

BY THE REV. W. FLEMING STEVENSON, AUTHOR OF "PRAYING AND WORKING."

## PART V.—THROUGH THE INLAND SEA.

WHEN we embarked on the steamer for Kobe it was not without satisfaction we learnt that though the name and the crew were Japanese, the captain was a foreigner. It is not so long ago that the Japanese, thinking they knew all things, turned the engineers adrift from a steamer they had purchased, and set out on a trial trip. All went well, the story runs, until they wished to return, when it was found that no one knew exactly how to get the ship about, nor, when that failed, to stop the machinery. They were at their wits' end. If they kept down the bay they might go on for ever; but at last, by a happy accident they so steered that the vessel went wildly round and round in eddying circles, to the infinite danger of all the other shipping in the anchorage, while at intervals the crew called lustily for help, until, finally, an English crew boarded the runaway, seized the engine-room, and brought the steamer to an anchor. It may be set beside the droll incident that marked the opening of the railway to Tokio; for when the train had started, it was discovered that the leading spirit of the day, the President of the Board of Works, had been forgotten in the waiting room.

The old officers, however, were not the only trace of a previous occupation. The ship had once run between the mining districts of the United States, and it was odd to read among the printed rules that passengers were forbidden to quarrel at meals, or to appear at dinner without a coat. It flung a curious light upon the company; and to one of us it recalled a certain hotel in Denver where, among the very proper regulations usually framed in the bedroom, there was, "Guests are particularly requested not to take the blankets with them when they leave the hotel."

We had unexpected fellow-passengers. A powerful insurrection, known as the Satsuma rebellion, was spreading in the south. More than once there had been indications of its presence; for, as it was supposed an attempt would be made to enter Osaka in disguise, we found ourselves, as we left the station at that famous Venice of Japan, marched between files of policemen who made a close scrutiny of the travellers and looked picturesque and formidable when we afterwards ran their gauntlet at night, every man holding up his lantern. At Tokio, also, brief but copiously

illustrated memoirs of the leader flamed in crimson covers on the bookshops, the pictures attracting a changing crowd; for Saigo was no common rebel, but a brave general, one of the movers in the Revolution, and evidently a popular hero. This time the steamer had been delayed to take on board two thousand troops. They were wiry men, of less than middle height, and as they were hurriedly drafted from the police the only weapons they had upon their first parade were ludicrous enough, a long policeman's staff, and a fan which, if not in use, was stuck like a clerk's pen behind the ear. With sword and rifle they looked soldierly and fought like heroes afterwards, in the engagement when Saigo fell. Poor fellows! They had an uncomfortable time on board, for the middle row of bunks, hurriedly put up, came down during a gale in the night, and as it dragged the other rows with it, the men had to lie about the deck as best they could, curious, inquisitive children of a larger growth, staring eagerly at all they saw, and at nothing so much as a European toilet, during which every chink round the little cabin was occupied by peeping eyes.

At Kobe we changed our steamer and our company. There are four great classes of Japanese society: the military or patrician, the farmer, the artisan, and the merchant; and we had them all on board. The soldiers are the real nobles of Japan. The bulk of them are *samurai*, retainers of the great chieftains, some of whom could place as many as twenty thousand men in the field; and then there are the *daimios* or chieftains themselves, of whom there may have been two hundred and sixty, with incomes rising to a larger amount than is credited to the wealthiest noblemen of England, and with families and kinsmen who absorbed all the Government salaries and pensions. These *samurai* are irregularly distributed, forming a third of the population in some districts (like our Scottish Highlands), and not a fiftieth part in others, but they have the peculiarity that, uniting the professions of arms and letters, they have governed the country by both sword and pen. They are the best-educated persons of the empire, and not only the patrons but the authors of its literature; but the revolution has dealt hardly by them. The rank and file



have been disbanded, and finding their old occupations gone, swell the crowd of aspirants to the professions and the Civil Service, and overflow into trade, and even become *jinrikisha* men; and as the Christians are mainly recruited from this class, Japan presents the curious spectacle of an educated native Church, with only slight admixture of the unlearned, and with little grip as yet upon the lowlier ranks of the people. Our warlike fellow-travellers of the last steamer were *samurai*, and we had now a *daimio*, the Japanese Minister to Italy with his wife, and one of the secretaries to the embassy at Peking. Priests and doctors are slipped indistinctly between the men of war and the men of the plough, perhaps because the clergy are at least a literary body—one of them having constructed the alphabet eleven hundred years ago, while their printed sermons find a ready sale. The farmers and peasants were bluff, weather-beaten, and good-humoured, and when the captain called us up one morning just before sunrise as we passed one special point, I noticed that each of them, when he came on deck, stood reverently for some moments facing the stern, clapped his hands, and bowed his head in murmured prayer; some longer than others, repeating the sharp hand-clap at intervals as well as sometimes rubbing the palms together up and down.

We were sailing among the three thousand islands of the Inland Sea. The islands were often little more than a single rock with probably one tree peering over the summit, but there were numbers of them big enough to allow the brown-roofed villages to nestle among the rice-fields or to lie at the foot of steep hillsides terraced up to the very top; and sometimes there were glorious mountains, range behind range, till the highest had a delicate crown of cloud, superb mountain amphitheatres, and masses of tumbled hills, and the soft light of the grass upon them all, like Killarney on a summer day, blended with the mighty sweep from Mull to Ben Cruachan. It was the most shifting view I ever saw, and sky and sea and land all shared the inconstancy. Now a calm strait that reached for miles between two islands on our right, speckled with boats and fringed with woods and little bays of pure white sand fit for the feet of fairies, and the heaven above a clear pearl grey; then a blue sky and a merry breeze, scattering foam over the sea and sweeping on the ungainly junks with their white, full-bellied sails, the hills grey and blue and purple, and dim and mighty

islands like clouds in the far distance; here so close to the shore that we were under the shadow of the cliff, the rocks and wooded points narrowing in on both sides till we could believe we were sailing on some Eastern Rhine; then, in a moment, out into an open sea with space and light and far-off land. And this procession passed us unceasingly from sunrise until sunset. It might have been Loch Linnè or Ross Island, Arrochar or Windermere, until we rubbed our eyes and saw the junks at anchor, the spectral fringe of trees along the hilltop, the brown roofs, and the curves of country temples. Then, in the late afternoon, we ran below a lighthouse rock, and the lightkeeper ran up his flag; and, looking back, we saw long stretches of the loveliest green water, changing, as we looked, under every play of light and shade and colour; then a line of telegraph poles, a green point jutting out on the left to meet the hills upon the right, so that the steamer has little more than room to pass in the clear still water, and we were in a land-locked bay, anchored off the pretty town of Simonasaki, and the setting sun lit up the woods and sea and sky with crimson and gold. We supposed we must steam out again by the strait that we had entered, but when the anchor was lifted the steamer held on her course, apparently against the opposite shore, then turned a sudden corner, and we were plunging in the rough waves of a troubled sea. When the evening falls, and the sea is calm, the fishing boats crowd it with the sparkle of their lights; but away from shore there are many junks that carry no lights, and are slow to answer their helm, and a cause of much explosive speech among sea-captains. Had it been daylight, our friendly Dutch captain would have taken us "through a narrow gut—don't you see?" and we would have had glorious views: as it was, we contented ourselves with sleep; and in the morning the sea was smooth, the sky a lovely blue broken with motionless spots of soft white cloud, and the bays and hills, the low cliffs, and the gaps into narrow glens and upland valleys, the pebbly beaches and sandy bays of yesterday were repeated, until, at last, through a passage seemingly not wider than a hundred yards, we entered another harbour girt about with pleasant mountains, and slipped by swards of vivid green that wandered up into a maze of wooded heights and knolls, then swung round among the men-of-war, and before us there was Nagasaki, stretching its streets up the steep spurs, and behind the streets innumerable grave-stones, and behind

the grave-stones, meadows and trees and the dark shadows of the mountain.

The captain had run us close by an island rock. It was scarcely picturesque; a steep slope of grass upon the landward side, and seaward a precipitous fall of perhaps fifty feet to a beach that dipped rapidly into the water; but every one looked at it with interest, for it was Pappenberg, the Rock of Martyrs. How many hundreds or thousands of native Christians were flung over that sea wall we may never know. It was a cruel death, for they must first have been mangled on the sharp ledge below before they were drowned; but two hundred and forty years ago that islet of modern picnics was spattered with blood, and one of the most painful and perplexing episodes of Christian missions came to an end.

It was in 1549 that Xavier took his passage in a Portuguese trading ship and landed in Japan. As the country was in confusion, little notice was taken of the new teachers, who increased their influence until in twenty years they were able to erect a church in the capital. Nobunaga, who was then in power, insisted that it should be called the *Temple of the Southern Savages*; but he seems to have had much philosophical toleration, for the curious native record reports him asking the Jesuit missionary Organtin "his name, and why he had come to Japan, who replied that he was the Padre Organtin, and had come to spread his religion. Nobunaga accordingly took counsel with his retainers whether he should allow Christianity to be preached or not. One strongly advised him not to do so, on the ground that there were already enough religions in the country. But Nobunaga replied that Buddhism had been introduced from abroad and had done good, and he did not see why Christianity should not be granted a trial. Organtin was therefore allowed to erect a church and to send for others of his order, who, when they came, were found to be like him in appearance. Their plan of action was to tend the sick and relieve the poor, and so prepare the way for the reception of Christianity, and then to convert every one and make the sixty-six provinces of Japan subject to Portugal." Whatever the plan of action, it met with success. Sixty years after Xavier had opened the mission there were, if Japanese accounts could be trusted, two millions of converts,\* ministered to by more than two hundred missionaries, of whom three-fourths were Jesuits. Princes, generals, governors, and numerous officers of State and nobles of

influence embraced the new religion. There was a multitude of Christian churches, and there were only eight provinces where Christianity had not obtained a footing. Even before Nobunaga died the progress was so great that his toleration smote him with misgiving. Assembling his retainers, he put it to them:—"The conduct of these missionaries in persuading people to join them by giving money does not please me. It must be that they harbour designs of seizing the country. How would it be, think you, if we were to demolish the *Temple of the Southern Savages*?" To this Mayéda Tokugenin replied, "It is now too late to demolish the temple. To endeavour to arrest the power of this religion now is like trying to arrest the current of the ocean. Nobles both great and small have become adherents of it. I am therefore of opinion that you should abandon your intention." Nobunaga in consequence regretted exceedingly his previous action with regard to the Christian religion, and set about thinking how he could put it out." Before his thoughts took any definite shape he died, and Hidéyoshi, his successor, did not at first break with the Christian party, but ordered the church to be destroyed and the missionaries to leave the capital.

The first step thus taken, the next became easier, and the next fifty years are little more than the story of a relentless persecution. It was not so severe at first. Some of the missionaries were burnt; but to most of them the territories of the Christian nobles offered safe asylums, and in these districts the religion made progress, although under interdict of the empire. Hidéyoshi's reign was short, and although his successor, Iyeyasu, inherited his distrust of the foreign religion, internal troubles led him to disguise it, and the Jesuits even re-established themselves in the capital. But when he thought the time for the blow had come, he struck it with might and main. "These must be instantly swept out," his decree ran, "so that not an inch of soil remains to them in Japan on which to plant their feet; and if they refuse to obey this command, they shall suffer the penalty." A special service was organized, called "The Christian Inquiry," and a group of fifteen rules was prepared to guide the priests in their war of extermination; and from one of them we may learn the curious half-truths which to them represented Christianity. "Kirishitan, the Hidden sect, and the Fujifuze, are three branches of one sect. The god whom they adore is called *Godzu-Kirishitan-Teidzu-butsu*, and Teidzu calls himself Daizsu [Deus?]. By the help of this

\* The missionaries themselves claim only 600,000.

god, if they look in a mirror, they see the face of a god, but if they have changed their religion they appear as dogs. This is a mirror of evil law. Those who once look at it believe profoundly in *Godsu-Kirishitan-Teidzue*, and regard Japan as a land of demons. But as it is the country of the gods, which tries sects, they appear to keep to the temple of their [Buddhist] sect, and mix with other people. These must therefore be examined." Every year the priest was required to visit his parishioners, see that there was no falling away, and report his visitation to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Pictures of Christ were made, at first in pen and ink, but afterwards by a casting of copper, and suspected persons, sometimes the entire population of a town, were required to trample on it. High rewards were offered to informers, rewards that were successively increased, until at last five hundred pieces of silver were offered to the denouncer of a father, three hundred if it was a brother, and one hundred if it was one who had become a member of the sect. Every hundred Christians found were divided into classes, ten reserved for witnesses in future trials, ten to be at the disposal of the informers, and the remaining eighty to be beheaded. If the informers were Christians, they were pardoned, and inducements were held out to parents to inform against their children and to husbands to denounce their wives. The description of the tortures to which the Christians were subjected reads like a page of Dante's *Inferno*. They were executed in sight of each other, buried alive, torn asunder by oxen, and tied in rice bags which were heaped up together and set on fire; they were tortured before death by the insertion of sharp spikes under the nails of their hands and feet; while some were shut up in cages and left to starve, with food before their eyes. At last, goaded beyond endurance, the peasants and farmers (for almost all the Christians belonged to that class) made a stand, seized an old castle, and raised the standard of rebellion. The result was inevitable. After a gallant resistance of two months, during which they held the flower of the royal army at bay, they were overpowered by Dutch cannon, and massacred without mercy; and with this the mission came to an end.

By various cruel methods fifty-seven thousand persons had been put to death rather than deny the Christian faith, and such a war of extinction was waged that after a hundred years of missionary triumph, all that seemed left of Christianity was the use of gunpowder, firearms and tobacco, some new

diseases, and a sponge-cake called *castira*, from Castile. There was henceforth only the jealousy of suspicion, a jealous guard so keen that in 1695 the captain of a Chinese junk was forbidden to trade any more with Japan, because there was found on board a Chinese book containing a description of the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Peking; a guard so strict that books were forbidden to be printed in which either the word "Christian" or "foreign" might occur; and a guard that lingered so near our time as that up till 1868 the native inquisition still made its reports to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. It is not easy to extinguish Christianity. The Jesuit mission intrigued for political power; it sowed the wind and it reaped the whirlwind; its teaching was neither very pure nor very thorough; yet the Church it planted weathered the storm. The tree is still pointed out against which the Christians were nailed; but when the French priests came to Nagasaki in 1860 they found in the neighbouring villages over ten thousand persons who still made some profession of Christianity, and up on the bluff, and looking down upon the town, there has risen a stately Romish church, and descendants of the old confessors worship in it, and Protestant missionaries have built their churches in the old Dutch quarter, and Nagasaki is no longer a word of defeat, but a word of power.

Nagasaki was our last peep at Japan, and we wandered through the streets reluctant to bid them good-bye. Two men with a huge drum-like tambourine beat a long tattoo, and when they stopped, a third man called out in a loud voice the name of the play at the theatre, and invited the people to come. A blind man passed along blowing a shrill plaintive note upon a reed, and thus clearing the way. Some wrestlers stopped—men overflowing with fat and muscle in curious combination, and representing the most popular amusement of the country, for even the throne was once wrestled for: and indeed, in the matter of games, football is as aristocratic and as popular, the legend running that an emperor scored well at it twelve hundred years ago, while football days were always announced in the *Government Gazette*. We had not seen any tubbing of this much-bathing people in the open street, nor that promiscuous washing of their person which appears in travellers' tales. Both have no doubt occurred, but they are exceptional, and may have been as little a mark of the nation as the baths at Leukerbad characterize the Swiss. Though we had seen *ainos*, they had not



performed their favourite dance, which consists in imitating the noise of a chain passing over a pulley, the regular motions of the feet representing the motions of a man who turns the wheel of the crane, and the time kept by clapping the hand. We had missed the light-hearted courtesy of other Japanese towns, where no man seems ever rude to his neighbour, where common porters will salute one another with an air of perfect breeding, and where a cabman helps his weaker fellow up a stiff bit of hill and is repaid by a charming *thank you*.<sup>\*</sup> But shopkeepers were as busy with their small wares; the children toddled about as happily, sisters carrying brothers as big as themselves, and every one of them with a shaven head on which the hair grew in four black tufts, the forehead, the crown, and above each ear; their fathers laughed with them as they flew dragon-flies like kites, tying a light thread round the body of the unfortunate insect so as to let it up or down; the women walked about painted and powdered like their own dolls; peasants came in from the country thatched from head to foot in a mantle of straw against some passing shower; broad umbrellas (each stamped with the owner's name) lay out in the street to dry, and the sun streamed through their oiled paper of every shade of brown; and paper wares were vended of every kind, parasols and overcoats and carriage-aprons, fans and twine, and paper (and not canvas) paintings, and pocket handkerchiefs, of which as a lady uses one she throws it away, and anxious people chewed paper prayers well in their mouths and spat them at their god.

Then we lingered about Desima, the little scrap of artificial island or "made land," covered to the water's edge with Dutch warehouses and native churches, the tiny foothold which the Dutch maintained with such magnificent patience, and surely the strangest of all trading factories or sea-prisons. It was impossible not to think of what Japan had been till thirty years ago. Then it was absolutely shut off from the world, now it is represented at every European capital; then it was a capital crime for a Japanese to leave his country, now he studies in a dozen foreign colleges; then it was death to a foreigner to be seen on the public road, now he takes his seat beside the Japanese in a railway train; then their only ships were junks, pierced by a hole in the stern

that was to warn them against pushing out to sea—junks that occupied months in a journey between two of their ports, now they own steamers that trade along the coast as steamers trade along the Clyde, they have a line to China, and as we sailed up the Red Sea we met a Japanese gunboat steaming down, and there was not a foreigner on board; then the sea was their bulwark, now it is their pathway; the taxes were then collected in kind, and now in money; then Buddhist temples made the bravest show, now hundreds of them have been suppressed, their revenues diverted to the State, and their bells sold for old bronze; then there was a perfect feudal tyranny, now there is a limited monarchy, a responsible Cabinet and the Code Napoleon;<sup>\*</sup> then the Emperor was absolutely invisible, now the people are not even compelled to kneel as he passes; then there was the bitterness of caste, now even the outcast *Etas* have received citizenship; then the edicts against Christianity were posted up at the street corners, now there are over a hundred missionaries, and Christian men are in the employment of the State.

In the evening we sat in the verandah of our host's house, some hundreds of feet above the sea. The harbour was brilliant with the lights of the shipping, and through a fringe of flowers and tropical trees we could see them gleam distinctly in the water, and a misty moonlight in the air revealed the soft mountains beyond. We were talking of the missions and the converts. The next day we steamed past Pappenberg once more, and past the lonely rocks through which successive storms have worn out the stateliest archways, fifty or sixty feet in height, the hills seen through them looking like pictures in a frame. We coasted all day below the woods and mountains; the blue islands that had been far ahead were now far astern; and there was at last nothing but sea. It was long after sunset when the captain called us to take farewell of Japan; it was only a solitary rock, scarcely visible among the shadows of the evening: but Japan claimed it, and would have the honour of crowning it with a lighthouse.

When we approached the land again, the very sea told us the story. The turbid yellow of the dull and unbeautiful water testified to those vast rivers that for ever sweep the soil of China into the ocean; and this unromantic passage was only the natural prelude to the flat and almost shapeless shores that came in sight as we ran up the Yang-tse to Shanghai.

<sup>\*</sup> Our party had swelled beyond our tickets as we went to the Shogun's gardens in Tokio, but a Japanese gentleman, who was taking his family, noticed our embarrassment at the gate, and insisted on our accepting his own ticket while he went to procure another.

<sup>\*</sup> "For we found English law is everywhere and nowhere," one of the younger statesmen said to me, apologetically.

## A PARTY OF TRAVELLERS.

By MRS. OLIPHANT.

PART II.

OLD maids are often very interesting people. I think the only specimens of this class which I thoroughly dislike are those of the male species which one encounters now and then—a something different from the old bachelor, who is so often a genial personage. The unmarried person generally, when he or she gets old, is, however, in most cases very individual, more distinctly definable and “like himself,” according to the quaint formula which distinguishes an out-of-the-way character, than the broader being developed by marriage. The lady whom I am going to describe to you was very distinctively an old maid. She was very neat, very orderly about all her belongings, vexed and disturbed by untidiness in a way which seldom happens to a woman who has entered the second chapter of life. But then Miss Kendal had many features in her character which prevented it from being narrow. She sympathized with everybody, and she saw the fun in most things that came in her way. To say that she had a very quick perception of the ludicrous would be to put this tendency perhaps into words a little too strong, though perfectly just. It suits the finer shade of her delicate perceptions to say that she saw the fun that lies latent in most human situations. She was less indignant, perhaps, with some things that were wrong, less contemptuous of the silly, and, on the other hand, less impressed by the sublime, in consequence. The smile that stole into her eyes and crept to the corners of her mouth, disarmed her when she had human weakness of the ordinary kind to deal with, and equipped her in armour of proof against sentimental or other pretences. Even when, sometimes, she was taken in, her soft heart proving too many for her clear-sightedness, by any specious show of feeling, the lingering of that smile showed how she saw instinctively through the fictitious veil even when it blinded her. This threw gleams of laughter all over the world and brightened the face of nature to her; but yet I can well imagine that on various occasions in life she must have found this power of perception much in her way.

The reader will readily believe that such a woman must have somehow required a special thorn in the flesh; and she had it in one of those mingled relationships of

pain and delight, of impotence and authority, which are our chiefest tortures and pleasures. This sober pair of brother and sister were by nature as likely to be happy as any couple on earth. They had relinquished, indeed, the warmer joys of married life; but they had kept that companionship of man and woman which, after all, is the greatest and most lasting happiness of marriage—better, more delicate, complete, and sufficing, than any tie between man and man, or woman and woman. Whatsoever dreams might have crossed their firmament had faded away, and left them unseparated, always each other's first friends, without any divided interests or jar of alienation. I think there is no more delightful tie in the world. The old brother and sister have less of the selfishness *à deux*, which is one of the commonest forms of egotism, than a married pair, and they are not so straitly bound within their own immediate circle as are people with children, whose devotion to their family is their chief virtue, though it may get to be a social sin. To see them together was a very pleasant sight. She had the most perfect respect and love for him, yet laughed at him softly, with an amusement which was always tender; while he entertained a kind of contempt for her and her opinions, though he trusted her implicitly in all practical matters. Miss Kendal for her part knew a great deal less, but had read a great deal more, than her brother. She was fond of books in which there was no information. She did not care about the date at which a church was founded, nor was she very warmly interested in historical events. At St. Eloi she never looked at Murray, and never went near the Museum, but walked about upon the broad sands or wandered among the dunes; and when she was in the town strolled through the market, delighted with all the old women and the young ones, but quite unconcerned about the manufactures or produce of the country. While he put questions she looked round her, not caring to hear anything explained, and listened to the carillon while he was making a note of the exact date at which the belfry was founded. She was a very English figure in the Flemish town, though she was not an *Anglaise pour rire*. There were none of those conflicting colours

about her which our neighbours across the Channel expect to see as distinguishing the female Briton; but she wore a large hat—a very rare covering with a middle-aged Frenchwoman—and a good, rich, perfectly unsuitable silk gown wherever she went. In the hot summer weather these thick, lustrous, brown and black silks were, it could not be denied, entirely out of place; but they were a necessary part of Miss Kendal. She had no costumes that were fit for the Bains de Mer. She picked up her silken skirts, indeed, and carried them very tidily, seldom getting a stain; but for my part I should have thought this troublesome; and I think she would have laughed had she seen any other tidy little lady walking along the sands with her arms full of billows of brown silk. But even Miss Kendal, with all her sense of humour, could not see herself; which is a good thing—for what would become of all our little individualities, our angles, the rough places which distinguish us one from another, if we could see how droll we appear—just as droll, or more so, than the other people are?

"How friendly this looks," she said to me when we met in the gallery of the Casino, where party after party were arriving: the father and mother, and a child or two, followed by the *bonne* in her pretty white cap, who formed one of the party, and took her chair, like the rest, to listen to the music. These good people all knew each other, and met with many a friendly greeting. It was Sunday, and they had all come out, entire families together, after having piously performed their religious duties in the morning, to spend the rest of the day by the sea. The programme of this after part of the day was not pious, but it was innocent enough. In the afternoon came the music, and very pretty music it was, though without that distinction between the sacred and secular which pleases us at home. The little programmes that were handed about had something printed, we noticed, on the back, which all our friends were studying. This was the *menu* for the table d'hôte at which most of them afterwards dined, babies and *bonnes* and all; and after dinner the pretty Casino rooms were lighted up, and there was a ball; and at eleven o'clock there came a sound of many omnibuses to convey all the family parties away to bed. I confess that we sat and looked on with a good deal of amusement, though it was Sunday, and though the dancing goes much against insular notions. Nothing

could be more virtuous and domestic than this tranquil pleasure-making. The people all belonged to St. Eloi, and had known each other from their cradles; or they were visitors in large parties of friends and allies, all intimate and familiar with each other. The ladies danced in their pretty summer morning dresses, which they had worn all day, with bonnets on, and often little veils half over their faces, the most curious fashion: brothers and sisters and cousins, neighbours and friends—very quietly and gracefully, not flying wildly about the room, as so many English dancers do, and with a marked liking for figure-dances—the Lancers, or even the old-fashioned quadrilles, which our young people dislike so much: and at eleven o'clock went home to bed, with the pleasant consciousness of a well-spent day. We got a great deal of amusement out of these good people, who on their side no doubt found *les Anglais* more amusing still; but after a time it palled upon us. "It looks very pretty," Miss Kendal said, "the first day; but now they look rather like the figures on a barrel-organ. We have only been here a fortnight, but I can't bear it any longer. I know how the men make their bows, and almost what that little man with the red hair is saying. And they will do it all over again to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow. Evening church, with a sermon an hour long, would be more amusing, after all!"

"Pleasure-making is the most monotonous of all occupations," said I; but I was stopped in my commonplace little speech by the smile which trembled upon the lips of Helen, Miss Kendal's pretty niece, who, as I have said, was sulky, poor child!—sulky as never young woman was before. She sat by us wherever we went, wrapped up, as it were, in a thunder-cloud; and this smile was no melting, but only an expression of infinite contempt for my opinion. Helen was Miss Kendal's charge, her child, the thing she loved best in the world; and, in consequence, naturally her chief trouble, the one thing in her lot which brought down this tranquil woman to an equality with the rest of us. She could not laugh where Helen was concerned. She divined every scornful look on her pretty, gloomy countenance, and instinct taught her why I had stopped short, and showed her, though she could not have seen it, Helen's smile.

"Do you notice that change in the music?" she said hastily. "Why, in the name of all that is fantastic, should they bring in three



or four bars of 'Auld Lang Syne' into the middle of the Lancers? I wonder if they mean it, those fiddlers."

"My dear," said Mr. Kendal, who had brought his newspaper to the edge of the dancing, and was reading his *Galignani* with half a glance at the lights and the moving figures, "what could they mean by it? You don't suppose the fiddlers understand Scotch!"

She looked at me with the usual little smile in her eyes. "Do you think they understand Scotch?" she said: then sat and beat time with the look of one who understood something, whether it was Scotch or not. In the very middle of one of the figures in the dance, in the heart of the gayest rhythm of the music, why did that scrap of the old tune break in? I could not explain it any more than she; but it sent her back in a moment over twenty or thirty years, to the time of some "auld acquaintance," one could see. Meanwhile Mr. Kendal read his *Galignani*, and young Helen sat looking straight before her, taking notice of nothing, except now and then to signalise some remark she thought dull, by a faint suggestion of supercilious scorn.

It was Helen's impenetrable look that made them leave St. Eloi. There was not enough to amuse her, Miss Kendal thought; and I went with them, having nothing better to do, to some of the old Belgian towns, which the young lady beheld with the same gloominess, and without unbending in the least. Mr. Kendal was pleased with the move, for he had exhausted all the attractions of St. Eloi, and had got the measurements of the fortifications, and all the dates, and knew everything: and the *Goote Vrouw* was safe in harbour, so that there was no longer the same pleasure in anticipating the high tides. All the great Belgian towns are so near each other that you get from one to another very rapidly, and we made a pleasant sober little expedition together. My friends had been there before years ago, and remembered all the high gabled houses and the windmills standing up against the sky. Mr. Kendal had got the history of the Netherlands besides his two guide books, and pointed out everything to us. I never knew half so much about Philip van Artevelde before, though I have read the poem. As for Miss Kendal, she was very indifferent to that great personage. "To think this carillon has been chiming all the quarters since we were here before," she said, "since we were twenty, William!" "And for centuries before that,

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my dear," said William complaisantly; "the bells were consecrated in——" Miss Kendal only laughed and led me aside to those little glimpses of the canals which are so picturesque in Bruges. She knew them all by heart. "I have no turn for history," she said. "I don't know why I like this; it is not even beautiful, like Venice. I used to come and stand on the bridge and look along the water-line, and count all the gables and the little old gardens and note the redness of the bricks. There is no sense in the pleasure it gives me. I dare say they are dreadfully damp and unhealthy, the walls like sponges and the gardens mouldy; I would not live there for the world. And the chimes transport me altogether. I don't know if I am an old woman or a girl: they make the girl and the old woman one. Though you don't care much about them now, yet when you are as old as I am, Helen, when you come back again——"

"I do not think, Aunt Mary, that I shall ever want to come back again, should I live to be as old as Methuselah," said Helen. Miss Kendal's countenance changed a little, a cloud passed over it; and then she looked at that superb young person, so superior to time, to novelty, to change, and to reason, and a gleam of indulgent humour came over her face. She could scarcely bear to laugh at Helen, yet the force of Helen's impertinence and youthful sublimity moved her in spite of herself. She could have cried next moment; but in the meantime it was more than nature could do to keep that consciousness of all that was absurd in this tragi-comedy, out of her eyes. We walked back, a long round, and stopped at every new opening of the still canals and broken lines of houses—Helen walking by our side with a queenly toleration and superiority to our childish pleasure—and came once more into the great square opposite the belfry, where Miss Kendal lingered with that strange fascination for the chimes which seemed to possess her. I felt it get hold of me, too. They appeared to pursue each other, these quarters, hurrying on each other's heels, exultingly threatening mankind with the end of the hours that ran so fast. "It is nothing to them, up there, how fast they go! And after all, we don't take much more notice, do we?" she said, looking at the people moving about in the big area of the square, paying no sort of attention to the bells. A thing that is always clanging in your ears, how soon you come not to mind! Underneath the great tower, the mortals paid no attention, while

the immortals, the unliving, the undying, sounded out the measure of that time which never pauses. Miss Kendal herself, having just remarked upon this fact, turned deliberately round to the shop windows, which were full of the peculiar jewellery of the Low Countries—the peasant ornaments of Flanders, ornaments curiously wrought in inter-lacements of gold and silver, with sparks of little crystals or diamonds. “Come in and look at them,” she said. There were whole cases of them, quaint and elaborate and simple in their old immemorial patterns, the same which have been used for centuries. With that servile desire to please which we show to our sulky children, Miss Kendal bought one of them, a pendant for Helen’s pretty neck; and though the girl wanted to be disagreeable, yet a mingling of vanity and gratitude—reluctant gratitude—made her wear it when we got back to the hotel, upon the velvet which encircled that pretty throat—and there it attracted Mr. Kendal’s eye. He thought it very pretty.

“Can’t we get her some more of those things?” he said; for, to tell the truth, they both spoiled the girl. Upon which Miss Kendal flashed up in a little outbreak, as foolish as any of them.

“Thank heaven!” she said, “there are no holes in my child’s ears to hang ear-rings in—”

Her brother looked at her reprovingly. “You mean, thank your own superior taste and judgment, Mary,” he said.

And then Miss Kendal proved her real superiority. She saw the little bit of humbug of which she had been guilty, and a gleam of laughter came to her eyes, along with a flitting colour. She could laugh at herself, too. Then Helen put in her word.

“I am very sorry not to have my ears pierced,” she said; “all the other girls have—and mamma thinks it ought to have been done years ago.”

This startled them both a little. Helen’s mother, as I learned later, was the chief disturbing influence of their easy life. They were quite inclined to think that the troublesomeness of their darling was her fault, and came from her inspiration. They gave each other a look and an almost imperceptible nod, as if assuring each other of a fact they had suspected.

“Come out with me to-morrow after breakfast,” said Mr. Kendal, “and you shall have the ear-rings if you like them.”

He was still more servile than his sister; and the pleasure of these two excellent people

in finding anything that was likely to mollify their little tyrant was pathetic. As for Miss Kendal, I think she was a little disturbed by this offer. It had been *her* idea. She gave him a look of comical reproach—and yet, though she was quite conscious that it was comical, she was vexed all the same.

“Men never stand by you,” she said to me after, “they go over to the enemy on the first temptation.” And then once more she laughed at herself. She was not at all more philosophical or less liable to err because she saw so distinctly how foolish it was, and even how laughable, which is an argument still more telling. She and I walked on next day to the hospital of St. Jean, where the famous pictures of Hans Memling have lived for a century or two, while Mr. Kendal and his niece stopped at the jeweller’s. Perhaps it was this that made my friend cross. “They are wonderful pictures,” she said, “but St. Ursula is ugly. Come into the chapel and wait for them.” It was afternoon, and the “Salut” was just about to begin. A fat old Augustinian (I think) nun, in a voluminous white woollen gown, took her hands out of the big sleeves in which they were folded, and gave us chairs; and there we knelt while the music played in a little gallery above, and the priest at the altar went through a great many ceremonies very unintelligible to me. To come out of the fresh air and from all the novelties of a foreign place, in the very midst of the mingled amusement and fatigue of sight-seeing, into an unfrequented chapel, where a few poor people are saying their prayers monotonously in the middle of their monotonous life, as they do every day, gives one a curious sensation; to us it is so strange, to them so common. There were about a dozen people in the chapel, chiefly women, in their comfortable, ungraceful Flemish cloaks, covering them from shoulder to ankle, with white caps at the top, and heel-less, sturdy shoes below; well-clad, vigorous, comfortable, but not lovely figures. Is it an advantage, I wonder, of the Catholic ritual, that you are not absolutely bound to it, not called upon to follow every step, but may say your own prayers, and lay out your own troubles before the altar, while the priest there is doing all that is right and necessary for you? It is not according to our notions, yet sometimes, now and then, I think it *is* an advantage. For my part, I did not understand the service, and could not follow what was supposed to be going on officially; but it was not difficult to follow what was going on in the faces of the people about, all inde-

pendent of the pretty chanting of the choristers in the gallery, and the movements of the priest. It was like coming into a friendly house, where all the familiar affairs of life were going on, comprehensible and sympathetic, but in a different language. Just as the service concluded, Mr. Kendal came in, guide-book in hand. He had examined all the pictures in their proper order. It did not occur to him to form any opinion of St. Ursula, or to exercise his judgment on the matter. "Do you mean to leave the place without seeing the Memlings?" he said; "why, it is what one comes here for." He said just the same, excellent man, about the diamond-cutting in Amsterdam. He was a man who did his duty without any question with himself whether he liked it or not.

And, for my part, I confess I was sorry not to see the Memlings, and give my opinion about the St. Ursula; but I stood by my companion. On the other hand, she kept me sitting for a full hour before the Van Eyck in the cathedral, the "Adoration of the Lamb," to the great contempt of her brother, who allotted ten minutes to it, made out every part, and went off to all the other chapels, leaving not one dark area of canvas unvisited. The cicerone was angry too, and scolded us. "You will make all the gentlemen late, and you will not see half vot is to be seen," he informed us. This is what it is to have to do with a person who has fancies of her own. "And the others are just as well worth seeing," Mr. Kendal said.

This was, however, I think the only time that Miss Kendal asserted herself. She was sorry next morning, and made her peace with many expressions of contrition. "We have a temper in our family," she said. "Sometimes we get very cross when we are contradicted, and revenge ourselves upon ourselves, which is always a mistake."

"Does any one ever contradict *you*, Aunt Mary?" said Helen, roused by this speech, with that curl of the lip which very young persons in rebellion always think so imposing. The number of lips, quite uncurved by nature, which I have seen attempt this grimace! Helen had a pretty mouth, and succeeded rather well; and nothing could exceed the innocent insolence of her tone. Miss Kendal changed colour a little, but then smiled as usual.

"Oh yes, my dear, now and then. Your uncle, for instance, and the man yesterday in the cathedral."

"The only thing to do," said Mr. Kendal,

taking his coffee, "is to follow Murray. That is the conviction to which I have been brought. The French guide is very well, but not reliable like Murray. They have made a study of it; they know the things that suit English people. Just follow Murray, Mary, and I don't think you can go far wrong."

"I will do my best," she said, very demurely, "to follow your advice, William."

What a gleam of fun there was in her eyes! Yet she looked at him lovingly as he chipped his egg, eating his regulation English breakfast wherever he might happen to be. Whether Murray was reliable or not, he was. The foolish child on whom she had lavished so much love might turn upon her, but her old brother was always faithful. This was what I read under the laughter in Miss Kendal's eyes. She picked up her silk gown, and walked off with him after breakfast, as alert as any young girl—far more alert than Helen, who followed with me, and who did not conceal her indifference. We went about from church to church, and from gallery to gallery. Never do I remember such a well-spent day. He did not spare us a drawing, nor a doorway, nor a bit of ironwork; and his sister kept by his side, and "took an interest" in everything. Even as afternoon came on, and we all got tired, her face was still as bright as a summer morning. She kept looking at him with that subdued wonder and amusement, and tender humour in her eyes. The steady energy that there was in him, the perseverance—no caprice or foolish liking—his duty and his Murray and a clear conscience—these were Mr. William Kendal's guides.

He liked to hold forth a little to us women—what man does not?—to instruct us, and set us in the right way. And notwithstanding all the curiosities he was showing us, he had a great idea of our own day, and the progress the arts and sciences have made. "Nowadays a painter takes a nice, agreeable subject, and paints you a pretty face, or a pleasant group of people," he said; "and knows how to put everything in perspective. Who would paint a subject like that nowadays?" It was the flaying of a poor saint, which is a thing the Flemish imagination must have delighted in—and I agreed with Mr. Kendal; whereupon he began to blaspheme in his neat and orderly way.

"That lamb in the big picture you made such a fuss about yesterday, is exactly like a baby's toy. I remember buying one just like it for Helen; do you think any artist could paint a thing like that now, or get it sold if



it was sent to the Royal Academy? and then the perspective——”

“H—hsh!” Miss Kendal said with a shiver, stopping him. We were then, I think, turning into the Béguinage, a very new little conventual village, with nothing historical about it. And there it was that, notwithstanding her penitence and her admiration of him, my friend played her brother a malicious trick enough. We went to look at the lace made in the establishment, and which it is the traveller’s duty to buy, by way of town-dues, or toll, for the good of the place. When it was all spread out upon the table, Miss Kendal spoke a word aside to the smiling sister with her Flemish accent and limited stock of French, who displayed it, and who presently withdrew, leaving us to examine the contemporary productions of the sisterhood. “I suppose, then, William, this lace must be better than the old?” Miss Kendal said, with hypocrisy in every tone. “Not a doubt of it,” said the unwary oracle, thinking of Nottingham. He gave a glance at the pretty boxes on the table, then turned to the grim pictures of the former superiors with which the room was hung. While he was thus engaged another smiling old nun, with a rosy, round face like a winter apple, came beaming into the room, carrying a parcel in her hand. She had no French at all, nothing but Flemish, this old lady, and she was the superior *de facto*, the queen regnant, guardian of all the treasures of the establishment. In that bundle was the wealth of the place; what shall I call them, cobwebs, gossamer, rags—some just holding together, no more—old Flanders, old Malines, old Valenciennes. Miss Kendal selected a fine piece of the new lace fresh and clean out of the workwoman’s hands, as strong as linen, yet fine and light, the best our Béguines had to show; and along with it a fairy film of old *Flandres*, yellow and worn, two hundred years old or thereabouts. “Look at these,” she said, “William, and tell me which you like best.” I have always said there could not have been a higher test of his candour and truthfulness. Many a man would have stuck by his colours at all hazards, and declared the good strong *Duchesse*, as they call it, which would wash and wear like Mrs. Primrose’s gown, to be the superior production. He looked at them, not perceiving at first the trap that was being laid for him; then touched the ancient cobweb with a shy finger, as if to assure himself that it was something more than an imagination, and then the excellent man turned away with a “pshaw!” of indig-

nation. It was a wicked trick. But she contented herself with having beaten, she did not exult over him. She laughed only with her eyes, giving a glance at me, who was, so to speak, in her confidence. And if ever two women enjoyed a little private victory over the instructor of our subject race, we were those women—though we were not so unkind, having made our *coup*, as to laugh out.

This lace, however, was the cause of a little lightening of the firmament, so far as the private comfort of these good people was concerned. We bought, among us, a great part of the old *Flamande’s* delicate stores, and after dinner we gave ourselves the amusement of looking over it. “This will do for your mother, Helen,” Miss Kendal said. The head of the party had gone out to see the papers, he said, when we produced our treasures. She laid out a very delicate piece of the lace, measuring it. “It will do for her black satin, her dinner dress——”

This I heard as I was reading, withdrawing myself a little, as a stranger ought to do in the sanctuary of a book, from the communings of members of the same family; and I did not venture to look at them, though I listened, I confess, with some anxiety. There was a little rush, and a sound of crying—“Oh, auntie, you are too good! Send me away! do not have anything to do with me! I hate myself, but I cannot help it. Mamma, too! don’t be kind to us any more!”

“Kind to you! Do you call me *kind*, Helen? I only—love you more than anything in the world.”

And then there was a long whispering, and crying, and clinging together. I heard some of it, not venturing to go away, lest that should disturb them more, but turning my back, and appearing to be very deep in my book. She had not wanted to come abroad, the girl said; she had been disappointed. She had thought, Anywhere, anywhere her dear aunt had pleased; but to come *abroad*, as if she wanted that! Helen was very penitent, very ready to confess a thousand faults; but it seemed to me that a hope of still getting her own way was in the girl’s heart. Her aunt went to her room with her presently, soothing and caressing Helen. And when she came back her face was bright, yet tearful. “My poor child has gone to bed; she was overtired,” she said. And when Mr. Kendal came back, what did she do but lay before him the evident facts that Flanders was very flat, that the scenery was not interesting, and that to return by Antwerp and go to Scotland, as they had originally intended, would be,

on the whole, not a bad thing to do. It was a clear moonlight night, and I stood on the balcony looking out upon the dark tower of old St. Nicholas cutting the clear whiteness, and listening to the carillon which kept breaking out from minute to minute as it seemed, as if glad that the hours ran away so fast. "Go back by Antwerp?" Mr. Kendal said. "Nonsense! I have not had half my holiday; and you, who hate the sea! You will spoil the girl, Mary. But I'll tell you what we'll do, we'll take her to Paris to the exhibition ;

only don't ruin her buying everything she admires. Go home in the middle of my long vacation! I know a trick worth two of that. I'll send for Walter, and let him have a holiday too."

Was it Walter that was wanting? I saw Miss Kendal slowly shake her head, without saying anything—and once more Mr. Kendal said "pshaw!"—but what that pshaw meant, or if it was a better argument in respect to Helen than in respect to the lace, I did not find out till next day.

## TO ICELAND.

By MRS. BLACKBURN ("J. B.").

### PART I.



R. JOHN  
BURNS  
—the  
well-  
known  
partner  
of the  
Cunard  
Com-  
pany—  
Mrs.  
Burns

and party, in all five ladies and eleven gentlemen, embarked for Iceland in the *Mastiff*. 870 tons, 220-horse power, a fine newscrew-steamer, built for the Glasgow and Bel-

fast trade, but used on this occasion as a yacht. The crew, numbering thirty-four, included a special pilot for the northern seas, Captain Ritchie from Leith, as the compass is not to be depended on near the coast of Iceland. In such a vessel, so appointed, the thought that it would take little short of a miracle to send us to the bottom was comforting to those who are timid at sea. The mind, thus at ease, had ample means for filling its vacuity or pleasing its taste from the various contents of the well-stored book-shelves; nor was ought lacking in the way of bodily

comforts that the thoughtful kindness of our host and hostess could provide.

We left Wemyss Bay on the Clyde at six o'clock on a beautiful evening, Saturday, 22nd June, 1878, and spent the night in Campbeltown harbour. On Sunday, a wet and dismal day, we went to the parish church, in one part of which there was a Gaelic service, in the other an English one, going on at the same time. The partition wall was not thick enough to prevent our hearing the sough of the neighbouring psalmody. We attended the English section, and heard an excellent sermon, the text of which I have forgotten, but the main drift was to inculcate honesty in the affairs of every-day life, a subject worthy of more attention than it sometimes receives.

We started soon after midnight on the morning of Monday the 24th. It is a pleasing sound, that of weighing anchor; but more pleasing still is the sound when it is let go, after you have gained an experience that cannot be taken from you. The *Mastiff* began rolling at the Mull of Cantire, and continued to do so all the way to Iceland and back, till we got into the sheltered water between the Hebrides and the mainland on our return. We were never without the "fiddles" on the table, and, in spite of them, had many a cup of tea and glass of wine splashed over our dresses; our seats had to be made fast to the table or they would have slid with us all over the cabin. The weather during nearly the whole voyage was dry; and it was very enjoyable to sit on deck in sheltered places, or by the funnel, playing at chess or "go bang," or the more social games of "proverbs," "yes and no," "dumb crambo,"

and such-like, or discussing subjects on which a variety of opinions might be expressed without any definite conclusion being reached. There are neither stubborn facts nor dogmatic utterances to decide whether the world would have had the greater loss by the non-existence of Nelson or Byron. Nor can it be determined whether modern civilisation

adds to real happiness, or to what extent the "chief end of man," as the shorter Catechism expresses it, might have been as well attained without the aid of the telegraph or the daily newspaper. The admirer of civilisation deplored the complete absence of banks in Iceland; so did not the upholder of primitive times, who was inclined to look



*St Kilda  
June 24<sup>th</sup>*

at the unsophisticated insular life through a halo of romance.

One day a lively discussion arose as to the comparative wickedness of Ahab and Jezebel: the gentlemen of the party denounced the latter, while some of the ladies defended her on the plea of the difference of religious education. It was argued that her obedience to the church in which she

was brought up, and her maintenance of its clergy in time of famine, would in some circumstances be accounted laudable; and that her worst crime was due to wifely affection and devotion to her husband's wishes, unmixed with the personal ambition displayed by Lady Macbeth on a like occasion, &c.

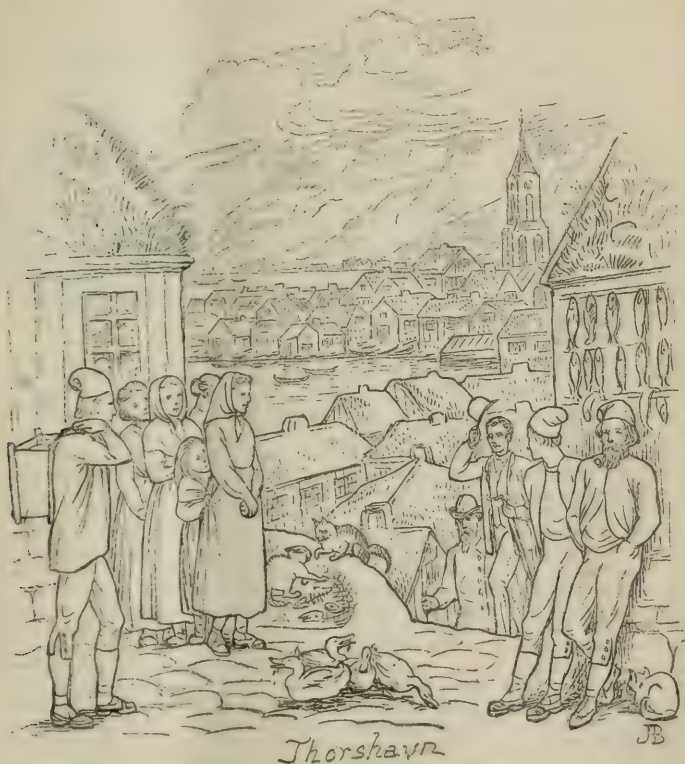
Politics were not often discussed among the "Mastiffs," the majority of whom (in-



cluding all who were Scotch) were Tories; and, even when that bone of contention did turn up, so genial and friendly was the state of feeling on all sides, that in a gushing moment a Liberal went so far as to admit to an enthusiastic admirer of Lord Beaconsfield that, if that noble Lord could steer the country through the then impending crisis without a

war, he might be considered a great statesman. This sentiment probably shared the fate of a tramway ticket.

After rounding the Mull of Cantire, we kept to the outside of the Hebrides, in sight of the Skerryvore lighthouse, which, founded on an almost sunken rock, seems to rise in dismal solitude out of the wide grey sea. By-



Thorshavn

and-by we passed Barra Head, where the lighthouse, perched 700 feet above the sea, was shrouded in mist, the frequent gloom of which is said to drive the wives of the lighthouse keepers into a sort of melancholy madness. Sailing out into the mist we saw no more till close upon St. Kilda. Heavy rain coming on, the mist lifted and we saw our way into the landing-place,

where some natives were assembled. We fired a gun, and suddenly the misty air was filled with startled sea-birds, in particular myriads of little puffins. Seeing the natives rush hastily up the hill, we thought they had taken us for Russians; but it was afterwards explained that they had gone to signal back their young men who were out fishing in the two boats belonging to the island. And very

good boats they were, as we afterwards saw. We landed in the *Mastiff's* boats, taking with us her Majesty's mail-bag, a box of tea, and some "sweeties." The landing-place is simply a shelving, slippery rock; but, as the wind was not blowing into the bay and the sea was calm, there was no difficulty in getting ashore. In rough weather landing is impossible. The natives were friendly, shaking hands all round and greeting us in Gaelic. Their eyes were fixed eagerly on the box of tea. The post-bag caused no excitement; when opened it was found to contain one letter and an old newspaper. All our cherished visions of mountainous cliffs, bold cragsmen, and interesting sea-birds were blotted out by mist and rain. The reality before us was a row of commonplace slated houses with a chimney at each end, damp crops before the houses, a group of singularly ungraceful people, and instead of the wild cry of the sea-bird, the yelping of collie dogs. There are now in St. Kilda no such primitive houses as may still be seen in some parts of the Barra group.

The people crowded round us, offering for sale sea-birds' eggs, dead or dying birds—among others a stormy petrel—knitted socks, and excellent home-spun cloth, smelling strongly of fulmar oil. They all looked well fed and healthy; their wide grinning mouths displayed rows of unusually good teeth. Some were dark-haired and Celtic-looking; others were of the red Scandinavian type: all, I think, had blue eyes. The use of the razor has not yet gone out of fashion at St. Kilda: the men were shaven round the mouth, but they would have looked better had they left nature to draw a hirsute veil over that somewhat uncouth feature. All were barefooted, but in other respects they were warmly clad in strong home-spun garments. The men wore round Scotch bonnets, sleeved waistcoats, and blue trousers. The women had red or blue handkerchiefs on their heads and round their necks; some were wrapped in a coarse plaid, folded square and fastened with a clumsy brooch or pin. Their gowns were of some dingy colour, and had the sleeves let in above the shoulder, with a second girdle round the body below the waist, arrangements in costume well suited to their active mode of life and windy climate. I tried to sketch some of them, but as soon as they saw what I was doing they turned away, one woman hiding her child. I therefore left off, thinking they might have some superstition about it, took a mental photograph

instead, and drew them afterwards from recollection. I have since been told that they demand five shillings a head for allowing their likenesses to be taken.

Sailing round the back of the island we passed high cliffs, which probably looked all the grander from the mist concealing their tops. There were a great many fulmars, puffins, and guillemots on the sea. We saw fulmars and solan geese more or less all the way to Iceland. Next day, the 25th, was very foggy, so much so that when we got to where the Faroe Islands ought to be, we had to stop for some hours. The mist cleared a little about sunset, and we were then able to steam into the harbour of Thorshavn, passing between a number of pretty islands with magnificent cliffs seaward and inland, and grassy-terraced hills, something like the Campsie range. We went ashore about 11.30 P.M., and remained till after midnight; there was quite enough of light to do a few pencil-sketches by. Letters were also written, as we found a post-office, and heard that there was a good chance of their reaching home before we could.

At the landing-place we found a little gathering of natives, the unusually large size of our steamer having excited their curiosity. They were very good-looking people, fair-haired, well-grown, and well-mannered. There was no crowding or begging. A good many of the men could speak English a little; some, indeed, very well. I could not help thinking how much pleasanter it was for us to land there than it would have been for them to land at Greenock: "*Civitas non semper civilitas*." They escorted us about the town, and one got the keys of the church to show us the interior, which is large and neat, but of no particular architecture. We offered our guide a gratuity, but he waved it aside, saying, "Excuse me." The men's dress consisted of a brown collarless coat over a knitted jersey, tight breeches, with a row of buttons left unfastened at the knee, and long worsted stockings. Their shoes were made very simply of a single piece of unblacked leather gathered in above the toes and sewed up at the heel—a construction not suggestive of corns; they were fastened to the ankle with strings, often scarlet in colour. The women wore ordinary cotton gowns and aprons; they were either bare-headed or had on a black handkerchief tied under the chin. We saw only two bonnets—grotesque erections in the extreme of some bygone fashion. The women had good hair and fair complexions. Some of them were decidedly pretty.

## YOUNG MRS. JARDINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

## CHAPTER X.

A



"FLAT" at a Richerden terrace, furnished after the true Richerden style, not tawdry certainly, but very solid: solid and ugly. Large-pattern-

ed flowery carpets, and curtains to match, or rather not to match, there being just that slight difference in shade which some people think "of no consequence," but which to others is a daily torment, setting their teeth on edge like an untidy room, or a piano out of tune, or any other of those small avoidable miseries which make all the difference between real and sham refinement. But the sense of harmony in colour and form, a thing quite independent of riches, and often attainable in comparative poverty, was mostly unknown to, and disregarded by, the wealthy inhabitants of this excellent town. No blame to them; only a little painful to those who happened to be differently constituted.

"When I look round this room, I feel exactly like a cat with its back rubbed up the wrong way," said Roderick, trying to make a joke of his annoyance at finding the sort of "home" to which he had brought his wife so very different from what he had desired, or even expected. They had been travelling a month abroad, and had begun to weary of hotels, and look forward eagerly to the settled life of dual solitude, which to all people who are truly "one and one"—without need of that "shadowy third," which marks, alas! the sad imperfectness of married union—is, and ought to be, the most entire felicity.

And felicity it was—even though theirs

XX-21

had been a sad home-coming—not a soul waiting there to welcome the bride. It was now two days since they had arrived, yet not a visit, not a card, not a letter, came to show that anybody remembered there were such people in the world as Roderick Jardine and his young wife.

"We might as well be in the desert of Sahara, only then it wouldn't rain, as it seems always to do here," continued he. "What a change! We left spring, we have come back to winter."

"I don't mind it. And I like the merry crackle of the open fire," said Silence, who was kneeling before it, the blaze brightening her sweet face, upon which had already come the mysterious look which even a week of marriage seems to bring, the deep, contented calm of a girl who has passed into a woman, whose lot is settled, whose life is filled. For good or ill, God knows! but it is filled; and all uncertainty is ended. "Do not vex yourself, dear," she said. "Though, I allow, it might be a prettier salon, or parlour. Is not parlour the word?"

"Drawing-room; parlour is not half genteel enough for Richerden," said Roderick, laughing.

"Well, whatever it is, it is very comfortable. I am quite happy in it—with you. And I like our being here, all alone, with no 'receptions.' We shall not need to have any, I suppose?"

"No 'at home,' you mean? to receive our wedding-callers? Apparently we shall have none to receive. Oh, there is the door-bell."

The quick, sharp stroke of a Richerden hall bell—Roderick had started at the long familiar sound, and even changed colour a little. But it was no visitors, only the post.

"Just business—Mr. Maclagan, our lawyer. He might have written' sooner, if only to apologize for finding us such a wretched 'flat' instead of the furnished house I ordered." And Roderick, looking first disappointed, then vexed, was going apparently to tear up the letter, but meeting Silence's eyes, he stopped, and passed it over to her to read. "It is such a comfort to me that I can tell you everything," he said tenderly. "You are sure never to be vexed, or cross, or hurt—oh, my darling!" If she had been



either of the three, that last word, and the tone of it, would have healed all.

Yet the letter, read aloud, was a little hard to bear; for both.

"Dear sir," (he used to call me dear Mr. Roderick; he has been our man of business these forty years). "Perhaps you were not aware that the furnished house you wished me to hire would have swallowed up half your income in mere rent, so I took the liberty of getting something more advisable, which I hope will please you, during the time that Blackhall is being finished. I forwarded the address, as desired, to your three sisters here, and to Mrs. Jardine in England. My wife will do herself the honour of calling on young Mrs. Jardine. I wonder how the old lady will approve of that?"

"Of my being called Mrs. Jardine, or of Mrs. MacLagan visiting me, does he mean?" said Silence, with her smile of grave simplicity. "It is a pity for the lady to come, if she fears to displease your mother," added she with a slight sigh, which went to her husband's very heart.

"The 'lady' indeed!" said he bitterly. "Oh, my mother does not know her. She does not belong to our set at all. Her calling upon my wife is quite unnecessary, rather a liberty."

"But she means it kindly; and Mr. MacLagan took a deal of trouble for us. If this—'flat,' do you call it?—is not very pretty, it is very convenient; and that is a nice bright little *bonne* he has found for us. She can quite understand me, and I can almost understand her."

"A mere 'flat,' and one servant! What would the girls say?" muttered Roderick. "Yet you are happy, my sweet!"

"Quite happy!" And her face showed this; a tell-tale face, at least to those who loved her, and loving, learned to read it.

Yet it was slightly flushed and nervous when, a few hours after, her first visitor came; the "first foot" in the new home, as that lady rather too ostentatiously pointed out. For it was Mrs. MacLagan, dressed in her very best, loud-voiced, voluble, with a shrill Richerden accent, meaning to be most cordial and most kind, and yet succeeding in making Roderick, who received her with grave politeness, and talked to her as much as possible, so as to shield his wife, wince at every sentence she uttered.

When she was gone, he threw himself in a chair.

"I hope that woman will not come again. She would drive me wild. Better have not

a friend in the world than such friends as these."

"Had you many friends here? Is it I who have lost you them?" asked Silence mournfully, and then looked sorry she had said it. "My husband, I did not mean to regret; and it is too late to suffer you to regret. We cannot alter anything now."

"We would not if we could," cried Roderick passionately. "We know, if no other human creature does, how happy we are, how entirely we belong to one another."

"Thank God!"

There were tears in the young wife's eyes; but she smiled still. And during the somewhat trying two weeks that followed, when it rained every day, and they were shut up together indoors, with nothing particular to do—a most severe trial even to honeymoon lovers—though she did not always smile, she never once gloomed.

"I know now, I have found that blessing which my father said was the greatest any man could get, a sweet-tempered wife," cried Roderick fondly, as they stood together at the window, watching the rain sweep down.

"Mamma was that. And papa loved her. I mean, not exactly as you love me, because he had loved some one else in his youth; she told me that herself, one day. Still, he entirely respected and trusted her; they were very happy in their way. But, oh!" She suddenly turned to her husband with such a look in her eyes—a look that none but he had ever seen or would ever see. "My first love, my last love! God is good to have let me marry you."

"My darling!" Then, with an attempt to touch lightly upon the unspoken soreness between them, "It is well you like my company still, for, apparently, you will have no other. The weather keeps us in, for I can give you no carriage, and I hate cabs. I have never been used to them; besides, only fancy my wife in a common street cab! But weather need not have hindered all our 'carriage friends,' as my sisters call them, or my sisters either, from paying you the respect of a visit."

He spoke irritably, as he sometimes did, though never to her. A meaner nature—and there are such, men who esteem even their wives according as the world admires them—might have visited upon Silence this entire and cruel ignoring of her. But upon Roderick it acted in precisely the opposite way. No princess quitting her own people to be received in equal honour by her husband's kith and kin, could have been

treated by him with more tender reverence, more watchful love, than was that poor lonely girl, who had no other refuge or defence than himself in the wide world. Still, he was not quite perfect, and by this time she had of course found it out. But perhaps the very tenderest bit of a woman's heart comes out towards the man she loves when she first discovers she has something to pardon in him—and pardons.

"I am very cross to-day, Silence, and I know it."

"Yes, so do I," she said and smiled. "But, if you know it, it is half conquered. Go and take a good walk, and walk it off, as in the days when you were in love, you know."

"As if those days had ended, or ever would end!" answered Roderick, parting her hair and looking passionately down into her eyes. "My good angel! But don't you see how much of the devil I have in me still? How do you mean to make me good?"

"I mean us to make one another good," she answered. "My mother used to say"—it was strange and touching this way she had now of speaking of her mother, as if not dead, but only absent somewhere, and still mixed up with all their daily life—"my mother said, it is better to use one's feet or hands, than one's tongue, when one is vexed about anything. Therefore, go."

Roderick went, and his wife stood watching him down the rainy street with eyes he saw not, and a heart that in its deepest depths was, even to him, not wholly known—or shown.

"I think, though you had never been mine," she murmured, "so long as you were yourself, I would have loved you just the same. But, since you are mine—oh, my love, my love!"

And the tears, which he seldom or never saw, broke out unrepressed—tears, not of grief, but joy. Soon she dried them, and looking round for something to do, began putting away his gloves that he had left on the table, and an old coat which she had made him change for a warmer one. As she did so, she kissed them both, saying over again, with a tender murmur—"My love! my love!"

A foolish girl, may be! And she had been only married six weeks. But, as she said, it would be just the same, did he remain the same, even after they had been married fifty years. A happy love, a happy life! In which, being fitted each for each, either

grows more and more into the other, through youth, middle age, old age—realising the rare but not impossible married union, of being "not two, but one flesh."

Roderick came back in quite a cheerful mood. "My walk has done me good, spite of the rain. And I have actually found a friend—Tom Grierson, lately married too. He and his wife are going to the coast the day after to-morrow, but they insist upon 'making up a party' (that is the phrase, love) for us to-morrow. She will call first, and invite you with due ceremony. And you shall wear your wedding-dress, and the diamonds Cousin Silence left to my future wife. Little she thought it would be another Silence Jardine! You will look so charming, and I shall be so proud. We must go."

"Must we?"

With the quick intuition, the instinctive thought-reading, learnt by those who deeply love, and only those, Roderick detected at once the slight hesitation.

"Is it this?" he said, with a glance at her black dress. "Do you very much dislike going?"

"I dislike nothing, if you like it, and it seems pleasant and good to you."

"Thank you, my darling. Yes, this will be pleasant, I think: and good also. The Griersons are among what my family" (he rarely named his mother now) "call 'the best people in the place.' Excellent people too; intelligent, cultivated. I like them, and so will you; old Mrs. Grierson especially."

"Do they know anything? About me, I mean."

"I cannot tell, I did not ask. You see, I could not ask," added Roderick clouding over. But immediately he drew his wife close and kissed her fondly. "It does not matter either way. Never mind, love. We will go—and for the rest take our chance. We have done the deed, we are married. No human being can ever part us more."

Still, with a curious foreboding of what might come, after the note of invitation and apology which, to Silence's evident relief, arrived next day, instead of Mrs. Grierson herself, Roderick helped his wife to choose her "brows" for this first appearance in the world—such a different world from the innocent *monde* of Neuchâtel! then he left her to her toilette, and sat reading, or trying to read, till she appeared.

Not exactly the angelic vision of her marriage morning; "a spirit, yet a woman too."

Very womanly, if not very fashionable, for the white dress was high round her throat, and the round soft arms gleamed under a semi-transparent cloud instead of being obtrusively bare.

"I don't know exactly what is the difference," said Roderick, examining her; "you look scarcely like the Richerden brides whom I used to meet, but you look so sweet! I once said to—to them all at home, that you were not beautiful, but I am afraid, my wife, I told what we call here 'a lee.'"

Silence laughed, the happy laugh of one who, being admired by the only person she cares to please, is childishly content and satisfied.

She belonged to that class of beauties, who owing all their charm to expression, only look well when they are happy. A disappointed life might have made her quite an ordinary girl all her days; but now, when leaning on her young husband's arm, she entered the Griersons' drawing-room, there was such a light in her eyes, such a tender glow in her cheeks, and about her whole bearing that quiet dignity, ease, and grace, which, to natures like hers, only comes with the consciousness of being loved, that very few, regarding her, would have hesitated to exclaim, "What a sweet-looking woman!"

Roderick saw the impression she made, saw indeed, for the first few delightful minutes, nothing else; until turning suddenly he perceived sitting close by, splendidly dressed, and surrounded by quite a little court, his sister Bella, Mrs. Alexander Thomson.

It was a position half painful, half ludicrous, and yet so extremely difficult, and involving so much, not only as to the present but the future, that he felt actually sick and giddy. One glance, however, at the sweet unconscious face beside him, and another at the very different face opposite, and his mind was made up.

With a bow to his sister, a mere formal bow, as to any other lady, he drew his wife's arm through his, and they passed on to the other end of the room.

Nobody noticed; it is curious how little people do notice, or trouble themselves about their neighbours' affairs, if their too egotistical neighbours could only believe so! Dinner was announced, the host came forward to take down the bride, Roderick had to go through the same politeness towards Mrs. Grierson, everybody went in to dinner, and soon the waves of society flowed smoothly over this little domestic tragedy, unknown to all, apparently, except the brother and sister;

who sat within a few yards of each other, yet never interchanged a word.

It was a regular Richerden dinner, such as both had been familiar with from their youth upwards, but Roderick felt like a ghost revisiting the well-known scenes. A not unhappy ghost certainly, in spite of Bella sitting there. Through all the dazzle of lights and clatter of voices (how loud everybody talked, and how sharp and shrill the Richerden accent sounded!) his eager ear listened for the occasional low-toned words spoken with a slight foreign intonation, and his eye rested tenderly on the fair, calm face of his wife. She was evidently neither shy nor strange, but perfectly dignified and self-possessed. He wondered if Bella saw her.

"My husband seems charmed with your wife: I shall be quite jealous directly," said his hostess. "Where did you find her? She looks different from our Richerden girls. Is she Scotch?"

"Of Scotch family, but Swiss born. We were married in Switzerland. Her father was my father's second cousin, and her name was Silence Jardine. You must have heard it before, Mrs. Grierson?"

And Roderick turned to a gentle-looking old lady on his other hand, aunt to the young couple, whom he had told Silence she would be sure to like.

"I remember your father's cousin, Miss Jardine. And your wife is her namesake? What a curious coincidence! But, I understood— However, one never hears quite the truth about love-affairs; so, no matter," added the old lady, stopping herself. "All's well that ends well. Happy's the wooing that's not long a-doing."

"Ours was fully six months a-doing," said Roderick smiling. "We waited as long as possible; on account of her mother's death, and for other reasons; and then we married. A right, and wise, and prudent marriage, as I think a true love-marriage always is," he added pointedly, for he felt his sister was listening to every word he said. And he knew that old Mrs. Grierson was one to whom everybody told everything, though even scandal, passing through the alembic of her sweet nature, came out harmless; she was noted for never having been heard to say an ill word of anybody.

"You are right," she answered; and her eyes, placid with long and patiently-borne sorrow—she was a childless widow—rested kindly on the young bride. "By her face, I should say that Mrs. Jardine was one of



those rare women who are in the world, but not of it."

"How well you read her! I thought you would," cried Roderick warmly. "If ever there was a saintly creature born— But I am her husband, and ought not to speak."

"Who is to speak for us if not our husbands, I should like to know?" said young Mrs. Grierson. "And when there are actually three brides present. By-the-bye, Mrs. Thomson, I did not know till a few minutes ago that it was your own sister-in-law I was inviting you to meet; but I shall learn the ins and outs of Richerden people in time. You and your brother must have married within a few weeks of one another."

"No, some months," said Roderick, with his eyes firmly fixed on his plate; Bella, with some smiling word or two, turned back again to her next neighbour, with whom she had been gaily conversing all dinner-time. So the difficulty passed, seemingly unnoticed by everybody.

How much did "everybody" know? was the question that haunted Roderick. What did his sister mean by coming here, well aware whom she should meet? Was it to blind the eyes of Richerden as to their family quarrels? He knew his mother and sisters would make any sacrifice for the decent, the decorous, the expedient. Or had she come—this resplendent Mrs. Alexander Thomson, who yet wore a dissatisfied expression quite new to the good-tempered rosy face of Bella Jardine—come, out of curiosity, defiance, indifference, to meet the brother she had forsaken, and the sister-in-law she ignored?

When the ladies rose, and he was forced to let Silence pass him without a warning or explanatory word, catching only the bright smile which showed she was at ease and happy, because underneath this outside show was the sweet inner reality that they two were everything to one another, Roderick vexed himself with conjectures as to what was happening in the drawing-room, and blamed himself for what now seemed the moral cowardice of letting his young wife drop ignorantly into the very midst of her foes. So absorbed was he with these thoughts, that he quite started when a slap on the back roused him to the consciousness of his new brother-in-law, Mr. Alexander Thomson.

"Didn't see you till this minute. Very odd—my wife never told me we should meet you here. And was that your wife?—the uncommon nice girl that sat beside Grierson? Phew!" with a slight whistle; then confidentially, "The women are always fools, we

know. Old lady cuts up rough still? Never mind; what's the odds—so long as you're happy? Glad to meet you again, my boy. When are you coming to see us?"

Had it been possible to frame a speech more calculated than another to set every nerve tingling in Roderick's frame, or touch to the quick his pride, his sensitiveness, his strong family feeling, these words of Mr. Thomson would have accomplished it. He had forcibly to say to himself that they were well-meant, and to shut his eyes in an agony of brotherly pity to the rapidly reddening face, thickening speech, and always coarse manners of the person—you could not say gentleman—whom Bella had chosen to marry, before he could trust himself to reply. Even then it was as briefly as possible.

"Thank you. We have only just arrived at Richerden, and are going on to Blackhall as soon as possible."

"But we shall see you before you go. Bella will be delighted; and if she isn't, I shall; and I hope I'm master in my own house. Depend upon it," dropping his hand heavily on the table, and looking round with a triumphant gleam in his fishy eyes, "the one thing a husband should try for from the very first, is to be master in his own house."

"If he can be, he will be, without need to say a word about it; and if he can't be, why, it's no good trying."

The laugh went round at this naive remark of young Grierson's, but Roderick never said a word. And when the gentlemen fell into gentlemen's talk, politics and so on, though he liked it, having been long enough absent from England to feel an interest in all that was going on there, his mind continually wandered not only to the wife whose happiness he knew he made, and felt it was in his power to make, but to the sister who had thrown away her own happiness, and over whose lot, be it good or ill, he had no longer the smallest influence.

"Poor Bell!" he said to himself, and all his wrath against her died out; he remembered only the days when they two used to play together, merry, innocent brother and sister, sufficient to each other, without thinking of either husbands or wives.

For his wife, when Roderick, at the first excuse possible, joined the ladies, he saw her sitting in a corner, contentedly talking with old Mrs. Grierson. In the further room Mrs. Alexander Thomson, with a group of ladies round her, was holding great state, as lively and laughing as if she had not a care in the world. Evidently the sisters-in-law had not

met or spoken—nor had anybody noticed the fact; or else, which was much more likely, everybody was quite aware of the fact, but was too civil, or too indifferent, to make remarks about it.

To get quietly away, that was the young husband's first thought, especially as, though she looked and smiled so sweetly, he detected a shade of weariness in the dear face he knew so well. If he could only carry her safely off before the admiring circle round Bella broke up, and before Mr. Alexander Thomson appeared in the drawing-room—as he was sure to do in a condition euphuistically termed "merry." But Mrs. Grierson had first to be spoken to a little, and she sat close beside his sister, who, in passing, he felt catch his hand.

"Rody!"

Was there ever a man, old or young, who hearing himself called by a familiar voice the pet name of his childhood, could stonily turn away? Poor Roderick, anything but stony-hearted, certainly could not.

"What do you want with me?" he whispered, pretending to turn over a large volume of photographs which his sister held.

"She—I came here on purpose to look at her—she is much nicer than I expected."

"Thank you. Is that all? Then I will pass on. I was going to say good night to Mrs. Grierson."

The tone, studiously polite, was exactly what he would have used to any stranger lady. It seemed to cut his sister to the heart.

"Roderick, what can I do? I dare not vex mamma. She holds all my pin-money; and he is—oh, so stingy! so—— If I had but known!"

"You did know; I told you myself," said Roderick sternly. "But it is useless talking. As one makes one's bed one must lie on it."

"I know that. And you?"

"There is no need to speak—we had better not speak—either of me or mine."

The brother and sister looked one another full in the face. Both were changed, both had taken that momentous step which sometimes breaks the fraternal relation for ever, but as often draws it nearer, making separation, not division. Perhaps there is no tie more close and tender than that of a brother and sister happily married, and each taking a sympathetic interest in one another's concerns. But here——

"Stop one moment," Bella said. "Does she know I am here? Would you like me to speak to her?"

"Certainly not."

"Why not?"

"Because my wife is myself, and every rudeness, every unkindness shown to her is the same as to myself, or more than myself. I cannot resent it, seeing it comes from my own flesh and blood, but I can escape it. And I will. There is not the slightest necessity for you to speak to Mrs. Jardine."

"Mrs. Jardine—how strange! But everything is strange," muttered Bella, almost with tears in her eyes. "However, you will come and see me—just you yourself?"

"What, without my wife? No; not even if my mother asked it. Good night and—good-bye."

For he saw Silence's eyes watching him—those innocent eyes, which he knew followed him wherever he went, with the unexactness of perfect love. "Once," she had said to him after they were married, "once, I might have been jealous; but now—you may talk, flirt,—is not that your English word?—with any woman you please. You are *mine*—you love *me*; all else is only an outside thing."

"I must go, Bella; my wife is waiting. Again—good-bye."

"Oh, Rody!" and under shadow of the table she again caught his hand.

At this instant the gentlemen were heard coming up; and one of them, approaching, tapped her on the shoulder, with a jovial, "Well, my dear!"

A shiver of repugnance—almost of fear—passed over poor Bella from head to foot. Well might the sapient Mr. Alexander Thomson observe that "women are fools;" but the greatest of all fools is the woman that marries a fool for his money.

"Jardine! here still? Do introduce us—my wife and me—to our charming sister-in-law. Or, rather, introduce her to us, if Bella thinks it more proper."

"Yes, yes! bring her here. I beg you will, and quickly. Don't you see everybody is looking at us?" said Bella hurriedly.

"Let them look; it is nothing to me," said Roderick, and was walking away, when he felt a little hand slipped under his arm.

"I came not to hurry you, dear, but to tell you that Mrs. Grierson offers to take us home in her carriage. She is so kind. I like her so much."

"I knew you would, my darling."

Bella heard the words, saw the look, and the look which answered it. A sudden spasm, almost like despair, passed across her face—the despair which a woman, any







"YOUNG MRS. JARDINE."

woman, cannot but feel on catching a glimpse of the heaven she has lost or thrown away. But she righted herself speedily; and having much of her mother's cleverness, slipped out of the difficult position by coming and taking Silence's two hands with an air of frank pleasure.

"You would not carry off my brother this very minute, when I am so delighted to see both him and you? I am Bella. Of course you have heard of Bella? Nay; you must let me kiss you, my dear."

The tone, if a little patronising, was kind; and though the soft cheek turned scarlet, it did not shrink from the kiss. Silence stood, neither shy, nor afraid, nor ashamed, to receive the greeting of her husband's sister. But when Bella's husband came forward, with rough exuberance, to take his share in the salute, she drew back.

"It is not our custom in Switzerland," she said in French to her husband; and, as she extended the tips of her fingers, it would have taken a bolder man than even Mr. Alexander Thomson to offer a kiss to young Mrs. Jardine.

All this little scene passed within half-a-minute, attracting no attention except from the Griersons, who stood by.

"We are detaining you, and making our family relations needlessly public," said Roderick; "but the fact is, my wife and sister had never met before. They will meet again shortly, I hope."

"I hope so too," responded Mrs. Grierson, in a tone which showed that the gentle old lady was fully cognizant of the Jardine history, as no doubt, in some form or other, was everybody present, or would be, within ten minutes. Indeed, as Roderick took his wife from the room, he felt that, like the celebrated wit in the anecdote, they "left their characters behind them."

What matter? What did anything matter, so long as he held fast that tender hand, which, in the friendly dusk of the carriage, he had taken, for he felt it trembling much. But neither they nor Mrs. Grierson made any save the most ordinary remarks, on the way home—that commonplace, ugly "home," which yet was so sweet.

Arrived there, Silence threw her arms round her husband's neck.

"I am so glad, so glad!"

"Glad of what?"

"Of—everything, I think. But most of all to get home."

"What a little home-bird you will grow to. Exactly suited for a poor man's wife. Sup-

pose now I had married a fashionable young lady, who wanted to have, every day, a dinner-party, like the one we have left! But you did enjoy it?"

"Oh yes. Only—— And that was your sister? Did you know she was to be there?"

Silence spoke with hesitation, even with a slight constraint.

"I did not know, or I should not have gone," said Roderick decidedly. "But perhaps it is as well. Poor Bella! Did you notice her husband?"

"Yes."

Neither said anything more. Comments and questionings were alike avoided by both, as indeed was their habit on this painful subject. Already they had learned one of the best lessons of married life, that there is a time to talk, a time to be silent. No existence, least of all the double existence which was now theirs, is so entirely without difficulties—no heart so free from weak points and sore places—as not to recognise this truth. A "fidgety" man, a "worrying" woman, even though both may be good sort of folk, is often more trying to live with than an actual ill-doer. And I have known households, overshadowed with endless sorrows from outside, who yet carried within them a perpetual sunshine of cheerfulness and peace.

This peace was in both their faces—the young husband and wife—as they sat down together in their little parlour, nestling into one another's arms, with the sweet and sacred caresses which even a brief separation of "doing the polite" to other folk seemed to make all the sweeter and more sacred. Neither spoke, until at last Roderick rather sighed than said, "Poor Bella!"

"Was she—was she always like that, and not like you?" asked Silence, after a long pause.

"We were never very much alike, but——"

"But you are brother and sister. I am very glad you met. And, if they wish it, you will go?"

"With you—not otherwise. But no need to talk about that. Let us talk about the dinner—a regular grand Richerden dinner, and some of the best of Richerden folk at it—the little leaven which leavens the whole lump. I like the Griersons. And you?"

"Yes; they are your friends, and this is your country; I wish to love it, and them. But I am afraid you will never make a grand lady of me, like—like your sister."

Heaven forbid! Roderick was on the point of saying, but he did not. In his



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tender heart there was a pitiful sense of apologizing for his own people. He knew all their faults; but they had belonged to him all his days. Kissing his wife, he said with a smile, "Sisters are sisters, and wives, wives; I am quite satisfied with mine."

Then they began comparing notes about their evening's experience, and making great fun together, like a couple of children.

"I am so glad," he said, "to be married to somebody who can laugh."

"And I to somebody who will let me laugh. I am afraid I am in some things very unlike what old Mrs. Grierson told me you Scotch people approve of; I do not enjoy being miserable."

"My darling, God forbid that I or any one should ever try to make you miserable!"

And the duty of the husband—as needful as the so-much-talked-of "obedience" of the wife—to love and to cherish, "even as his own flesh," the woman he has married, she who, out of mere womanhood, is certain to have in her lot much that is very hard—this solemn duty forced itself upon the young man. He resolved to bear anything, everything himself, rather than allow a hair of his wife's head to suffer. A boy in love, and a man who loves as perhaps only a man can love, and certainly can only love one woman,—he now saw what a world of difference there is between! And as day by day his old, solitary, selfish life drifted fast away, till he almost forgot he had ever been "a bachelor," he thanked heaven for making him, not only a happier, but, he believed, a better man, and



infinitely more of a man in the truest and highest sense, for having a woman to take care of.

"It never rains but it pours," said he two days after, throwing over to Silence a heap of letters which had succeeded a whole pack of cards, left luckily during a day's absence, when he had been showing her some Scotch mountains, and apologizing for their not being Alps. "Here are invitations enough. The way of the world! Once met at the Griersons', all Richerden is satisfied and delighted to visit us. Even my sister; did you notice these?"

The cards of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Thomson, and a formal dinner invitation, sufficiently proved Bella's sisterly feelings.

"We shall go?" Silence was still feeble in those auxiliary verbs, which to a native can take such delicate shades of meaning. Her husband could hardly tell whether or not she wished to go. But he knew she ought to go, even if at some slight sacrifice to both; therefore he merely assented, without opening any discussion pro or con. She tacitly accepted his "Yes," and he went on explaining or criticizing the other invitations.

"After all, the world is exceedingly like a flock of sheep. Let one jump the ditch the others are sure to follow. And this was a very wide ditch to jump, truly," added he, looking round the room. "We ought certainly to take a house, if only for the sake of our friends. What agony it must have cost some of them to stop their carriages in front of a flat!"

Silence laughed merrily. "And yet we are happy in it! It is ugly, I know that; but I think I have never been so happy in all my life; and as for all this visiting, is it quite, quite necessary?"

Roderick was but a man, and a proud man. All the prouder perhaps from a slight consciousness of having sank in the world—if people chose so to consider it—sank from wealth and idleness to a small income and what some would call the disgrace, some the dignity, of labour.

He hesitated a little; then said gently, "Yes, my wife, if you do not dislike it very much, I think it is quite necessary."

"That is enough; we will go."

"Out of mere obedience, my darling?"

"No," she said, answering his smile with a sweet gravity, "I do not think it is in me blindly to obey any one, not even you. But I honour you so much in all things I can understand, that in things I do not quite understand, I trust you. That is the only true and safe obedience."

So they went to dinner after dinner. At Richerden the only idea of "society" consists in dining. One invitation followed another rapidly, for it was near the end of the season, and most families were beginning to think of the periodical "going to the coast." Yet Roderick liked it; she too, after a fashion. "It makes one feel," she said once when they had come back, "in the sma' hours," to their quiet flat, "like sitting safe in a sheltered hut, with the rain pelting outside."

Roderick laughed. "This place rather resembles a hut, certainly; but would Richerden be flattered by your likening its splendid hospitalities to 'an even downpour'?"

Silence coloured. "I don't mean that. You know what I mean. Visiting is pleasant. I am glad to feel you are not ashamed of me, and oh, I am so proud of you! But still, that is only our outside life. The real life is this."

She crept close to him. She felt the beating of the strong true heart that she knew was wholly her own. Then lifting up her face, all wet with peaceful tears, she looked earnestly at her husband.

"I am so sorry, I never can tell how sorry, for the women who are *not* happy."

Whether Mrs. Alexander Thomson, with whom they had just been dining, was a happy woman or not, neither of these two discussed, nor did the lady herself betray. Either by her own will, or her husband's, Bella showed the young couple every civil attention, though more as an acquaintance than a sister-in-law. Whenever she invited them there was always a party—those large parties which are such safeguards against dangerously confidential intercourse; and she set them down to banquet upon every delicacy of the season. But, but—

There is a proverb—Roderick sometimes thought of it nowadays, and felt that he could almost understand it—"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a house full of sacrifices with strife."

Their "dinner of herbs" was growing nearer than they thought.

Roderick one day came in from a call on Mr. Maclagan, whose hospitalities they had also shared, and Silence, with her sweet nature and wide power of sympathy, had persisted that even Mrs. Maclagan was, when you came to know her, not so black as she was painted. Mr. Maclagan, Roderick allowed, was always liked and likeable—till now. She saw immediately that something had gone seriously wrong.

"What is it? Your mother?"

"No, dear; not my mother this time. She is well and happy in England. I may safely forget her, as she does me. It is only—oh, Silence! did you ever know what it was to owe a lot of money and not have a half-penny to pay it with? At least, I don't mean we are at our last halfpenny, but we—that is, I—have been spending a good deal more than I ought, and Maclagan has just told me so, and—but this is childish—you must not heed it, darling," said he, trying to hide his extreme perturbation.

For a minute or two she let him hide it, or think he did—going on with her needlework as if nothing was the matter, while he took up his writing-case and went off to the other end of the room. This could not last. She crept behind his chair, and soon he felt her arms round his neck. He caught them there, and, imprisoning the two little hands, kissed them many times.

"I don't know how it is, I ought not to trouble you, and yet I have got into such a habit of telling you everything——"

"Is that wrong?"

"Only on your account. You are so young, my darling. I ought to bear my own burdens, and yours too. Yet now I seem too weak for either. What in the world shall I do?"

He leaned his head on his hands in deep depression. Silence came and knelt beside him. She was very young, very childish, or child-like, in many things, and hitherto her husband had treated her like a child; an idol, certainly, but still a child. Now their positions seemed reversed. He looked up at her for a moment, then laid his head on her shoulder with a sigh of relief.

"Oh, it would be such a comfort to tell you everything."

"Do so, then."

The "everything" was not very serious, but it seemed so to him, who had never in all his life known what it was to want anything he wished for.

"I am an idiot, I know I am, to feel so keenly the lack of a few pounds; but I never was used to this sort of thing. Maclagan asked me to show him my 'accounts.' Why, I never kept accounts in all my days! My mother allowed me so much a year, or half year. I spent it, and when it was done I came to her for more. Not that I was ever extravagant; she knew that—but, oh, Silence! money seems to slip through my fingers in the most marvellous way. As Maclagan told me, and I could not deny it,

I no more know how to make the best of a small income than if I were a baby. Do you?"

He looked up in such a piteously helpless fashion that she could have smiled, had she not felt so infinitely tender over him. But it was the tenderness which is born of utmost reverence. Without any arguing she answered simply, "Suppose I try;" and began looking over the mass of papers before him, and which he himself regarded with an expression almost of despair. Poor fellow! he had got into what women call "a regular muddle;" like many another man who, neglecting or despising the small economies which result in large comforts, and regardless of the proportion of things and the proper balance of expenditure, drifts away into endless worries, anxieties, sometimes into absolute ruin, and all for want of the clear head, the firm, careful hand, and, above all, the infinite power of taking trouble, which is essentially feminine.

Roderick watched his wife slowly untying the Gordian knot, which he, man-like, would have liked to dash his sword through.

"What patience you have!" he said. "Do throw it all aside. You must be very tired."

"Oh, no; it is my business; I ought to have undertaken it before. My mother used to say it was the man's part to earn the money, the woman's to use it. I can, a little. Mamma let me keep house ever since I was seventeen. I managed all her affairs. Perhaps, if you would let me try——"

"To manage mine, and me?"

"No!" a little indignantly. "I am afraid I should despise the man I 'managed.' But I would like to take my fair half of the work of life. Yours is outside, mine inside. Will that do? Is it a bargain?"

"My love! yes."

"Now"—with a pretty imperiousness—"you must give me all the money you have, and all the bills you owe, and tell me exactly how much you have a year. Then, take a book and read. No"—passing her hand over his forehead, which was burning hot—"go and lie down for an hour. When you wake up you shall find all right."

Poor Roderick! he could not resist; he was quite worn out with the irritations of the day, and that morbid anxiety peculiar to temperaments like his own, but from which he had hitherto been shielded by kindly Fate. Now Fate had turned round, and left him unshielded, except by his naturally brave heart, and that other—only a woman's. But a woman's heart, with love at its core, is not exactly the weakest thing in the world.

He slept an hour, and then saw his wife standing beside him with her grave little face, and a "memorandum" in her hand, wherein their incomings and outgoings were set down with scrupulous neatness and as much accuracy as was attainable under the circumstances.

"How clever you are!" Roderick cried enthusiastically, until he discovered the sad deficit, which must be met somehow. How? "Perhaps the people would wait; Richerden tradesmen often do."

"If they could, we could not," Silence answered gravely. "They must be paid."

"How? Not by asking my mother; it is impossible," added he abruptly. "And otherwise, what can I do? 'I cannot dig; to beg I am ashamed.'"

Roderick spoke with great bitterness. His wife made no answer, but went into her bedroom and brought out a large jeweller's case—necklet, bracelet, brooch.

"It was very good of you, dear, to give me these. I know what they cost, for I have found the receipted bill; still if we had, not jewels, but the money——"

Roderick drew himself up with exceeding pride. "Am I come to such a pass that I require to sell my wife's ornaments? It is a little hard." Then bursting out hotly, as she had never before seen him do—"No, Silence, you are only a girl; you don't understand the world, or you would never have suggested such a thing. Not that; anything but that."

"There is nothing but that, so far as I see," she answered gently but firmly. "It is true I am a girl; but I am not quite ignorant of the world—at least of its troubles. Mamma and I were often very poor—so poor that we did not always have enough to eat; but we held our heads high, because we owed no one anything. She used to say, 'My child, what we cannot pay for, we will go without.' I always obeyed her. I must do so still. You must never ask me to wear these jewels."

He was so astonished, that his sudden wrath melted away in a moment. The gentle creature whom he could have ruled with a word! Yet by the way she quietly put the ornaments back and laid the case aside, he knew she meant what she said, and that nothing would ever move her to act against her conscience.

"Do you not care for them, the gifts I gave you?" said Roderick tenderly.

"Care for them? do I not? But I care for you still more. I would rather never wear

jewels to the day of my death, than see my husband look as he has looked this day."

"But to sell your ornaments! even if I can do it, which I doubt? My poor child! what would Richerden people say?"

"Would Richerden think it more creditable that you should sell my ornaments, than that your tradespeople should go without their money? Then I think the sooner we leave Richerden, the better."

"Have we quarrelled?"

"I don't know," said she, half smiling.

Roderick paused a minute, and then held out his arms.

"You are right; I will do it."

"Not you, dear; these things are so much easier to women than to men. Let me go to the jeweller and say——"

"That you do not like them?"

"No; for that would not be true. I like them very much—as I like all pretty things. But I like other things better—honour, peace, and a quiet mind. We will set ourselves right now, and after that we will be careful—very careful. You must earn the money, and, like Macbeth, 'leave all the rest to me'; then this will never happen again, I being so 'clever,' as you say."

The laugh in her voice, but the tears in her eyes—who could withstand either? Not Roderick, certainly. Besides, he had the sense to see, what not all men can see, that there are things which a woman can do better than a man, in which a woman is often wise and a man foolish. It is not a question of superiority or inferiority, but merely difference.

"I perceive," he said, "I must give you the reins, and sink into my right place in the household chariot. Well, perhaps it is best; far better than turning into a domestic Phaeton and setting the world on fire. Seriously, my darling, this shall *not* happen again, if you will help me."

So ended their first quarrel, which Silence persisted was not a quarrel, but only a slight variety in opinion. And she did help him from that time forward; in many things that might otherwise have been very painful to a proud man, very wearisome to a busy man. But she had a way of doing them all, even the most humiliating, which took the sting out of them entirely. And when the money was obtained, everybody paid, and the preparations completed for their next day's journey to Blackhall, young Mrs. Jardine sat on her boxes, which she had packed with her own hands, looking pale and tired certainly, but with the cheerfullest of countenances. Her



husband, too, went about whistling, "O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me?" in which song, sung under his instruction as to accent, she had created quite a *furore* at several dinner-parties.

"Evidently you do not 'sigh to leave the flaunting town,' and are anything but disgusted with the 'lowly cot and russet gown' to which I am dooming you," said he, laughing. "So, give me the song; even though our piano is gone, and our parlour looks anything but that 'bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,' to which you are so often calling my attention. Sing, my bird!"

She sat down and sang, clear as a bell and gay as a lark, the lovely old ditty. Her voice was her one perfectly beautiful possession, "except," as Roderick sometimes said, "except her soul," of which it was the exponent. He listened to it with all his heart in his eyes.

"Do you remember, Silence, that first night at the Reyniers', when you sang 'My Queen'?" And again—no, you could not remember that—the first Sunday when I heard you singing behind me, unseen, in Neuchâtel Cathedral? It sounded like the voice of an angel—my good angel. And now I have her in my home, my own home, for ever!

And she is—only a woman, and has got no wings."

"Nor has mine either! He is—only a man; and I find out a new—shall I call it peculiarity?—in him every day. And, worse, he cannot sing at all; he can only whistle; but——"

And then, being a weak-minded woman at best, and also exceedingly tired, she stopped laughing and began crying, clinging passionately to her husband's breast.

"Oh, take care of me, and I will take care of you, as well as I can. We are very young, very foolish; but we may help one another. Only love me, and then—— No, whether you love me or not, I shall always love you."

"My darling!"

"But"—with the sun breaking brightly through the summer shower—"since you do love me, all will go well. We will fight the world together, and not be afraid. No"—tossing back her light curls (they were terribly unfashionable, and she had been urged to abolish them, but Roderick objected, and they remained)—"no!"—and a gleam that might have come from some Highland ancestress of both, fearless till death, and faithful till death, shone in Silence's eyes—"I am afraid of nothing, so long as I have you."



## SUMMER.

### I.—SUMMER'S ADVENT.

NOW Summer comes laughing along the lands,  
With a garland of roses round her brow,  
And she shakes the gold o'er the grassy knowe,  
And the wall-flowers flame at the touch of her hands.

There is light and odour where'er she stands;  
Her soft breath is tinting the harebells now  
With a blue that might symbol love's sweet vow,  
And it sows white stars on the alien sands.

At the touch of her skirts with a thrill arise  
The ox-eye daisies, and foxgloves tall,  
That bend and sway with a softer surprise;

And the pimpernels that open their eyes  
To the sun alone; and the finches call  
To their mates as the seeds of the thistles fall.

### II.—SUMMER TWILIGHT.

ABOVE the spot where sank the radiant King,  
One wavering strip of fire hung like a crest;  
It paled, and Day died out in yonder west,  
And bats began to sail on silent wing.

The banded night-moth went a-journeying,  
Like some knight-errant, singing on his quest  
Thro' shaded woods; and, by chance sounds distrust,  
The stock-doves in the fir stirred, murmuring.

Great Nature sleeps not, never closes eye,  
Hath thousand eyes of beauty in the night;  
I musing sit 'mid hedge-row flowers and watch.

The soft white campion, waiting close a-nigh,  
Upon the green opes out its flowers like light,  
Its sweets to yield, and life from dew to catch.

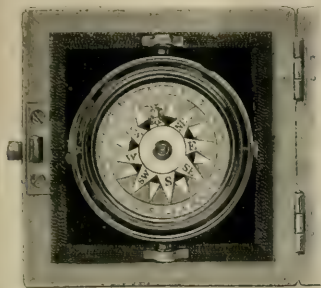
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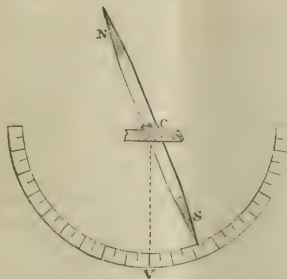
# TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM AND THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

BY PROFESSOR SIR WILLIAM THOMSON, D.C.L.

## II.



lancing his needles and fly-card on a point, before the needles were magnetized; then magnetizing the needles, and finding the card to balance, not in its previous horizontal position, but as represented in the diagram, with a slope downwards towards



the north: and from this, being a philosopher as well as sailor and instrument maker, he went on to the important scientific discovery of the dip. As for the mariner's compass, differing from the compass for use on land only in its gimballed bowl, here is Gilbert's description of it, a literal translation of the eighth chapter of his Fourth Book, entitled "On the Composition of the Nautical Compass in ordinary use, and on the difference of Compasses of different nations."

"In a round wooden bowl closed above with glass a pin fixed upright in the middle bears the fly-card. The glass cover protects the interior against wind or any impulse of

THE mariner's compass consists essentially of a magnetized needle, or needles, supported in such a manner as to be free to turn round a vertical axis. The fanciful frontispiece to Lochman's edition of Gilbert's work, as we have seen, contains evidence of the manner of support used when the mariner's compass first became known in Europe, as recorded in Guiot de Provence's poem.

The now ordinary method of support on a bearing-point and cap had probably been used by the Chinese several thousand years earlier, and in Europe it had certainly become the practical method, both for land and sea compasses, long before Gilbert's time. In 1576 we find Robert Norman, an instrument maker, bal-

air from without, and at the same time allows the card and inner lid of the bowl to be distinctly seen. The fly is circular and of light material, as cardboard. The magnetized needles are fixed to it below. Its upper side is divided into thirty-two spaces, commonly called points, corresponding to that number of equal angular intervals of the horizon, or of the winds, which are distinguished by proper marks and a lily to mark the north point. The bowl, with a lead weight attached to its bottom, hangs balanced horizontally in a brass ring, which, in a sufficiently complete compass, is transversely pivoted on another ring, this last being attached to a proper stand, or "binnacle," fixed in the ship; thus the bowl levels itself to the plane of the horizon though the ship is tossed about in various directions by the waves.

"The needles are either two with their ends brought together, or one of nearly oval form with pointed ends, which performs its duty more surely and swiftly.\* The attachment of the needle, or needles, to the card circle is such that its centre is in the middle of the magnetic iron; but, on account

\* This opinion of Gilbert's is not borne out by advanced knowledge of the laws of magnetization, which shows that the oval ring needle cannot be trusted to for keeping its magnetic axis securely in a constant direction under whatever disturbing influence it may be subjected to, as does a thin rod or bar. The oval form was authoritatively condemned on this account by the British Admiralty Committee of 1837, who found the theoretical objection amply confirmed by experience. They actually found compasses of this pattern, which had been in use for some time at sea, presenting errors of as much as three degrees on account of the displacement of the magnetization in the substance of the needle.

of the variation of the compass from the meridian, artificers in different regions and cities connect in different ways the needles to the card in respect to their directions relatively to the thirty-two points. The first prevails in the cities of the Mediterranean, in Sicily, Genoa, and the Venetian Republic. In all those places the magnetic iron is attached to the fly-card with its length parallel to the diameter, through the rose or lily, so that at any place where there is no variation the true north and south points are shown by this diameter of the circle; and where there is variation the amount is shown by the deviation of the point marked by the lily on the card from the true north. A second prevails in Dantzic, throughout the Baltic Sea, and in the Belgian provinces. In it the needles are fixed three-quarters of a point to the east of the lily. In Russia the difference adopted is two-thirds of a point. Lastly, compasses which are made in Seville, Lisbon, 'Rupella,' Bordeaux, Rouen, and anywhere in England, have an interval of half a point between the lily and the direction of the needles.

"From those differences have grown up great errors in nautical management and marine science. For when the directional positions of maritime places (as promontories, ports, islands) are first found by means of the mariner's compass, and when the height of the tide and times of high-water have been found when the moon's position was on this or that 'point of the compass' (as they call it), it is incumbent to inquire particularly in what region, or according to the usage of what region, that particular compass was made by which those directions of places and those times of tides were first observed. For, any one who with a British compass should follow tables of sailing directions published for the Mediterranean Sea must be led very far out of his straight course. So, also, he who, in British, or German, or Baltic waters, uses an Italian compass with the marine charts published for those places will often be led out of his right way. Those differences in the compasses of different places were made for the purpose of avoiding error on account of the different variations in different parts of the world. Yet Peter Nonius has sought for the meridian by the mariner's compass or fly (*versorium*), as the Spaniards call the needle, taking no account of the variation; and he urges that there must be none by many geometrical demonstrations on foundations altogether vicious (on account of his small knowledge and experience of magnetic affairs). Likewise Peter of Medina, not ad-

mitting the existence of variation, has deformed the nautical art with many errors."

The compass now in most common use at sea in all classes of ships of all nations is substantially the same as the compass made by Robert Norman three hundred years ago, and described as above by Gilbert. Happily now, however, all compasses are made according to the original Italian plan of marking the correct magnetic north direction by the lily, and thus we are now quite free from the gratuitous errors due to confusion as to the intention of the instrument maker so deservedly condemned by Gilbert.

The *wooden bowl* holds its place at the present day, not only in a few coasters and fishing boats, but in many old-fashioned sailing ships of high dignity. For the Admiralty standard compasses, and for compasses generally in merchant steamers, the bowls are now made of copper or brass, instead of wood. The lead weight and the gimbal-rings are in all compasses just as described by Gilbert. The two varieties of needle which he describes—the pointed oval needle and the pair of thin bent needles with their ends united—made according to patterns which have survived without material change for, at least, three hundred years, are both still to be found at sea, though they have generally given way to safer and simpler forms recommended for the British Navy forty years ago by a scientific committee appointed to examine the compasses then in use, and to advise regarding improvements. According to the recommendation of this committee, the compass of the British Navy and of well-found merchant steamers has for its needles pairs of parallel straight bars of flat clock-spring fixed below the card, with the breadth of the bar perpendicular to the card, instead of coinciding with the under surface of the card, as in the oval needles of the older compasses. In the Admiralty standard compass there are two pairs of needles; in the compass of merchant ships, hitherto generally, just one pair attached to each card; in the compass described below there are four pairs of comparatively very small needles.

Instead of the mere paper or pasteboard described by Gilbert, a thin disc of mica, with paper pasted to it on each side, is used for the fly-card, as rendering it less liable to warp. The circumference of the circle is divided to degrees, and the thirty-two points of the ordinary compass are shown by bold marks a little inside the circle of degrees, as pictured in the reduced copy of a compass card at page 449. A jewelled cap fixed in the



centre of the card bears the whole weight of the card and needles on a fine point of hardened steel, or of a natural alloy of iridium and osmium (which is also used for the points of gold pens), being a substance much harder than steel, and not like steel liable to rust.

The proper size for the compass card is a subject on which there has been great diversity of opinion and diversity of usage apparently from the beginning. Gilbert, in describing the azimuth compass of his own invention, specifies "at least a foot" as the diameter of the circle; and this is still a favourite size of compass in large merchant ships. Compasses have been made as large as fourteen or fifteen inches, and as small as four or five inches for use on board sea-going ships. The Admiralty standard compass is only seven and a half inches in diameter, and the steering compasses in the British Navy are generally still smaller. The practical experience of merchant sailors has led them to prefer larger sizes. Some of the great ocean steam navigation companies, after trying the Admiralty standard compass, and then the other extreme of fifteen-inch compasses, fell back upon ten inches. This is the size most commonly now in use for standard and azimuth compasses in preference to Gilbert's old size of twelve inches. Sailors naturally like the larger compass because it is more easily read at a distance, which, at all events for a steering compass, is a real practical advantage. Still, if the smaller compass worked better it ought to be chosen, not only for azimuth or standard compasses, but also for the steering compass, on which immediately depends the straightness of the ship's course, a result of paramount importance. But, in fact, taking compasses as ordinarily made hitherto, the smaller compasses do not work nearly so well as the larger. With similar care as to the bearing-point and cap, a ten- or twelve-inch compass, while more accurate or not less accurate in respect to error arising from friction on the bearing-point, is much steadier in a heavy sea than a compass of six or seven inches diameter; and it is, in reality, practical experience of this advantage, not merely convenience of the larger card for reading azimuths on it or for steering by it, that has led to the general preference of ten-inch compasses in the British merchant service.

The secret of the steadiness of a large compass is the longness of its vibrational period, and a small card would have the same steadiness as a large one if its vibrational period were the same. How little this is

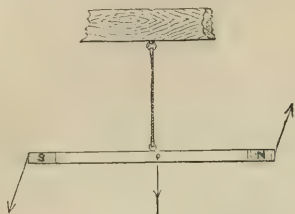
known is illustrated by the methods of procuring steadiness in common use. In some (as in the Admiralty "J" card, provided for use in stormy weather) there is a swelling in the middle of each of the steel needles to make them heavier; in others heavy brass weights are attached to the compass cards as near the centre as may be, being sometimes, for instance, in the form of a small brass ring of about an inch and a half diameter. Another method, scarcely less scientific, is to blunt the bearing-point by grinding it or striking it with a hammer, as has not unfrequently been done to render the compass "less lively," or to fill the cup with brickdust, as is reported by the Liverpool Compass Committee to have been once done at sea by a captain who was surprised to find afterwards that his compass could not be trusted within a couple of points. All these methods are founded on the idea that friction on the bearing-point is the cure for unsteadiness. In reality friction introduces a peculiar unsteadiness of a very serious kind, and is very ineffective in remedying the proper unsteadiness of which something is essential and inevitable in a compass on board a ship rolling in a heavy sea, and steering on any other course than due east or due west.

It has generally been considered that the greater the magnetic moment\* of the needles the better the compass; it is *not* generally known that the greater the magnetic moment, other things the same, the more unsteady will the compass be when the ship is rolling on ocean wave slopes.

Froude's theory of the rolling of ships, according to which he finds that the longer the vibrational period of the ship when set a-rolling in still water by men running from side to side, the steadier she will be in a sea-way, is also applicable to the oscillations of the compass produced by the rolling of the ship. The cause of these oscillations will be readily understood by looking at the diagram on page 448, which shows a magnetized needle hung by a single vertical thread. The arrow-head in the vertical line through its middle indicates the downward resultant force of its weight or gravity through its centre of gravity. The other two arrow-heads indicate the "couple" of equal contrary forces of terrestrial magnetism in parallel lines through the centres of gravity of the northern and southern polarities of its two ends, in the oblique directions in which these forces are experi-

\* "Magnetic moment" is the proper expression for what in common language is often called "power," or "strength," of the needles.

enced in the north magnetic hemisphere. In virtue of this magnetic couple, the needle would take an inclined position with true south pole down, and true north pole up (as



represented in the diagram on page 445), if the bearing-thread were precisely in the vertical through the centre of gravity. Hence, that the needle may rest horizontally, the point of attachment of the thread must be a little on the northern side of the centre of gravity, as shown in the diagram; and similarly we see that when the needle is supported by a cup on a point, as shown in subsequent diagrams, it will rest with the centre of gravity of the needle and fly-card a little to the south of the vertical through the bearing-point in the northern magnetic hemisphere, and a little to the north of this vertical in the southern magnetic hemisphere. Hence (except at the magnetic equator, where the needle rests with its centre of gravity exactly under the bearing-point), if the bearing-point be moved to and fro in the east and west horizontal direction, the centre of gravity of the card will tend to lag and again to shoot forward when the motion of the bearing-point is alternately being accelerated and being retarded. This is just what happens through the rolling of the ship when sailing on a north or south magnetic course, as the axis round which the ship is rolling is always below the position of the compass. The same action is experienced, though to a less degree, on any course not due east or due west. When a ship is sailing due east or due west, it is only through pitching that the needle can be thus disturbed, but the disturbance due to this cause, except in a very small vessel, is scarcely perceptible.

There is also another cause of unsteadiness in which the rolling of the ship produces oscillations of the compass, and that is through what is called the heeling error. When the ship is inclined over to one side or other, the compass experiences a deflecting magnetic force tending to cause it to point in a dif-

ferent direction from that in which it points when the ship is upright. This influence, which sometimes amounts to as much as two degrees for every degree of heel, is, in many cases, a more potent cause of unsteadiness than the merely dynamical influence of the ship's rolling; and it is remarkable that, in many cases, the two influences conspire, each tending to draw, in the northern hemisphere, the north point of the compass card, and in the southern hemisphere, the south point of the compass card, to the upper side of the ship with maximum force when the inclination is a maximum; and each is greatest when the ship's head is north or south, and nearly evanescent when east or west. A little later I shall have occasion to explain the magnetic appliance for correcting the heeling error, but when it is perfectly corrected there remains a true dynamical rolling error, which alone is enough both in wooden and iron vessels, sailing or steam, to keep the compass oscillating very wildly when the ship is rolling considerably in a sea-way.

When the free vibrational period\* of the compass card agrees with the period of the ship's rolling, a comparatively moderate degree of rolling may produce a great oscillation in the card. Now the longest period of actual rolling, to any considerable degree, in a sea-way is from fourteen to seventeen or eighteen seconds. The vibrational period of the "A" card of the Admiralty standard compass is, in this part of the world, about nineteen seconds, and that of the larger compass (ten-inch) of the merchant steamers about twenty-six seconds; and it is certainly owing to the nearer agreement of the former than of the latter with the period of the ship's rolling, that in a heavy sea the Admiralty compass is more disturbed than the ten-inch compass in the merchant steamers. But to get satisfactory steadiness a much longer period still than the twenty-six seconds is necessary. Now, for the same weight and dimensions of compass card and needles, the smaller the magnetic moment of the needles' magnetism the longer will be the vibrational period.

Hence, provided the bearing-point and cap be fine enough and smooth enough to obviate serious frictional error, greatness of magnetic moment is a disadvantage in respect to steadiness of the compass at sea. Smallness of magnetic moment is important for another reason, which is, that unless the

\* The free vibrational period, or simply "the period" (as it may be called for brevity) of a compass, is the time it takes to perform a complete vibration to and fro, when deflected horizontally through any angle not exceeding  $30^\circ$  or  $40^\circ$ , and left to itself to vibrate freely.

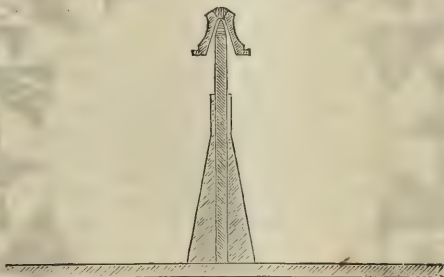


size of a fourpenny-piece forming the nave. A small inverted cup, with sapphire crown and aluminium sides and projecting lip, fits through a hole in this disc and supports it by the lip; the cup is borne by its sapphire crown on a fine iridium point soldered to the top of a thin brass wire supported in a socket attached to the bottom of the compass bowl. The aluminium rim and thirty-two silk-thread spokes form a circular platform which bears a light circle of paper constituting the compass card proper.

Habitually, however, the whole movable piece which turns to the north, consisting of magnets, supporting frame-work, jewelled cap, and, in the ordinary compass, pasteboard or mica with paper pasted on it, is called for brevity the "card," or the "compass card." In the new compass the outer edge of the paper circle is notched and folded down along the outside of the aluminium rim; pasted to

tissue paper, with which the aluminium rim is firmly coated, so as to give a perfectly secure attachment; and bound all round with narrow silk ribbon to prevent the paper from cracking off in any climate. For the sake of lightness a circle of 6 inches diameter is cut away from the middle of the paper, leaving an annular band, 2 inches broad, on which are engraved the points of the compass and a circle divided to degrees.

The paper ring is cut across in thirty-two places, midway between the silk-thread spokes, to prevent it from warping the aluminium rim by the shrinkage it experiences when heated by the sun. Compass cards of the new kind made before this simple piece of engineering was applied to the structure, used to be perfectly flat in cloudy weather at sea, and to become warped into a saddle-shaped surface when the sun had shone brightly on them for a few minutes. Now



with the radial cuts in the paper the compass may be first thoroughly moistened by the steam of a kettle, and then toasted before a hot fire, without in any sensible degree warping the aluminium rim or disturbing the degree or point divisions printed on the paper; and in its proper place under glass in its bowl it remains quite undisturbed through all variations of temperature from coldest weather to hottest sun in actual sea-service.

The entire weight of the card is about 170 grains, made up as follows:—

Aluminium rim . . .	76 grains.
Eight needles . . .	54 "
Aluminium nave . . .	2 "
Aluminium and sapphire cap . . .	2½ "
Paper . . .	28 "
Silk thread . . .	8 "

Total . . . 170½ "

This is a seventeenth of the weight of the ordinary ten-inch compass hitherto in common use in the best-found merchant steamers, which is about six ounces. On the other hand, the vibrational period of the new ten-inch compass, which at Glasgow is about forty-two seconds, is nearly double that of the ordinary ten-inch compass. The frictional error of the new compass when tested in the most severe manner—that is to say, by experiments on shore with the bowl resting on a perfectly steady support, first bringing a magnet near it so as to deflect the card several degrees, and then withdrawing the magnet so as to allow it to come back very slowly towards its true position of magnetic equilibrium—is not more than a quarter of a degree. The whole magnetic moment of the eight needles of the new card is only about one-thirteenth of that of the two needles of an ordinary ten-inch card, and is so small



that the error due to its inductive influence on the iron globes used for correcting the quadrantal error is practically insensible, even in such extreme cases as when the quadrantal error corrected amounts to  $10^{\circ}$  or  $15^{\circ}$ . The theoretical anticipation of advantage from the long vibrational period in giving steadiness at sea, has been fully confirmed by three years' experience in iron sailing ships and steamers, some crossing the Atlantic, and others making voyages through the Mediterranean and round the Cape to India, China, and back by the West Indies, or to Australia and New Zealand.

The most difficult and not the least interesting part of my subject remains, the deviation of the compass produced by magnetization of the ship herself, or of iron in her fittings or cargo, and practical appliances for relieving of these errors the compasses of iron ships;—but limits of space prevent me from more than very slightly touching on it in the present article.

The magnetism of a ship's iron is a very variable property, and it is almost as difficult to classify and describe it in words as it is to correct its effect on the compass. It may be imagined to consist of two constituents:—one permanent; the other transient, because dependent on transient inductive influences. But the "permanent magnetism" is not perfectly permanent, and therefore it is called "sub-permanent;" or it is imagined as consisting of two parts, a thoroughly permanent part and a sub-permanent part. Then again, the "transient magnetism" is not perfectly transient, but is sub-permanent. If the permanent magnetism were perfectly permanent, and the transient magnetism perfectly transient according to changes of the influence to which it is due, it would be easy to apply magnets and iron in the neighbourhood of the compass, so that, whatever might be the position of the ship, whether upright or heeling over, or in whatever part of the world she might be, the needle should point in exactly the same direction, and exhibit precisely the same return force when deflected from this direction, as it would were there no iron in the ship. It is only because of the approximate permanence of one part of the ship's magnetism, and the approximate transience of the other, that the compass can be used at all in an iron ship as a guide for her course in the intervals between observations of sun, or moon, or stars. For the sake of simplicity, and to avoid circumlocutions, I shall first describe the effects on the compass of the ship's magnetism, and explain how they are to be

corrected on the supposition of perfect permanence and perfect transientness of its two constituents; and afterwards shortly explain how the mariner must be constantly on his guard to determine and allow for unpredictable irregularities in his compass due to variations of the permanent magnetism, and to retention of some of the transient magnetism when the inducing influence is past.

The ship's permanent magnetism produces at the place of the compass a constant force in a direction which is constant relatively to the ship wherever she goes and however she turns. This force may be balanced by an equal and opposite force produced by a permanent magnet fixed in a proper position in the neighbourhood of the compass. Again, the transient magnetism induced in the ship's iron by the earth's magnetic force, however the ship may vary in position, whether by turning horizontally or heeling over in one place, or by going to different places on the earth's surface, may be balanced by an equal and opposite force due to magnetism induced in a properly-shaped mass of soft iron fixed in a proper position in the neighbourhood of the compass.

Were our temporary supposition of perfect permanence and perfect transientness of the two constituents of the ship's magnetism rigorously correct, it would be quite practicable to thoroughly and accurately perform the whole adjustment. The measurements and calculations required to allow this to be done for any particular ship are only such as, in the process technically called "swinging the ship," and in the subsequent calculation of the numbers A, B, C, D, E, in Archibald Smith's theory as set forth in the Admiralty Manual, are regularly performed at frequent intervals for every ship of the British Navy, with the addition that they would have to be performed not only for the ship upright, but also with a list of  $10^{\circ}$  or  $15^{\circ}$  to either side. If the supposition we have made for a moment as to perfect definiteness of quality of the ship's magnetism were true, the whole of this process could be actually carried out in practice, and the labour required to move loads across the deck of the ship or shift cargo in the hold, so as to give her the requisite list to one side or other, would be well repaid by getting her compasses perfectly corrected once for all. But, alas! the compass is not to be corrected perfectly once for all by any possible operations or observations, however accurately performed. The ship's permanent magnetism gradually changes, more or less rapidly

according to circumstances, and readjustment becomes necessary; sooner generally in a new ship, but sooner or later in every ship. The labour and expense of "swinging" the ship both upright and with a list to either side, as it cannot give a perfect and permanent adjustment of the compass, is scarcely compensated by the approximate and merely temporary approach to perfection obtainable by the complete process. Accordingly swinging the ship when heeled over is rarely performed in practice, but swinging on even keel is done regularly for every new ship, and at regular or irregular intervals, according to circumstances, for all iron ships in the course of their service.

To "swing" a ship is a technical expression which means to turn her round with her head successively on all points of the compass, and determine the error of the compass for a sufficient number of different courses to allow it to be estimated with sufficient accuracy for every course. With plenty of sea room and with clear enough sky to see sun, moon, or stars, or with complete enough compass marks on land in view, the process is best performed under way.

When the ship is to be swung, and it is not practicable or not convenient to do so under way, she must be taken to some place where there is little or no tidal current, and there anchored, and by aid of a tug or tugs, or by warps and anchors or fixed moorings and buoys laid out in proper positions, turned round all points of the compass, and detained on each point on which the error is to be observed, or observed and corrected, long enough to allow the observation to be made and the requisite adjustment performed.

A very simple method of taking advantage of this process, not merely to determine the errors of the compass, but to annul them, which was worked out and published so long ago as 1837 by the Astronomer Royal, Sir George Airy, has been in practical use, more or less, ever since. It consists in first placing steel magnets in proper positions within a few feet of the compass to correct the error on the north or south, and on the east or west courses, and then applying soft iron to correct a residual error, which is still found after the compass has been corrected on the cardinal courses. This residual error Airy called the quadrantal error, because it has its maximum value in either direction when the ship's head is on one or other of the four quadrantal points, N.E., S.E., S.W., and N.W. The great lengths and the great

magnetic moments of the needles hitherto used in the marine compass rendered it practically impossible for the latter part of Sir George Airy's method to be carried out correctly in practice, except in cases in which the quadrantal error was much smaller than it generally is in modern iron ships. The primary object of my new form of compass described above, is to permit complete correction of the quadrantal error, not merely when its amount is from  $5^{\circ}$  to  $7^{\circ}$  or  $8^{\circ}$ , which it generally is in iron sailing ships or steamers of ordinary modern types; but even when it amounts to as much as  $15^{\circ}$  or  $20^{\circ}$ , as it is sometimes found to be in ironclads. A complete realisation of Airy's method is thus now for the first time rendered practically possible for all classes of ships. The whole method essentially includes some plan for gradually changing the positions of the correcting magnets at sea to correct on the north, or south, or east, or west courses, when error is found to have sprung up, whether through change in the ship's sub-permanent magnetism, or of the magnetism induced in her by the vertical component of the terrestrial magnetic force changing with her geographical position. The binnacle of my new compass contains appliances for making, with ease and certainty, the proper changes in the adjustment of Airy's steel magnets, whenever observation shows change to be necessary. It has also an adjustable appliance for placing properly a steel magnet below the centre of the compass to correct the heeling error, according to a subordinate but still very important part of his complete method of correction. My binnacle has also appliances for placing and fixing once for all a pair of iron globes in proper positions on the two sides of the compass to correct the quadrantal error; and lastly it has an appliance for fixing on the forward or after side of the binnacle a bar of soft iron to realise conveniently a most important but long strangely neglected correction,\* given so long ago as 1801 by Captain Flinders, by which the change of inductive magnetization by the changing vertical com-

\* Fifteen ships are reported by the Liverpool Compass Committee as having had this correction applied to their steering compasses with more or less complete success, but in every instance with decidedly good result. It was also applied with remarkable definiteness and success to a compass in the S.S. *City of Mexico*, by Captain Lecky, on a voyage between Bombay and the Clyde some years ago. An error of  $14^{\circ}$ , found in the English Channel on the east and west courses, after the compass had been perfectly corrected by Airy's method a few weeks previously on the magnetic equator, was corrected by a vertical soft iron pillar, fixed to the ship in the neighbourhood of the compass. The result, proved in subsequent voyages of the ship, was most satisfactory. I know no other cases in which the Flinders process had been used in iron ships before I commenced practising the process myself in 1878.

ponent of the terrestrial magnetic force is annulled, when the requisite information for placing the bar properly has been obtained by observation on a voyage between places of sufficiently different vertical force. This last appliance has been very successful in ships of the Peninsular and Oriental and Cape Mail Services. In the Union Steamship Company's ship *Durban* (Captain Warleigh), for instance, the first to which it was applied in connection with my compass, an error of  $34^{\circ}$  growing up in the voyage from England to Algoa Bay, and disappearing on her return to England, has been corrected by a Flinders bar attached to the front side of the binnacle, and the ship now goes and comes through that long voyage with no greater changes of compass error than might be experienced in the same time in a ship plying across the Irish Channel.

For a ship with a compass permanently relieved of quadrantal error, and with a binnacle provided with these appliances for adjustment, the regular management of the compass at sea becomes very simple. Whenever an error exceeding two or three degrees is ascertained on any course, it may be corrected by a slight readjustment of the correcting magnets, performed in such a manner as not to disturb the direction which the needle would show if the ship were steered on a course at right angles to that on which

the error is found. Occasionally, when the weather is favourable, a ship at sea should be steered for a few minutes three or four points first on one side and then on the other side of her proper course, and the compass corrected on each of the extreme courses by such a movement of the correcting magnets as shall not disturb its adjustment on the other. When this is done the compass will be correct on every course, provided always the ship remains on even keel. In the case of a steamer the detention involved by this process is always less than a quarter of the whole time which it occupies; for, while steaming in a direction  $42^{\circ}$  (or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  points) off her proper course, she is diminishing the distance from her destination at three-quarters of the rate at which she diminishes it when on her course. Three minutes' detention by steering three or four points on each side of the course for ten minutes to correct the compass every day of suitable weather would be more than compensated by the security against compass errors thus afforded. But the detention will, in fact, generally be far more than made up by the straighter course which the ship will be enabled to steer; and thus, even if importance is attached to the saving of minutes on the whole passage this will be promoted by taking time to correct the compass.

## THE INNOCENT GLADNESS OF YOUTH: WITH ITS RESPONSIBILITY BEFORE GOD.

A Sermon preached at St. Mary's, Oxford, on May 11, 1879, by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Rochester.

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."—ECCLES. xi. 9.

HOW do you understand these words? Are they a sour, almost a savage irony, the cynicism of one who had had to bear the hardest temptation human nature can know—immense prosperity—and had come out of it steeped throughout his being with a morose sadness? Meaning in fact this: "Do as you please; go where you like; take your fill of pleasure; lounge and sport in the sunlight; weave your garlands while the flowers last. Only remember the reckoning, when an implacable Judge will summon you to your account for it, and will ask you to pay a price, bigger than you may feel it to have been worth, when the wine-cups are

empty, and the perfume of the years is gone."

No doubt this is admissible. Irony is a perfectly legitimate element in moral teaching. It is probable that Christ used it, certain that St. Paul did. It has its value in stinging into a wholesome if wounded consciousness callous and somewhat stupid natures utterly indifferent to persuasion or argument; it is another instance in which pain is a medicine of life.

Nevertheless, there seems to me (I hope also to you) a more excellent way of interpreting this precept.

Not as a trap to lure the unwary into a



bottomless pit of retribution ; nor as a whip, with a scorpion at the end of it, to hurt, perhaps also to slay ; but as the plain, fearless, emphatic proclamation of one of the very noblest truths that reveals God and exalts man—Joy, the duty of the Soul.

What the Old Testament declares, the New Testament completes ; what Nature instinctively claims, the Lord of Nature gives ; though on His own conditions, and by His own instruments. If Solomon bids us rejoice, St. Paul adds to it, that we are to rejoice in the Lord. Nehemiah could tell the Jews after the Captivity that the joy of the Lord was their strength. Christ explained to His disciples, that the main object of all His teaching to them was, that His own joy might be fulfilled in themselves.

I. Let us consider the duty of joy, as distinct from the fact of its being a privilege.

And, let me add (as this passage suggests) in special, though not exclusive application to that period of life, when, while it may seem most easy and natural, it also most needs steadying and directing.

Now I say, and distinctively as a Christian teacher, that joy is reasonable, and becoming, and necessary, and unspeakably helpful. Reasonable, for it is one of the perfections of God ; and man, being made in the image of God, may be expected to resemble Him in it. We observe it in a thousand things, the song of the birds, the mirth of children, the instinct of humour, the cheek dimpling into a smile, the soul's glee expressing itself in laughter ; here are but a few of the signs that joy is a faculty of man. And if becoming in all of us, how charming and suitable is it in the young ! As our years grow, and our memory becomes charged with anguish, and the setons of sorrowful associations give us quick twists of pain, and down the hill we travel to the river at the foot, with but few of those who climbed it in our company, or even stood with us on the summit, joy is not so quick or so unmingled as once it was ; even when we take it, the old sparkle seems gone. It is still joy, but not the gladness of youth. But the young for whom life has but few cares, conscience but few stains, memory but few disappointments, judgment but few problems, behind it childhood, and in front manhood, with the grandeur of enterprise, and the wine of hope, joy is not only natural but suitable. All young things are full of joy ; and He who made them means them to be. The burdens are at hand ; and will be here soon enough. Do not hasten them. Do not wish to bear them till they come.

And this it is which not only makes joy necessary, but also explains the abundance and excess of it, which tells us how it is that not so much for middle age, oppressed with its sombre and fatiguing common-places, nor for old age, with its work done and its dismissal near, but for youth, vigorous and buoyant, joy is so facile and so brisk. It is to help the young to grow, and to make their start, and to bear their disappointments, and to part with their illusions, and to face their discipline, and to remedy their mistakes. The little bark is on the shore, and it needs a vigorous shove to push it into the water, and then a steady breeze to fill the sails, and float it out over the bar into the deep sea. And this is what joy does, and nothing else like it, making the will vigorous, the heart buoyant, colouring the imagination in the hues of the tropics, and cajoling the reason into mistaking the possible for the real.

But I said also that the joy of youth is infinitely helpful ; and not only to themselves. Youth is the ozone of society. It has its real and indispensable place in the economy of the invisible forces, by which the moral world is governed. Its boisterous hilarity may sometimes fatigue us ; its audacious dogmatism annoy us ; its charming insolence ruffle us ; its passion and its capriciousness try our patience. (Though indeed in the secret heart, we are more diverted than displeased ; and readily forgive what perhaps we remember in ourselves.) But its joyousness is the music of life, and its gaiety the ripple of the sunlight on the sluggish lagoon, and its energy propels the ship on its onward voyage, and its hopefulness is what prevents despair. Blessed are the young, says the Christian philosopher ; we were all young once, and we all hope to be young again, when we put on our immortality. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth," says Solomon, "for youth comes only once ;" it is a fault soon mended ; and here it never returns.

II. But let us now consider the sphere of this joy ; and here our subject instantly deepens in its seriousness, and widens in its interest. The text indicates a threefold sphere, *conduct*, *opinion*, and *pleasure*. "In the ways of thine heart," here is conduct. Within certain limits you are free, and meant to be free. My young brethren, you must choose for yourselves, and no one else can choose for you. For you too are in your garden of Eden, and the Lord God shows you the tree of life ; and the tree of knowledge of good and evil ; and then leaves you—and the tempter comes.—Not indeed de-



serting you, for He stands invisibly at your side to bless you if you wish to be blessed, to help you if you ask to be helped, but never intending to take your will from you, or to give you the chance of saying in the judgment—"I was not free."

In the habits of your life, in the routine of your duties, in the choice of your profession, in the making of your home; in fact, about whatever is in the ways of your heart to desire and accomplish, you are free; and if there is joyousness in freedom, with the joyousness is power. God does not grudge you your joy, nor frown on you about it. He knows what He has made you, and why. Only understand that for the ways of your heart, and the joy you have in them, you, and not He, must answer. Then there is opinion, coming through study and contact with others. "Rejoice in the sight of thine eyes." He who as to your conduct has said, "Do as you please;" as to your thought says, "Think as you please." This liberty too seems a great gladness; to those, perhaps, most, who have not lived long enough much to have abused it, or to have ground in their teeth the ashes of a mental remorse.

The chief end of life for a not inconsiderable proportion of young men is supposed by people outside to be study. In a certain sense, notwithstanding the instant pleasantries that observation and experience whisper into the ear, it substantially is; if only we use, of the great majority, a somewhat humbler word. My young friends, permit me here, too, to say these three things to you, as worth your serious thinking about. The first is the pre-eminent value of suitable friendship. What is called the formation of opinion, and the general education of the intellectual judgment is perhaps most solidly, and permanently, and delightfully produced by conversation, as in distinction to reading; by the cogent reasoning, the facile illustration, the personal anecdote, the saucy humour, the extravagant paradox, the sustained discussion, and the pungent satire of friends in council, rather than in letters; the living voice of men in society, rather than the dead voice of men in books.

Then for students of a class apart from those who, for reasons sufficient to themselves, merely seek a degree, it is usually wiser to follow with regularity and completeness the curriculum of study offered them, rather than launch out in by-paths. What I would emphatically urge on young students who read this sermon, as expressed in this thought of Solomon, is, that the opportunity of study is

a great talent, this freedom of thought a vast responsibility; that it is only for a time, and will never come back; that it has aids and encouragements such as no other epoch in life can give you.

Regrets will not restore you these golden hours: a languid leisure twenty years hence cannot bring you back the freshness or the impressibleness of your morning time: seize it, use it, as it is passing, for it will be gone before you think it half done. The lost opportunity of a University career never can be recalled; and some men very slowly forgive themselves for earning the poet's reproach—

"The day I lived in was not mine;  
Man gets no second day;  
In dreams I saw the future shine,  
But ah! I could not stay."

The third thing I have to say is, perhaps, the most momentous of all. Because God leaves you free, it does not follow that He is indifferent to the results of your freedom, or that He will not some day ask you what have you done with it, and what are its fruits for the world. Theologians are bold to say that God proposes Himself for the consideration of His intelligent creatures in a threefold revelation: His works, "which are sought out of all them that have pleasure therein;" His word, in which He declares His purpose; and His character, His feeling towards mankind, and our personal relation to Him: His inward voice in the soul, in the sense of right and wrong, in what we call conscience, His secret meeting place with man's spirit, which it is hard to explain on any other hypothesis but that there is a righteousness outside the soul which thereby appeals to it, which certainly fits in, suitably and reasonably, with the thought of a judgment to come. God says to all of you, "Study these considerations in relation to each other; do not fear what they may land you in, if only you are honest and painstaking; nay, if for a little while they seem to bring you into a mist of great darkness, morning is at hand. But for the result you must answer to me." And against two possible divergencies in the use of this freedom, and one common and plausible error as one not unfrequent result of it, forgive this warning word. Beware of the tendency of thought on one hand which shall rob you of Jesus Christ as Son of God. Certainly if He goes, there is no one to take His place, and you may presently be asking in a dumb and hopeless despair, "Christ is lost to me, and I know not what to do without Him." Beware also of the tendency of

thought that would rob you of your liberty in Christ, and surrender you, body and soul, hand and foot, to an organized despotism, better no doubt than chaos, but not so good as our reasonable freedom as Protestants, which if claiming to protect you on one hand from slavery, slavery to the unreasonable dogmatism of science, only compels you to submit to another, the ludicrous pretensions of an infallible man. Also never suppose that there is anything exceptionally clever or magnificent in doubt as doubt. To doubt may often be necessary and prudent, and even reasonable, but you cannot call it strong or generous. It shivers on the bank and never fights the stream. When a man is asked to accept the creeds, and he says perhaps civilly, perhaps regretfully, "I cannot, they are beyond me," of course we feel sorry for him. To his own master he stands or falls. Yet his "I cannot" is after all an expression of impotence, not of power. It will never help society, conquer evil, stir enthusiasm, or leave its mark on the world.

There is also pleasure wrapped up in the words, "Let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth." Here too, God says be free and fear not. In manly recreation, in innocent diversion, in hearty glee, in physical, even in boisterous exertion, take your joy, as that which belongs to you. You are young, be young. These things are of more interest, of more importance to you now than they will be presently! Some sedate people might perhaps add, more than they need to be. When you are older you will have other things to think about and your bodily strength in its keenness and vigorousness will not be so heavy a burden to you, that you must almost throw it away; and moreover, the zest of these things, like the zest of all others, wears itself out by use. But now, if only you remember in some degree the right proportion of things, and make your pleasure wholesome and solid, and take it at its right time, and in its suitable measure, and as a mean to an end, and not the end instead of the means, rejoice in it, and do not be ashamed of it, and thank God for it and be young as long as you can. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth: and walk in the ways of thine heart, in the sight of thine eyes."

But the prophet is careful to add, "Know thou, that for all these things—(and thy joy in them)—God will bring thee into judgment." As if to say, this liberty of thine and this joyousness of thine are very blessed: but

they mean a great responsibility. Thou art free, be free: but thou must be judged for it. Some persons may see in this a prophetic statement of judgment after death. I doubt greatly if that is Solomon's meaning at all. Be that, however, as it may, certainly one, if not the meaning of the words, is that there is a judgment ever going on in this life, and by an eternal law of our moral being, working itself out in its inevitable issues even here, and giving us now, and not only hereafter, the just reward of our deeds. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption, but he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting." This, my friends, is going on now, moment by moment; with you, with me, in all we think, and do, and say; whether we know it or not, care about it or not; and we here at this moment are in the actual totality of our moral, and intellectual, and spiritual nature, the precise result of the acts, and thoughts, and prayers, and efforts of all our past lives. I know this is a tremendous thought, but there is no evading the fact of it. If for those of us who look back on so much of our life irrecoverably gone, it is fraught with self-reproach and sadness, to you, whose career and prospect are still in front of you, it should be a thought at once to steady you in activity and to stimulate you with joy. Your future is all that you can really call your own; for the past is out of your hands, and the present is ever leaving you. Youth is the pregnant seedtime for all the coming years. You can never escape it, nor forget it, nor conceal it, nor alter it; and for all the time in front God will judge you for the spending of your hours, and the quality of your conduct now. Your actions will end in habits, which, when once formed, become a very portion of your character, and be continually meeting you again, often, when you do not particularly wish for it, as life goes on. Your studies will result in convictions, which, however much you may hereafter change them (and certainly some men change a good deal), will, notwithstanding the change, and even the contempt that some day you may feel about them, will leave their mark behind. Your pleasures, whether corrupt or innocent, moderate or excessive, unhealthy or healthy, reasonable or flippant and silly, will leave their impression too, which for years may not come up, till in late manhood some passing event recalls them, and then there may be a shudder of remorse.

No man can pass through an University without a deep and permanent result that ineffaceably stamps his character, touches his prospects, and even affects his career. Moral and blameless conduct must have its reward. So also the contrary. Careful study, serious thinking, intellectual companionship, diligent pursuit must tell, both on the mind and the work it afterwards turns out. So also, pretentious shallowness, priggishness, wilful laziness, showy vanity, and an absolute indifference to truth—all the career afterwards suffers for it. The mind untrained here, seldom is trained elsewhere. Prodigious diligence afterwards may be a great compensation; but no one can recover a lost opportunity; however well a man may spend his mature life, in spite of his having missed it in youth, who can say how much better his success might have been if he had been first crowned at a metropolis of letters?

“Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee unto judgment.”

To conclude.

First, see in these words God's character, and remember how much more we know of it than when poor disappointed Solomon penned those words. “He is a Father,” revealed, reconciled in Christ, and being a Father He has a Father's heart to us, and expects us to have the hearts of children towards him. What is the heart of a parent to a child? Is it to grudge its joy, to clip the wings of its buoyant happiness, perpetually to be saying a morose “no,” to be a dark cloud, chilling its innocent brightness? We parents think such a notion a libel on us. But what a wise and affectionate father is to the boys and girls of his home, that God is to mankind. My young friends, be not afraid of God, while you reverently fear Him. Do not misjudge Him, though he dwells in a mist, through which you may not see. He wishes your happiness, but He must have you holy. And so when you stray from Him you will suffer, and He means you to suffer: your joy is clouded, and it is best it should be so. But it is only that you may find out, as one of old did, that the Father's house is the true home for the children; to encourage you to say, however hard it may be, “I will arise and go to my Father.” The ways of our own heart are not always right ways, and the sight of our own eyes is not always the vision of goodness; but when we go wrong,

it is God's purpose to make us right again, and the sweetest joy in heaven is the sympathy of its righteousness with this cry of the penitent on earth. I say, think of this in the days when you go wrong; and let it bring you back to God.

Secondly, consider what was the joy of Christ, who, though the man of sorrows—let me be bold and say, because He was the man of sorrows—was filled with the joy of God. It was a twofold joy, the joy of fellowship and the joy of sacrifice; of fellowship with God, in whose will He found His sustenance, in whose society He found His consolation, in whose favour He found His strength—of sacrifice, for His human life was one continuous act of giving Himself away, and to those who, at the best, but dimly appreciated the meaning of what he was doing, and as coldly cared for it. Be sure, be sure that here is the source of all real joy. Not in selfishness, but in sacrifice; not in receiving, but in giving; not in sparing ourselves, but in spending ourselves; not in asking how little we can do, but how much. Of course the world scoffs at this; and the Church is too apt to say, “It is too wonderful, I cannot attain to it.” But it is the glory of God and the perfection of men.

Finally, do you say, what are we to do with sorrow when it comes? We know we must conquer circumstances, and that they do not touch our life, only the externals of it. Still, weeping is bitter, pain is humbling, reproach is sharp, disappointment stings, and the death of friends no medicine can heal. Sooner or later the days of darkness will come. Where is joy then? I reply, you must remember that word of Christ, “Your sorrow shall be turned into joy.” It was the Resurrection that did that for them. It is the Resurrection that shall do that for us. To accept sorrow as part of our predestined obedience, to endure sorrow as the testimony of our faith made perfect, to interpret sorrow as a blessed share in the incompleting Passion, to welcome sorrow as a claim for the power of the Resurrection—here is the secret, which, if it does not bring back friends, feeds in us the hope of meeting them; if it does not assuage pain, dignifies us with the fellowship of Christ. In manhood and age reasonable and exemplary; in youth, so strange to sorrow, and so new to it, it has a pathos and a beauty of its own quite irresistible. My young brethren, you especially who firmly believe in Christ, and who secretly desire to imitate and glorify Him, the joy of



action is noble, but the joy of suffering is divine. Welcome the life He gives you, drink the gladness He offers you. He is wiser than us all, and will choose the best for us. Still, if He should call you to drink of His cup—the cup of His sorrow; and to be baptized with His baptism, the baptism of His death, do not think Him hard with you, rather that He puts honour on you. Even in its undimmed brightness and vigour, Christian youth is ever a great

force in the world, which cannot dispute its sincerity nor evade its appeal. But when strength is made perfect in weakness, and by the sick-bed or death-bed of a young Christian man, the passing world with all its fresh delights and opening prospect is calmly and steadily postponed—to the life to come—the victory that overcomes the world is then seen to be faith, the silent judgment that passes in the heart is this—"Jesus Christ is here."

## THAT MULE!

"The days when we went gipsying."

"*THAT mule*," said I, in disgust, the moment I cast my eye on it, "*that mule* will never do."

I was about to start on a journey of thirty days over the Holy Land. A residence of some years in the country had given me some acquaintance with the language and with the ways of the people; for various reasons it was necessary that I should have a holiday, and my doctor recommended change of scene and exercise, "half-hours in the fresh air" in fact, which I thought I could have in my own simple way. I did not require a dragoon, but I could not venture to travel exactly like a native, combining all my serviceable force in my own person, and carrying all my necessary baggage on my own beast. I was not in a mood to enjoy the company of a large party, with its cumbrous accompaniments of tents and baggage. But I required a guide for the road, a groom for my mare, and it was with me a matter *de rigueur*—those who have travelled in the East will understand why—that I should have my own bed, with a bedstead standing at least six inches above the ground. The carriage of these, with my own personal luggage, implied a transport service, and I took the usual measures for securing a good mule and a muleteer. In regard to the latter I was not very particular. Even if he has not gone over the road, a muleteer is sure to fall in with brethren of his profession by the way, by whose help he can describe the route as he goes on. But it was of great consequence that the mule should be of the best. The load he would have to carry would not be great, but at times the driver would have to mount on the top of the baggage so as to keep up with the company, and should the mule break down, the whole party must necessarily collapse.

It was therefore with some anxiety that I looked for the arrival of the central figure in our travelling group, and it was in no measured terms that I expressed my dissatisfaction with its general appearance. *That mule* might have been of any age between twelve and twenty-five years. Its colour was of that nondescript kind, greyish, whiteish, with a tinge of brown, that seems to characterize middle life; but there was a look about the beast of early sorrow, or hopeless striving with the world, which did not augur well for the success of my journey. One ear made occasionally a faint attempt to stand erect, but the other drooped in a melancholy manner by the cheek; the hollows above the eyes were unusually deep, the eyes themselves preternaturally dull; the whole air too stupid even for a mule. The only redeeming quality—if indeed it was not another suspicious feature—was the avidity with which the beast, when it walked into the yard, hunted up the fragments of straw left by my more fastidious mare. On the whole the first sight of *that mule* did not satisfy me, and a closer inspection did not much reassure me.

Mohammed, the muleteer, listened in silence to the expressions of my disgust. He was a Muslim from some village to the east of Damascus, and as unkempt-looking as his mule, though much stronger and in better condition; in fact, a well-built fellow with very little intelligence, but a great deal of physical reserve.

"*That mule!*" said he, with confident pride, "*that mule* can go ten hours a day with a load double the weight of your baggage, and many a long day he has done it. Don't you suppose, from what you see of him now, that he is a worn-out beast. Had you only seen him a month ago, before those rascally Turkish soldiers seized him, and



made him carry wood for their new barracks, you would have said, There's the mule for me. And let him get out for a few days, and eat the fine spring food that he will have on the journey, and you will soon see a difference. Besides, sir," he continued, touching his head with a most deferential bow, "should any accident happen to the beast, you know it is *my* business to carry you, your mare and your baggage together. Have you no fear for the journey. That is my affair!"

On reconsideration it appeared that Mohammed might be right; and if he were right it might be a deed of mercy to take *that* mule away from inevitable heavy work, and let him have for once in his life a month of light labour and good feeding. Why should not a mule have a holiday as well as the rest of us? So the bargain was concluded with all formality, and in due time the party started.

I have made several journeys in that same country in my time; and in each case one name remains in memory by which I can conveniently recall all the associations of the road. There was that delightful picnic party wandering up and down the Lebanon for weeks, the outcome of which was the union of two young hearts on what has proved a very happy journey for life. There can be no hesitation by whose name to call that journey; and the parties concerned will not grudge their old pastor the privilege of this allusion, for everybody knows about it now. And there was another journey—as pleasant in its way—with the young Oxford graduate, now a clergyman of the Church of England; and I am sure that should this meet his eye he will not feel offended at my associating the journey with his name. But on the present occasion the two figures of greatest prominence are myself and *that* mule, for we both in our different capacities got the greatest enjoyment out of it; and as the Prophet vindicates the propriety of his naming his chapters after the Cow, the Bee, and so forth, I think myself entitled to name this journey after *that* mule. And, indeed, the animal deserves this prominence; for, as has been said, had anything happened to the beast, the whole party must have broken down. Moreover there was about him that look of experience, that air of being travelled, that gained respect for us wherever we went. If we approached the door of a khan to seek lodging for the night, the matter-of-fact way in which he turned into the yard seemed to say to all concerned, "Now make room for a party that knows how things should be

done." If, as was sometimes the case, we determined to sleep in the open air, and any belated native happened to pass by our resting ground, there was something about *that* mule that warned him we were not the kind of people it is safe or profitable to plunder. Another circumstance also added to the mule's importance. As the journey went on it was found expedient to add the materials for a simple *cuisine* to the load which he carried, and therefore nothing could be done at the resting-place till he made his appearance. It is right to add that for all these important services *that* mule had his reward. He *did* improve, and that rapidly, on the fine green food and the regular supply of barley that we procured by the way. As we had but the two animals, the arrangement I had with Mohammed was that he was to buy regularly two full feeds, to be equally divided between them, and I paid him in full tale accordingly for my mare's supply. But though I had his solemn assurance—confirmed by asseverations that need not be translated—that my beast received the larger portion, yet with less work and more food she would at times look jaded, while *that* mule grew sleeker and more lively every day. At some places provender was so dear that Mohammed, rather than pay the price demanded, would rip up the bag of *tibn*\* which lay under the pack-saddle, and make his animal live on its own capital, so to speak. Yet my poor beast, for whose feed I had paid an exorbitant price, never got beyond a passable mediocrity, while *that* mule went on prospering, a new illustration of the saying that it is not the corn but the master's eye that feeds the animal.

But I never enjoyed anything more than the journey with "*that* mule." It is a rare pleasure at any time to get away from one's moorings, and in the free life of the field and the desert to forget for a while the calls of ordinary duty, and shake off the restraints of civilised life. Hopelessly hard is the crust of conventionality bound around the man that cannot become natural in a month's journey in the saddle and the tent, with its continual change of scene and the free life lived night and day in the fresh air. But even a tent begins to have a monotonous air after a time, whereas in our gipsying we had a change of habitation daily, and the excitement of expectation and novelty never wore out. Sometimes it would be the hospitable convent that

\* *Tibn*, the reader must be aware, is the name given to the chopped straw, which is mixed with barley to form the ordinary food of animals in the East.

afforded us shelter, as the *Casa Nuova* at Nazareth, or the dreary prison-house of the monks of *Mar Saba*. Once, on the western coast, I was permitted, on condition of taking off my boots, to spread my carpet within the precincts of a Mohammedan mosque. Frequently we resorted to the khans or native inns, where I was provided with an unfurnished room, and allowed to attend to myself; and I became as critical of the style of accommodation there provided as some old stage-coach traveller of the "houses" on the road. Several times, partly from necessity, partly from caprice and the roving spirit of adventure, I preferred to spend the night in the open air; and though I would not recommend others to do likewise, and would not perhaps do the same again, yet I suffered no damage, and had a luxury of pleasure which, after the interval of a dozen years, is as fresh in recollection as it was in enjoyment. There was one night down at Jericho, when I spread my carpet and unfolded my bedstead under a spreading fig-tree, disdaining the accommodation that was offered me in the neighbouring tower. The place was crowded with Greek pilgrims on their way down to the bathing place in the Jordan; I had sat by the side of the sheikh of the district in the evening while some cases of stolen property were argued before him by a score of wild fellows shouting and rattling their arms round a blazing fire; had witnessed the antic dances of another party of Arabs who were in their own way making their living out of the festive occasion; but when I turned inside the hedge that separated me from the motley throng I was in my own world, the last sounds of the revellers died away on my ear, the last fire-fly glinted before my closing eyes, and I knew no more till I awoke refreshed between four and five in the morning. Jupiter was at that time very bright in the sky; Venus was at her best as a morning star; the moon, now a good way beyond her Passover full, was still shining, when I gave the order to get ready, and before five o'clock we were on the move towards the Jordan. And there was another night in the open air at Hebron. An old Muslim from the town—venerable enough in appearance and hospitable enough in manner for one of the patriarchs themselves—entreated in vain that I would turn in and lodge with him; the charm of the open air prevailed, and preparations were made for another bivouac. At this time I had as *compagnon de voyage* a peasant of Lebanon, who, for some reason I could never make

out, was leading a wandering life in the South. He rode a fine mare, about which he was a little anxious; but we had an official horseman who had accompanied us as guard by Jericho and the Dead Sea, and a stout lad of fifteen or sixteen, from the town, offered his services to relieve the watch with the men during the night; a good fire was kindled, and I for one at least soon went off to sleep. In the early morning, however, I was astir, and turned out to see the condition of the watch. It was just as I had expected. The animals were all safe, and a little black mound close beside them represented the muleteer, fast asleep. The fire had burned down to the embers, near which the other two men had dropped off to rest; and the boy, supposed to be the watch for the time, was sleeping as soundly as the others, his arms crossed on his knees, and his face almost blistered by the fire over which he had been cowering. But what a glorious, crisp, bracing air it was that crept through the trees, and how still the silence that lay around on town and field, broken only once by the footfall of a solitary *fellah* going early to his field work.

And there were other nights—some of them not so pleasant—passed in the open air or in queer resting-places; but the excitement of novelty made everything not only endurable but enjoyable; and when things came to the worst, we could always fall back for comfort on the muleteer's motto, which has come to be used proverbially of any passing trouble: "It is only one night, O muleteer!"

And then there were the long days of that fine April weather, in which we wandered up and down the country, sometimes loitering at a place that was interesting, at other times pushing on by long marches where the scenery and associations were not so attractive, toiling up the steep hills of Ephraim in a pelting thunder-storm, plodding wearily under the broiling sun of the Dead-Sea Valley, cleaving our way through the long string of pilgrims that defiled through the passes of the hill country of Judea, starting the fleet gazelle from its dewy bed on the plain of Sharon, dreamily listening to the singing of birds—rare sound in that country—in the glades of Upper Galilee, or scaling the rugged sides of the Lebanon, with the eager longing to get the first glimpse again of the Mediterranean and of home.

And the Sundays came round with welcome rest for man and beast; the journey being so arranged that these should fall at

places of particular interest. One was spent at Nazareth, two at Jerusalem, the fourth at Tiberias, sacred places on any day, but invested with peculiar associations on that "day most calm, most bright," on which the mind more naturally dwells on the wonderful events that have hallowed them. One had full time to take in the fact that the whole country over which we were travelling was holy ground, to "thread together on Time's string" the impressions of the intervening days, and in a practical way to remember for what the day was given :

"That as each beast his manger knows,  
Man might not of his fodder misse."

One of our longest days was towards the end of our journey, and it tried all our available force to the very utmost. By this time the animals had become so warmly attached to each other that they could scarcely be separated. The mare could only with difficulty be induced to go in advance of the mule, and if by dint of coaxing and spurring she was led to quicken her pace, *that* mule would prick up his ears, utter a sound that was neither a neigh nor a bray, and at a pace that was neither walk, trot, nor gallop, would insist on following, to his master's great annoyance. After reaching Tiberias, on the journey northwards, it was found necessary to travel by the shortest route, so as to get home to Beyrout within the time appointed. We were all refreshed by a Sabbath day's rest, and started early on Monday morning, hoping to reach Ain Mellâhah by sunset. Over the first stage of the journey we loitered more than the usual two hours—one could not hurry carelessly over the ground that skirts the coast of the lovely lake—but when we reached the Khan Minyeh at its head, we braced ourselves for the long and wearisome miles that lay before us. For the next hour and a half we had, from the necessities of the road, to keep together. It was impossible to quicken the pace when the path lay over smooth rock, in the bed of an old aqueduct, or in broken ground, with great basalt boulders strewn everywhere about. It was a change, but no relief, when we got into the midst of a rank vegetation of thistles as high as the saddle, through which we had carefully to pick our way; but at last we made a halt at the Khan Jubb Yûsûf, where we had been told there was a plentiful supply of fresh water. The information was not incorrect, but it was insufficient, and, as is usual with clever people in such circumstances, when we saw nothing but a standing pool of a dirty brown something, of which

water was an ingredient, we never for a moment suspected our own ignorance, but declared that we had been imposed upon. The next time that I passed that way I found out that there was a fine spring of sparkling water, which, however, could only be reached by a vessel let down by a rope through a hole in the wall of the old khan; but both Mohammed and myself being ignorant of this fact, were fain to trudge onwards, the victims of a fraud. And a weary trudging we had.

To the left of us was one highway bending westward to Acre, on the sea-coast. Safed could soon have been reached by the mountain side, but our course lay straight onwards along the valley of the Jordan, coinciding for a short distance with the great Damascus highway, and we had been told that we could not miss our destination, as it lay right before us in the plain. But I began after a time to suspect that we had been again deceived, for not a sign of habitation was to be seen far or near. I do not think that all that day, from the time we left Tiberias, we had exchanged salutations with a single traveller; and our road from the last halting-place, which itself was but a ruin, did not pass a single dwelling. Mount Hermon loomed in the distant north, and told us that our bearings were correct; the course of the river could be traced to the right, and the hills to our left kept their even line; at intervals of about an hour a village would appear on the hillside, but where was Ain Mellâhah in the plain? "Oh, somewhere near the waters of the Hûleh," said Mohammed; but when the waters of the Hûleh opened up to the view, there was nothing to be seen but the calm expanse of the lake, the line of thickets on its marshy banks, the rich green that encircled it, but no sign of human habitation. Fortunately there was a clear path, and that path was level, so I urged my beast into a trot. This was the signal for a lively rattling of various tin utensils and a measured heaving up and down of the whole of the mule's load, followed by violent expostulations from Mohammed, who could not keep pace with his animal. I must confess I was mischievous enough to continue the trot for some minutes, till the poor fellow was left far in the rear, and the mule's load was in danger of being left on the ground. It was then high time to think of a re-arrangement of affairs, and, waiting till he came up panting and storming, I urged Mohammed to mount the mule, so that we might at last see our destination before sundown. A



mule's pack-saddle is not the most comfortable seat at best, but when on one side of the mule there is a bedstead and a bag of bedding, and on the other a portmanteau and a kitchen, the reader may guess what accommodation there was left for the rider. I waited till he scrambled up to his perch, and made up his mind finally how to stow away his legs, and then once more we took to the road. There was no difficulty about the mule's pace; where the mare went he was bound to follow. But first came murmurs, then growls, and finally yells of despair from the rider, as the cavalcade moved briskly forward, and at last I became aware that *that* mule had come to a sudden standstill. Turning round I saw Mohammed with his stick raised threateningly in the air, *that* mule pirouetting nervously, with one side of its face turned upward, and an eye winking in a most deprecating manner, and I was just in time to prevent the stroke. "I beseech you, sir," he said, "don't go so fast. *That* mule will be the death of me." And then I had to listen to a string of imprecations such as I had never before heard, directed against *that* mule and all its progenitors, by the father's and the mother's side to the tenth generation; against the man who had sold it, and all his ancestors; and the man who had bought it, to his latest posterity. "*That* mule" was, in short, the most unmitigated nuisance in the world.

To my great relief we soon afterwards saw the tents of some Arabs away in a rich meadow not far from the lake, and in a few minutes later Ain Mellâhah itself appeared. I was never more thankful to reach a resting-place. I knew not then that the guide-books warn travellers that the place is infested with wild swine and malaria; I knew only that there were human beings to speak to and a roof to shelter us, and leaped lightly from the saddle and offered my salutation. An old mill stands by a fountain of clear water, which goes to feed the lake, and by the side of the babbling stream which these waters form were two tents of reeds, the abode of the inhabitants of Ain Mellâhah. Of these inhabitants one was a Jew, who had a tent to himself; the other was a Muslim; and I have a faint recollection of hearing a woman's voice and seeing a child playing about the door. The occupation of these men was to act as custom-house guardians on the road that leads on to Safed. The Jew received me very cordially, agreed to allow me to spread my bed in his tent, and volunteered to go off to the Arab encampment and

forage for me. After an absence of not more than half an hour he returned, and from the ample bosom of his dress produced one after another the most beautiful eggs, and eggs too at ten for twopence, while in one hand he had carried a dish of fine fresh milk and in the other a dish of as fine fresh butter. Wild swine and malaria, forsooth! I was in a very land of Goshen. The butter was a rarity at that time anywhere in the East, but here in the country of Hûleh I had it to perfection. So rich is the pasturage in this fertile basin that the peasants have as much milk as they choose; and the traveller may frequently see the women churning it in their own primitive fashion. The rich milk is placed in a goat's skin, which is suspended at the height of the woman's hands between two pairs of crossed sticks stuck in the ground, and rocked like a cradle till the butter is formed. This butter is then melted over the fire and sent all over the country for cooking purposes. My purveyor, however, had secured a good supply of it fresh. I forget what else I had for supper, but I know I was satisfied, and retired to rest under the straw tent with a merry heart.

Some time in the middle of the night, for it was perfectly dark, all the inhabitants of Ain Mellâhah were wide-awake. A violent altercation was the first thing that I heard, and I lay quietly and took in the situation. A couple of muleteers with loads of pottery were on their way to Safed, and had attempted to run the blockade. But my host the Jew was not caught napping. Of course they must pay custom, and he would give them a paper clearing them at Safed. But they hadn't change, they would pay at their destination, they would pay when they returned. Finally, they had to give a substantial pledge that they would return and either pay us or prove to our satisfaction that they had paid, and silence again prevailed. But my sleep was a second time interrupted before daybreak—"Where's *that* mule?" I dreamed I heard these words, and in a few moments I was wide-awake, and I knew it was Mohammed who spoke. The reader must be aware that animals in these parts are not fed during the day, but receive their food at night and early morning. As we travelled early, Mohammed was in the habit of rising before daybreak and dividing to the animals what remained of their accustomed barley, and now, on getting up, he missed *that* mule. "Is my mare there?" I asked, and on being assured that she was, I listened more calmly to what followed. "It must have been those fellows



that passed in the night," he said ; " no one else has been here to take it. I wouldn't have lost *that* mule for forty pounds. *That* mule was the best I ever saw on the road ;" and a great deal to the same effect. *That mule* was now, in fact, appreciated at its true value. The ready invention of the Jew did not fail us. Undoing the mare's halter, he mounted on her back and let her take her course. Dark as it was to us, *she* knew

exactly where her companion had gone, and she made straight for the greenest clump of grass near the mill, where *that* mule was enjoying himself to his heart's content.

Three days more brought me home. When I set out I was nervous, sleepless, useless. I returned with strength for my work, with a heart to enjoy life, with health restored ; and for many a day I had cause to be thankful that I made the journey with "*that* mule."

## THOUGHTS FOR QUIET HOURS.

### VII.

A SUGGESTIVE contrast has been drawn between the histories of two words, each borrowed from the name of our Lord. From Jesus is derived Jesuit, and from Christ comes Christian. The Society of Jesus assumed its name from devotion to what it esteemed a sacred cause, yet such has been its career that the title of honour has become a synonym for wily intrigue. The name Christian, on the other hand, applied contemptuously at first, was so redeemed by the holy lives and heroic sufferings of the early believers as to force even heathendom to pay it homage.

But the name Christian is now of such wide application that, like many a time-worn word, its distinctive character has been smoothed away by conventional use. It may, therefore, be interesting to consider its true force by seeking an answer to the question, What was meant by being a Christian ?

The name plainly shows that the early believers were called after a Person, and the more we reflect on this obvious fact the more we will perceive that this *personal* conception is fundamental and essential. It is not so in the sense of Christianity having been named, like other systems, after its founder. For while Jesus of Nazareth has bequeathed a system of truth which has vitally affected the civilisation of the world, yet we could imagine that truth of His being received as at once a theology and a rule of life, while, being separated from His peculiar claims, the distinctive name of *Christian* would remain inapplicable to such recipients. Had possibly some great thinker in old times reached the sublime conception of the divine Fatherhood and declared the infinite holiness and love of God, there is a sense in which men might have acknowledged such a theology without deserving the name of Christian. In like manner Christ presented the highest ideal of moral cha-

acter. He glorified the virtues which the coarse world had despised. He raised humility, gentleness, patience, meekness, forgiveness from that lowliness where, from the very sweetness of their graces, they had been hid, and led them to the highest places in His kingdom. He tracked sin to its dark den "in the thoughts and intents of the heart." Now this searching, positive morality is thoroughly complete ; and if the law of love, purity, and truth really prevailed, earth would be a paradise restored. But neither the acknowledgment of the ethics of His religion, nor its theology, is sufficient to constitute a Christian in the early sense of the word.

If men may therefore accept what Christ has taught respecting the character of God, and recognise the standard of practical conduct which He has presented, and yet lack the special element distinctive of the name Christian, we are led to ask what that element, previously described as *personal*, really is.

In order to obtain an answer we have but to reflect for a moment on the general character of the demand made by Christ. For while He undoubtedly gave to the world the rich inheritance of truth which I have already indicated, yet the claim which He put forward, we might say primarily, and the obedience which He required even before assent to His doctrine, were supreme trust and self-surrender to Himself. Unlike other religious teachers, who have been content to let their names live only as connected with the thoughts they have promulgated, Jesus Christ gathers His doctrine up to Himself and enshrines it in the personal homage and loyalty which He demands. It is not enough that we should "wonder at the gracious words which proceed out of His mouth," or acknowledge that "never man spake like this man !" His claims go beyond all such admiration or assent. "He that loves

father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me, and he that loves son or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me." "Separate from me ye can do nothing." Christianity is thus something more than a series of theological propositions or of moral maxims. It is the revelation of a divine Person. Take away the homage, the devoted love, the utter self-surrender due to Jesus Christ, and leave only what He has taught regarding the spiritual nature of God, and the love which man ought to bear to his brother man, and it is Christianity no longer. Those who were first called Christians in Antioch preached the divine Saviour Jesus Christ, and not such a philosophy of God or of human life, as might have taken rank among other religious or ethical systems. Love to Jesus Christ was the burning motive of their lives. For His sake they were ready to suffer any martyrdom. To be with Him for ever was the one hope which inspired them. With His name upon their lips they died, like St. Stephen, their faces shining. What Christ had been when on earth, and what He was then as continually present in His Church, and what he would be when He came again in glory—this thought of Him gave colour, power, and unity to their faith. "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ let him be anathema." "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

When we contrast the earlier creeds with our comparatively modern "Articles of Religion" and "Confessions of Faith," we are struck by the difference between the abstract doctrines presented in the latter, from the freshness with which a belief in divine Persons forms the simple essence of the former. Instead of a minute discussion of justification, adoption, or election, we have the grand simple statement of a faith in God the Father, and in Jesus Christ the Son, and in the Holy Spirit, the Sanctifier. These men believed in divine Persons—a later age discussed abstractions.

And those rites which carry us back to the very fountain-head of the Church, express the same energising principle. We baptize into the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is in perpetual remembrance of Him who "was alive and became dead, and is alive for evermore." At a time when so many are apt to subfimate Christianity away from the facts on which it rests into a bare, though exquisitely-beautiful system of ethics, we cannot be too thankful for the

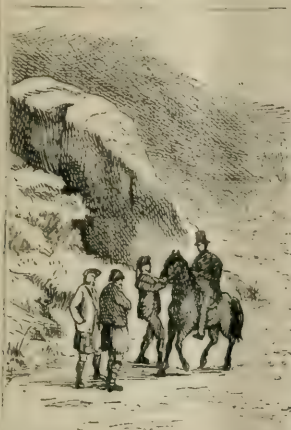
perpetual testimony borne by these Sacraments to the incarnation, atonement, resurrection and eternal life of Jesus Christ, and for the demand which they maintain in all ages for the supreme devotion and loyalty of believers to the living and glorified Lord.

It is quite possible to resolve the most child-like faith or heroic devotion into another dogma, out of which the sap of life has been as thoroughly stamped as the freshness of the spring flower may be desiccated to serve the purposes of the botanist. But we can only revive the ideal life to which the name of Christian was first applied, by re-awakening the simpler faith of that early time, when men felt that God was near them, and that Jesus Christ was risen from the dead and claimed their daily homage. For our characters are determined more by what we love than what we know, and where the maxim of the moralist fails, the sympathy of the God-man, touched with the feeling of our infirmities, inspires a multitude of motives which remould our whole nature. The love of Jesus Christ which constrained St. Paul to live, not to himself, but to Him who died for him and rose again, was more than the memory of a love that once had been. It was the love of One who was guiding him day by day, to whom he could unburthen every care, and whose help was sufficient for every necessity. And if we seek the revival of Christianity in the apostolic sense, we shall never obtain it by dogmatic arguments, or the mechanical appliances of ecclesiasticism. Such matters may be related to it as a theory of physical life, or the clothing which living men wear stand related to life itself. But the title Christian, now as ever, will become a name of power only in proportion as we respond to the love of Jesus Christ, and so imbibe His Spirit through daily communion with Him, that love may become unfailing loyalty. To set our religion by the line and plummet of minutely defined doctrines, is a process which in an age like this makes religion impossible to many minds. But if we believe in the risen Saviour, Jesus Christ, at all, religion becomes simple when we recognise it as primarily claiming childlike trust in Him. For as we can go to an earthly friend in all confidence when our opinions are tangled in a thousand difficulties, so may we frankly go to Christ our Brother. There may be many things about which we are beset with painful doubt, but we can have no doubt as to His goodness, or that He will meet us with tender sympathy.

## THE BRIDE'S PASS.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH," "LADY BELL," ETC.

## CHAPTER XIII.—"I WILL HEAR IT FROM HER OWN LIPS."



THE announcement of Unah Macdonald's immediate marriage broke upon Frank Tempest like the shock of some great natural convulsion

and overthrow of things which might only have had a recent existence, but which did not the less on that account possess a real and tangible being.

Had it happened before the unfortunate expedition to get white foxgloves at Lochbuy Farm, Frank might have submitted sullenly, without outward protest; though he would still have held it was treacherous and cruel in Unah, whom he had believed so much truer and more tender than all the other women he had ever known. But an enlightenment had come to them without their seeking it. The mist had fallen, hiding the world from them and them from the world, leaving them for long hours alone, sentenced to die together; and now it seemed the grossest abuse of the truth, that she should give him up, and consent, as at first, to marry Donald Drumchatt. Donald was a poor, petted invalid, who was not fit to take upon himself the active duties of life, or to care for a wife when he could not care for himself, but needed to be watched and tended like a woman. The marriage was the most glaring act of expediency—a nefarious family compact which reflected discredit on all who had a hand in it.

If thousands of persons, young and old,

would have looked on the matter as Frank Tempest viewed it, it is to be hoped that not many individuals among them would have become so mad with jealousy, rage, and despair, as the young Englishman became at the barrier set to the course of his true love.

Up at Castle Moydart, the Earl was rejoicing that any little danger to the heir of the old Dukes of Wiltshire in the first experience of the grand passion, had come to an end. Lady Jean was arching her prominent eyebrows, and asking, with a good deal of disappointment and a shade of derision, was this all? The Countess was bestirring herself to inquire what the little excitement was about? and why the announcement of the completion of the very suitable engagement between one of the neighbouring lairds and the parish clergyman's daughter, of which they had been told a whole year ago, was not to be taken as a matter of course?

Down at the Manse of Fearnavoil Unah was descending softly and slowly from her sick-room, to receive Donald Drumchatt with a remorseful affection that was almost tender, and to listen patiently to all his projects. Malise Gow was crowing loudly over Jenny Reach on the non-fulfilment of her prophecies, and crying, "You see now, Jenny, who was right, and what saint was blameless." And Jenny, nothing abashed, was answering oracularly, "The day is not done yet, bide a wee." The minister was calming down to forgiveness of the attack made on his peace. Mrs. Macdonald was not so magnanimous. She continued bitter against worldly busybodies and low-bred meddlers in their neighbours' affairs. But she was also diligently furthering the preparations for her daughter's marriage, being a woman who did nothing by halves, and who having seen the desirability of relinquishing a dream, and submitting to the force of old obligations, was renouncing absolutely her altered line of policy, and returning to her former allegiance. And Frank Tempest was tramping over the moors, and up and down the hills, wild at what he called the sacrifice of himself and Unah, and vowing that he would not permit the sacrifice. Ever since he had come to the Highlands he had been intoxicated with the new, or rather the old conditions of life lingering there in actual practice or in tradition not so very remote. He had been carried away by what survived of



the strong lights and shadows, the simplicity of the passions and the directness of their expression, the sudden and complete overthrow which occasionally followed upon a sentence apparently final, the rough and ready reprisals. In spite of the short-sightedness and tendency to brutality in this and every other comparatively primitive phase of society, it had an irresistible charm of unvitiated manliness, candour, and courage for the lad who was a reader of "Locksley Hall" and "Maud" in their early days, and who, as a part of his own straightforward nature, detested sophistry, and looked on commercial calculation carried into morals as the enemy of all that was brave and generous in humanity, and—according to the voice of the teacher—the disgrace of the generation. Yet after all, was the deep love which Frank Tempest judged rightly to be the great love of his life to have as stale, flat, and unprofitable an end, as the most heartless flirtation begun and ended on the chalked ball-room floors of Belgravia? Were the everlasting mountains and the silent glens, with their endless records of true love and true hate—to be the witnesses to so poor a parody of their fender, terrible records? What would the mighty genii of the place, Ben Voil and the Tuaidh, to whom the inhabitants were constantly appealing, think of so miserable a travesty of a man and woman's story worked out within their awful shadow? Was the huckstering spirit of the nineteenth century to meet and conquer Frank Tempest in the wilderness of Fearnavoil?

Frank Tempest could not get at Unah to implore her to pause. He thought of appealing to the future bridegroom, but an instinct, which should have taught him still more than it did, told him the appeal would be worse than useless. Would he have given up his rights had he been in Donald Drumchatt's place? Would he not have spurned the proposal, and laughed the proposer to scorn?

In the same manner he was prevented from addressing himself to the minister, for whom in the beginning Frank had conceived so enthusiastic a regard that it had been positive pain to give up his original estimate of Mr. Macdonald, and charge him with being one of the principal offenders in a transaction which was unworthy alike of his cloth and his manhood—the disposal of his daughter to the sickly, doomed kinsman who was also the laird of Drumchatt.

Apart from Frank Tempest's changed opinion of the man, there was something in

the minister which gave one the idea of a nature temperate in all things, and which in itself could not readily sympathize with or excuse unbridled feeling of any kind. Mr. Macdonald in his youth might have been desperately in love with the wife to whom he still paid so much honour, and to whom he remained unmistakably attached. But even then, as Frank Tempest persuaded himself, the minister could have borne to resign her at the call of what he esteemed his duty. He might never have got over it altogether. His soft brown hair might have been blanched betimes, instead of contrasting in an obstinate youthfulness with the silver locks of his wife. He might never have forgotten his first and last love, but continued a bachelor for her sake. Yet he would have done his duty. Strange that the young fellow who recognised this, did not see in it the nobler form of courage.

Frank Tempest had not entertained an equal reverence for Mrs. Macdonald, but at least she owed him reparation. She had lent him all the encouragement in her power. Had she not, only the other day, pledged herself to be his friend in his suit? And if Unah, in the innocence of her heart, had been so childish as to have missed its plain meaning, it was not possible that a much older, more experienced woman, the interested mother of the object of the suit, could have mistaken its intention.

Frank watched and dogged Mrs. Macdonald's footsteps for days, till he waylaid and stopped her coming alone from an errand of mercy on the moor. "What is this I hear, Mrs. Macdonald?" he began, almost without a polite preamble, and with an assumption of a right to be wrathful, which would have been ludicrous in its youthfulness of tone had he not been so much in earnest and so miserable. "Can it be true that your daughter"—he had half a mind to say Unah at once—his Unah—"is going to be married to her cousin in a few weeks?"

Mrs. Macdonald was taken aback; but she was no coward unless her warped conscience made her one; neither was she destitute of resource. "Yes, Mr. Tempest," she answered with grave suavity; "it is no secret, but quite an old story, which all the parish knew a year ago. Had you not heard it before?"

"Yes, I suppose so," he admitted confusedly. "But it does not signify whether I did or not. This marriage should never have been thought of!" he was audacious enough to shock her by saying that right out.

"I dare say you consider me a bear, insolent as well as rude, to speak so to you; but I cannot mince matters. Mrs. Macdonald, you are aware that Mr. Macdonald Drunchatt is a poor, ailing fellow who will not live above two or three years at the utmost. They tell me all his predecessors for generations have died young. Is he a fit husband for any girl?"

"Mr. Tempest, this is a very strange and unwarrantable way of speaking on your part! My husband and I and my daughter are the best judges of the propriety of this marriage," said Mrs. Macdonald in unhesitating rebuke, but still with forbearance for his folly. "Forgive me, Mr. Tempest, you are young and rash, and one excuses a good deal in youth, with its warm heart and reckless tongue. But as to the probable shortness or length of our lives here, I don't consider we are at liberty to measure their duration, any more than we can attempt to add a cubit to our stature. I will only say that it is not always the strong and the healthy who live longest, and, please God, my cousin Drunchatt may see out many of his neighbours." Mrs. Macdonald ended with a little indignation.

"That is begging the question," insisted the heir of all the Wiltshires, without any improvement in the unmannerliness and unconventionality of his conversation. "But though it were not so"—he changed the ground of his attack, waxing always more aggrieved and passionate—"there is abundant reason why this marriage must not go on. During my acquaintance with Miss Macdonald, which has been allowed to last all these happy weeks without the slightest check, I have learnt to love her with all my heart. And she loves me—not as I care for her, indeed," he corrected himself with some bitterness, "else she would never consent, under whatever influence, to take a step which would separate us for ever: still, she cares for me more than for her cousin. Don't be incredulous; don't think me an intolerable puppy, or imagine that I am boasting of her favour. I am forced to speak of it to you, and to bid you ask herself, and then decide whether you will make two people miserable for life—life that, whatever you may say of its uncertainty, stretches long before Unah and me," he said almost piteously.

She was touched and melted; along with the melting there thrilled through her a reaction of triumph in the sincerity and strength of the lad's passion, and in the conviction that it would have stood the test and borne

down all opposition. If it had rested with him, Unah might indeed have filled a position and exercised an influence far beyond that of a poor Scotch earl's mercenary English countess.

"My dear boy," she allowed herself to say as she had said to Donald Drunchatt; and it had come to this, that now, as then, she was in earnest—she felt that Frank Tempest, not Donald Drunchatt, ought to have been her son. Her lively feelings, as well as her restless ambition, were still more interested in his behalf than they had been on Donald's account. She liked Frank Tempest very much. The natural force of his character, his intrepidity, his very wilfulness, appealed to her sympathies, as poor Donald's arrogance and doggedness could not do. "My dear boy," she said, "believe me, I am very sorry, but you must think no more of this disappointment, for indeed it cannot be helped. You see I trust you, and I appeal to you not to implicate Unah in this grievous misunderstanding."

"I would die sooner than hurt Unah or cause her so much as a moment's vexation," he said fervently; "but just because that is true I will not give up thinking of her—not even though she herself bade me. I will not stop trying to prevent this greatest injury that can be inflicted on her. How can you ask it of me, Mrs. Macdonald, when she has nobody save me to stand by her and help her?"

Bless the lad! Did he really believe, in the mad egotism of his wild young love, that he was Unah's best, her only friend; that he cared for her true interest, apart from his own present gladness or wretchedness, more than her father and mother cared for it? Mrs. Macdonald did not know whether to smile or to sigh, and in the conflict between the two inclinations she put her hand on his arm still more soothingly, and looked with a yet more motherly yearning over the young man, into his flushed, excited face. "It is good of you, my dear boy, to care for her so much. I, who am her mother, cannot help making the silly speech to you and appreciating a young fellow who has so much heart, and who has given it, to his misfortune, to Unah. Still you are quite wrong! Unah has her father and me, and you need not doubt but that we'll do the best we can for our child; and I am an old-fashioned woman, I believe that a blessing will go with a dutiful daughter. As for you, Frank—let me call you so for once—you are rich in blessings. Your heavenly Father has loaded you

with benefits: don't be so ungrateful as to undervalue and throw away the many good things you have, because one other thing is denied to you."

She went on talking to him with her natural eloquence, and with no want of earnestness in her womanly concern. For that matter, her sympathy was all the more tender, because she was sensible in the unprobed depths of her soul that she had helped to bring about the undoing of "the nice young fellow" she had liked from the beginning. "You must not be offended with me; you are but a lad to an elderly woman like me. Believe me, life in a great measure still lies before you. Do you fancy all its treasures have been exhausted within these few gay weeks you think so much of? Oh, no! you are greatly mistaken. All the grand, serious, noble gains of life, with its greatest happiness, are still to come for you—if you will. You will soon get over this; only don't, I beseech you, for your own sake, for God's sake, let it make you a harder, or a worse man."

He listened unwillingly and ungraciously, it must be confessed, to advice he did not take well from her. He went back over her arguments, denying them one by one. "I am not the mere lad you think; I will not get over this! I feel, whatever you and other people may think, that I am all the man I shall ever be, and I shall never, though I live to be a hundred, find another Unah. You ought to know, I dare say"—he indulged in the sarcasm—"but I cannot conceive how evil will not flow from a monstrous wrong, instead of a blessing going with it, even where she is concerned. I have enough of tin for my own use, and I shall succeed to my uncle's property. I don't know any other advantages I possess, unless that I am young and strong, and that Unah cares for me a little, which only makes it the more cruel that I should be called upon to give her up. I have not father, or mother, or sister, any more than Drumchatt; I have only a poor little beggar of a brother at Eton, who is not much—in the light of a stay and support. Unah would be all the world to me. She would pull me through all my troubles, and keep me up to the mark, if all that people say of life be true," he said, taught guile by his love, and insidiously addressing himself to what he guessed was the ruling passion of the woman he addressed. "And yet you, a good woman, a clergyman's wife, don't care what becomes of a fellow for whom, at the same time, you profess to have

some regard!" he proceeded. "Well, perhaps it does not matter much though I go to the dogs!" he broke off with an impatient sigh. "But how can you measure her by such despicable trifles? What do I care for any of them if I lose her, who is worth them every one ten thousand times over?"

She was not tempted to hold that he did profess too much. On the contrary, she began to apprehend that she had to deal with a more determined and mutinous spirit than she had bargained for; and she feared that a scandal would be inevitable.

Then she took to asking herself, was it certain that she and her husband would prevail? Might it not be Unah's destiny after all to marry Frank Tempest, and become, under Providence, the honoured instrument of shaping the man and his great fortunes, as he had even now said, to nobler ends?

Mrs. Macdonald did not know how the change could be brought about; how her husband—not to say Donald Drumchatt, could be propitiated. She did not even allow herself to contemplate the question distinctly, but she was staggered in her determination. Farquhar Macdonald's sweeping condemnation, and her loyalty to him in this matter, faded a second time into the background. The gain, the glory of the unrivalled promotion for Unah, came once more to the front, and dazzled the woman who, in her complex character, was spiritually as well as secularly ambitious, who would do great things for her Maker, still more than for her daughter, and who was therefore peculiarly tempted to do evil that good might come of it.

If Mrs. Macdonald had already shown herself a weaker conspirator because of her sensibility, she was, in another light, for that very reason, a more dangerous woman, capable of working greater disaster. The woman who is yet a tyro in evil, and is, happily for herself, crippled in its execution, may take the dubious comfort to her soul, that while she will never sin as "with a cart-rope," like her unscrupulous rival, she is sometimes qualified for doing subtler, deadlier harm.

In spite of her dignity, Mrs. Macdonald betrayed her agitation. Her colour went and came; her eyes sparkled and fell before Frank Tempest's eager adjurations and vehement protestations that he must see Unah again; he would have his answer from her own lips; he was entitled to so much grace; he would take his final dismissal from no one save Unah. Mrs. Macdonald yielded so far. She said hurriedly, "Unah has not been



well, as you are aware. She has been very little out of the house lately, and she is naturally much occupied. But if it will content you—though I cannot say you are generous in the request—I shall bring her myself down the Pass to-morrow afternoon about this time, when you can bid her good-bye. Perhaps she will convince you, as I have not been able to do, of what is not only right but inevitable."

He caught at the concession the more readily that he had not seen Unah for some weeks—not since the day on Ben Voil—and that he was hungering and thirsting to look on her face again. He had fallen in love with that face at first sight, and Unah herself, who was more than her face, had gone on with the spell till he was utterly bewitched. He had made up his mind, not only as to what her face was to-day to him, but that to-morrow and every future day of his life it would still be the dearest—the one face in the world where he was concerned.

After she returned home, Mrs. Macdonald was silent and preoccupied, avoiding alike her husband and Unah, both that evening and the following morning. It had been raining heavily for a number of hours, and the woman, who was in the habit of condemning the superstitions of the country people, submitted a second time in her life to the same influence. She asked herself, in the tumult of her thoughts, was the rain a sign which, while it would compel her to break her word to Frank Tempest, forbade her going any farther in affording him the smallest countenance in his strife with fortune—or Providence?

But after luncheon there were periods of intermission, and even watery gleams of sunshine between the showers. Mrs. Macdonald got the better of the nervous irritation which had attended on her preoccupation and uncertainty, and said abruptly to Unah, "Come, Unah, there is a break in the clouds, and even the sun is showing his face; I am going to prove my independence to the doubtful weather by going as far as old Nelly Dairy's.\* You will come with me; it will do you good; you are staying too much indoors. I will not have you stitch, even for such an occasion, all the roses—white roses at the best—out of your cheeks."

Unah complied readily enough. She felt

perfectly safe in her mother's company, and her open-air rearing rendered confinement irksome to her.

Mr. Macdonald was at the other end of the parish, on one of his "visitations;" Donald Drumchatt had gone as far as Edinburgh to meet his lawyer. Mrs. Macdonald might have brought Frank Tempest, for his interview with Unah, into the Manse itself; but she did not choose that there should be any ground of speculation afforded to the servants.

Autumn reigned in the Pass; the mountains on a day like this remained shrouded in mist, though the rain was over, and there were even breaks of sunshine. The summer wealth of vegetation only bequeathed a greater burden of mournful decay. The bracken was rusty in its serenity. The birds had eaten up the rowan-berries and had left blackened stalks for scarlet fruit. The leaves of the hazel were shrivelled and becoming ashen grey against the empty brown husks of the nuts. The birch-trees were gay, indeed, in their drapery of straw-colour, but as the leaflets rustling in every breeze shed themselves freely as they rustled, it was but a pensive kind of gaiety which made a vain stand against the saturnine sombreness of the dark blue green of the pines that remained unchanged and unchangeable, and seemed to have the situation to themselves.

Unah walked on with her mother till they came to the bend in the Pass where Unah had first seen Frank Tempest preparing to attempt the leap over the Clerk's Pool. Unah gave a hurried glance round, then fixed her eyes on the ground till she was past the spot. A few paces farther on she stopped in consternation at the sight of a figure turning a corner before them.

Mrs. Macdonald was equal to the occasion and spoke to the point at once.

"Yes, Unah, it is Mr. Tempest. I knew he was to meet us. In fact, I brought you here in fulfilment of a promise I gave him that you would see him and bid him good-bye. It seems," and involuntarily Mrs. Macdonald's voice took a tone of judicial severity, "there has been some thoughtlessness—some indiscretion in your behaviour where he was concerned, while you have been thrown so much together this autumn, which has misled the young man, a stranger to our Highland life. Whoever has been to blame, the least you can do is to hear patiently what he has to say, and dismiss him with a courteous expression of your regret for having caused him any disappointment. I am going a little way

\* In the Highlands the name of an occupation is sometimes used—and even retained after its appropriateness has ceased—to distinguish the individual man or woman, when the whole clan is Macdonald, Campbell, &c., &c. Thus there are Mary Cook, Flora Kitchen, Duncan Groom, Colin Smith—taking us back to the origin of many of our proper names in the Lowlands as well as in the Highlands.

up the Drumchatt Road to see Nelly Dairy, as I told you. But I shall be quite at hand ; you can either join me there, or walk on and meet me."

"Oh, mother, must I do this?" implored Unah. "It is harder than you think. I will tell you—I have never spoken of it to any living creature, because it seemed as if it would be a double wrong to Donald to let it pass my lips even to you. *He* spoke to me that day on Ben Voil, and I am afraid I let him see I was so sorry for him, mother—when everything—life itself seemed over," stammered Unah in an agony of shamefacedness and distressed deprecation ; "and if it had not been for Don, I—I could have liked to listen to him. Yes, I know I have been very foolish and wrong, but will it do any good to hear Frank Tempest again when what I have consented to in the interval is a sufficient contradiction of anything I was tempted into saying or doing?"

"Perhaps not," answered Mrs. Macdonald sharply—her voice sounded to Unah stern in its righteousness. "But you are bound to pay some respect to his wishes. He desires a parting interview, and if you have hurt him, you must make him what reparation you can."

"Then stay with me, mother ; don't leave me," cried Unah, clutching at her mother's gown for protection and comfort, as she had not done since she was a little child.

"No, indeed, Unah," her mother refused absolutely, and with a little accent of indignation. "Can you ask your mother to appear to any man as a spy, and as if she had no confidence either in you or him? If you are old enough to get into trouble of this description, you are also quite old enough to meet and overcome it like a woman. It is high time you had ceased to be a baby."

In the meanwhile Frank Tempest, advancing rapidly, was close to them, and Mrs. Macdonald greeted him graciously.

"Good morning, Mr. Tempest. I have kept my word—I have brought Unah. You see I trust you, though I am afraid you do not trust me, but I believe you will respect my trust. Unah, I shall be back within the time I told you, or you may come to me at Nelly's," and she walked on steadily, though her own heart was beating violently. She could not have told clearly what she proposed to herself by the encounter which she thus aided and abetted, or how she meant to reconcile incompatible claims and insurmountable difficulties. Various plausible reasons for her conduct crossed her mind in

distracting confusion. She was merely relenting so far as to let the poor young couple have another chance. If it were possible that he could persuade Unah into making a stand at the last and declining to fulfil her engagement, would it not be better, more motherly in Mrs. Macdonald to suffer it to be so, to spare her own child, than to join in inducing her to give her hand to one man, let him be Donald Drumchatt, after her heart had been stolen by another? If the question lay between obeying the husband she loved, and sacrificing her only daughter, was the mother so very blamable, either in the sight of God or man, who permitted herself to swerve from her obedience? And it was not Unah's happiness alone which was concerned. A great and lasting good might come out of a short and temporary evil. Poor Don would not mind so very much. He would fall back on his position as a Highland laird and a representative of ancient chiefs ; on nursing his delicate health—which, to be sure, did not grant him much respite to become absorbed in any active interest beyond himself, and which would in all likelihood soon send him to his rest. Nobody could say she had not a regard for the lad who had been in a measure brought up at the Manse like her own boys ; but that person would be Donald's truest friend who could induce him, even by undergoing a painful discipline, to turn his attention to higher things.

For a few moments Frank Tempest thought only of being with Unah Macdonald again. He basked in the fleeting sunshine, as short-lived as that in the sky above them. He drank in every detail of her looks.

"You have been ill," he said softly, as if that were his whole concern. "You are better now?"

"Yes," she said ; "I am well again." She spoke stiffly, she had no other defence.

"No," he assailed her swiftly at the word, "you are not well ; nothing can be well while this outrageous marriage is suffered to go on, Unah. How can you consent to it? Have you forgotten that day on Ben Voil?"

"Have I forgotten it?" she repeated with a slight shiver. How could she forget what had changed the whole world to her, what had opened her eyes and converted into treason and destruction the pleasant dream in which for weeks she had been walking with turned-aside head and lingering feet?

"Then why will you let them marry you in a hurry to Donald Drumchatt? Why don't you make a stand, and suffer me to come and claim you?"

"Never!" she said audibly and with firmly set lips, though they grew white as she spoke. Then she told him what her father had told her mother, that the minister could never hold up his head, or speak to his people in simple freedom again, if his own daughter brought disgrace on his teaching, by breaking her word and his, and sacrificing her promised husband and kinsman to gratify her own inclination or that of another. "And do you think I would do it?" she appealed to him wistfully. "Do you think I could go on and altogether fail Don, whom I have loved all my life better than my brothers, who needs me so much, when the idea that I have been, even without my knowledge and against my will, untrue to him in the smallest particular, for a moment, is fit to break my heart?"

There was much in her words that stung and galled the passionate lad.

"And why do you not mind being untrue to me?" he demanded, with a keenness of reproach that was almost fierce.

"And do you think I am not sorry?" she answered, as her tortured heart grew hot within her and impelled the reserved girl to pour forth her feelings. "I cannot be true to both, and I was Donald's before I ever saw your face. I am his still; nothing will make me forsake him. Only think how well off you are, in all that men prize, compared to him. When you have so much and may get almost any woman you chose to ask," she declared in her simplicity, and without considering that it was the height of flattery to tell him so, "why need you care for me, who am poor Donald Drumchatt's cousin and promised wife? But sometimes I tell myself you cannot really care for me, or you would go away and leave me to do my part in peace. If I could do anything, or give up anything for you, I would do it gladly."

He did not stop to explain to her the difference between a man's and a woman's love, he only denied her assertion roundly.

"It is just what you won't do, Unah Macdonald, give up anything for me. You think only of this fellow Donald Drumchatt and what he requires from you. Do you suppose I don't need you? Although I am young and strong and will have estates which you all make so much of—I did not know there had been such mercenary people in the world," he said in a scornful parenthesis—"what good will it all do to me? My youth and strength, though they used to serve me when I was a boy and cared for running a race or walking so many miles at a stretch, are of

less than no avail to me here. As for those precious Wiltshire acres that are to come to me, are they not more likely to be a curse than a blessing, when they are utterly insufficient to help to secure for me the chief good—the only good I care for in life? Would there not be a hundred times more chance for me if I had not a penny in my pocket, and were compelled to labour for my daily bread? Did you never hear how fellows like me—when they are denied the one thing they crave for—think so little of all else which when put to the test has been of small service to them, that they are tempted to throw it to the devil and themselves after it, as a fit conclusion to the wretched business?"

He was arrested by the look he saw on her face. All that was manly in him rose in arms and convicted him of meanness and baseness in letting himself utter such a threat. "No, no, Unah," he said, "don't believe me. I have made a mess of my life," calling himself back, and speaking almost humbly, "but I will do the best I can with it still. I shall not become a disgrace to anybody who has ever cared for me if I can help it; only it will be a dreary job, and I wish it were all over."

The dejection, boyish as it was, of the tone that was wont to be so dauntless, cut the tender heart which loved the lad even more than his violence had scared it. It was so terrible a strain on her to keep from holding out her hands to him, and saying, "No, rather than you should hang your head, Frank Tempest, I will give up everybody and everything for your sake," that the woman who was so shy she could not respond to the praises of her earthly father when spoken by a friend, called aloud on her heavenly Father in her anguish. "Oh, God, help me not to listen to him!" she prayed in anguish.

It was Frank Tempest's turn to recoil at the words, as when the old exorcism of the cross—held out against the demon in man's shape—caused him to blench and quail. He was afraid even in his boldness that he was driving Unah Macdonald out of her wits. Dismay entered into his heart, and passed into his looks. "Good heavens! am I making myself such a terror to you as that comes to?" he muttered, with something like a groan of despair. "I did not mean it. Forgive me, Unah, and I will take myself off, and rid you of me this very moment."

He left her. She did not follow her mother; she had forgotten Mrs. Macdonald's directions; she crept home to the Manse



with such an unconcealable weebegoneness behind the smile which, true to her woman's instinct, she summoned up to serve as a mask for the occasion, that even Jenny Reach, happening to come across the face, which looked all the more pathetic because of the old girlish droop of the bright hair in which it was set, was nearly overcome by the spectacle. Jenny Reach was by no means a tender, though she might be a faithful re-

tainer, yet the simple, agreeable curiosity of the philosopher was for the moment merged in an ache of womanly sympathy. "Miss Unah, you are clean done. Why was it you would go walking on this bad day? Well-a-day!\* that is not a look for a bride. It is you who will be having your feverish fit back again, or an attack of all the ague which is left in the land instead, and that will be a bonnie iob by way of preparation for



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a wedding. Lie down on your bed like a dearie, and I will kindle your fire—the best flower in the garden now," Jenny wound up with a quaint Scotch phrase.

It was only after she had done her ministration and retreated to her own territory that Jenny looked with comical wonder and affront into the little looking-glass which hung above the big napery chest. She was trying to detect, and to take herself to

task for, any traces of moisture in her clear, shrewd eyes. "Was I like to greet?" she said doubtfully; "and all because a fule lassie that is going to be married in a wheen weeks to the young laird her kinsman, to whom she has been troth-plighted this twelvemonth—and I am sure there was enough s'ir made about her fine prospects

\* The old exclamation is still heard in the Highlands.

not so long ago—has seen an English lad, or Gillies Macgregor's ghost, down in the Pass. I will be as great a fule as she is. A staid kimmer of my age, who has not shed a tear since her old mither died. I am black ashamed of myself. Eh! but I'm thankful that fleaway body Malise Gow did not see me, or he might think I would be marrying him next."

CHAPTER XIV. — A MAD ATTEMPT ON THE PART OF A POSSESSED YOUNG ENGLISHMAN TO REPEAT IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY A HAPPY EXPEDIENT OF THE OLD GAEL.

NOTHING had come of that miserable meeting between Frank Tempest and Unah Macdonald, though the rain had ceased to fall and permitted the incident to take place. After all, the stars in their courses did not fight against Sisera; they only shone to make the night light for the whole world—for the hosts of the Canaanites as well as for Deborah and Barak leading the faithful among the tribes of Israel. When Mrs. Macdonald did not overtake Unah, she hurried home in a tumult of agitation to learn, with a certain bitterness and an odd scorn, both of herself and others, that all was going on as usual in her kingdom. She felt bound to resume once more her wavering allegiance to her husband's wishes and Donald Drumchatt's rights. If she had anything to atone for she made a fresh plunge into the austere fervour of her religious exercises.

The time drew nearer and nearer to the day fixed for Unah's marriage. Frank Tempest, while he had not really given in, and would not withdraw his claim or quit the country, found every extravagant scheme which his brain in a whirl could concoct prove futile. He saw himself condemned for his sins to roam aimlessly like a lost spirit over the mountains and moors of his Paradise, forsaken in the dreariness of the waning autumn, when strangers generally were hastening to evacuate their Highland quarters. Something of lingering generosity caused him to spare Unah, and not to force himself a second time into her presence, and press her, on the ground of the tenderness which she had been tempted to own for him that day on Ben Voil, which was his great claim on her, with arguments that might break her heart, but would not cause her to yield.

Mrs. Macdonald took care that he should not intercept her again.

The minister had always struck Frank in the light of a hopeless partisan. And he looked as if he possessed his soul in greater

quietness and confidence than ever since the doubts which were so difficult to rouse had been set at rest, and he was restored to the charity that thinketh no evil.

Poor Frank Tempest had no inclination to throw himself on the charity which he introduced—calling it canny worldliness, having an unhappy conviction that all violence would only shock and outrage the minister, who would stand as firmly as a rock beaten upon by the waves, and be as coldly, if mildly, superior to the frantic accusations of a wretched, balked lover. There was nobody left for Frank to do battle with save Donald Drumchatt, and Frank had the desperation to repair once and again on a fool's errand to the house where he had been hospitably entertained. But Donald, when he was at home, took the most extraordinary step on a Highlander's part—he ordered that the door should remain closed in the visitor's face; he denied himself to the persistent invader of his privacy and his wedding bustle.

Thus Frank Tempest was thrown back on himself. It was true that among the departures from the neighbourhood the Moydarts had not figured, any more than the Hopkins'. The two families happened to stay longer than usual in the north this eventful autumn. But Frank Tempest hardly ever went near Castle Moydart this month. He resisted resentfully all indirect hints that the season was past, that no more sport worth speaking of could be had, that it was high time all save the natives of the country should waste no more days in unprofitable idleness before they took flight to the civilisation, the fertility and the temperate climate of the south, from the uncouthness, the desolation, and the rigorous cold of a northern winter. It was altogether in vain that the Earl as well as Lady Jean began to get alarmed, and that there was no delightful shiver of anticipation in his alarm, as he was driven to suspect that Tempest's valuable lesson in calf-love was not turning out very well, and that the heir of the Wiltshire property might make a regular ass of himself about so insignificant a person as a Highland minister's daughter.

It was the first heavy cross that Frank Tempest had been called to endure, in the course of a highly prosperous career, the very unclouded sunshine of which had tended to blind him to his own comparative insignificance and helplessness in the great tale of the universe. In any case, the crisis would have been difficult and dangerous for a lad who was distinctly exceptional in strength of will and indomitableness of spirit.

Frank recognised that he was bound to submit like a man, and not fight like an irrational creature, where Providence was in question. But that which got the better of him was what he took to be the petty machinery, the mean motives that were about to defeat him ere the battle of life was well begun, in a contest which he did not prove wrong in regarding as its crowning struggle for him.

He could associate what was divine with the grand features and qualities of nature around him, with the high and hoary heads of Ben Voil and the Tuidh or the hoarse roar of the Fearn in flood. He was not revolted by the powers of nature directed against man, as when the mist had overtaken him and Unah Macdonald at Lochbuy Farm. They were the instruments of God to work His purpose. With regard to shepherds perishing on the heights, or fishers drowned in the floods, or belated travellers who were simply met by the darkness and who fell over the first precipice, he would not have objected to the phrase, "died by the visitation of God."

But Frank Tempest could not distinguish any dealing of God's in what he considered the low expediency and the shabby mercenariness which gave Unah to her disqualified cousin because he chanced to be the laird of Drumchatt and she the minister's daughter. The English lad in the egotism of his years dwelt upon his cross and magnified its proportions, until it was fast robbing his mind of its balance. He let his thoughts wander to all the wild stories—by the suggestive scenery of which he remained surrounded—that had overfed and stimulated his imagination, till the latter faculty obscured his judgment. Were the strong, fierce men who took the law into their own hands, redressed their wrongs and hewed their way to their just ends, worse—less honest and brave, more cruel and cowardly—than the men and women who basely paltered with the truth, made false compromises and sold their own flesh and blood for a reward? Was the manly resource of these earlier sufferers denied to their successors who had the straightforwardness and courage to claim it? Was this what men called civilisation? Was it not rather the time-serving truckling to those in authority of a generation of shop-keepers? Would not every nobler spirit make allowance for the man who was true enough to himself and to the woman he loved, about to be sacrificed before his eyes, to renew the old rough vindication of the right?

The wedding was so close at hand that

the "purpose of marriage" was about to be proclaimed in the bride's father's kirk. Frank Tempest went to hear the proclamation, and he was so far gone in incipient madness as not to trouble to change his soiled and frayed shooting-suit for a dress more in keeping with the day and the place.

He had half determined to attempt what he had no earthly title to do, object to the proclamation and forbid the banns.

But something in the sound of the name that was so dear to him, spoken in the absence of its bearer in the holy place which was so holy to her, palsied his tongue and prevented the vain outrage.

He was not conquered, he was only driven more irresistibly on his course. Although he had no friends to counsel him, he could count on allies as reckless as himself, whom former kindness on his part and a sort of vendetta sentiment with regard to his rival on theirs, together with the men's ignorance and the idle, demoralising life they led, furnished ready-made to his hand.

He took his resolution and cast the last scruples of sense and conscience to the winds. He grew eager and busy in counter-machinations which had the event of Unah's wedding-day in view. He dressed afresh in a manner befitting the comeliness of his young manhood. He even went to the Highland barber in the village of Ford and caused the man of shears and razor to cut his hair according to directions. He stuck a sprig of late-blossoming heather in his button-hole, and went about his business "rantingly and wantonly," laughing and humming songs like one really *fey* or doomed. But he did not repeat the words or the airs of Unah's tragic ballads, he chose songs which were purely descriptive of the scenery around him and that were indeed written by Lowland poets—

"Will you go, lassie, go  
To the braes o' Balquhider,  
Where the blaeberries grow  
'Mong the bonnie blooming heather?"

"Bonnie lassie, will you go,  
Will you go, will you go;  
Bonnie lassie, will you go  
To the birks of Aberfeldy?"

"The braes ascend like lofty wa's,  
The foamy stream deep-roaring fa's,  
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,  
The birks of Aberfeldy."

The wedding guests were arriving both at the Manse and Drumchatt. It so happened that neither bride nor bridegroom had many relations, but in addition to Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald there were cousins more or less removed on both sides. There were such



of Donald's old trustees as wished to do honour alike to their former charge and their fellow-trustee by gracing the marriage with their presence. There were the best man and one or more bride's-maids to be called together, and Mrs. Macdonald was not to be prevented by any fear and trembling with regard to poor Frank Tempest from decreeing that there should be a wedding breakfast attended by all the gentry in the neighbourhood. Unah's wedding morning dawned at last; she woke in her own room in the Manse to think that she was another creature from the girl who had so often lain down and risen there in tranquillity and light-heartedness, and the world around her was as altered as that girl was.

It was yet early, but she set herself to dress quickly, for she was aware that when the whole house was astir, and above all when certain merry young cousins appointed as her attendants for the day, were moving about, there would be no more rest or retirement for her.

As she dressed her eyes fell on the wedding-gown, which was laid out in its beauty and perfection ready for her wearing later. It was of white silk, almost the first silk gown Unah had ever possessed, and even in the heaviness of her heart she could not help regarding it with innocent admiration. At one time it had seemed odd to her, and she had laughed at the idea that she should be got up in such splendour to be married to Don, whom she had played with in pinafores, and who had seen her clad in her shabbiest, worst-treated frocks. It seemed such a simple matter then that she should marry Don, and go over with him to Drumchatt. It did not appear to warrant a gathering of people, fine clothes, and that trial even to Jenny Reach's philosophy—a wedding breakfast. But the act had ceased to be either simple or natural, and Unah now looked gravely, and with a certain sense of fitness, at the shining and spotless folds of the silk gown, the wreath of orange-blossom, and the veil. Some involuntary fragmentary association with a victim decked out for sacrifice was in her mind, and she reflected, not without regret, that Donald's morning coat would be very sober and ordinary in comparison, and felt a half-wish that the old picturesque dress of his countrymen had been retained, or that he could have put on such a scarlet coat as Montrose chose for his execution, declaring that he was going to meet death as a bridegroom to meet his bride.

According to old Scotch *freits* (supersti-

tious sayings which are proverbs), it is not lucky, or even altogether decorous, for a bride to show herself to more than her own family on her marriage morning. She must sit apart and be waited upon as a personage too seriously engaged and too important to be treated like a common mortal. Above all, she is not to see or be seen by the bridegroom till she is led to his side by her nearest male relation, in the presence of the "mass John" who is to tie the knot.

But brides in Unah's frame of mind, who, however dutiful and resigned, are forced to regard their marriage as the offering up of themselves on the altar of duty, are not apt to pay heed to *freits* or to dread omens. What can fortune bring to them—they feel vaguely, if they do not allow themselves to say it—worse than she has already brought? And Unah had not only the conviction that she would be safer from observation and from the company of the irrepressible cousins if she stole out into the Pass in the interval before breakfast, she had likewise a great longing to see again the places which were no longer hers.

The early fine weather of the autumn had given way to a season of storms, with those sudden great down-pours from the clouds which belong peculiarly to mountainous regions. The Fearn had been in flood repeatedly of late. The minister's fears had been amply fulfilled, not only where his dahlias but where his last French marigolds and china-asters were concerned, with the Manse garden converted more than once into a reach of the encroaching river. The nearest landmarks had been blotted out by a dark grey drizzle, which hid the world as effectually and in a more prosaic fashion than when it was sheeted in white mist; the last was as if the mountains were veiled in their death-shroud, the first as if they had drawn around them, sulkily and savagely, an ugly frieze mantle.

But on the showery wedding morning was seen one of the most singular and striking effects of mountain scenery. The clouds had not descended low on the hills, but remained above Ben Voil itself, to be occasionally rent asunder, disclosing in the rifts the blue sky, over which, ever and anon, the clouds closed ruefully as before, bidding hope begone ere they began to weep big tears afresh. Yet over the mountains there was only a thin semi-transparent haze, through which their forms, plainly visible, loomed more gigantic than in a clear atmosphere, even when the rain came down in torrents. The impression given was as if the hills were

so many smouldering volcanoes sending up the smoke of subterraneous furnaces to the expectant heavens. When the sun's rays burst through the breaks in the clouds the light brought out in richest, softest olives, browns, greys, and purples, the moss, the lichened rocks, and the fading heather, on which the brightness happened to be concentrated. The next moment all was that dim darkness, without effacing any object, of which the ancient Hebrew prophet wrote in his metaphor.

There were elements of awe and terror in the landscape as when the mist had made Ben Voil like the Mount of Transfiguration. Now he was another Sinai, at the moment no man dared approach the mountain, and the unconscious beast which drew near it was stoned or thrust through with a dart. Almost one might think to hear God's trumpet-blast piercing the shrinking ear, and waxing "exceeding loud" in the morning stillness.

When Unah in her usual walking dress passed unnoticed through the porch into the garden, she stood arrested and impressed by the strange scene which met her gaze.

It is the common experience to find nature absolutely without sympathy for our joys and sorrows—and so we rally gaily the storm-cloud which is so rude and will not pass away, when all is clear and sweet in our lives—or we make our moan because of the gentle air and the sunshine that only breathe balm and diffuse brightness, when our spirits are tempest-tossed, and our hearts breaking.

But the strangeness which Unah had found in herself and her immediate surroundings this morning she beheld reflected tenfold in the great outer world, when she went abroad to see once more the dear familiar places which must from this day lose their perfect familiarity, though they had been bound up with every incident in her history hitherto.

Unah hardly knew this marvellously transformed world, yet she tried to realise it as her old world when she looked up at Ben Voil and the Tuaidh. Though they were only thinly veiled, they seemed hiding their faces from her. Were they half withdrawn in stern irresponsiveness, or were they sorry that they, the everlasting guardians of the Pass, had failed her and abandoned her to her fate? She would not again make a morning practice of converting Ben Voil into her weather-glass, or an evening habit of watching for Hesperus to glitter on the brow of the Tuaidh. Neither Ben Voil nor the Tuaidh were visible from Drumchatt in the

centre of the rolling moorland, the recollection of whose sombre monotony came depressingly over Unah's mind at this moment.

She sought out the Fearn, conspicuous in its swollen state. Its natural rich umber brown was converted into a clay colour, and covered with scum and foam-bells till it resembled the "wan water" of a Border ballad. It had furnished her cradle song; it would not again sing her to sleep with a murmur which was so full of syren sweetness, though it had always in the background a pitiless refrain of the tribute due to it, as to any inhuman fairy queen—the tale of corpses that must be reckoned to the river every summer and winter without fail.

Unah had enough sense of Scotch propriety to keep out of sight as far as possible of peering caillach or staring village child, while she entered the mouth of the Pass, which, in the mystery of its present envelopment, was like the jaws of Hades. But the very dream-like unnaturalness of nature this morning combined with the other attractions to lure her on. She seemed entering into the spirit of the landscape under its present aspect, when she walked on as in a vision of the night.

There were many spots where she and "the boys" had played as children—the tree under which she and Don had built their houses—the echo to which the whole young band had never wearied of appealing, catching replies which came back in a softened version of their own riotous challenges. Unah walked a little farther. There was the tree-stump on which she had sat and read "Dred" on a certain cloudless summer afternoon. She had pitied the poor young American heroine who had died of the nineteenth-century pestilence in her lover's arms when the time for their marriage was drawing nigh. Unah could scarcely have conceived any story more piteous, and yet, on her own wedding morning, she was tempted to envy the bride who had died so young and so blest. But the day with its sharpest pang would soon be over, and life would resume its course—deprived of its spring perhaps, invested with a conscious heaviness and weariness, while she herself was still a very young woman—looking not older than she was, as she ought to have looked, but inconsistently young as had always been her foolish way—still it would be a good life, and therefore it must be quite bearable.

There were no fishers on the river to-day, like him she had seen and called to, in order to keep him from harm down there among

the alders by the water's edge ; she had not been able to save him from what he held a sorer hurt on another day.

There were not many yards between the scene of her first meeting and of her last parting with Frank Tempest, though she had been too agitated to take note of the coincidence at the time. Yes, there was the Drumchatt road joining the Pass, just above the green glade beneath Craig Crottach, looming through the dim haze, where dinner was laid out when the Moydarts had their Kettle of Fish the day after the games. Would the picnic be given next year as usual? Unah and Don might be there in the character of old married people instead of young lovers. But no gay Frank Tempest would follow on their steps and crave wistfully to be admitted into their company.

Unah put her hand over her eyes with a quick motion that kept time to a sudden sinking of her heart. A gleam of the fitful sun's rays had shot through the moist, laden atmosphere. The effect was as if to rend the film here and there, to drive together the gossamer till it took the more solid shape of a white mist wreath. The light was on the Drumchatt road, and showed that it was high time Unah should return to the Manse if she would escape the penalty of encountering her bridegroom long before the hour fixed for the marriage ceremony.

Donald on his pony was riding over, as it had been arranged, to the family breakfast—from which Unah, if she were scrupulous, might absent herself to eat her morning meal like Queen Elizabeth with her maidens. The old Drumchatt carriage was left to bring his guests in a more formal fashion before the time fixed for the ceremony. The only departure from the programme was that Donald was not accompanied by his best man, who should have escorted him, as Unah ought to have been attended by her maidens.

She did not linger more than a moment, delayed by an impulse to render herself certain that it was Donald and no other who was approaching, before she would have turned to make her escape ; but in that moment an incident occurred which riveted her to her post of observation. A pedestrian appeared as unexpectedly as the rider, emerging from the shadow of the Craig, and stepping briskly forward to meet the horseman, where the narrow road made an abrupt ascent, with steep wood-fringed banks on each side. Unah, in her ignorance and bewilderment, had a terror-stricken intuition of approaching

calamity, while she stood as if turned to stone and saw it all come to pass. The tall, athletic figure of Frank Tempest, followed by two other figures which remained hovering in the background like Red Indians, swung across the road and barred Donald Drumchatt's way, causing him to pull up his horse in amazement.

There was a parley ; the young Englishman was demanding the hearing which had been denied to him, and the Highlander, no longer behind closed doors, but brought face to face with the petitioner, and incensed by the unheard-of interruption to his pressing errand, gave a disdainful and final refusal to the appeal. Then Frank Tempest caught at the bridle of the pony as Donald Drumchatt sought to pass his opponent on the narrow road, causing the animal to fall back on its haunches. Frank still kept his hold on the bridle, while Donald spurred on the pony. But the rider had to sustain the attack of more assailants, for the two men in the jackets and kilts of ghillies, who had kept behind till now, made a rush out and joined in stopping the pony.

Donald, furious at the outrage committed on his own ground and on his wedding morning, was still unable to free the pony, and fearing that it might be forced over one of the banks, leapt off, and leaving the pony in the hands of the enemy, defied them as gallantly as his stoutest ancestor might have done to prevent his advance on foot.

But Donald's was not the only blood that was at the boiling point. Frank Tempest was mad with imaginary wrongs and an equally imaginary call to renew a crusade in which every man was to fight, like the Gow Chrom, for his own hand, and so to stamp out guile with violence. Yet Frank did not mean murder, and he must have had some reluctance to encounter so unequal a combatant, and some mercy, unsuspected by himself, for Donald Drumchatt's slim figure and scant breath. For although Frank had been taught the noble art of self-defence with other arts at his university, and could strike out in his gloves with skill and swiftness, it was no terrible blow which he delivered to fell his adversary. It might have been a mere piece of horseplay, part of a bad practical joke. It was little better than a rough push to ward off a blow directed against himself, and to admonish Donald Drumchatt that he must submit to circumstances, and relinquish his design of fighting his way single-handed to accomplish his marriage in the teeth of his rival and his old



hereditary foes, who stood there to laugh at the love which was made for shopkeepers and women, and to resist the bridegroom's further progress. Was Drumchatt's forefather specially privileged that he should be the only man to revenge a mistress torn from him? Had he possessed a monopoly of wild justice? Did the Pass retain its tragic name for nothing?

Alas! no; for before the slight stroke, dealt almost without a definite aim in the passion and confusion of the struggle, Donald Drumchatt went down as surely as if it had been bestowed by some ancient giant Conn or Fingal, whose heart was as relentless as his arm was mighty. And as the victim went down he fell from the right bank, rolling over helplessly till stopped by the bushes, causing even his antagonists to pause and stand aghast at the extent of their success, and to hesitate before they followed it up.

The whole incident did not take above three or four minutes in the occurrence, and when the catastrophe came, breaking the spell which had bound her, Unah Macdonald darted forward, without a thought of herself, from the spot where she had seen all—herself unseen, and was the first to reach her bridegroom, where he lay face downwards among the hazels. She broke in on the scene like an angel of pity, whose unlooked for presence stunned Frank Tempest, while it was the beginning of his punishment that she did not waste word or look on him as she flew by.

"What have they done to you, Don?" she cried in grief, putting her arms round the prostrate man to turn his face towards her. "Are you hurt? Tell me, Don." And these weak arms were a more potent defence to him than if six of the strongest men of his clan had started from the brown bracken and stood ranged as his shield. His deadliest foe could not proceed in his purpose when the first act must have been to withdraw Donald Drumchatt by force from such a shelter.

He had received greater injuries than were visible in the scratches on his face and hands, for he groaned and breathed hard, and though his eyes were open they did not turn at once to Unah, while he made no effort to answer her questions.

Frank Tempest, spurning the attempts of his companions to restrain him, and regardless of the consequences, sprang down the bank to offer his assistance to Unah, as if he had not been the author of the disaster. "I am very sorry, Miss Macdonald," he said humbly; "let me help you."

"No, no; go away," she said. "How can you come near him?"

Her protest was not without reason, for as Donald recovered and rallied his forces with difficulty, his look took in at a glance Frank Tempest and Unah stooping together over him. All the florid colour which had fled from his face returned for an instant in a deep flush. He set his teeth together and drew down his brows as he strove to master his sharp pain, and gasped for breath. There was a silent interval of a few doubtful seconds, which felt like an age to some of the persons engaged in the scene, during which the curtain of vapour rolled down again over the sunlight, and the strange dimming of the day, which was neither light nor darkness, once more prevailed over the landscape. At last Unah looked round, and said to Donald, with an accent of relief which was almost glad in its gratitude, "Here is your cousin coming, Don, and yonder is Malise Gow, sent to fetch me; they will be able to render you assistance."

At the same time one of the Macgregors followed Frank Tempest down the bank, and pressed on him so effectual a remonstrance that the leader of the enterprise, which had collapsed in the moment of victory, was induced to withdraw with his subordinates before the approach of further witnesses.

Under the stimulus of Donald Drumchatt's cousin's astonishment and consternation at the situation in which he found the bridegroom, and Malise Gow's unrestrained lamentation, Donald himself, though his back was at the wall, succeeded in asserting his authority and issuing his directions. He had struggled into a sitting posture, with a face again livid and a fight for breath which still continued; but he could not only tell what he wished, he could insist on his wishes being carried into effect.

"John Macdonald"—he addressed his cousin without vouchsafing any explanation, and indeed he had neither strength nor wind to spare—"you will take Miss Macdonald back to the Manse"—the mention of her name, which he made with stern impassiveness, was the first notice he had taken of the presence of the bride who had rushed to succour him—"and you will send the minister instantly to me. I shall return to Drumchatt, I am as near the one place as the other, and I wish to go home. I can do it if you will stop your clamour, Malise Gow, and employ yourself more usefully catching the pony, getting me into the saddle, and walking by me till we reach the stable."



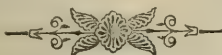


"THE BRIDE'S PASS."



Nobody disputed Donald's right to decide what was to be done in the misfortune which had befallen him, and nothing fitter as a resource suggested itself. His condition was not likely to be improved by his lying on the sodden bank till a doctor—a country doctor, who might be many a mile away—was summoned. The bridle-path to Drumchatt did not admit of a carriage being brought to carry away the bridegroom who had ridden forth blithely, as became his position. And, although it seemed hardly possible

when he spoke the words that he could fulfil his part of the programme, it proved, when he was lited up the bank and put on the pony, that he could keep his seat, though with what pangs he only knew. So Donald started, with his face turned back to Drumchatt, while Malise Gow, the more demonstrative of the two, was wiping the sweat-drops from his brow as he trudged at the laird's elbow. And the bewildered best man did his kinsman's mission, conducting Unah, grown white and speechless as a ghost, back to the Manse.



"THINE THEY ARE."

ON the shore the wavelets lapping,  
Eddy, babbling as they run,  
Dancing, racing, whispering,  
Laughing, sparkling in the sun.

Strays of sea-weed in they carry,  
Tiny shells and pebbles bright,  
Place them gently on the sand beach,  
Then quick turn and slip from sight.

Children carrying wooden shovels,  
Holding dainty frocks on high,  
Brown and fair legs, slim and sturdy  
Boys and girls come pattering by.

And the wavelets run to meet them,  
Singing, "Come, oh! come and play.  
All our treasures we will show you—  
Only, please, don't go away."

So the children answer gaily,  
With advance and mock retreat,  
And the triplets splash and gurgle,  
Kissing all their pearly feet.

Out at sea long waves are rising,  
Round, dull, foam-capped now and then,  
And a coble labouring through them  
Homeward brings three toil-worn men.

Weary with their bitter struggle—  
Sixteen hours of constant strain,  
Eighty miles of ocean battling,  
Scanty daily bread to gain.

And the restless ocean angers  
As the night falls o'er the land;  
And the crested breakers thunder  
Now four-deep across the strand.

Anxious grew the tired faces,  
"Give the tiller to my hand,"  
Said the old man, "she *must* pass them,  
Or we never more shall land."

Down came the brown sail creaking,  
Springing forward with a bound;  
Up the foam flew and inwrapped her,  
'Mid the waters boiling round.

Five long minutes, then the coble,  
Quivering, trembling, safely lies  
At her mooring, 'neath the Corbin,  
From the storm-beridden skies.

Happy wee ones! rippling wavelets!  
Toiling men, and raging seas!  
All are children of One Father,  
And live out His great decrees.

E. GARNETT.



## TO ICELAND.

BY MRS. BLACKBURN ("J. B.").

## II.



THORSHAVN is situated on a point running out into the bay, with a landing-place on each side. The houses are detached and scattered irregularly about; some so close to the sea that they must get well splashed when the wind blows into the ill-sheltered harbour. The foundations are of stone but the houses themselves are built of wood, painted red or black or brown, and the roofs are covered with turf, on which a good crop of grass was flourishing green or turning to russet-coloured hay. From a picturesque point of view, it is one of the prettiest towns I ever saw. The peeps of sea between the bright-coloured houses, and the brown varnished boats drawn up into odd corners would have been excellent subjects for a water-colour sketch, had there been time to attempt such a thing. The steep, ill-paved streets were muddy, as the day had been damp. Large quantities of fish of different sorts and sizes were nailed up on the houses in rows to dry, while the garbage was lying about in jawholes, where cats and ducks scrambled for it. These nocturnal animals and one wretched little sheep tied near the town were all the live stock we saw; the dogs and fowls must have gone to bed. The place had a decided smell of its own, but not nearly so foul as Billingsgate nor so far-reaching as Barra in the herring season.

After remaining for some hours in harbour,

to get the coals conveniently stowed for the open-sea voyage, we started on the morning of Wednesday, the 26th. There was a strong wind and a very rough sea outside, so we put back for breakfast. On our second start the sea was less rough than we expected, but still pretty bad. I found it very difficult to keep my seat anywhere but on the cabin floor, and even there I had to jam myself up against the berths to be steady enough to finish a drawing. We had intended to sail round the north of Iceland within the Arctic circle, in order to see the midnight sun, but the weather was still very foggy, and at Thorshavn we heard such reports of the quantity of ice on the north coast that our delightful project was reluctantly given up. We went instead by the south coast to Reykjavik, the capital, which lies on the south-west side of the island. In my geographical ignorance I expected to find Iceland about the size of the Isle of Wight, with a volcano in the middle of it, and to see the whole island as we rode to Geysir.\* The island is in reality somewhat larger than Ireland, and full of hot springs and volcanoes, of which Hekla is by no means the most conspicuous in magnitude or destructiveness; and in going to Geysir we saw only a little of the island, and that not the wildest part. Any one wishing to know about the island and its inhabitants should read Ebenezer Henderson's book entitled "Iceland: or, the Journal of a Residence in that Island during the years 1814, 1815, &c." It contains no flippancy or abuse of the natives; and, though the modern summer tourist may sneer at the missionary's old-fashioned piety, it is pretty sure to be quoted when any real information is wanted. In Lord Dufferin's "Letters from High Latitudes" there is a good deal about Iceland most pleasantly told, and a very graphic description of the ride to Geysir. Mr. Dasent's translation of the Burnt Njal Saga should also be read; it is a most interesting book.

On Thursday, the 27th, we came in sight of land: great white snowy mountains, Jökuls, as they are called, glimmered through

\* The word Geysir is not applied by the Icelanders to hot springs in general, but is the special name of the great hot spring we visited. It is as great a mistake to speak of the "Geysirs" as to speak of the "Strokkrs," or to apply the name Hekla to all the Icelandic volcanoes.



Reykjavik  
from the station



the mist. As we got nearer the coast, huge castellated cliffs appeared, one with a natural archway large enough for a ship to sail through. These form part of the Vestmanna Islands, one of which is inhabited. As in St. Kilda, the people live principally on fulmars, and their children, when about a week old, are attacked by a peculiar disease, a kind of tetanus, which in the Vestmannas is always fatal. We steamed along at some distance from the shore, passing huge glaciers that sloped from the mountains to a dark purple shore of lava sand; then a great waterfall; occasionally a green plain dotted with what seemed to be peat-stacks; Hekla, towering in the background; flat ground with rising steam from hot springs; sharp jagged rocks that looked in the distance like the spires of some great cathedral; finally a long, black, flat point, so devoid of interest that we retired to bed.

At 3.30 A.M. we were aroused by the rattling of the chain as the anchor was dropped in the harbour of Reykjavik. I went on deck amid a cold, damp drizzle, and saw a shore of dark grey sand, a town about the apparent size of Girvan—only with one church instead of many—and consisting of rows of detached wooden houses, not unlike big bathing-machines. Conspicuous on the height behind the town were a windmill; the governor's house, slated, many-windowed, and whitewashed; and the College, in the same style, but yellow. Three wooden jetties ran into the sea, and there were a few trading vessels at anchor in the bay. Later in the day, with a clear sky, bright sun, hills visible, and a liberal display of the Danish flag, the place assumed a much more cheerful aspect.

As some time was required to make transport and commissariat arrangements for so large a party, we could not expect to be ready to start for Geysir before Monday morning. Meanwhile we were to live on board the *Mastiff*, and make acquaintance with Reykjavik and its environs. On the forenoon of Friday we all went on shore and proceeded in a body to pay our respects to the Governor. According to the custom of the country, the front door stood open, and we walked in through a suite of apartments with bare wooden floors. Instead of carpet there was a little embroidered rug here and there under a table. The rooms do not look at all like ours; there is a stove instead of a fire-place with its customary chimney-piece ornaments, and altogether less furniture. The patterns of embroidery on

the chairs were unlike those of England, in spite of their supposed origin; for it is recorded that a lady was brought from England in the olden time, to teach the Icelanders the art of embroidery, for which the Anglo-Saxons of that period were celebrated. At Hólum the house she lived in is still pointed out as the "English lady's house." Since then the English have been more distinguished for chemical skill in compounding colours than for artistic taste in blending them. Let us hope the Kensington Renaissance may re-establish their reputation. There were many more glass-windows than I expected to find in so cold a country. In almost all of them there were flowers: geraniums, cactuses, roses, and the large white carnation common in greenhouses. The universal white muslin curtains also helped to give a cheerful look to the street. Many of the houses are surrounded by white wooden palings enclosing a space which in England would be a garden, but which here contained nothing but grass or teemed with "hateful docks . . . losing both beauty and utility." Among the grass everywhere was a profusion of buttercups, which an Iclander told me are called *sól-eyg* (pronounced like *sól-ee*), the "sun's eye." There were no daisies.

Reykjavik is cleaner and has fewer smells than most towns I have been in. I did not see fish offal at the landing-place, or dirt-heaps or filth of any sort in the streets we went through. One missed the familiar metropolitan smells of gas, decaying green-grocery, drains, butchers' shops, game-dealers' shops, druggists' shops, and that overwhelming odour of coal-smoke which in Glasgow renders all others nearly indistinguishable. The smell of fish might, indeed, be perceived if one went in among those that were spread out to dry in yards or on a strip of grass on the shore, or that lay packed in square heaps ready for exportation; but it did not pervade the air, which was fresh and pure. I do not know what is done with the refuse of the fish; it was not a prominent feature of the place, as is usual even in fishing stations where gulls are numerous. The fish heads are split to the jaw and hung up over a string to dry; while the backbones are laid out on the rocks to be prepared for fuel, or pounded down and mixed with hay to feed the cattle in time of scarcity. Reykjavik is not like any town I have seen. There are no wheeled vehicles, soldiers, policemen, or sparrows; and there is an utter absence of amenities, such as gardens, parks, promenades, or seats. To Naples it presents the most striking con-

trast — no crowding, noise, beggars, rags, deformities, or cruelty to animals, which are so offensive to the traveller. During our stay in the island we did not see a single drunk person. Some travellers say that the Icelanders are a dirty people, but their bright complexions prevent them looking so. The idea of cleanliness certainly exists among them, since their name for Saturday is *Laugar-dagr*, or "washing-day." I do not think any one who is familiar with the abodes of the Celtic population in this country, or who has been in a Spanish railway station, or, above all, who has visited Amalfi, would consider the Icelanders dirty. Cleanliness, after all, is only comparative, and must depend a good deal on circumstances. It is not given to every one to sit under the shadow of the soap-works of St. Rollox, or to have coals in abundance, and Loch Katrine flowing into the house. Hot water is indispensable for cleanliness; but in Reykjavik fuel is not very plentiful, and the water has to be carried. So the people make use of certain hot springs to which they carry their clothes to be washed, a few miles of boggy ground having to be crossed before the hot springs are reached.

After visiting Governor Finnson and some of the principal people, we dispersed in small parties, and rambled about the town. The first object that attracted our attention was a very aged woman drawing water at a well by means of an old ship's steering-wheel. One of the gentlemen helped her to turn it, and then proposed to carry her water-stoup for her, but could not find out where she wanted it to be taken: whichever way he moved, the old woman only grinned, and said, "Yiaou, yiaou." She looked like the aged spae-wife who in children's story-books suddenly casts her slough, and appears as a benevolent fairy. Benevolence did appear on this occasion, but in another form: a gentleman came out of a neighbouring house, invited us into his neat little parlour, told us what sights we should see, and finally guided us to them himself. His name was Jon Jonson, a very common one in Iceland. There are few permanent surnames; they are generally derived from the father's Christian name. For instance, Jon Njalson might have a son called Njal Jonson; Njal Jonson's children might be M. or N. Njalson or Njalsdóttir.

We went to the museum, a queer place up in a roof. There we found many curious old things, among others a rude wooden crucifix, which had been found in a lava

cave, supposed to be the habitation of one of the early Christian hermits from Ireland. The hermits were the first settlers in Iceland, arriving before it was colonised by the present Norwegian race. There were richly embroidered ecclesiastical garments, altar-cloths, and Spanish leather hangings, old jewellery, and horse-furniture, among which I remarked a chair-shaped side-saddle,\* heavily ornamented with brass, and a man's stirrups made of a semicircular sheep's horn, with a wooden bar across it for the foot to rest on. There were also boxes, carved with figures of old-fashioned knights and ladies riding with hawk and hound. We visited the library, which was also in a wooden loft. It contained a good many manuscripts (among others, a book of magic, with strange figures in it), a copy of the first Bible printed in Iceland, at Hólum, in 1584; some English and American books, as well as translations of English works, among others "Paradise Lost." Then we went to a saddler, and bought some valises, satchels, and whips, all pretty good of their kind. The bits we saw there were all curbs, with long brass shafts of handsome patterns, but very heavy. I asked why they used such severe ones, and was told it was to teach the riding ponies to amble; that is, to lift both legs on the same side at once, instead of hind and front on the opposite sides simultaneously, as in the natural trot. We visited a jeweller's workshop, and saw many unfinished brooches, and other ornaments of very pretty patterns in filigree, in plain and gilt silver; buttons and belts for ladies' dresses, and gold-thread embroidery on velvet for trimming pockets. There were a good many dogs about the streets, like mongrel Spitzes, with curly tails, and very friendly dispositions.

After an early dinner on board the *Masteriff*, we returned to the College, where Mrs. Arnason and her niece, Sigurder Jonsdóttir, very kindly allowed me to sketch them in their national dresses. The full dress consisted of a helmet-shaped head-dress of some stiff white stuff, with a golden tiara round the front of it, and a large lace veil over all; a black cloth jacket, partly open in front, trimmed with velvet and gold embroidery; a black cloth skirt, of moderate length, and pretty full, embroidered with yellow silk. The belt was very handsome, being covered with gold ornaments. For

\* The same shape is still used by the women in Iceland, but we were provided by the guides with English side saddles.

out of doors there was a long round black velvet cloak, trimmed with white fur, and lined with green cloth. The shoes are generally like those worn in the Faroe Islands. The everyday dress is a black cloth jacket, trimmed with velvet, but not embroidered; a dark skirt, and a large apron of some bright colour. A silk necktie is also worn, the colour of which ought to match that of the apron. Diversity of taste, however, is exhibited both in the colour of these parts of the dress and in the fineness of the work on the chemisette and cuffs. The head-dress is a small black worsted cap, with a long black silk tassel, and it is worn by all classes, the only difference being in the gold, silver, or tinsel ornament on the tassel, and the slightly larger size of the caps worn by the old women. Unfortunately, we had no language in common. My sitters were extremely patient, and the other members of the family showed their good-will by constantly bringing me clean water to paint with. Mr. Arnason's little boy played the piano, and sang to us Icelandic, Faroese, and Danish songs, winding up with "God save the Queen," which seems a well-known and favourite tune in Iceland.

On Saturday we went ashore again, and I sketched some cottages in the neighbourhood. While we were wandering about amongst them, a man who was drying fish on the big rough boulder stones that lay scattered about invited us into his cottage. The walls were of rough stones and turf, and the floor was earthen. The kitchen formed a little hut at the end of the passage, with a peat fire on a few stones. On the fire was a pot containing a dried cod's head, boiling down into soup. A hole in the roof served for chimney. In the other room, on the ground-floor, was a little hand-mill. The people seemed much amused at my calling it a "quern," which is very like their own name for it. It resembled those used in the Highlands long ago, and among the Arabs of the present day, except that the handle was made of the shank-bone of a sheep instead of wood. It seemed to be a regular utensil in all the houses. As they import all their cereals, I was surprised they did not do so in the more convenient and portable form of meal or flour. They probably prefer grain as less liable to adulteration. We ascended by a ladder and trap-door into the upper chamber in the roof. It was a very tidy place, with a window at each gable end, a row of beds on one side

and chests on the other, and an iron stove. The uncarpeted floor was as clean as the deck of a yacht. The good-wife was a nice-looking young woman; and there were some rosy, healthy-looking children; and cats, as usual.

In the afternoon we picnicked on Videy Island, and visited the eider-ducks' nests. We had as our guide and interpreter Miss Thora Péttrsson, the Bishop's daughter, a most agreeable and intelligent young lady, well informed, and an excellent linguist. The weather was lovely, and we had a delightful sail of a few miles across the bay in the ships' boats. On landing, we went up to the proprietor's house, a large white-washed building, with a good many windows and a large roof of wood. There was a little church close to it, several outhouses for cattle and sheep, and a smithy. In the house was a large room, with a bare floor as usual, and not much furniture; a piano, on which were lying music-books containing Scotch and English airs. A party of students occupied part of the house, reading during the college vacation. Some of them, as well as a good many of the people we saw elsewhere, wore spectacles. Videy is precipitous round the coast, and covered with very fine pasture, something like the islands of Muck and Canna. There were eider-ducks' nests all about on the grass. The birds sitting on them were perfectly tame, not getting off their eggs until we almost touched them, and then only walking away a few yards. They are very carefully preserved, and no one is allowed to destroy them. The fine, dark down with which they fill their nests is of considerable value, being sold at 12s. per lb. They are robbed of it once or twice; but, if too often, they cannot renew it, and desert the nest. The eggs, too, must only be taken away in moderate numbers. As soon as the young are hatched, the mother takes them to the sea. Some of the nests were on the top of steep cliffs, and it would be interesting to see how she manages to convey them to the water. We saw many with dark downy broods swimming about near the shore, some of the young sitting on the mother's back. A great many terns, called by the Icelanders *Kría*, had nests there, and flew over our heads, screaming and swooping at us. A great heap of eider-down lay at the door of the house, and the inhabitants carried handfuls about, picking out the straws and other extraneous matter to prepare it for sale. I should have liked to see



more of the interior of the house, but the owner said it was not in good order just then. As it was *Laugar-dagr* afternoon, perhaps they were cleaning up. The contents of our hampers were spread out on the grass ready for us on our return from the walk, and we were no less ready to do justice to the victuals. Indeed, the judgment of some of the party was so perverted by hunger as to lead them to assert that the luncheon was the most enjoyable part of the expedition.

We had to return to the *Mastiff* in good time as Mr. Burns had invited fourteen of

the principal Reykjavikians to dinner at seven o'clock. They arrived punctually, the Governor receiving the due salute of nineteen guns as he came on board. He was in uniform, with cocked hat and feathers; and some of the ladies came in the national full dress already described. The first question we were sure to be asked by any Icclander who could speak English was, whether Mr. Burns was related to the poet. Burns's poetry seems to be well known among them; and a gentleman who sat next me at dinner said he found it easier to understand than English, as so many of the Scotch words resemble the



Norse. After dinner we drank the healths of our respective Royal families, Governor Finn- sen returning thanks for the King of Denmark in French, and also proposing the health of the "*Mastiffs*." We then came on deck for coffee. It was a beautiful, warm, sunshiny evening; and, as one of the crew could play the accordion, we had dancing, first a Scotch reel performed by a selection of "*Mastiffs*," and then the more cosmopolitan waltz and polka. The entertainment was brought to an end by joining hands and singing "*Auld Lang Syne*," a song more sentimental than appropriate, as many of us had never met before, and after a

few days could hardly hope ever to meet again. On Sunday we had service on board in the morning, singing some hymns and Scotch paraphrases which had been printed at Reykjavik for the occasion, and very correctly, considering that the language was foreign to the printer. We afterwards attended service in the cathedral, an unpretentious building covered with plaster, which looked as if the climate did not agree with it. On the altar were lighted candles in tall brass candlesticks, and over it was a large picture, representing, I think, the "*Ascension*." In front of the altar-rails stood a white marble font sculp-

tured with appropriate subjects by Thorwaldsen,\* whose father was an Iclander. The gallery and wooden seats in the body of the church were like what might be in any of the old country kirks in Scotland. The service was Lutheran, all the Icelanders being of that persuasion. I was not in time to see the function at the altar, or the changing of vestments. There was a good deal of singing, and the sermon was preached by a clergyman in a black gown and large white stiff ruff. The ruff with his peaked beard made him look like a portrait by Vandyke. He had a good voice, and the language (old Norwegian) sounded soft and pleasing; those who understood it listened with great attention. The pulpit was decorated with gilding and an Icelandic inscription. The congregation seemed to sit or stand according to fancy, and to go out and in as they pleased without any disturbance. The women were in national costume, some in the white helmets, but most in the little black cap with a grey plaid which they drew partly over their heads as they went out. Both men and women seem to wrap themselves up well, the men usually having worsted comforters round their throats even on the days that we thought warm.

\* Near the cathedral in a grass-grown space is a statue of Thorwaldsen by himself.

Some of the little girls were dressed in trousers with short petticoats over them, a fashion



Church Reykjavik

which was common in this country about fifty years ago, and which the Bloomers tried to revive for grown-up persons.

## THE CLIFF-DWELLERS OF THE FAR WEST.

WE Old World people are prone to vanity in exhibiting to American travellers the monuments of dim antiquity. Chaldea and Egypt lure our trans-Atlantic kinsmen by thousands from their homes; and the older vestiges of man's handiwork—the megalithic structures like Stonehenge, the pile-dwellings of the Swiss lakes, are even more calculated to inspire with veneration the citizens of the Great Republic.

Four hundred years ago our village churches stood, as they now stand, records of architectural beauty; four hundred years ago America was not a name, and Amerigo Vespucci, its sponsor, had scarce begun to roam.

Since the memorable days of Columbus and his noble followers, our ideas of America have been so intimately associated with the western civilisation that was engrafted upon it, that we are apt to think that the New World is new indeed, and unstocked with relics of the past.

But the history of the aboriginal races is

fraught with deepest interest, and the sad story of the destruction of the three centres of native civilisation—Mexico, Central America, and Peru—is one of the saddest scenes in the great drama of history. On the high plateau of Mexico, in the dense jungle of Yucatan, North America finds its Babylon, its Nineveh, its Memphis, and its Thebes.

When the Spanish invaders entered Mexico they found the Aztecs using bronze implements, but they discovered no trace of iron. Bernal Diaz, a private soldier in the army of Cortez, relates how they mistook the shining bronze axes of the Mexicans for gold, and spent three days in bartering glass beads for them, reaping as much benefit by the transaction as the poor natives whom they deluded. The Mexican name for bronze was *tepuztli*, and having no word for iron they called it *tliltic tepuztli*, or black bronze.

American native civilisation furnishes us with the only example in comparatively modern times of an age of bronze. Europe, Asia, and Africa were once in this state, for

bronze, in almost every instance, preceded iron. In Egypt there is no trace of iron before the twelfth dynasty, which ended four thousand years ago. The now celebrated Cleopatra's Needle was fashioned during this epoch, and it is not unlikely that the huge monolith was hewn from the parent rock at Syene, and embellished with its strange hieroglyphs, without the aid of iron tools.

Iron, however, is immeasurably superior to bronze for cutting tools, and immediately upon its discovery or introduction superseded the older alloy. This we know to have been the case everywhere in the Old World where archaeological researches have been carried on; and contemporary writers inform us that within a year or two after the Spanish invasion the Mexicans adopted the new metal, and abandoned bronze for ever.

That some intercourse between Ancient Egypt and Western America once subsisted seems probable, not only from the similarity of the pyramids and sculpture, but from other coincidences—such as the worship of the jackal. But it has been asked why, if Mexico had dealings with the Old World, did they not learn some of the most useful and simple of arts? They did not know how to put handles on to their stone hammers in an effectual manner; they did not use bronze for knives or spear-heads. Surely such useful and simple processes might have been learned from their cultured traders. Again, they possessed none of the Old World cereals, which would have thriven, as they do now, in Mexico, and which might easily have been purchased. So we might go on, pointing out case after case, for the civilisation of Anahuac—the land by the waterside—as Old Mexico was called, is a strange mixture of culture and ignorance.

This may possibly be explained by the intercourse between east and west having been of very ancient date, and of a very slight character. Indeed, it seems likely to have been of this nature, for Western America was by no means a desirable field for commercial speculation. It was only to be reached by long and perilous voyages across the ocean, and it could offer but few inducements to the merchants of old, and none comparable with the treasures of the Indies. Still, slight as this intercourse must have been, it may have left its traces on Anahuac, just as the old Aztec language has given a few words to European tongues. Our words chocolate, tomato, chili, ocelot, and copal, for example, are from the Aztec *chocolatl*, *tomatl*, *chilli*, *ocelotl*, and *copalli*.

In their calendar we have what seems to be conclusive proof of Asiatic influence. It is of a very complicated nature, and its principle is precisely the same as that still in use in Tartary and Thibet. This, too, may have been of early introduction, for Mangolia once possessed a high state of civilisation, as we learn from Marco Polo, whose travels in the land of Prester John until recently were looked upon as idle tales, just as subsequently an edition of Munchausen was dedicated to Bruce as a delicate tribute to the value of his Abyssinian travels.

The Aztecs used stone tools almost as much as bronze, and from the black volcanic glass called obsidian they manufactured knives and other implements, just as the Oregon Indians do to this day. All analogy would lead us to infer that time was when the Aztecs were unacquainted with the use of metal, and when stone, bone, wood, and such-like readily accessible materials furnished them with their sole implements. Such has been the history of Europe and Asia, and even in Egypt there is ample proof of a Stone Age having preceded the use of bronze. The Aztecs, again, were not the original civilisers of Anahuac, though with the question of Mexican invasions we are not now concerned, but Aztec tradition asserts that they came from the north, just as the Toltecs had done before them. It is in this direction, then, that we must look for relics of the true Aztec Stone Age, and most wonderfully have the investigations in this region brought to light the relics of the pre-Mexican Aztec Stone Age.

To the north of Mexico lie the territories of New Mexico, Arizona, and Colorado, and in the south-western part of the last, and the northern, adjoining portions of the two former, are found the remains of a semi-civilised people who knew not the use of metal, but who built well-constructed towns and watch-towers in the lowlands, and great dwellings high up the precipitous cliffs of the water-courses—dwellings which recall to our mind the Petra of the East.

Through the centre of Colorado, and into Mexico, the Rocky Mountains extend, and form a watershed from which rivers run eastwards and westwards. In southern Colorado the Rio San Juan rises among the San Juan Mountains, and, gathering the lesser streams from the same range, flows westwards. North of this the Rio Dolores heads in the San Miguel Mountains, and, taking a westerly and northerly course, eventually joins the Rio Grande.



It is in the upper courses of these two rivers that the ruins we are about to describe are situated. The whole country is desolate in the extreme. The hoary mountains tower to the height of fourteen thousand feet, bleak and bare. The scanty, unequally distributed rains and snows they gather are collected into streams which descend to the comparatively low lands to the south and west. But in place of leaping, cascading burns, we have, in the rainy season, impetuous torrents; in the dry seasons, desolate courses in which here and there a stagnant pool remains. Nor are the river valleys such as we Europeans are familiar with; for, instead of picturesque, sloping valleys, we have only deep, gloomy ravines known as cañons (pronounced *canyons*), sawed through almost horizontal strata to a depth of from five hundred to two thousand feet; often so narrow that the sunlight scarcely illuminates them; frequently so precipitous as to be utterly unscalable. A few cottonwood-trees are dotted along these cañons, and ever and anon, where they widen out, a patch of scanty, wiry grass tinges the landscape with refreshing green. Above is the rolling plateau, a semi-desert waste of sand and sage-bush, with sombre piñon pines. Mile upon mile of waterless desolation surrounds the traveller, and mile upon mile of irritating, mirage-flickering alkali desert.

Yet this dreary land was once thronged with semi-civilised races, though now only the degraded Ute and Navajo Indians roam among the cañons, seeking pasture for their scanty flocks, just as the Arab wanders over the deserts of the East, and camps amid the ruins of Babylon, Tadmor, and Petra.

Something was already known of the ruined cities of Arizona and New Mexico, and meagre accounts had already reached us of similar relics in Colorado, but not until the Geological Survey of the Territories pushed its researches into these forbidding districts, under Dr. F. V. Hayden, did their full importance become revealed. Two members of his staff, Messrs. W. H. Holmes and W. H. Jackson, were especially delegated to examine and report upon these archæological wonders. Their account forms part of a splendid volume just published,\* which is embellished with maps and plates so plentifully, and so admirably executed, as to be almost beyond praise.

Mr. Holmes chiefly confined his attention to the Rio San Juan and its tributaries. The

first ruins he describes are those of a village built on the banks of the Rio La Plata, twenty-five miles above its confluence with the San Juan. This will serve as a type of a certain class of remains.

The ruins consist of mounds in the shape of rectangles, circles, ellipses, and clusters of rectangular and curved apartments. We shall see that the circle enjoyed a peculiar sanctity among the race who fashioned these structures. No matter how cramped was the space at their command for building, a certain portion was always reserved for the erection of a circular tower or chamber. Some of the Indian tribes at present construct similar chambers, to which the name of *estufa* is applied. These are used as council chambers, and in them are performed certain religious rites.

The principal *estufa* at this place is sixty feet in diameter, dug two or three feet below the level of the ground, the walls still standing four feet above that level.

The rectangular enclosures are mostly set with their sides accurately in the direction of the cardinal points. Some, however, vary from this position; but this has been deliberately planned. The largest of these single rectangles measures a hundred by a hundred and fifty feet. The whole ruins are scattered over an area of about two miles in circuit, and are quite unprotected by defensive earthworks.

On the San Juan River, thirty-five miles below the mouth of the La Plata, Mr. Holmes came upon the first traces of cave-dwellings. The river bank here forms a bluff about forty feet in height, and half way up were seen cave-like openings, which, upon examination, were found to be artificial. They were shallow, but had once been deeper, the rock having weathered away considerably since their excavation. Fragments of plaster still remained on the walls, and they were originally, in all probability, walled up in front, with doors and windows, as we shall presently see was the custom.

On the top of the bluff, above the caves, were the remains of stone structures; a rectangular enclosure, thirty-four by forty feet, divided into compartments, a large circular double-walled enclosure, a hundred and thirty-six feet in diameter, and a circular tower, surrounded by a wall. The tower is built of unhewn stones, so carefully selected that the curve is quite smooth. It stands now only two feet above the soil, but has evidently been much higher—say twenty feet.

Proceeding up the Rio Mancos, Mr. Holmes

\* "Tenth Ann. Rep. U.S. Geol. and Geog. Survey of the Territories." By F. V. Hayden, U.S. Geologist. Washington. 1878



Cliff-dwellers of Rio Mancos. From a Drawing by Mr. W. H. Holmes.

came upon the great haunt of the cave-dwellers. The valley of this river was a very vale of wonders. Commencing with low bluffs at its mouth it runs into the Mesa Verde, the banks getting higher and higher, until they merge into a grand and gloomy cañon thirty miles long, and from one to two thousand feet deep. The bottom of this gorge, owing to the soft shales and clay out of which it is excavated, forms a V-shaped hollow, some hundreds of feet deep; above, for a thousand feet, rise a series of step-like terraces, formed by alternating sandstones and shales; and towering beyond all this rise lofty, precipitous, embattled cliffs of massive sandstones.

The whole of this wonderful valley is replete with relics of the cliff-dwellers, who found perfect security in the rocks, and pasturage by the water-side beneath.

About a mile from the junction of the Rio Mancos with the San Juan is a beautiful

cave-town. The rocks around are picturesque in the extreme, breaking up into fantastic shapes, standing out in weather-battered prominences, pierced here and there with natural holes, so that it is difficult sometimes not to believe one is gazing upon the ruins of a grand fortress. This deception is rendered the more realistic by the discovery of square, artificial orifices, which look like windows.

When these are reached by climbing the illusion vanishes, and the windows are found to be "door-ways to shallow and irregular apartments, hardly sufficiently commodious for a race of pignies. Neither the outer openings nor the apertures that communicate between the caves are large enough to allow a person of large stature to pass, and one is led to suspect that these nests were not the dwellings proper of these people, but occasional resorts for women and children,

and that the somewhat extensive ruins in the valley were their ordinary dwelling-places." The fronts of these caves are walled up with stones, excepting the doorway.

Perched high upon the brink of the promontory above stands a watch-tower, still twelve feet in height. Numerous other towers occur along this valley, one of which, named by our explorers the High Tower of Rio Mancos, is worthy of more detailed description. It is nine feet in diameter, and still stands sixteen feet high. Towards the river is a window eight feet from the ground, and attached to the same side are the ruins of three rectangular apartments. Mr. Holmes is of opinion that the tower window communicated with one of the adjoining compartments. "The advantage of such an arrangement," he remarks, "in a defensive work, is clearly apparent, and evinces not a little intelligence and forethought on the part of the builders. Being built in connection with dwellings and places of resort, they could, in case of alarm, be reached with ease from within, and be altogether secure from without."

One cannot but be struck, in reading this account, with the similarity of these structures to the round towers of Ireland and the brochs and burghs of the north of Scotland, which, though more pretentious structures, and of prehistoric date, were, within the last seven hundred years, applied to similar purposes. The castle keep was another illustration of the same idea, and in some cases had no communication from the ground floor, and the Martello towers on our coasts are but the most recent expression of this archaic and wide-spread notion.

Ten miles from the foot of the cañon the cliff-dwellings are reached, and here stands the original of our illustration. The dwellings are situated about forty feet above the bed of the river, and are excavated in a bed of shale which intersects the sandstone. This shale has weathered away, leaving a kind of horizontal groove about four feet high and from four to six feet deep. "In this a row of diminutive houses has been built. Three of these are almost perfect, having a fresh look that certainly belies their age. Four others are much more decayed, and fragments of wall only cling to the cliffs. They have been made to occupy the full height and depth of the crevice, so that when one reaches it at the only accessible point, he is between two houses, and must pass through these to get to the others. The doorways are quite small, and bear

no evidence of the fitting or hanging of doors; and the windows, of which a number open to the front, are but a few inches square."

The walls are built of small stones, roughly worked on the outside, and are from eight to ten inches thick. The stones are laid in mortar, into the thicker seams of which fragments of pottery and flakes of sandstone have been stuck. "The marks of the masons' pick are as fresh as if made within a few years, and the fine, hard mud-mortar which has been applied with the bare hands, still retains impressions of the minute markings of the cuticle of the fingers."

The house to the left hand of the drawing has two apartments, the farthest of which has a curved wall conforming with the end of the crevice floor, which beyond this is broken away. At this place were found a bin of charred corn, and a fine specimen of a stone celt or hatchet, which, for aught one can tell from the drawing, might have been picked up in England.

Wonderful as this discovery was it was eclipsed by a scene disclosed farther up the cañon, at a place to which the appropriate name of Cliff Town has been given. This group was first observed a quarter of a mile off, and so skilfully were the houses hidden in the dark recesses of the cliff, that Mr. Holmes had commenced to sketch the scene, with the aid of a field glass, before he detected a mansion which he called the House of Sixteen Windows.

The buildings are in recesses of the rock eight hundred feet above the river. The lower five hundred feet of the cañon side is of rough cliff-broken slope, and the rest of massive bedded sandstone, full of niches, crevices, and caves. "Within one hundred feet of the cliff top, set deep in a great niche, with arched, overhanging roof, is the upper house, its front wall built along the very brink of a sheer precipice. Thirty feet below, in a similar but less remarkable niche, is the larger house, with its long line of (sixteen) apertures, which I afterwards found to be openings intended rather for the insertion of beams than for windows."

The lower house was readily accessible, and the arrangement of the rooms was too complicated to be described without the aid of diagrams. In the centre was the usual circular estufa, carefully plastered. The entrance to this sacred spot was by a curious covered way leading through several apartments. This passage was twenty feet long, thirty inches wide, and only twenty-two



inches high, so that visitors to the estufa had to crawl abjectly upon hands and knees.

The other apartments were separated by low walls, over which the inmates climbed in passing from one room to another. In these rooms were found two earthen vessels, a piece of rush matting, and a quantity of bark fibre. The length of the house is sixty feet, and its greatest depth fifteen feet.

The rock-face above this ruin is almost vertical, and the upper house can only be reached by a stairway of small niches, which have been cut in the rock. Up this an active person can ascend in safety, if unencumbered. "On reaching the top one finds himself in the very doorway of the upper house, without standing room outside of the wall, and one can understand that an enemy would stand but little chance of reaching and entering such a fortress if defended, even by women alone. The position of this ruin is one of unparalleled security, both from enemies and from the elements. The almost vertical cliff descends abruptly from the front wall, and the immense arched roof of solid stone projects forward fifteen or twenty feet beyond the house. The niche stairway affords the only possible means of approach."

This house is one hundred and twenty feet long and ten feet deep in the widest part, for here, as elsewhere, the natural niche has been left untouched. The house is in a somewhat unfinished condition, which is not to be wondered at when we reflect upon the difficulty of conveying the stones and mortar to that dizzy height. Grains of corn were found in one room, and beans in another.

A mile farther up the cañon a remarkable two-storied house was visited, perched seven hundred feet above the river.

We must reluctantly take leave of Mr. Holmes, and follow for a short time in the footsteps of Mr. Jackson, whose discoveries were just as remarkable, and who, in addition to the villages, cave-shelters, and cliff-dwellings, came upon other ruins of the greatest interest.

On the Rio San Juan, whose banks at the particular spot to be mentioned form a bluff some two hundred feet high, was discovered a huge cavern occupying almost the entire height of the cliff. The opening is nearly circular, and sweeps back to a depth of a hundred feet. At the back of the cave, on its eastern side, have been erected a group of buildings, forming quite a little town of two-storied houses. The masonry is good, and the outside has been plastered quite

smoothly. "Looking out from one of their houses," says Mr. Jackson, "with a great dome of solid rock overhead, that echoed and re-echoed every word uttered with marvellous distinctness, and below them a steep descent of a hundred feet to the broad, fertile valley of the Rio San Juan, covered with waving fields of maize and groves of majestic cottonwoods, these old people, whom even the imagination can hardly clothe with reality, must have felt a sense of security that even the incursions of their barbarian foes could hardly have disturbed."

Perhaps the most interesting of Mr. Jackson's researches were made in the Chaco Cañon, in northern New Mexico. In one part of the cañon exist the remains of *pueblos*, or towns, of a most interesting description. They may be described as towns consisting of one structure, just as Burlington House contains many distinct habitations. Their ground-plans are of various shapes, but the most usual is an oblong quadrangle, three sides of which are occupied by dwellings, and the fourth—a long side—consists of a protecting wall, with doorways, or of a single row of rooms. There is, however, considerable diversity in plan, and the front wall is frequently more or less curved. One—the Pueblo Peñasca Blanca—is an accurate ellipse.

The masonry is admirable, and consists of rough or squared stones, which are laid in one of three ways—rubble walls, walls of regular brick-shaped stones, and walls of alternate courses of large squared stones and thin small ones.

Their general structure may be thus described. Suppose the pueblo to be five stories high and five rooms deep. The outer walls will, of course, be five stories high, but the top story is only one room deep, the second story is two rooms deep, and so on. Seen from the courtyard within, the structure will appear terraced. The rooms were entered from above by means of ladders, the dwellers in the top story having thus to go up four ladders, and to traverse the roofs of each of the lower tiers. The rooms vary in size from  $27 \times 14$  feet in area, and 10 feet in height, to tiny chambers, suitable only for store-rooms.

The courtyards frequently show traces of underground chambers, and there are invariably one or more estufas. Some of the pueblos are five hundred feet long, and contain several hundred rooms.

Over about six thousand square miles—an area equal to Yorkshire—our explorers prose-

cuted their researches, everywhere finding traces of the old race. Fragments of pottery abound everywhere, and most interesting the shards are. They are, for the most part, of a grey, red, or yellow colour, painted with admirable geometric patterns, both in straight and curved lines. Though not thrown on a wheel, the forms are true and chaste, and the material is fine.

Such, then, is the story of the Aztec Stone Age so far as at present known. We can picture to ourselves the tribes building villages in the cañons, erecting watch-towers on the heights, and providing absolutely safe refuges for their families in the recesses of the cliffs. Remains of old cultivation and artificial watercourses show that they not only cultivated maize by the water-side, but won fresh

fields by irrigation. But the country is now far too arid to support such a population as once existed. The climate has become drier, and it would seem that this result was brought about by the gradual destruction of the trees. Man, in certain stages of progress, ruthlessly cuts down every tree that is in his way, and his successors suffer. It is an expenditure of capital, not a rational use of interest, and the result has everywhere been disastrous.

Gradually driven southwards by the desiccation of their native lands, these people entered Mexico, overthrew the Toltecs, and, already prepared to receive a higher state of civilisation, matured the great system of Anahuac, which fell before the Spaniard.

SYDNEY B. J. SKERTCHLY.

## A MISSIONARY HEALTH OFFICER IN INDIA.

### PART I.

I. **F**OR years he did duty as the minister of the laws of God for life and death: the last year was the year of the great famine.

"Was there a man dismay'd?  
Not tho' the soldier knew  
Some one had blunder'd."

Throughout all the blunders, these soldiers of the cross indeed—that is, soldiers of the famine—stood to their posts, or rather rushed from post to post; if any thing went wrong in the famine relief machinery they flew at the place and worked with a will: yes, through illness ending in death, or infirmity worse than death. They died of fever, hard-work, and jungles; they were invalidated for life; but, as long as breath lasted, they stood to their work. And the Mamludars, the native magistrates, and Public Works overseers, the native gentlemen, inspired by their devotion, helped them. That was the best part of it. The missionary spirit spread.

He never gave himself more than three hours' sleep at night: in weariness often, in watchings often; often without food, always without tents.

He swam the rivers on an elephant: that was after the rains set in. The tracks were one marsh; they could only travel on elephants; no carts were possible; there were no bridges. He used to travel on an elephant for twenty hours, from ten in the evening to six in the evening the next day, swimming two rivers perhaps on his way; then made his camp at six o'clock, called the camp people at half-past ten, and off again. The mahouts

used to say, "Elephants can't stand this." He enjoyed it highly—in painfulness often—he liked it; often no biscuit, no grain of any kind; in fastings often. He would have been glad of the famine diet—millet.

Englishmen behaved like Englishmen, worked like Englishmen, and carried the native officials with them.

In the beginning, while the drought still lasted, he set out in a *tonga* with ponies; no roads, crossing rivers by fords; the first thing was to stick fast in the ford on a stone; they had to get out and push the *tonga* through; the native servant said he was touched by the sun, and could do nothing; the master had to cook his own food and make his own bed. Then nothing but dust.

His reports he had to write under a tree, or on his *tonga*, with the dust blowing in his eyes.

He used to travel from midnight till six in the morning, then till nine or ten at night; prepared his own meal; slept for an hour or two, then off again at midnight. A hard time of it—"highly enjoyable"—the day was never long enough.

II. The Mahratta peasantry, in the Deccan, is one of the finest peasantries in the world; resolute in the spirit of self-help and self-management, in fortitude and patience, frugal and industrious; they neither expect nor come upon relief, public or private. Englishmen look down upon them; they might look up to them in many respects.

To this peasantry came the almost utter

destruction of their whole crops for the agricultural year 1876—77, and the jeopardy of their following harvest for the two critical months of 1877—78. Yet, notwithstanding this vast loss of crops, the mass of the ryots or peasant proprietors, "the real backbone of the agricultural community," supported themselves, their old people, and their children—or died—and never came upon relief at all. No peasantry in the world could have behaved better. Without help from Government they imported for themselves grain enough to keep the markets supplied for several millions.

[How much of this was done by the money-lenders, and how much it has therefore tightened the grasp of the money-lenders on the people, we have yet to learn.]

Of the eight millions who suffered—five millions who suffered *severely*—under drought in the Deccan, only one in ten was in the receipt of any kind of Government relief. This is not much.

In Poona, a district where money-lending has reached a virulent pitch, the proportion was nearly one in four. In Kaladgi, a district more remote than any other of the distressed districts, and where food prices rose excessively, the proportion was little more than one in five. And when the rain came, at last, in September, 1877, "the rapidity with which the people of Kaladgi left the relief works was most creditable to all concerned."

Read Sir Richard Temple's too brief Minute on the "Famine of 1876 and 1877 in the Bombay Presidency," dated December 24th, 1877, for an account most interesting, in spite of its necessary absence of detail, of these transactions.

In this "large and grave case" those who received relief were chiefly of the humbler castes of the Hindu community, and field labourers, rude artisans, and village menials. "The anxiety of the authorities to exact work from all who could perform it, and to prevent any one receiving relief in idleness" made the numbers on gratuitous relief much smaller than the numbers on public relief works.

The public works for relief were of two sorts : those under Civil Agency—little works, consisting of cross village roads or village tanks—not of very great use ; those under the Public Works Department, consisting of irrigation and trunk roads, and one railway.

Sir Richard Temple states that the irrigation works were of the highest utility. These were artificial reservoirs, called tanks, with

their channels for irrigation, and three large canals—the Moota, the Neera, and the Gokak. The Moota draws its supply from Lake Fife—called after its author, General Fife, R.E. (the Kharakwasla Lake). This magnificent reservoir has an area of about 7 square miles, and is nearly 90 feet deep at the deepest part. The dam is of masonry ; its greatest height is 107 feet, its length is 5,036 feet. There are two canals, 99 and 14 miles in length, to distribute the water for irrigation. It also supplies water to the military stations of Poona and Kirkee, and to the city of Poona by means of pipes. Useful Lake Fife availed itself of the stream in the larger canal to pump water to the higher levels by means of a Poncelet's wheel. Turbines are provided at the dam of the reservoir to utilise about 150 horse-power generated by the passage of the water through the sluices—another use of Lake Fife to make its water-power available for mills. General Fife may well be called the father of the storage-tank system in the Bombay Deccan. He is also the author of the Ekrook Tank, 7½ square miles, which, besides irrigating, supplies the large town of Sholapore with water.

The famine work was for extending the canal on the banks of the Moota River near Poona.

The Neera works are on the Poona and Sattara borders.

The Gokak works are in Belgaum.

All these will be remunerative—they will permanently improve agriculture and protect against famine, says Sir Richard Temple, if only they *can be finished*.

In the Bombay Deccan where, as will be seen, so much death arose from there being no water to be had but what was unfit for drinking, this was of paramount importance. Railways may do much in transporting grain, where there is grain sufficient in India to supply India, but railways cannot *produce* grain as canals can. Railways cannot make money for the cultivators. And the famines from which India suffers are at least as much money famines as grain famines. And can railways carry water to drink?

In Madras, at least, the rains of May, 1877, were lost, because the tanks were left unfinished in the autumn of 1876 ; the order having been issued for the stoppage of all public works. And millions of tons of precious water so ran to waste.

Sir Richard Temple says that the roads rank only second in usefulness to the canals. Over three thousand miles of roads were



made, chiefly of earth-work, sometimes of metalling; many were left unfinished. These roads were to connect the eastern and outlying parts of Kaladgi and the Southern Deccan (Belgaum and Dharwar) with the great Indian Peninsula Railway and with the passes leading through the Western Ghât Mountains down to the Konkan, and were to act as feeders to the railway.

We realise the want of transport and of roads in war time as affecting almost our Imperial power in the present Zulu war. We cannot realise the want of cheap water carriage, of roads, of communications, dear or cheap, in peace time, if we can call that peace which is war with famine,—as affecting markets, as affecting life or death, as affecting almost our Imperial power in India.

In Western India the country is either hilly or cut up with jungles, the population is scattered, and in some parts inveterate wanderers.

In the Northern Deccan roads were less wanted, but irrigation more.

Not to be wearisome with a list of names, besides the three canals mentioned, and one other, fourteen tanks or reservoirs—plans and estimates for which had previously been prepared by General Fife, and were in readiness—with an area of about twenty-two thousand acres, with a length of canals and channels of about five hundred miles, and an extent of irrigable land of nearly seven hundred thousand acres, were (not completed but) in various stages of completion. "The means of providing the money hereafter for such completion is being separately considered in connection with our provincial finance."

But such are the financial exigencies of the Government of India that, in obedience to orders from thence, all public works have now been stopped that could by any possibility be stopped, hundreds of thousands have now been thrown out of employment, with, if not tens, fives of hundreds of thousands, that is, including their children and old people, always religiously supported by the Hindoo (and without a Poor Law), given up to want, and no employment—no natural employment—to be had till July or even August.

"It will be seen," says Sir Richard Temple, "how large a foundation has been laid by the relief operations for the protection of the country by means of irrigation against famine in future."

Alas! how large a foundation! how little to be built upon!

And we must not say, these Deccan Irriga-

tion Works will have no water to give just when it is most wanted. The Deccan canals are not, it is true, like the canals of Northern India, supplied by the regions of perpetual snow, but they are supplied by rivers from the Western Ghât Mountains, where the monsoons (or periodical rains) never fail. The large tanks only become empty during the third year of continuous drought—a calamity possible, indeed, but never known, never probable.

Without supervision by Europeans, says Sir Richard Temple, relief works are most demoralising: the abuses prevail, the good fails, and the very lives are lost which the Government is striving to save. Let this never be forgotten, in the hurry of marshalling our forces to meet the enemy, famine, pressing on.

The famine relief labourers liked petty works close at home, disliked making roads under professional supervision, and hated being put on the irrigation works, because they hated the control and discipline of the organization which was essential to these. "Their dread of marching on command to any distance from home" was such that they often preferred starving rather than submit to the most simple order.

And this was the case too with the peasantry and yeomanry. Rather than have "to fulfil tasks, to march about, to bivouac on the plain," they would starve.

But how little is this to be wondered at! These poor people do not know us, excepting as the Jews knew the Romans, as their publicans or tax collectors, and as their civil courts, aiding and abetting the oppression of their money-lenders. They do know their own headmen, accountants, native petty officials. And these almost to a man set their faces against the works, and propagated false reports to set the people against them. One must know India to understand how these false reports could be believed. The patels (village headmen) oppose any system, all relief works, which take the people away from their homes. The headmen found their own interest in doing so, their own petty profits, and they have been known even to bring their people to the brink of starvation in order to create a "row," an alarm, so that malpractices might continue undetected and undisturbed.

The people who deserted from the relief works had leaders of their own, both from among themselves and from among the petty native officials whose employment lay in the village works and ceased when these ceased.

The people thus went "on strike," as we should call it, except that their object was not so much to have wages raised as to get back to the village works where control was slight and work easy.

Many of these poor people after wandering about returned to their own villages, and their fate can hardly be recorded here but in a few words. The simple village works which can always be opened without any preparation were opened for people urgently needing help, "strong enough to do light work near home."

"If they be permitted to have their own way, and to labour on petty works not properly controlled, their work will be nominal, and they will become almost as much demoralised as if they had been granted relief without work."

Irrigation works, the most essential, could not always be created near the famine districts. They must be where they can be. To march relief labourers to a distance from their homes is, as has been said, the thing they most dislike. Then, for seven months, from November to June, in Bombay Presidency, there is no rain: the people *can* be marched about; and their employment on good public works is comparatively easy.

But, from June till November, although there may be drought, rain may come at any moment, and the people must be ready to begin work again in their own fields. And then also the ground is too damp for encamping.

The deaths were not so much under-registered during the Bombay Deccan Famine as they were elsewhere. For the patels thought they could not have deaths enough on their registers. They said, "All the Sahibs, the first thing, directly they arrive" (on the tours of famine inspection), "say: 'Show us your registers: show us the deaths.'" They thought the Government wanted the people to die; they were frightened lest their registers should not show sufficient deaths.

As a rule, natives are as slow to understand our actions as they are quick to observe them. They cannot in the least trace the connection between what we do or say, and what we think, or intend, or wish in doing or saying it.

III. But, in taking a cursory general view of the famine, we have left our Health Missionary, or rather Life and Death Missionary, not wrecked on the stone in the ford—we may be very sure he was not wrecked there or anywhere—but away, away, away—cheerily dragging his tonga through, or urging it along,

night and day: inspecting, organizing, reporting, overcoming—never overcome—on his famine relief tour. Let us attend him on his way.

Here is a young engineer, riding up and down, directing his five or six miles of works. If a breach of his sanitary rules were allowed by his native subordinates, he finds it out at once; down upon them he is directly, singling out the offending subordinate, and remedying the neglect.

The consequence was that, instead of cholera or small-pox breaking out, the people are actually healthier on the works than in their own homes. The sanitary rules are so splendidly enforced that the natives are better off than they are in their own unventilated, undrained huts, often without good water.

And this brings us to a terrible feature of this famine.

In the 1874 famine of Bengal and Behar—alas! that we must name the years by famine in India—there was no disease or death from want of good drinking water. The streams of ever living, ever pure water came down from the everlasting hills, the eternal snows of the Himalayas; one wonders why these are not more turned to account to prevent by irrigation famines altogether. Every part of the drought-stricken tracts was intersected with streams, and, though the people hungered, they did not thirst.

Far otherwise in Bombay and Madras Presidencies, want of water aggravated the cruel sufferings of want of food. Out of the half-putrid dregs of dried-up tanks, they collected their scanty drinking water. No wonder they died of disease before they could die of starvation.

In the relief camps the engineers studied the water-supplies, "followed" the water.

Here is another young engineer superintending his dam, a relief work about two miles long. Mothers, as well as men, are at work. But he has put up grass huts for the babies every three hundred or four hundred yards. The mothers leave their infants here with an old nurse to look after them. (An elephant who can push an artillery field-gun, which twenty pairs of bullocks cannot move, over a bad bit, sometimes does duty, and does it well, as a nurse over infants. But in this case, I believe, it *was* an old woman who was doing duty.) The mothers pop in for a minute to see the children. We always employed the men by villages wherever possible, so that those should be together who knew one another. And then there was a grass hut for babies to every *village*.

Here is another engineer who has even provided chupatties to be sold to the people on the works; he had a trader to sell them, that the exhausted people might not have to cook their own food.

The district officers worked like Englishmen, behaved like Englishmen. All they wanted was a word of encouragement, of sympathy.

Here is a young civilian, an assistant collector, and he was only one out of many; he had a famine *talug*. He has not seen a white face for four months; he has been working night and day, and is only afraid he has not done his best; so modest he cannot think but that he might have done more. The encouraging missionary officer at last reaches the place. A spectre meets him at the station. This is the young civilian; he had been a fine, stalwart young fellow. Now he is a spectre, but still unflagging. No thought has he of leaving his work.

England does not know how her sons work in India, twice as much as they do in England; as in England we fondly suppose we work twice as much as human beings in any other part of the world.

Another, a young engineer, pays all the people himself on his irrigation relief works, in his strong desire to prevent fraud. But as a rule this was impossible; yet fraud was prevented. There may be as much corruption among the petty native officials in Bombay Presidency as elsewhere in India—we cannot trust them, though there are some whom we might trust with gold untold—but they could not be corrupt, there was too much supervision; such constant English superintendence made native speculation impossible. There was too good an organization. Natives are not good at organizing; they cannot even execute an order to the spirit and not to the letter. It is this same difficulty of theirs in connecting what we mean with what we do; they are not elastic; we must give them the letter.

As for the wage-paying, the people were placed in rows, and a Briton or a native gentleman saw the money or food given into their hands. No corruption was possible. Every farthing was paid in the presence of an European or of a native gentleman.

This is a mere glimpse at the Famine Relief Works. The Bombay men worked with a will. More was got out of them than could have been believed possible for flesh and blood.

In the relief houses, where was gratuitous relief for those who could not work, we were

obliged to have the children eat not only out of reach but out of sight of the parents, who would snatch the food from the little ones. If the parents kept their eyes fixed upon the children, the children would not eat; no, not even if they had been starving for days. Love of children died out with the famine.

Many, like wild beasts, were always wanting to wander home to die.

At first the people had no seventh day wage. This was disastrous. But we had "special treatment" for the worst cases. The relief was organized after this manner. First, when they were very low, they might be ordered "special treatment," and many, many were picked up, having wandered about and not applied for relief, mere skeletons, and too far gone even for "special treatment" to do any good.

"Special treatment" gave any food the doctors ordered that could be had: soup, milk, and the like. But it was most difficult to get milk in some places, even for the starving children, owing to the want of fodder for the milch kine—milch kine no longer, for they were starving too.

When a little restored by "special treatment," they were put upon pay with only nominal work; then pay with real work.

Then we had the allowance for all children under seven years; these had nothing before.

The relief was enough to prevent wasting, but some had private stores of their own.

People who came for relief, or were picked up for relief, only when starvation stared them in the face, could not eat or digest the food even when it was given them, and when it was eatable and digestible. These poor creatures were dying when they came.

But it was impossible to pick up all the poor wandering skeletons.

In Bengal every village, road, and even every by-path could be kept under our eye. In the Deccan hills and jungles this is hopeless.

The wandering skeletons would run the risk of death, and the certainty of death, sooner than submit to the simplest system. They would not even go to the relief camps, where food could be had without work. And if they do not understand us, certainly we do not understand them.

One cannot but warmly admire the self-respect which undoubtedly prevented many from going to the poorhouse. And Sir R. Temple himself declared in March, 1877, "the number on charitable relief is large indeed, but . . . I should be glad to see it larger."

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.



## THE MISSION FIELDS OF INDIA, CHINA, AND JAPAN.

BY THE REV. W. FLEMING STEVENSON, AUTHOR OF "PRAYING AND WORKING."

## VI.—THE HOME OF THE MANCHUS.

WE had seen the Chinaman in the United States, patient, homely, yellow, and depressed; and even in San Francisco, where he has the strength of numbers, seemingly weak and inferior beside the white man. We had found him in Yokohama, walking erect and almost haughty through the crowd of Japanese, among whom he seemed to belong to a superior race in strength of will and national self-consciousness as well as in size and stature. We were now to see him in his own land, and among his own people, and it was with much eagerness we watched the flat shores as we sailed up the estuary of the Yangtse. Flat as the banks are, the great breadth of the stream is imposing, and this sense of a vast country is not diminished on turning up one of its tributaries, and finding the channel opposite Shanghai broader than our largest river at home. The foreign shipping makes a brave show, and the number of fine river, coasting, and ocean steamers suggests a harbour in Europe. The bank is lined with stately honges belonging to the great merchants; straight streets of houses almost as fine run down from it into the town; a pleasant park, charming with semi-tropical shrubs and flowers, and shaven grass which is almost more precious than either, runs by the water; a band-stand is visible through the trees; and well-appointed carriages drive quickly past. The native city is away beyond this foreign Concession, with its French, and English, and American quarters, and even the native porters and the shabby *jirikisha* drivers (a libel upon their fellows of Japan) and the frequent pig-tailed passers-by do not prevent the impression of China in Europe rather than Europe in China.

Shanghai, however, was not to be at present our resting-place, for the mission survey of the China coast was to commence up in Manchuria, and as the communication is irregular and at this season was infrequent we were recommended to take ship in a steamer ready to start, but guiltless of any accommodation for passengers. It was a German steamer, with a pretty name, the *Atalanta*, not fleet of foot but light of cargo; and as the cabin (which might be touched by outstretched arms) was exactly in the stern, it responded with an uncomfortable alacrity to the trouble of the waters, jumping up and down with appalling vigour, as well

as throbbing to the screw immediately beneath. The officers were full of courtesies, and perplexed by the unusual presence of a lady. The captain surrendered his own state-room, hung round with uniforms and a formidable armoury of guns and cutlasses; but unfortunately the weather often made it hopeless to clamber up on deck, and compelled the closing of the only avenue by which air could enter below. The journey was monotonous, and I borrow a few jottings from our log.

"Running up the coast with no land in sight, but have exchanged the horrid yellow of the waters outside the Yangtse for a light green. The full moon shone in upon us gloriously all night, as the ship pitched in the angry sea. Got up rather than awoke. Ran into calm water as smooth as glass and blue as the open sky above. Little yellow-and-grey birds, blown out from the shore, gathered round us; one hopped on E.'s dress and then her shoulder, another on my head, but they will not touch the bread we strew for them. The ugly orange cat from Hamburg spends her life jumping after them, and secures much spoil. . . . A gale from the north-east pitched our books about the cabin. The coast is close by and dreary, either long spits of sand or ranges of barren and precipitous hills from two to five hundred feet high. . . . A glorious sunset, the sky almost to the zenith flashing brilliantly with orange and crimson, the calm sea below of a deep indigo. The brilliance, which continued for more than twenty minutes, contracted in width but not in height, and grew carmine, the water took all manner of lovely tints, and the evening star shone luminous in an upper zone of pale green sky. A junk's sail far off gleamed in the light like the wing of a moth, and beyond it, on the horizon, two rocky headlands ran out, the southern points of Corea and Manchuria. As we turned to the other side the rim of the moon appeared above the sea, and as the disk rose it was like a mass of yellow fire, casting such a golden reflection on the water beneath that one could imagine it rising out of a crucible and dropping the glowing metal as it rose:

"That orb'd maiden,  
With white-bre-laden,  
Whom mortals call the moon."

The air is balmy, as befits the latitude of Rome.

"We left on Friday, and it is now Tuesday afternoon. We have just crossed the bar, with its heavy rollers and dirty yellow water, and are in a broad river bordered by reedy banks. The Chinamen have come upon deck, gorgeously arrayed in wonderful leggings, and armless overcoats quilted with blue satin. Thirty or forty miles away there are ranges of blue mountains to the east, but the view at hand is of low, swampy, featureless ground, made inexpressibly dreary by a few melancholy hovels. We pass wonderful ranges of junks, anchored in rows, eight and ten and twelve deep, faded and dirty-looking, with pennants flying, and some with tall bamboos at the stern, covered over with coloured balls, while a broad crimson flag droops over the water. The setting sun makes a ruddy glow behind the forest of low masts and the tall spars of the foreign ships. Some meagre trees rise from the muddy shore among low-roofed foreign houses, in compounds surrounded with mud walls. The evening wind is cold, the sky looks chill, the shore dull and friendless. The anchor chains run down, and we are at New Chwang, the most northerly of the treaty ports. As if by magic, the deck swarms with Chinamen. 'You want washee?' 'Me washee cheap.' 'Me washee cheaper than other fellow.' 'You buy this shop.' Even a hotel was offered for sale in a moment of enthusiasm. A customs' officer stepped on board. 'You must come ashore in our boat,' his cheery voice cried; 'we shall look after everything;' and presently eight stalwart Chinamen, in English navy uniform and straw hats, pulled us to the landing, and in a few minutes we were installed in the Mission House."

Manchuria, the home of the Manchus, from which the present dynasty advanced to the throne of China, is one of those huge territories that swell out beyond the Great Wall and forms a region as large as one of the chief states of Europe. It reaches up to the Amoor in one direction and to Corea in another—a Chinese Canada, as it has been called, with its severe winter and bracing climate and soil of great fertility, its sparse population and its settlers from the real Flowery Land; for while the coolies and merchants emigrate to California and Australia, Siam and Singapore, the farmers are steadily colonizing Mongolia and Manchuria. There are noble ranges of mountains that rise to ten and twelve thousand feet, and forests and heather braes that recall Scotland: and in those mountain regions there are constant suggestions of home—fields of cowslips and buttercups,

primroses and violets that nestle by the roots of oaks and elms and hazel, wild roses and hawthorn that fling their perfume across the path, bluebells and foxglove and the fern and the daisy, hips and haws and hazel-nuts, and even the thistle, the dandelion, and the dockweed, while the meadows are sometimes ablaze with the wild tulip, the lily, and the blue and yellow iris. The cuckoo ushers in the spring; the thrush and the bullfinch contend in song; there is the flight of the swallow and the caw of the rook; and the plover and the curlew cry on lonely moors.

This part of Manchuria, however, lies in the dull, monotonous plain that goes back from the sea. Far away, through the clear air, the blue hills rise along the horizon, so far that they do little more than tantalize the eye; but the port is a desolate spot on a desolate flat, merely where the river ceases to be navigable by vessels of large tonnage, and not long since only a village, though now a bustling town of low mud houses, harbouring a population of sixty thousand. The principal street runs parallel with the river for more than two miles; but to call it a street might convey an erroneous impression. We reached it by a number of what we could call lanes, lined with mud walls. At frequent intervals the walls were pierced with doorways opening into vast, irregular courts of perhaps three to four hundred feet square, and littered over with carts, mules, dogs, pigs, and men, great inn-yards which in winter present a curious spectacle, thronged with the traffic from places hundreds of miles away. Now, these streets or lanes were deserted, often filled with water and elsewhere deep in mud. But once in the main thoroughfare, a crowd was always coming and going. The street was lined with substantial shops—shops for the sale of clothes and shoes, caps and furs, tobacco-pipes and opium. Carts wandered up and down, drawn by five and eight mules apiece, and absorbing all the room, most of them freighted with merchandise, but some with people. Men stood at the fruit and vegetable stalls with bamboo tubes in their hands, rattling the dice, and people stopped to buy, for a Chinaman would rather pay double for his food than not gamble to have it for nothing. Huge mangy dogs were everywhere. An awful drain crosses the thoroughfare, six feet wide and twelve or fourteen feet deep, black with the most horrid filth, and polluting the air. Manchus and Cantonese, Buddhists and Mohammedans, people of Shanghai and people of Amoy, people with turbans and people with skull-caps, the coolie and the

merchant, the long rough dray and the blue-covered country cart, donkeys and oxen, junk sailors and Tartar soldiers jostled each other in the narrow way, where a cab would scratch the wall on either side. Beggars followed in tattered garments, asking for alms with a leer; and here and there a temple lifted its carved and storied roof high above the crowd.

The foreign settlement lies at the upper end, made up of the usual four elements of society—consular, customs, mercantile, and missionary. The houses are placed upon a bare bank of mud; a mud square interposes between them and the native quarter; little rough causeways raised above the yielding mud lead from one house to the other; melancholy trees struggle out of the muddy soil. It is the broad road to the North, and mules flounder and carters swear in this Slough of Despond. It is no wonder that in the earlier days of our settlement there was a struggle for the "crown of the causeway;" and by the traditions of his race the Englishman felt bound to assert himself. The encounters sometimes brought out the exclusiveness and haughty contempt of the native for the foreigner. The consul at that time was one of the shrewdest observers who has written upon the country; and riding one day in the suburbs, he asked the way of two of the *literati*, who were passing. There was no notice taken of his question. One stared rudely at him, and the other superciliously said to his companion, "I think the man is speaking Mandarin," as if he would not acknowledge the possibility of a barbarian speaking intelligibly. Irritated at this studied rudeness, he asked his question again with some impetuosity. "Do you know, I think he really is speaking Mandarin," the man said to his neighbour once more, and took no further notice. The provocation was too great; for in those days rudeness was considered the precursor of riot; and the Englishman, hot-tempered, felled one of the Chinamen to the ground. "Did I not tell you," said the upright to the prostrate man, "that he was really speaking Mandarin?" and directed the irate consul forthwith upon his way. I must return, however, to my journal.

"Thursday. — Went to Tien Chwangtai. The junk was engaged at midnight, and by star and moonlight we went down to the riverside in the early morning. There was no wind, but eight men pulled their clumsy paddles and the tide ran with us. Immense flocks of wild geese flew in long lines above our heads. Heavily laden junks lay becalmed in mid-stream, their sails of matting idly flapping.

The sun rose and shone upon the low fields, where the farmers were busy. In three hours we had reached a town like a suburb of the port. The "boy" had spread a table-cloth on the hatchway, and prepared excellent tea and good coffee, so that we were ready to explore the place. We walked between walls of brick eighteen feet high, that enclosed extensive stores; looked in at a clean and well-built inn where the walls of brick rested on a stone foundation. In one of the inner rooms there were a table, a looking-glass, some small jugs, and a book. Passed a long grain store, with a high board running along the top and pierced for cannon. Sometimes sixty or seventy robbers have descended on the town at once. On the roof of another warehouse there is a small temple to Good Luck. Huge fragments of broken millstones are placed along the side of the roadway to compel the carts into the middle. Crossed a stone bridge made of slabs, so large that two were sufficient. The streets are all quiet now, the traffic of the place going by water, but in winter they are covered with carts. Coming down the river, we noticed the forts built in older days to protect the trade from pirates. As we left Tien Chwangtai to return, one or two well-dressed and respectable Chinamen asked permission to come on board; and when we had reached the port, and got into a sampan to go farther down the river, one of them was bold enough to ask for a seat even there. It was their usual thrift, for they paid neither fare nor fee."

Another day we went to New Chwang proper, the county town from which the port has stolen its proper name. We were to start early, so as to reach early. We could not expect to attain a higher speed than two miles and a half an hour, and there was a mid-day halt. If we started when the sun rose we might arrive as the sun went down. So the carts were at the door, not with an exact punctuality, for the Chinaman does not affect to regard time with the nicety of the European, but nevertheless early enough in the autumn morning to allow the feeling of a more than autumn chill in the keen air. The starting-point was a street in the foreign settlement, a street that was bordered by low mud walls, and was itself merely hardened mud, unprofaned by the tools of the roadmaker. A few paces off in one direction it opened into a broad square, also of hardened mud, across which lay certain irregular foot-tracks invaluable in rainy weather; in the other direction it led out of the town, and was fringed by foreign houses,



comfortable enough, and wonderfully tidy and pleasant to look at but for the all-prevailing hue of naked, unrelieved river-mud.

There were two carts, each drawn by two mules, and sorry teams they were. It would be hard to say which was the more ragged, vicious-looking, and old, the carriage or the steed. A cart may cost twelve pounds when it is new; the tall and powerful wheels are studded round the rim with huge iron nails, the axle projects a foot on either side (a precaution against upsetting when the road lifts one wheel high above the other), the wooden springless frame that is hung upon the axle is strongly made, above it rises a circular structure of wood in lattice fashion, covered with cloth, and giving the effect of a miniature English waggon: and when the thing is in its first bravery of paint it looks neat enough of its kind. But a hack-cart, like a hack-cab, has passed through many vicissitudes; and the patches and rents of the roof, and the leanness and old age of the mules (such as Don Quixote would delight to have best ridden), reminded us that if we paid little (about a pound for the return journey), we certainly did not get much.

Old travellers prefer to sit on the shaft. It is not the place of honour, but it has its advantages. A bag of provender filled with beans lies across the shafts, and experience proves that this is almost a cushion compared with the hard wood, that as the beans sink down at successive inns, so does the heart of the traveller as he approaches the timber of the shaft. A seat here allows also of an easy jump down when the jolting becomes intolerable or the limbs stiff, and the only danger to which it is exposed is from the loose rope attached to the leading and always vagrant mule, whose duty is to wander ten or fifteen yards in advance, and to pull the rope with sudden jerks that bewilder the unwary. The place of honour is in the interior. A rug was laid upon the bare wood, another rug wrapped a huge, hard, rounded something that was laid at the back, and over this was laid a great bolster, of which the ends came some way down the sides of the cart. It is a simple interior, but the effort to maintain a place in it is full of perplexity. The pillow jolts down; the back slips forward; the feet shoot out, and, the cart being short, they get in the way of the carter, whose wrath is stirred; the hands clutch the sides in vain, for a sudden movement bruises them against the frame; the frame itself is low, and being wooden, is well fitted to vex the wayfarer's head, which the machine in rough sport flings up against

it; the view is limited by the back of the near mule and the smock-frock of the carter who sits behind it singing in a quavering voice that suggests a burden of ceaseless pain; and as any effort to change position is sure to be accompanied by the drop of a wheel into some hard and sudden gully, the first hours of honourable travel are not happy.

We passed through by-roads and fields of millet ten feet high, and could not see across the country unless where the harvest was cut. The stooks of the large millet looked like wigwams. We heard sad tidings of the famine; yet here there was abundance, so much that this one province could supply all the famine-stricken. A measure of millet will support a Chinaman for a month; but there is no enterprise about getting the millet to the hungry, and the port was soon to be closed by the winter.

There was always some one on the road, though the houses and villages were few. Now it was the postman, white mail-bag slung across his shoulders, his hands swinging vehemently as he went. Then it was travellers on horseback, armed with formidable spears with which to frighten, not to fight, the robbers that infest the roads. Peasants were trudging to market; a farmer was going over his land. Figures in white came near the road to watch us pass, and we knew it was a family in mourning. Some ladies crossed by a path over the fields to pay a visit to a neighbour's house: a servant followed them, and they stole shy looks at the foreigners. Here the reapers were at work; and if it was the large millet, they cut down only one stalk at a time, and then bound them laboriously in gigantic sheaves. A watchman, staff in hand, was patrolling the fields to guard his master's grain against the inroads of the poor. There we saw a threshing-floor—the hard, beaten circuit of ground, the ears with only a short straw spread over it, and a white and lazy mule dragging a stone round and round. Sometimes the grain was lashed, but never threshed with the flail. Where roads met there was almost always a small shrine of mud, a few feet high, raised to some local god, a shabby superstition that contrasted with the comfortable look and intelligence of the people. I must quote from the rough jottings on the spot.

"The brooks are small and sluggish, crossed by stone bridges. Now and then, there was a miserable straggling village of mud, with ragged latticed windows, where occasionally a dirty face peers out. The inns are numerous and well-built, and a

frequent sign is a pole from which hangs a drum with a brilliant crimson cloth attached to it. In the inn-yard a Tartar corporal, in the service of the Governor at Moukden, met us, shook us warmly by the hand, made polite speeches, shook his own hands together for farewell, and rode off. A boy looks in through an open panel and cries, 'Foreign devils; the foreign devils have come.' Yesterday a boy said so as we passed a shop, and his father sitting by rebuked him.

"We have just gone up a steep sod fence into a field, and down again into a wilderness of ruts. We have repeated that movement. Here is a village of miserable hovels, with a substantial pawnshop worthy of a city."

The setting sun was gilding the rich brown sheaves when we came to a charming break in the weary road. Rows of great willow-trees arched it with their shade, and at the farther end of this wooded aisle there were some excellent examples of the better class of country houses. We had dismounted, and, as my companions were anxious to show these residences, we approached the entrance that led to one. It was a low-browed, deep gateway, arched with brick, and opening into a pleasant grassy square, where, along the side that faced us, there ran a long, low, and pleasant-looking cottage-house, tastefully built, and covered in front with a simple lattice-frame, gaily painted. The offices and the houses for servants ran along the sides, and were built in keeping. Groups of men, children, and dogs were on the grassy lawn; and we lingered admiring this pretty picture of a quiet domestic life as we saw it in the warm lights of the sunset. In a moment or two, however, our meditations were broken by a retainer who had followed us leading his horse, and who poured out unmeasured abuse (and the language is curiously rich in that direction) upon our heads for venturing to look into the court when "the master was from home; we would not dare to do that in the country we came from," and so on. No explanations that were offered would convince him of our innocent curiosity, and as one or two of the ladies came out on the verandah and were evidently agitated by this clamour, we beat a hasty retreat, while words of thunder growled and muttered behind us.

The carter now lighted his lamps, and we went on under the brilliant stars. We were now, as we thought, near the end of our journey. The road had been, to say the least, peculiar. Where a Chinaman finds the ruts of generations of carters before him, there with true conservatism he too flounders in their

depths. The public ways are mere tracks worn by the cart-wheels, and occasionally walled in by anxious farmers with banks of mud; but in the open spaces, and in rainy weather, an irruption will sometimes be made across the stubble fields; and when, as usually happens, the driver crosses the hard furrows, instead of taking them lengthways, for no other reason than the torture of his long-suffering victim in the cart, the agony of the perpetual bumps is intensified by the gentle and persuasive tones in which the man addresses his mule, pressing him tenderly all the while along the flanks, as if the beast was not vicious enough of itself, but needed instigation to amble over these dreadful places. The end of our journey was not yet. We had already found the road in some narrow spots so deep in water that the mules were almost off their legs, and at nightfall the way became worse. At last we floundered up a repulsive lane, where the starlight glimmered in the water as far as we could see. Presently we stood fast, and the mules of the front cart, and also one of those behind, steadfastly sank down. All was water and dense mud enclosed between high banks, while a pale light flickered from the carter's lamp. Having reached the shore of this mud-sea we were at leisure to watch the steps for rescue. The carters waded up to their middle and unyoked our steeds; but mules have temper, and the softness of the mud was persuasive, and when at last they were roused to their feet and their duty, the leader had so little conscience that he scrambled to the side, ran off, and disappeared in the night. The lampbearer ran after him, another man pursued the lampbearer, the rest withdrew into a field, and we were left alone. A watchman joined us, a man of splendid physique, standing six feet high, a Manchu banner-man, who had been hired with five others for three months to watch five hundred acres of millet fields for some farmers in the town. As his watch was for both night and day, it may not have been very thorough, and he received only fifty shillings for the job; yet he was a kindly, honest fellow, stuck by us in our misfortune, and escorted us to the suburbs of New Chwang and the end of his beat. The mule was recovered half a mile away, but we had not done with him. On the way home, and within sight of the house, he floundered in a Slough of Despond, and lay on his side in the mud. The carter tugged in vain. At last, crawling over the body of the wheeler, he made a spring for the dry land, reached it with one foot, and sank into

unknown depths with the other. My companion, who had been dealing with the steed, had now to hasten to the rescue of the driver, who was in danger of disappearing, and was dragged up with infinite difficulty, the glutinous mud retaining such clothes as the one leg had possessed, and colouring the skin like a suit of decent black. The mule lay with half-shut eye, unmoved and unmovable. The carter's anger was up, and he swore. He cursed the mule by its mother, he cursed it by all things except the gods (in this more reverent than profane swearers at home); he expostulated: "You fell and you ran away yesterday, and I never beat you; and now, you ungrateful wretch, you fail again." The curls of the long whip flew out; sharp and angry they fell upon the beast of burden, and in five minutes we had reached our door.

"*Friday.*—To-day I saw a curious funeral procession. The man had been already buried, but now they went round the temples to chant prayers and afterwards to feast. Two men wearing white turbans preceded bearers carrying banners of some faded stuff. Ten priests followed, most of them with rich red mantles over their shoulders, but one or two had blue mixed with red, and on the back of each there was a curious diagram. They played on a gong, cymbals, a tambourine, a long brass horn, and other musical instruments. They were succeeded by two chairs, the first containing a picture and covered with a white canopy; the second, in black, containing the tablet of the dead man. Seven of the relatives, tall, powerful men, brought up the rear. They were clothed from head to foot in white, and each carried a dish, from which the smoke of burning incense curled up. I followed them into a temple, when the priests advanced to the shrine and surrounded it, while one commenced a singsong prayer to the musical accompaniment of all the rest, and the relatives, kneeling, kept their heads prostrate on the ground, each man with his dish of incense smoking before him. It was not more than two minutes when the prayer was over and they rose; attendant boys looked after the incense, set fire to paper in a large lamp-like burner that stood in the court, and crackers were fired off with loud report as the procession emerged. A second temple was visited in like manner, and here the procession-folk, after entering by the front, went in again by the back, where there was another shrine; and as there were still two smaller at each side of the court, they divided at that point, half going to one and half to the other. The

mourners were serious enough, but not much interested; and there was no keening, which is done at home by professional mourners. Temple after temple would be visited, and the cost would be about three pounds, the after feasting being the main expense; and next to that the coffin. We went into a coffin-maker's at New Chwang. The wood is about six inches thick, and the structure stands about four feet where it is highest, and is broad in proportion. The maker informed us it is always sent unpainted to the purchaser, that he may see the character of the wood, and that if perfectly plain it would cost about a pound. These coffins, left out anywhere till a day of good omen comes for the burial, are striking sights about the town; and the graves themselves, somewhat of the coffin-shape, and rising irregularly over the fields and gardens, are no less peculiar."

Even the English cemetery at the port has something sad and uncanny about it. It is a piece of reclaimed mud, where there are more trees than elsewhere in the settlement, where a few roses and other flowers grow untidily, and at one corner there is a vegetable plot, and a tethered sheep browses on what is called grass. Consul Meadows' grave is the most important, the grave of an exceedingly keen and just observer. Most of the others are of foreign sailors who died in the harbour. There are memorials to two devoted women, the wives of missionaries, and there is the grave of William Burns. It was here that this singularly apostolic man spent his last days. At the lower part of the town, not far from a temple, there is the house he lived in, already considerably changed, and tenanted by people who never heard his name; they were merely two little rooms in a Chinese house, for he had adopted many of the Chinese habits, as well as dress, and could live on eggs and Chinese scones, that to any one else have the flavour and consistency of putty. The families change rapidly at these ports, ten years effecting more than forty would at home, but there are a few that preserve the pleasant traditions of the man, his earnestness and holiness, his genial ways and bright smile. He did not lay much stress upon his costume, though they tell that long habit had rendered it natural, and that his face had wonderfully caught the Chinese expression. He used to say that he was content if it allowed him to pass among men without notice. He was revising his translation of the "*Pilgrim's Progress*," and would slip into a quiet corner of a tea-house, sip the tea, and



listen eagerly to the conversation. As soon as he had heard a new colloquial phrase he was content, and would withdraw rejoicing, and the first greeting that his friends had would be, "I have got a new phrase," as he repeated it in high glee. There is no personality apparently so marked as his among the Christian missionaries. Men spoke of him everywhere with regard and admiration, and the impression he left upon Chinese whom he did not win to Christianity seems to have been profound. It was mainly the impression of a noble and unselfish character, of a pure and single-minded and intensely earnest man. He died the same year as Meadows, and was buried in ground that was afterwards made the place of public execution: and when the cemetery was opened, his bones were removed there, where the plainest of headstones records that he was "a Missionary to the Chinese from the Presbyterian Church in England," arrived in China in 1847, and died in 1868. It was his dying wish that the Mission he had begun by preaching should be sustained, and the Church to which he sent that message accepted it, and made their Mission centre at that point. Another Church has since come in, and these two, with four missionaries, represent all that Protestantism is at present doing for Manchuria. They have chapels and schools in the port, and some through the district, and Moukden, the chief town of the interior, is in their occupation. They journey freely up as far as the Amoor, and circulate the Scriptures. It is the early stage of missionary activity, when the husbandman waits patiently for the blades that are to spring from the seed he sows, and when he has little to encourage him but the general goodwill of the people, who mostly listen with readiness, and often show that they have read with interest the Christian books they bought. As we move down the coast we shall see the mission at gradually later stages, and perhaps be able to notice the order of its growth.

The missionaries still maintain the service which Burns established for the English residents; and as the steamer in which we were to sail for the South was delayed from Saturday till Sunday, it was arranged that the delay would reach till after service. The foreign community attended almost without exception, and the captain and pilot of the steamer were also present. Then, having had prayer with the missionaries, we went across to the Bund and pushed off to the steamer. Those who had been at church now came to say good-bye, and stood

in little groups along the bank as we slowly slipped down the stream in the brilliant sunlight of a still, autumn day, past the forest of masts and the foreign ships at anchor, and the rows of fishing stakes off the bar, where boats are sometimes wrecked; and then out into the gulf once more. Two days of calm and pleasant steaming brought us to Chefoo, where, finding a steamer starting for Tientsin, we simply transferred our luggage. There had been little to notice: the long line of junks that, taking advantage of the fair weather, were crossing the gulf and standing out for Corea; and the curious sampans that we found fishing ten or twelve miles from shore, mere boards with a rude seat fixed on them, where the fishermen sit with the waves continually washing over their feet. These solitary figures so far from shore, and at a distance like people sitting on the waves, were perplexing until we saw a large fishing smack, which had dropped them there in the morning, go round and pick them up before sunset.

As we left our anchorage the wind freshened, the sun could scarcely be seen through veils of sand, and the associations were not of a cheering kind. Here was the bleak island where the army camped before we went up the Peiho; and here were the lean and ugly cliffs and the bays of muddy sand; and there was the all-but-invisible low spit on which a vessel of the squadron ran, supposing the channel was clear. Then the rain came, and the wind shifted and tossed up the waves in the shallow basin until they lashed against the upper windows and over the deck, to the surprise of our genial captain (and of all the shallow and atrocious waters that are raised up against the stomach of man I think the Gulf of Pecheli in a hurricane bears away the palm), and it was bitterly cold, cold enough for frost and snow, and the river water and the tide were running out strongly before the gale; and no doubt had one been disposed to grumble there was much more. We were at the bar. The signal ran up "eleven feet six;" our ship drew twelve feet, but the captain pressed on; and with a graze we got over—over the bar, but not over our trouble.

We were opposite the village of Taku, with its forts and torpedo school amid a row of uniform, sad-coloured mud houses. The opposite shore was lined with salt heaps, shaped like peat stacks, and probably sixty feet long by twenty feet high. But what troubled us was the river; for, crooked as the channel was at New Chwang, we were unprepared

for the pitiless twisting of the Peiho. The wind was blowing the water steadily out, and as we saw it, it was a narrow ditch where we were shaving the reedy bank at one side and not more than fifty feet from it on the other, and the bends are so interminable that ten hours' journey may not be ten miles as the crow flies, and so sharp that the boat has to be hauled round with a hawser. Mud villages appeared at intervals, the only relief to the colour being the dresses of a few people that were moving about, and who were clothed either in faded or in new and brilliant blue. After three hours there came almost an English wooding, with patches of vegetables among the trees; then the earthworks and casemates of the new forts, as strong and well constructed as our own, and a long line of junks with the white eye and the black projecting eyeball (for the Chinaman still says of his boat, "He no eye then he no see how go"), and the flat stern with its brilliantly painted bird's or dragon's head in a mass of endless perplexed wings or tails of gaudy colours. A pile of Foochow poles was lashed to each side of some of the larger vessels, and raised considerably higher than the deck, yet with these and similar *impedimenta* they bravely make their way up from the southern ports. At the upper end the line was closed by a gunboat with graceful lines, built at the Chinese arsenal, and only distinguished from its European model by the golden dragon that twists its conventional tail along the bowsprit and the yellow flag that flies at the stern. All the while the tide was quietly slipping out, and leaving the sloping mud banks bare. A group of peasant folk in white mourning stand to watch us pass; small junks lie aground in mud creeks; pigs wander freely; the gateways are covered with advertisements, old and new. Lines of well-tilled, well-kept fields run down close to the bank, and behind them there are well-stocked haggards. The farmhouses are miserable enough, but there are plenty of hands busy drawing water, stacking the grain, treading out the corn, gathering roots, and attending to the mules; and behind the houses there is a belt of fine trees. Farther on every inch of ground seems cultivated, and the place has the look of a market-garden.

"At half-past eleven we anchor as the water is falling, and do not move on again until half-past three. Landmarks of clay falling into ruin note by an inscription that there is anchorage for junks. A golden-coloured grain is placed to dry on the house-

tops, and brightens the view. A man is holding a broad-bellied and narrow-necked gourd by two ropes, swings it into creek or well, and scatters the water where he wishes; sometimes he sits during the operation. Men are towing and poling boats up and down the stream. At five we stuck again, pushed on for fifty yards, stuck once more, pushed on again, and halted in the mud for the night."

The night was bitterly cold, and in the morning there was ice on the deck a quarter of an inch thick. We had no fire, and the wind was keener than ever; but we set off gaily about half-past eight, till in about two hundred yards we were fast for the day. There seemed no end to these delays. We were only ten miles from Tientsin on foot, the captain said, and the *comprador* good-naturedly went on shore to hunt up a cart for our luggage. We watched him scouring over the plain from village to village, evidently unsuccessful. At last a blue cart was seen making its way to the river bank. The captain lowered his boat, the men laid planks up the mud, our luggage was stowed in the cart, adieus had been waved to the ship and our fellow-travellers, and we had set off, meekly trudging behind our chattels, when signals were made for us to return. The customs' steam yacht, with Mr. Hart, the Chief Commissioner, and probably the most powerful foreigner in China, on board, had come to the rescue. The few passengers (some of them to be his guests) were taken into the charming ship, with its English officers and uniforms and man-of-war discipline, its luxurious little cabin and its library; and we set off in high spirits. Alas! lunch was barely over when, at a famous bend, we ran into an old sunken salt junk. The tide, already reduced by the wind, was falling, and no arrangement of hawsers made the slightest change in our position. When every ingenious device had failed, the cutter was lowered and converted into a little steam launch, the luggage was packed in a second boat, and we all, disposed in a third, were ingloriously towed up the stream against the current and the bitter north wind. The distance was longer than was supposed, and it was not until half-past five, and after having been nearly three days in the river, on a journey that sometimes occupies seven hours, that we were landed, blue and stiff from cold, at the famous river-gate, the city of Tientsin.

*Note to First Article on "Terrestrial Magnetism and the Mariner's Compass."*—The letters "N" and "S" in the diagram on p. 380—showing "Curved Lines of Force"—should be transposed.

## YOUNG MRS. JARDINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

## CHAPTER XI.



H E Y  
were  
standing  
together,  
the  
young  
husband  
and  
wife,  
"at their  
in door,"  
in the  
long  
north-  
ern twi-  
light,  
the  
Mid-  
summer  
twilight,

beautiful as I have never seen it anywhere but in Scotland: cold, gloomy, rainy Scotland. But, as if Nature herself wished to be kind to the souls that loved her, and unto whom the world was just a little unkind; from the day they reached Blackhall there had set in an extraordinary long spell of fair weather. Scent of roses, songs of nest-building birds, sunshiny days, and nights such as this one, when the earth lay sleeping in a pale amber light, and the far-off mountains looked like the gates of heaven;—such had been their compensations for a good many painful, troublesome, difficult things in their brief married life, and especially their life at Richerden.

Now had come to them the hallowed time, which even in happy marriage comes to few, and never comes for very long, so fast life's cares are sure to follow. The so-called honeymoon is rarely a time of complete happiness, everything being so new and strange. But they had now had three months in which to grow used to one another, to smooth down passing differences, to find out and get over little mutual faults, to see and avoid the thorns among the roses, and to make acquaintance with what have been wittily dubbed the "two bears" of matrimony—"bear" and "forebear."

Already both were a good deal changed; the mysterious change which marriage makes

to all, but to none so much as to those who marry early. Already they had learnt to forget themselves each in the other, with the hope of a long future in which to rub down opposing angles, striving to become "heirs together of the kingdom of heaven,"—that kingdom of heaven which begins on earth.

It seemed to have begun for them. Roderick's arm was round his wife's shoulders, instead of a shawl; for he had felt her shiver in the white dress which had now replaced her black one. Her head leant against his breast, her little hand had sought his, and lay safe in the soft firm clasp which was to her such a heaven of rest.

"How quiet everything is!" she said; "how plainly we can hear the burn singing down below—hear and not see—so that you cannot complain of the mill which has spoiled it so, nor grumble at the sins of your—our—misguided great-great-grandfather!"

This was an impecunious Jardine of the last century, who had sold two acres of land, half a mile below the house, on which was built a cotton-mill, now owned by Mr. Black, the factor, their only near neighbour, and the only person who had yet called upon young Mrs. Jardine. He was an old bachelor—there was no Mrs. Black to call—which fact, remembering Mrs. Maclagan, was a great consolation to Roderick, who betrayed sometimes a lurking dislike both of the mill and its master.

"Yes, Blackhall is very quiet," he answered, "especially after Richerden. You don't regret Richerden, though you are 'no longer dressed in——' How does the line run?"

Silence sang out into the clear still night—no fear of listeners!—the verse—

"No longer dressed in silken sheen,  
No longer decked w' jewels rare,  
Dost thou regret the courtly scene  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?"

"Those 'jewels rare' about which I got so angry with you, my darling; and yet which purchased for us so much peace of mind, to say nothing of Mr. Maclagan's declaration 'that he had not met for years a lady he so much respected as young Mrs. Jardine!' Good, honest man! He never said so, but I think my poor opals will appear on Mrs. Maclagan's fat neck next winter."

"Never mind; they will make her happy;



and I—my happiness does not lie in ornaments."

"What does it lie in then?"

"Love."

He knew the whispered answer, without need of her giving it. Still, as he pressed his wife closer to him, he liked to hear it.

"Love is not everything, perhaps. I mean—as our good friend Maclagan suggested when we bade him good-bye—

'Will the flame that you're so rich in light a fire in the kitchen,  
Or the little God of Love turn the spit, spit, spit?'

We must be prudent. And we shall be, now the wife is Chancellor of the Exchequer. Still, we may have a good deal to fight against, which even love will not shield us from. But after all, 'Love is best!'"

"Is it? Do you really think so? For me it is; but you——" she stopped.

Silence was, as her husband often told her, "a very woman." Until her marriage she had been, as she sometimes owned smiling, utterly ignorant of men and their crotchets; their ambitions, lawful and unlawful, their faults and virtues, both larger, maybe, than ours. Such knowledge, in short, which, whether for good or ill, no unmarried woman can possibly acquire. But this young wife was learning it day by day. Slowly she began to feel—and in her large heart, wholly absorbed in her husband, to feel without pain—that to a man love is not all, nor ought to be. His life, meant to stretch far outside the home, should be sheltered, but not shut up within it; else it will assuredly wither at the root, like a tree which has neither air to breathe nor room to grow in. And sometimes, though he never said it, never hinted that his marriage had cost him anything, there came a certain dulness over Roderick's face—the wistful dreariness of a man who has nothing to do, no special aim or ambition in life, which told its own tale.

—Told just so much, no more. And Silence, being a practical rather than a sentimental woman, had made for herself no unnecessary misery out of it. She knew her husband too well to imagine he counted as sacrifices the small, selfish, personal luxuries in which young men indulge, and which he had to give up in marrying. Doubtless he had liked them well enough, but they were not necessary to him, for the very refinement of his nature gave it a simplicity almost ascetic. Frugal as their table was, he ate what was set before him without complaining; and day after day he took long walks across country, without ever hinting that

never in his life before had he been without his great enjoyment—a good horse to ride. No, these were not the things he missed, and his wife knew it. But he missed work, and—just a very little—society. Also, there was one pang, not always there (for deceive ourselves as we may, we parents, our children can be happy without us!), still a sore pang whenever it did come—the total silence of his own people towards him. Since—except that one state dinner, and the call afterwards, when Mrs. Alexander Thomson was "not at home"—even Bella had been too indifferent, or too cowardly, to make any further sisterly sign. The acquaintance had tacitly dropped.

"We are just ourselves—our own two selves," said Roderick, answering his wife's words, and perhaps the unspoken thoughts of both. "We shall have to fight the world together, and alone; but we will do it, never fear. You shall help me, and I will help you—if I can. By the way—if one dare name such a thing in face of those glorious hills—did your new kitchen-range work well to-day?"

She laughed merrily.

"Yes, everything is beginning to work well, after a good deal of trouble."

"I know that, my darling. Anybody less happy-minded than you would have made a mountain of misery out of the chaos I have brought you into. Poor Cousin Silence! it could not have been so in her lifetime; she was very dainty and orderly, I believe; but she has been dead more than a year now."

"Dear Cousin Silence!"—with a sudden pathos in her voice which struck her husband. "I think a good deal of Cousin Silence. It seems so strange that we should be here—and so happy—we two. Did you know, Roderick, that this was her favourite walk—the terrace—hers and Cousin Henry's?"

"Cousin Henry—that must have been my father?"

"Yes, my father always called him so. He used to speak of him sometimes, not very often. I have never told you"—here her voice fell into the tenderest whisper—"but I have sometimes thought, if they all knew it, they would be very glad that we two were married. Because, as I found out by some letters I had to look over after mamma died, Cousin Silence ought to have married Cousin Henry, if my father had not come between them in some cruel way. He was very sorry afterwards—poor papa! but it was too late, I suppose. And they are all dead now, and we are here. Is it not strange?"

"Very strange. Poor Cousin Silence!"—Then with a sudden and inexplicable revolution of feeling, Roderick added—"We will not talk of this any more. You see, I am my mother's son. She loved him dearly, and he was the kindest of husbands to her—my poor father!"

"And so was papa to mamma. But, oh, Roderick!"—and clinging to him with a sudden passionate impulse, she burst into tears—"love is best—love is best! O my God, I thank Thee! Take what thou wilt from me, but leave me this; let me never live to hear my husband say that love was *not* best!"

Roderick soothed and quieted her. She had been very tired that day, working, as he declared, "like a nigger slave," over her domestic affairs. Then they sat down together, still under the starlight; it was impossible to go in-doors that lovely night;—and began talking of the future, planning out their life, the long sweet life they were to pass together. Full of work—of hard work, maybe—but work, each for each, and after that, for even the outside world. In which, the young man owned, he should like dearly to play a man's part, somehow, in some way, so as to leave it a little better than he found it. Nothing strange in this, nothing new, and yet it seemed all deliciously new to these two young people, and especially to the wife, who thought her husband capable of everything great or noble.

"That may be all very true," said Roderick, laughing. "Let us suppose that I could be a king or an emperor, if I tried, and if anybody asked me. But no fear of that. No doubt it is foolish to complain of having nothing to do, when there is endless work to be done in the world—only, how am I to find it?"

"That is what puzzles me too," answered Silence. And her husband laughed at the grave judge-of-session expression of her face, as he saw it in the wonderfully clear glimmer of the zodiacal light. "You have been brought up to no profession, no business, though you are growing more business-like every day. It is useless trying for any appointment, for we have got no friends—no grand friends, that is, with influence to help us. Besides, that would entail our quitting Blackhall—and you want to live at Blackhall—and we have decided that we can do it if——"

"If you will take care of all the money, and spend it carefully; sending me about the world with a pound-note in my pocket,

which I have the strictest injunctions never to change——"

"Roderick!" They were such innocent merry children still.

Very soon "young Mrs. Jardine," as he was fond of calling her, put on her wise face again, and both it and her words often had a curious wisdom—not worldly wisdom, but that wisdom which has been characterized as coming "from God"—"first pure, and then peaceable."

"There is a saying, Roderick—you read it out of the Bible this very morning at prayers—'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' That means, as it seems to me at least, do not go beating about the bush, and vexing yourself with trying after a hundred things that you cannot do, but do something which you can do. I have been thinking of you a great deal, my husband, and one thing has occurred to me. You are very clever; you know you gave me a whole heap of MSS.—prose and poetry—which you wrote at college."

"When I was so foolish as to think I should be an author some day."

"Well, why not? All other professions cost oceans of money, and years of labour. Authorship costs nothing but pen, ink, and paper."

"And a few brains, which you think I have, my wife, but—query?"

She looked up with tender admiration at the handsome face, thoroughly manly, and yet with a strange feminine sweetness such as is often supposed to imply that mysterious quality called genius. He might have had it in degree, or else, more likely, his nature belonged to the border-land of the appreciative rather than the creative—still, his wife believed in him, wholly, utterly.

"I would give my life to see my husband a great man, and to help him to become one!" said she, with a suppressed passion which quite startled Roderick. Then, laughing again, as if half-ashamed of her own earnestness, "Suppose, since we cannot afford to buy books, you were to set to work and write one?"

"You little Solon!" cried Roderick, and said no more. But there was a gleam in his eye, a hope in his heart. Something in his wife's words had stirred in him that ambition which every man has, or ought to have, else he is no true man at all—the wish to do something, to be something; to cease drifting aimlessly down the stream of life, in the passing pleasures of the day, but to take firm root somewhere; strike root downwards, and

bear fruit upwards. And the woman that hinders him from doing this is no true wife, but a mere parasite that smothers and impedes the growth of the tree. Ay, even though she may garland him as gorgeously as the lianas do the trees in western forests, with what she calls love, but which is in truth the merest selfishness.

Such was not—never could have been—the love of Silence Jardine. From that night, when having called her “a little Solon,” he said no more, but sat beside her, looking across at the dim mountains and amber sky, and thinking his own thoughts—uncommunicated, perhaps uncommunicable—Roderick began in good earnest the work she had suggested. It involved his shutting himself up many hours daily, and being so absorbed when he did appear—after the fashion of young writers before they learn that true authorship is a duty, not a passion—a daily labour, and not an accidental “mood”—that sometimes he had hardly a word to say to her, and she scarcely knew whether to smile at, or stand in awe of, his silence and abstraction. He had his weak points, no doubt, this lovable and well-loved Roderick; perhaps his wife saw them, perhaps she did not. And she had hers, which doubtless he had also found out by this time. But as she sometimes said, in the gravely simple way she had of putting things—the great secret of domestic life is to be able to recognise, first, our own incapacities, and next, the incapacities of those dear to us, so as to conquer the one, and be happy with, even in spite of, the other. And they were happy, no doubt of that, for their happiness lay in the safe strength of satisfied affection, which, like the key-note of a tune, settled the music of their life, guiding its perplexed measure into one harmonious end.

Happy—even though, as months went on, the great problem of making ends meet gradually became more difficult. Silence, brought up in that best school, poverty—when not actually grinding poverty—had started their small ménage on the safe principle of paying for everything at once, and buying nothing that she could not pay for. But the differences between Swiss house-keeping and Scotch were considerable; she often found herself at fault. She had to learn her lesson all afresh, and sometimes it was rather a hard one. At first she brought all her difficulties and distresses to her husband; he listened with his usual sweet patience, but she soon found that he did not understand, or was grieved and troubled; so, by degrees, she

took all these domestic burthens on herself alone. “It is easy for me to bear them,” she argued; “but he——”

And then, he was writing a book! She who, without being literary, had lived in an atmosphere of literature, at least of book-loving people, looked on him with a tender awe, and kept from him everything that could annoy him or hinder his important work; going quietly about her own, which she thought so inferior, yet which in her secret heart—despise her not, ye learned ladies!—she was woman enough not merely to do, but to enjoy doing. To some wives, and not the worst of them, half the pleasure of marriage is to be mistress of a house! The faculty of arrangement—of touching with that wonderful rod of the fairy Order all the confused elements of domestic life, and converting them into smoothness and peace; the power of government, as essential in a family as a state, of setting all the wheels working, and taking care that they are well oiled, so that the machinery is kept going; pleasing the eye and soothing the heart with a sense of comfort and of the fitness of things; all these qualities Silence possessed in a very large measure. And to use what one possesses, to have occasion for doing what one feels one can do well, is a pleasant thing to all women.

She was a born mistress of a household, this young Mrs. Jardine; none the less so because of a something in her beyond it all, which made her often stop a moment in her daily labours to look at “the blue hills far away,” to listen to the singing of the burn in the glen, or the birds in the garden, and perhaps carol a ditty herself there, when she was gathering flowers or pulling fruit, out in the open air, for they had no piano, and she would not hear of buying one till the book was done and they had plenty of money.

Plenty of money—out of a first book, by a “prentice han!”—they must have been most innocent and ignorant souls to believe this! Yet they did. That MS. was a novel, of course—but owing to the author’s small experience of life and the difficulty he found in painting nature, thrown back out of nature into the far past, into that classic time which the young collegian, who was a good Greek scholar, fancied would be as interesting to others as it was to himself. He discussed it incessantly, in that sweet companionship which was a reflection of himself, till he almost felt like a modern Pericles, inspired by a nobler, holier, and purer Aspasia.

And she—she smiled and listened; not always thinking everything perfect because



Roderick did it, but still much inclined that way, and in any doubtful case giving him the benefit of the doubt. Between whiles she did her own work, as he his, so conscientiously that very often they scarcely saw one another all day long. But then came the blessed evenings together, which healed all the day's worries and cares. They walked out when the weather was possible, and then when the inevitable rain came on they nestled down by the welcome fire—made more delicious, perhaps, by the beating of the storm outside.

"Yes, I think I rather like the rain," said Silence once as they were sitting "four feet on a fender," the lamp between them, and she was putting a stitch or two into his coat—alas! his clothes began to need mending a little, he that had been "the glass of fashion and the mould of form;" but he scarcely noticed it, being absorbed in other things. "You know, dear, we were winter lovers, and half our courtship was done in snow and rain. I shall always love the rain."

"My darling, you are in one thing unlike all women—at least, all that I ever knew. You invariably prefer what you have instead of what you have not. Suppose, now, just for a change, you were to begin worrying my life out because I cannot give you half-a-dozen servants and a carriage and pair, or take you out into society? My wife, do you mind being poor?"

"Do you? When you are a Jardine—we are both Jardines, for that matter—and you are to be a great author, or a great man, some day?"

"Evidently my wife does not believe the two synonymous," said Roderick, laughing and colouring.

"Not quite, because the author may fail; whereas the man who does his work—any work—as conscientiously as you are doing it, must always be, in one sense, a great man. Also the one is the world's property, the other is mine!"

She put her arms round his neck; he leant against her, for he was, in truth, a good deal tired. His book had been "bothering" him, and he was not used to being bothered, not accustomed to the endless labour, the perpetual struggle between impulse and perseverance, moods of errant fancy and deliberate, mechanical, matter-of-fact toil, which all professional authors understand but too well. He might or might not have been a genius; he certainly did not think himself one, poor Roderick! being always painfully alive to

his own shortcomings; but all the more, it comforted him that his wife did think so, and had the faith in him which he had not always in himself. Human nature may be weak, but there is often a pathos in its weakness; and few laments have been more touching than that of the Prophet Mohammed, whom even the young, fair, second wife could not console for the loss of his old Cadiga. "Ah, but it was Cadiga who *believed in me.*"

That Silence Jardine believed in her Roderick might have been a mistake, even a folly; but she did believe, and it made her happy. Through all their weariness, solitude, and poverty—not actual need, but still hearing sometimes the distant bark of the "wolf" that might soon come to their door—the young husband and wife were, nevertheless, thoroughly happy. All people might not have been so—not even married people, who took their stand-point in external things, thought a great deal of "What will the world say?" or delighted in material pleasures not obtainable at Blackhall. But it had been a just criticism passed by old Mrs. Grierson on Roderick's young wife, that she was "in the world, and not of it;" therefore she was happy, and she made him happy too.

"It's done at last!" said he, almost with a shout, as, one late autumn morning, with the scent of clematis and jasmine coming in at the open window, he finished his book, writing, in his best and neatest hand, "The End" on the final page. "And yet I am half sorry! I have killed them all, or married them—made them quite comfortable, anyhow—and now I rather miss them. They had grown such companions; had they not, dear?"

Silence smiled; but yet, as she tenderly tied up the MS., carefully counting the pages, to be sure that none were missing, a tear fell on the last one. It was so dear to her, this first work of her husband's, done in their first year of married life, and full of so many associations. She was sure, even if it came to the twentieth edition, she should never cease to remember and cherish it, every line.

"Twentieth editions do not come every day, even to celebrated authors," said Roderick sapiently. "I should be glad to sell even the first five, and get the money."

"Money—I am afraid I had forgotten the money," said Silence—as, indeed, she had. But for a good many days after, when, the excitement of work over, a reaction came, and Roderick looked more pale and ill than

she had ever seen him, she began to count over her little store, as if by counting she could double it, and to long, day by day, for the letter which was to bring the hope of that despised necessity—pounds, shillings, and pence.

Celebrated authors are usually treated with courtesy and kindness by eminent publishers, well aware that—

“the value of a thing  
Is just as much as it will bring,”

but unknown and amateur authors who rashly send their MSS. to busy firms, unto whom their small venture is a mere drop in the bucket, an unconsidered nothing, received and laid indefinitely aside, do not always meet the same consideration.

Day after day Roderick and Silence stood together at their gate—somehow, without planning, it always did happen that they met together there, at the precise hour when the postman might be seen slowly winding up the long road; but in vain. He seldom left them any letters: never the letter which would have been such a priceless boon.

Roderick wrote a second time;—a third time Silence hinted at; but he shook his head.

“I am a proud man; I would as lief be the unjust judge as the woman who, by her continual coming, wearied him into justice. What a strange, sad world it is, my darling!”

And then by degrees he fell into that deep depression so much commoner to men than to women, in which women often have to stand by, quite powerless, thankful only if there still remains, untouched, that sweet nature, that pathetic appeal for sympathy, which was in Roderick's eyes when he said “my darling.”

But this could not last; he would have been more than human else—or less. A young man in his prime, with strong ambitions, high aspirations—all, in fact, that makes the difference between the man who wishes really to live, for this world and the next, and the man who is content to feel, or act as if he felt, “Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die,”—for such a man to be shut up in a narrow Eden, even with his beloved Eve by his side—it could not be! And, in one sense, it ought not to be. When at last he grew irritable, and Silence had to recognise the fact that women have a good deal to bear, not only for, but from, those whom they deeply love—still, she did not blame him; how could she? “It is so

much harder for him than for me,” she argued; and perhaps it was.

“I try to be good—I do try!” he would sometimes say with an almost child-like pathos, after he had been “cross” with her. “Believe me, I am more vexed with myself than ever you can be with me. Now you—nothing ever seems to vex you.”

“That's all you know,” she answered gaily. “I may turn out to be ‘a goodly villain with a smiling cheek,’ as your Shakspeare has it.”

“Smiling, but just a little too pale, my ‘villain,’” said Roderick, stroking it tenderly. And then they kissed and forgave one another.

It is not true, as some special pleaders for sinners try to make out, that the more one forgives the better one loves; but it is true that the strongest rivet in the fabric of domestic love is mutual forgiveness, when followed by mutual amendment. These sore weeks of suspense, which tried them both so much, haply taught these young people a few lessons, which they would never forget for the remainder of their lives.

The last and hardest came one day when they had been rather brighter than usual. Silence had persuaded her husband to walk down with her to the obnoxious cotton-mill, in which she had become much interested—having instituted, or rather carried on anew, a school for the mill girls, which had been the favourite work of Miss Jardine. “You will let me do it, just because she did it?” was the entreaty which Roderick could not resist. So every Sunday, while he took the long stretch across country which she insisted upon after the labours of the week, she had gone down to an empty room at the mill and kept school there for two hours.

To-day the girls recognised her with delight, and her husband, pleased with her pleasure, glad too of any relief in his monotonous life, had talked to the “hands,” examined the machinery, and acknowledged there might be a worse lot in life than to be master of a mill.

“At one time I wanted to be an engineer, but my mother thought the profession not ‘genteel’ enough. She would have put me into ‘the house,’ but though I loved machinery, I hated trade. You would not have wondered, had you ever known my grandfather Paterson——” Roderick stopped. “But he is dead—and he was a clever man, and an honest, in his own way.”

It was one of the things which Silence most loved in her husband, part of the infinite respect deepening every day, which

would have made her pass over ever so many little faults in him, that she never heard him speak ill-naturedly or unkindly of any human being.

"I almost wish I had been in our firm or some other, that you might—

'walk in silk attire,  
And siller hae to spare.'

But after all, my wife, you would not have cared to see me a millionaire, and a money-grubber;—Grub Street seems a deal nearer my mark."

They both laughed and entered the house gaily—almost for the first time without looking on the hall-table for the vague expectation of something. It was not till Silence had taken off her hat and began to make the tea that she saw a large carrier's parcel with the "eminent publisher's" label outside—one of those neatly done up, innocent looking parcels which often carry with them a stroke of absolute doom.

"Let me open it," said Silence—and her husband let her.

It was a civil note, a very civil note, placed on the top of the MS., and expressing great regret that the latter was found "unsuitable." In reading it Roderick's hands shook nervously and his colour went and came.

"Never mind, it does not matter; it was what I should have expected," was all he said.

"No, it does not matter," said Silence firmly. "They only say it is 'unsuitable' to them. It may suit some one else." Let us try."

"Yes, let us try," echoed Roderick mechanically, his hand before his eyes. "And if we fail——"

"We fail:  
But screw our courage to the sticking place,  
And we'll not fail."

"My Lady Macbeth!" said he, scarcely able to forbear a smile at the sweet broken English, and the brave heart which tried so hard to keep up his own. "Then let us once more go together to 'murder sleep'—or only a publisher. Whom shall the MS. be sent to next?"

What endless power of reaction, what unconquerable hope there is in youth! We elders often look back on our own, wondering at the daring ignorance that could breast such unknown monster waves, or fancy we could ride in our little cock-boats over seas where many a good ship has gone hopelessly down. Yet so it was, and so it always will be.

That very day—for Silence never let any grass grow under her feet—she repacked the MS. and sent it to another house. From

whence it came back at once; unopened, as all arrangements were made up—in fact, the head of the firm was just starting for Switzerland. He, honest man—for publishers are but men, though poor authors will not always believe it—being perhaps a little worn out with a year of worries—the *genus irritabile* are the most worrying folk alive!—added a well-meant but quite unnecessary sting to the effect that "he would advise the author to try another tack—historical novels never sold."

"Then I had better burn it," said Roderick quietly. But as he advanced to the fire there was an expression in his face which his wife had never seen before. She flung herself before him in an agony of tears.

"You shall not. It is mine, mine, whether the world likes it or not. We will never give in; we will try and try again. Don't you remember Bruce and the spider?"

"A good smile; because in the meantime I might lie in this horrid cave and starve. Thank you, my dear. No, I had rather go out, take my sword in my hand, and die fighting, die fighting!"

He laughed loudly; and then, utterly breaking down, he too burst into tears.

"I am ashamed of myself," he said at last. "But you do not know, no woman could know, how terrible this sort of life is to a man. To sit with my hands bound, and watch the tide come in, wave after wave—the tide that will drown us both. Oh, if I could go anywhere—do anything! But I can do nothing—I was brought up to nothing. If I had ten sons"—he spoke wildly, nor noticed the sudden change of the downcast face—"ay, and a fortune for each of them, I would still bring them up to earn their honest bread. Mother, mother, you have been very cruel to me!"

It was months since he had named his mother or any of his family. By common consent he and she had kept silence, even between one another, on this point, and they did so still.

Without any words, Silence laid her husband's head on her shoulder, soothing him less like a wife than a mother—or rather a combination of both. The worshipped ideal, the "queen" of boyish fancy, had long ago melted into the mere woman—not perfect, but yet trying hard to be "as good as she could," both for love's sake and for the sake of that Love Divine which is at the root of it all. And so she was gradually becoming what a man so sorely needs his wife to be—comfort, solace, strength; his fellow-labourer as



well as his counsellor ; neither superior nor inferior to himself, only different.

And in this character she made the wisest suggestion that could have been made, and which the day before he had absolutely scouted—that they should go away for a few days : accept the latest of the many invitations of good old Mrs. Grierson, and visit her—not at Richerden, but at the coast.

"You know she said all the Richerden people will have left by now," added Silence hesitating.

"That means, we need not fear meeting any of our relations or friends—we tabooed folk," answered Roderick bitterly. Nevertheless, in his present condition, the very thought of change had a certain relief in it. "She is a dear soul—old Mrs. Grierson.



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I told you you would like her, and you did."

"Very much."

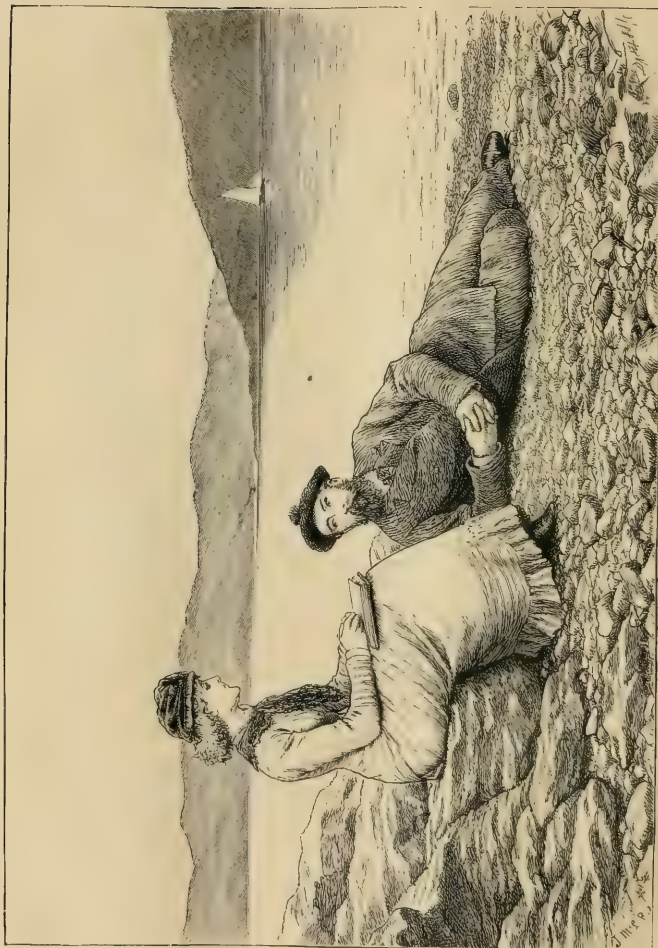
"Suppose then we were to strain a point and go!"

Silence did not tell him that straining a point was, as regarded money matters, more difficult than he knew; but she did somehow manage it, and they went. Not, how-

ever, until, after many consultations, the luckless MS. had again gone forth on its quest for a publisher; this time almost without hope, but simply in the carrying out of that "dogged determination" which Roderick declared he now for the first time recognised in his wife.

"If I had had it!" he said wistfully, as they sat together on the deck of one of those





"YOUNG MRS. JARDINE."



river steam-boats, where all the *désagrémens* of over-crowding and holiday-making cannot neutralise the pleasure of sea and sky, mountain and loch. "If I had had it, how much more I might have done!"

"You never know you have not got it till you try."

"My dear heart!" In the sanctity of very private life Roderick sometimes called his wife "my heart," or "my soul"—which was a great deal nearer the truth than many an idle pet-name. "Oh, this is delicious!" said he, as he drank in the salt air and amused himself with Silence's delight in a beauty which she declared made Scotland "better than Switzerland," the broad estuary running up into long hill-encircled lochs, where porpoises tumbled and white gulls wheeled screaming overhead, and the lights and shadows came and went, producing "effects" such as are seen nowhere but in this rainy, sunshiny land; a country which beyond all others seems to be a country with a soul, especially on its coast. And Silence, who, though brought up among mountains, had never seen the sea except when she crossed it at Calais, watched all these wonders with perfectly childish delight.

"How happy you are!" said Roderick, looking at her.

"Why not? when we two are together—always together."

Roderick smiled, not in gratified vanity, he had very little of that; but recognising—as in selfish passion men never can recognise—the sweetness of being able to make another human being perfectly happy.

Mrs. Grierson's welcome was a treat to get. She was one of those old people whom all young people love—sympathetic, unexpecting, expending wherever she could, and especially upon any one that needed it, the warmth of her childless, motherless heart. Narrow she might be in her opinions—at least some of the new generation, even Roderick himself, had thought so; but in her acts she was wide as charity itself. And her house was one of those—not too many in this world—where guests feel entirely "at home." Not from its luxuries, though these were enough to make Roderick sometimes say mournfully, "I wish, my darling, I could give you such-and-such things at Blackhall!" but from the spirit of kindness and peace that pervaded it all. You always found everything done for you that you wanted, and nothing that you did not want. Nobody ever attempted to "amuse" you, and yet you were never neglected, never allowed to feel

that under the polite smile was the secret wish, "I wonder when they are going away!"

The young folks were left almost entirely to themselves, sitting out on the lovely shore or climbing the heights—the same where Roderick had a year ago sat and dreamed of the then unseen and incredible She—as he told her once when she sat beside him. They wandered about, perfectly content, till dusk, when they came in, and submitted placidly to the sweet severities of late dinner. Mrs. Grierson belonged to one of the "old" Richerden families, and cherished the refined formality vainly imitated by the *nouveaux riches* of that society.

"But you seem quite at home," said Roderick to his wife. "You might have been a Richerden lady all your days, so well you play your part."

"I don't play it at all, dear. I really enjoy myself—I enjoy everything—with you. How terrible it must be"—with a sudden shiver—"I hardly know which would be most terrible, having to part from one's husband, or parting, conscious that one was not sorry to part. Now, you and I are not always 'good,' my Roderick. Sometimes we vex one another—I don't believe a bit in your Dunmow fitch of bacon! Why, we have not been married six months, and I am sure we have quarrelled at least twelve times."

"Not quarrelled, only differed," answered he, laughing. "And I suppose all people do differ, and yet love one another to the end. You love me still?"

"Yes,"—with a sudden gravity—"because I respect you. I think there is one only thing which could kill my love—if I ceased to respect you. I should do my duty still, but all love would go dead out, like a fire when one tramples on it. And then I think no power on earth could ever light it up again."

"God forbid!" Roderick said, startled by a kind of sad sternness which came into the gentle face. But it did him good, after all, to feel that there was that in his wife which would never suffer any man to make her into either a plaything or a slave. The next minute she had slipped her hand into his.

"Don't let us talk such nonsense, my Roderick; you will always love me and hold me fast. I can bear anything so long as you hold me fast."

He did hold her fast, and through more trials than she guessed. To his sensitive nature, the continual dread of meeting Richerden people—old acquaintances who might speak to him or her of painful things—be

came a perfect bugbear. And though Mrs. Grierson, with her usual delicate tact, had managed to let him understand that his own family had all returned to town—that is, Richerden—for the winter, still he caught himself looking into every carriage that passed along the one beautiful sea-side road, every steamer that stopped at the now half-deserted quay, with a nervous anxiety lest he should see some familiar face; familiar still, but welcome no more.

Suppose he did meet them—he only said “them” without individualising—what should he do? Would nature and instinct triumph over reason, so that he could not ignore them, his own flesh and blood, look and pass by, as if they were common strangers? And once, Silence, who after a time began to divine his unspoken thoughts, brought him face to face with them by a sudden question, put with a tender anxiety, but very earnestly.

“Roderick, I have often wanted to ask—what should you do if you were to meet your mother?”

“If *we* were to meet her, you mean; for we are never apart.” In truth he took care they never should be apart, lest somebody or something should chance to wound her, the defenceless creature whom every day he felt more bound to cherish, and concerning whom his indignation continually higher rose. A “tragedy in a tea-pot” may be, but none the less a tragedy; a shadow that was always coming between them and the sun; and worse here, after a little, when the first pleasantness of the change had worn off—worse certainly than at Blackhall. By-and-by, he spoke of going back to Blackhall, but good Mrs. Grierson entreated they would stay on a little longer.

“It would do your wife good, and me too,” she said. “Remember I have no daughter, and she no mother.”

“That is true, poor child!” And he looked sadly across to where, in sweet unconscious peace, Silence sat, making with her deft fingers a cap for the old lady.

“Why call her ‘poor’? Pardon me, my dear Roderick, but may I ask one question—has your mother ever seen your wife?”

“No.”

“She ought to see her. Do you not think so?”

“What do you mean, Mrs. Grierson? But, excuse me, this is a subject upon which we had better not speak.”

“I agree with you, and should never have spoken,” said the old lady nervously, “were it not almost my duty to tell you that Mrs.

Jardine is at Fairfield, close by, come unexpectedly on a three-days’ visit. She may not come to see me, and she may. If she does—”

“We will leave immediately,” said Roderick, rising. “Indeed, my dear Mrs. Grierson, it is much better so. We should grieve to cause you a moment’s inconvenience.”

“My dear,” laying her hand on his arm, and looking at him with sweet calm eyes that were so near the other world as to have half forgotten the sorrows of this. “My dear, I knew you as soon as you were born. Forgive an old woman who never had a child; but mothers are mothers—don’t you think that instead of going away, you should rather stay, on the chance of seeing your mother?”

“See my mother? what, she— But, indeed, I cannot talk over these things, which, I suppose, you know all about. Everybody does know everybody else’s affairs in Richerden.”

“Yes, I know.”

“Then it is kind not to have spoken to me before. Let us continue that wholesome silence. Let me take my wife and go.”

“Suppose your wife and I were to settle that question. She is the dearest little woman in all the world. I only wish I had had her for my daughter. Women understand women best,” she added with a gentle smile. “I think, my dear boy, you had better walk away.”

Roderick did not walk away, but he suffered Mrs. Grierson to go over and speak to his wife. Finally, the ice once broken, they were able to talk over these painful things all three together. The younger ones poured out their grief and wrath; at least, Roderick did; Silence said nothing. The elder woman listened patiently and tenderly, yet took a little the opposite side, for there are two sides to every subject, and those are the wisest people who in youth can see with old—in age with young eyes.

Deep as her sympathy was, seventy views things a little differently from twenty-seven. The warm motherly heart could not choose but put itself in the mother’s place—the mother who had so wholly lost, or persuaded herself she had lost, her beloved and only son.

“I have known Mrs. Jardine ever since her marriage,” Mrs. Grierson explained to Silence. “She is a woman of strong prejudices, strong passions, but generous and kindly; doing wrong things sometimes, as we all do, but doing them with the best intentions, which not all of us do. But I beg your husband’s pardon for criticizing his mother, who is so totally opposite to his wife that, on the principle that extremes meet,

I should not wonder if, when you do meet, you were to like one another amazingly."

Roderick made no answer; but, whether he believed it or not, the idea certainly seemed to comfort him. He listened with a patience that surprised himself to a further homily and many gentle arguments; ending with one which youth is so slow to understand, that life is too short for anything but love and peace.

Yielding, at last, to her earnest entreaty, and to the mute appeal of his wife's eyes, Roderick consented that Mrs. Grierson should write a brief note to his mother, mentioning formally what guests she had in her house, and how happy she should be to see Mrs. Jardine, "were it convenient and agreeable."

The next six hours, spent within doors—they shrank from the chances of the road without—were not very happy hours to any of the trio.

It was nearly night—a red stormy sunset fading over the sea, the "white horses" rising, a gale beginning to blow and dash the waves wildly against the rocks under the drawing-room windows. Roderick and Silence had been watching the twilight shadows upon the mountains, beyond which lay Blackhall and home.

"I almost wish we were at home," she whispered; and he had put his arms tenderly round her, when suddenly Mrs. Grierson entered with a letter in her hand.

"Read that, my dears. It is, I own, rather—surprising."

It was—from a mother. "Mrs. Jardine's compliments to Mrs. Grierson, and she does not intend going out to-day; but if Mr. Roderick Jardine has anything to say to her he may come, provided he comes alone, at ten o'clock to-morrow."

These brief lines were passed round, and then the three regarded one another; doubtful who should speak first, and still more doubtful what to say.

At last Roderick, pressing his hostess's hand, bade her not to be troubled. She had done her best. "But you see, dear Mrs. Grierson, that I was right. We had better go home."

"And not go and see your mother?"

"Certainly not; without my wife. Dear," turning to her affectionately, "we did not have it in our Swiss marriage service, though, I believe, it is in the English one; but there is a text—'What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.' I do not mean to be put asunder from my wife—not even by my own mother."

He spoke smilingly, caressing her the while, but Silence burst into tears.

"And it is I that have been the cause of this—I, who— Does she know, Roderick, that my mother is dead? And would any one whose mother is dead wish to keep a son away from his living mother? Go to her with or without me—only go!"

And, argue as he might, she refused to see the matter in any other light. A mother was a mother always. Mrs. Jardine had wished to see him, and he must go.

Roderick thought differently. To him it appeared the most arrant cowardice; desertion of the wife he had deliberately chosen; acknowledgment of an error he had never committed. Besides, it was a weak truckling to the stronger side—the wealthy side.

"For (you may not know it, Mrs. Grierson, though it seems to me that everybody does get to know everything, especially at Richerden) my mother's money is all in her own hands; and I—we—are as poor as church mice."

Mrs. Grierson smiled. "Money is a good thing and a bad thing, but not half such an important thing as some folks imagine. It need not hinder a man from going to see his own mother."

Roderick winced slightly. "Then you think my pride wrong?"

"Not pride for her," with a tender glance at Silence. "But as for yourself—a man satisfied of his own real motives should be indifferent to any imputed ones. That is not his concern at all."

"You are right—I admit it. Still, as to my wife——"

But Silence flung herself, in one of her rare outbursts of emotion, on her knees beside her husband. "Go, I beseech you, go! She is alive—you can hear her speak—you can make her understand you love her. Oh, Roderick, you don't know what it is to call when there is none to answer—to weep when there is no one to comfort you. Go, go! You have no idea what it is to feel that one's mother is dead!"

He kissed and comforted her into calmness; but something struck and startled him, something which, under all her sweet cheerfulness, he had never found out before—that mystery of being "*acquainted* with grief." He himself had known vexation, annoyance, disappointment—but sorrow, heart-sorrow he had never known. She had. Young as she was, he felt from that hour that in many things his wife was both older and wiser than he.

"I will do exactly as you wish," he said.



"Mrs. Grierson, will you write to my mother, and say I shall be with her at the appointed hour? But, remember—as, indeed, I shall tell her myself—that it is wholly and solely because my wife desires it."

So he went. When he came back, which was almost immediately, he sat down beside Silence, and kissed her without a word.

"Well, dear?"

"Well, my love, I have done as you wished, and—there is an end of it."

"What did she say?"

"We had neither of us any opportunity of saying anything. She had, or discovered, important business at Richerden, and left at eight this morning."

"Without any letter or message?"

"Without one single word. And now, my wife, that page is turned over. Let us close the book and begin again. Is it not best, Mrs. Grierson?"

The old lady hesitated. There were tears in her kindly eyes.

"It shall be best," said Roderick firmly.

"Come, my darling, let us thank our dear friend here for all her goodness to us. Let us pack up our boxes and return to Blackhall."

To Roderick, as perhaps to most men, anything decided was easier than a thing uncertain. He recovered his spirits sooner than Silence, who was greatly distressed, could at all have expected. Perhaps, like many of us, having resolved to do a painful thing, he was not sorry when fate stepped in to prevent his doing it. And he listened patiently to Mrs. Grierson's arguments against rashly judging what might have been pure accident or unavoidable necessity.

"We shall see," he said. "In the meantime, need we say any more? My wife and I have an equal dislike to talking it over. Let us all forget it, and spend a happy last day together."

It was happy, and the next day too. Mrs. Grierson, who while consenting to their departure had sorely regretted it, accompanied them part way on their journey, and made it as easy as she could. Her farewell words, too, were given with unmistakable, earnest affection. "Roderick, take care of your wife."

He did take care of her, with an instinct new, but strangely sweet. Most men have passion in them; many have a kindly good nature and a sort of ever-craving affectionateness which passes for love; but very few have that tenderness—that generous devotion of the strong to the weak, the helpful to the help-

less, which constitutes the highest manliness, and which is best described by the scripture phrase, "I was as an husband unto them." Roderick had it.

Lovely as the day was—one of those rare late autumn days which in Scotland make earth look like paradise—and beautiful as was the scenery through which they passed, Silence was so tired with her journey that for the last few miles she lay with her head on Roderick's shoulder, scarcely speaking a word, and only rousing herself when she saw, glimmering like stars in the distance, the window lights of Blackhall.

"Ah!" she sighed, "that must be home."

"East or west, home is best," "Home is home, be it ever so homely," said Roderick, as he lifted her indoors, and set her in the large arm-chair by the blazing fire, seeing nothing, heeding nothing, except the little pale face which to him was so infinitely dear.

Not until tea was over, and her cheerful smile had fully returned, did he notice, among the small heap of papers lying waiting for him, the fatal well-known book-packet—the MS. returned.

He tried to cover it over, and not let his wife see it, but her eye was too quick. Vain, too, was the innocent deception of his protest that he had "fully expected this," and "did not care."

"But I care," said Silence mournfully. And then the poor young things sat down face to face with their bitter disappointment, and tried to bear it as well as they could.

The third "stony-hearted" publisher had taken a good deal of trouble over the rejected MS. He had had it read carefully, and enclosed the "reader's" opinion, a shrewd, kindly, and if severe, not unjust analysis of the whole; holding out a hope that after long years of patient study the author might succeed in finding a public, not for that but for something else of a different sort.

"Very kind of him," said Roderick passively; "and in the meantime we may starve."

"Not quite that, dear," said Silence gently. "You know we have enough for ourselves if we live wholly to ourselves. Remember what Mrs. Grierson was saying the other day, that the greatest evil of poverty was because people will not spend their money upon their own family and its needs, but in making a show before the eyes of the world. Now, this might be necessary at Richerden, but here where we live so quietly——"

"Quietly—quietly! Blackhall will soon drive me mad with its quietness! To vege-

tate here upon a pound or two a week, so long as there was the remotest chance of working my way to something better! I can't do it; no man could."

"And no woman who really loved her husband would let him do it."

"Thank you, my darling. I thought you would say so. Even though you are a woman you can understand. You will not be a coward? You will buckle on my breastplate and let me plunge into the fight? Then, like our friend Macbeth—

'At least I'll die with harness on my back.'

She laughed—they both laughed. Ay, even through all their distress. There was in them that wonderful ever-renewed spring of hope, which in pure natures is long before it runs dry.

"So that is settled. I will see Mr. Black to-morrow about the possibility of letting Blackhall, and then, if we can let it, we will go to London at once."

Silence made no reply. Her drooped face turned white—then scarlet—then white once more.

"Come, wise little woman, what is the matter with you? You have given your consent, now give your opinion. Where shall we go, and when?"

"I think, if you will let it be so, I should like us to stay quietly here until the spring."

"Why? What possible reason——"

Silence put both her arms round her husband's neck, and looked at him, right into his eyes, a strangely solemn, tender, absolutely speechless look.

Then—he knew.

## SCANDINAVIAN SKETCHES.

### I.—IN DENMARK.

FORMERLY the terrors of a sea-voyage from Kiel deterred many travellers from thinking of a tour in Denmark or Sweden, but now a succession of railways makes everything easy, and while nothing can be imagined more invigorating or pleasant, there is probably no pleasure more economical than a summer in Scandinavia. Those who are worn with a London season will feel as if every breath in the crystal air of Denmark ended them with fresh health and strength, and then, after they have seen its old palaces and its beech woods and its Thorwaldsen sculptures, a voyage of ten minutes will carry them over the narrow Sound to the soft beauties of genial Sweden and the wild splendours of Norway.

Either Hamburg or Lubeck must be the starting-point for the overland route to Denmark, and the old free city of Lubeck, though quite a small place, is one of the most remarkable towns in Germany. We arrived there one hot summer afternoon, after a weary journey over the arid sandy plains which separate it from Berlin, and suddenly seemed to be transported into a land of verdure. Lilacs and roses bloomed everywhere; a wood lined the bank of the limpid river Trave, and in its waters—beyond the old wooden bridge—were reflected all the tallest steeples, often strangely out of the perpendicular, of many-towered Lubeck. A wonderful gate of red brick and golden-hued terracotta is the entrance from the station, and in

the market-place are the quaintest turrets, towers, tourelles, but all ending in spires. The lofty houses, so full of rich colour, throw cool shade on the streets on the hottest summer day; and we enjoyed a Sunday in the excellent hotel, with wooden galleries opening towards a splashing fountain in a quiet square, where a fat constable busied himself in keeping everybody from fulfilling any avocation whatever whilst service was being performed in the churches, but let them do exactly as they pleased as soon as it was over.

It must, at best, be a weary journey across West Holstein, through a succession of arid flats varied by stagnant swamps. We spent the weary hours in studying Dunham's "History of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway"—which cannot be sufficiently recommended to all Scandinavian travellers. The glowing accounts in English guide books of a lake and an old castle beguiled us into spending a night at Sleswig, but it turned out that the lake had disappeared before the memory of man, and that the castle was a white modern barrack. The colourless town and its long sleepy suburb, moored as if upon a raft in the marshes, straggle along the edge of a waveless fiord. At the end is the rugged cathedral like a barn, with a belfry like a dovecot, and inside it a curious altar-piece by Hans Brügemann, pupil of Albert Dürer, and the noble monument of Frederick I., the first Lutheran King of Denmark; while richly carved doors at the sides of the church

admit one to see how the grandmother of the Princess of Wales and various other potentates lie—Danish fashion—in gorgeous exposed coffins without any tombs at all. Everywhere roses grow in the streets, trained upon the house walls; and, up the pavement, crowds of the children were hurrying in the early morning, carrying in their hands the shoes which they were going to wear when they were in school. In the evenings these children will not venture outside the town, for over the marshes they say that the wild huntsman rides, followed by his demon hounds and blowing his magic horn. It is the spirit of Duke Abel the fratricide, who, in the fens, murdered his brother Eric VI. of Denmark, and who was afterwards lost there himself, falling from his horse, and being dragged down by the weight of his armour. To give rest to his wandering spirit, the clergy dug up his body and dispatched it to Bremen, but there his vampire gave the canons no peace, so they sent the corpse back again, and now it lies once more in the marshes of Gottorp.

Most unutterably hideous is the country through which the railway now travels, wearisome levels only broken here and there by mounds, probably sepulchral. A straight line with tiny hillocks at intervals would do for a sketch of the whole of Sleswig and the greater part of Funen and Zealand. In times of early Danish history it was a frequent punishment to bury criminals alive in these dismal peat mosses. Twelve hours of changelessly flat scenery bring travellers from Hamburg to Frederikshaven, where we embark upon the Little Belt, the luggage-vans of the train being shunted on board the steamer. Immediately opposite lie the sandy shores of Funen, and in a few minutes we are there. Then four hours of ugly scenery take us across the island. It is only necessary to look out at the little town of Odense, called after the old hero-god, which was the birth-place of Hans Christian Andersen in 1805. The cathedral of Odense contains the shrine of the sainted King Canute IV. (1080—86), who was murdered while kneeling before the altar, owing to indignation at the severe taxation to which the love of Church endowment had incited him.

Nyborg, where we meet the sea again, will recall to lovers of old ballads the story of the innocent young knight Folker Lowmanson, and his cruel death here in a barrel of spikes, from the jealousy of Waldemar IV. for his beautiful Queen Helwig, and how, to know his fate—

"With anxious heart did Denmark's Queen  
To Nyborg urge her horse,  
And at the gate his bier she met,  
And on it Folker's corse.

"Such honour shown to son of knight  
I never yet could hear;  
The Queen of Denmark walked on foot  
Herself before his bier.

"In tears then Helwig mounted horse  
And silent homeward rode,  
For in her heart a life-long grief  
Had taken its abode."

At Nyborg we embark on a miserable steamer for the passage of the Great Belt. It lasts an hour and a half, and is often most wretched. On landing at Korsor travellers are hurried into the train which is waiting for the vessel.

Now the country improves a little. Here and there we pass through great beech woods. Down the green glades of one of them a glimpse is caught of the college of Sorø. It occupies the site of a monastery founded by Asker Ryg, a chieftain who, when he departed on a journey of warfare, vowed that if the child to which his wife Inge was about to give birth proved to be a girl, he would give his new building a spire, but a tower if it were a boy. On his return, he saw two towers rising in the distance. Inge had given birth to twin sons, who lived to become Asbjørn Snare, celebrated in the ballad of "Fair Christal," and Absalon, the warrior Bishop of Roeskilde—"first captain by sea and land." Absalon is buried here in the church of Sorø, which contains the tomb of King Olaf, the shortlived son of the famous Queen Margaret; of her cruel father, Waldemar Atterdag, whose last words expressed regret that he had not suffocated his daughter in her cradle; and of her grandfather, Christopher II., with his wife Euphemia of Pomerania. Soon we pass Ringsted, which is scarcely worth stopping at, though its church contains the fine brass of King Erik Menred (1319) and his Queen Ingeborga, and though twenty kings and queens were entombed there before Roeskilde became the royal place of sepulture. Amongst them lies the popular Queen Dagmar, first wife of Waldemar II., still celebrated in ballad literature, for there is scarcely a Dane who is ignorant of the touching story of "Queen Dagmar's Death" which begins—

"Queen Dagmar is lying at Ribé sick,  
At Ringsted is made her grave,"

and which contains her last touching request to her husband, and her simple confession of the only "sin" she could remember—

"Had I on a Sunday not laced my sleeves,  
Or border upon them sewn,  
No pang had I felt by day or night,  
Or torture of hell-fire known."



Tradition tells us that the dismal town of Ringsted was founded by King Ring, a warrior who, when he was seriously wounded in battle, placed the bodies of his slain heroes and that of his Queen Alpol on board a ship laden with pitch, and going out to the open sea, set the vessel on fire, and then fell upon his sword.

In the twilight we pass Roeskilde, and at 10½ P.M. long rows of street lamps reflected in canals, show that we have reached Copenhagen.

To those whose travels have chiefly led them southwards, there is a great pleasure in the first awaking in Copenhagen. Everything is new—the associations, the characteristics, the history; even the very names on the omnibuses are suggestive of the sagas and romances of the north; and though the summer sun is hot, the atmosphere is as clear as that of a tramontana day in an Italian winter, and the air is indescribably elastic. The comfortable *Hôtel d'Angleterre* stands in the *Kongens Nytorv*, a modern square with trees surrounding a statue in the centre, but there are glimpses of picturesque shipping down the side streets, and hard by is a spire



The Dragon Tower, Copenhagen.

quite ideally Danish, formed by three marvellous dragons with their tails twisted together in the air. Tradition declares that it was moved bodily from Calmar in the south of Sweden. It rises now from a beautiful

building of brick erected in 1624 by Christian IV., brother-in-law of James I. of England, and used as the Exchange.

Not far off is the principal palace—Christiansborg Slot, often rebuilt, and very white and ugly. Besides the Royal Residence, its vast courts contain the Chambers of Parliament, the Royal Library, and a Picture Gallery chiefly filled with the works of native artists, amongst which those of Marstrand and Bloch are very striking and well worthy of attention.

A queer building in the shadow of the palace, which attracts notice by its frescoed walls, is the Thorwaldsen Museum, the shrine where Denmark has reverentially collected all the works and memorials of her greatest artist—Bertel Thorwaldsen. Though his family is said to have descended from the Danish king Harold Sildetand, he was born (in 1770) the son of one Gottschalk, who, half workman, half artist, was employed in carving figures for the bows of vessels. From his earliest childhood little Bertel accompanied his father to the wharfs and assisted him in his work, in which he showed such intelligence that in his eleventh year he was allowed to enter the Free School of Art. Here he soon made wonderful progress in sculpture, but could so little be persuaded to attend to other studies, that he reached the age of eighteen scarcely able to read. In his twenty-third year he obtained the great gold medal, to which a travelling stipend is attached, and thus he was enabled to go to Rome, where, encouraged at first by the patronage of Thomas Hope, the English banker, he soon reached the highest pitch of celebrity. Denmark became proud of her son, so that his visits to his native town in 1819 and 1837, were like triumphal progresses, all the city going forth to meet him, and lodging him splendidly at the public cost, but his heart always clung to the Eternal City, which continued to be the scene of his labours. Of his many works perhaps his noble lion at Lucerne is the best known. He never married, though he was long attached to a member of the old Scottish house of Mackenzie, and he died on a visit to Copenhagen in 1844.

In accordance with Thorwaldsen's own wish, he rests in the centre of his works. His grave has no tombstone, but is covered with green ivy. All around the little court which contains it, are halls and galleries filled with the marvellously varied productions of his genius, arranged in the order of their execution—casts of all his absent sculptures and

many most grand originals. Especially beautiful are the statue of Mercury, modelled from a Roman boy, of which the original is in the possession of Lord Ashburton, and the exquisite reliefs of the Ages of Love, and of Day and Night, the two latter resulting from the inspiration of a single afternoon. But all seem to culminate in the great Hall of Christ, for though the statues here are only cast from those in the Vor Frue Kirke, they are far better seen in the well-lighted chamber than in the church. The colossal figures of the apostles lead up to the Saviour in sublime benediction; perhaps the statues of Simon Zelotes and the pilgrim St. James are the noblest amongst them. In the last room are gathered all the little personal memorials of Thorwaldsen — his books, pictures, and furniture.

The Museum of Northern Antiquities should also be visited, and the Tower of the Trinity Church, with a roadway inside making an easy ascent to the strange view of many roofs and many waters which is obtained from the top. But the most delightful place in Copenhagen is the Palace of Rosenborg, standing at the end of a stately old garden—where it

was built by Inigo Jones for Christian IV., and containing the room where he died, with his wedding dress, and most of his other clothes and possessions. This palace-building king, celebrated for the drinking bouts in which he indulged with his brother-in-law, James I. of England, was the greatest dandy of his time, and before we leave Denmark we shall become very familiar with his portraits, always distinguished by the wonderful left whisker twisted into a pigtail falling on one side of the chin. Other rooms in Rosenborg are devoted to each of the succeeding monarchs and filled with relics and memorials which carry one back into most romantic corners of Danish history, the

ever-alternate succession of Christians and Frederics making a most terrible bewilderment, down to the two English queens, Louisa the beloved, and Caroline Matilda the unfortunate. Most curious amongst a myriad objects of value are the three great silver Lions—"Great Belt, Little Belt, and Sound," which, by ancient custom, appear as mourners at all the funerals of the sovereigns, accompanying them to Roeskilde and returning afterwards to the palace.

Those interested in such matters will wander as we did through the more ancient parts of Copenhagen in search of old silver, and specimens of the older Copenhagen china. Formerly the china imitated that of

Miessen, but it has now a more distinctive character, and is chiefly used in reproducing the works of Thorwaldsen. Copenhagen has no other especial manufactures.

No visitors to the Danish capital must omit a visit to Tivoli, the pretty odd pleasure grounds—very respectable too—near the railway station, where all kinds of evening amusements are provided in illuminated gardens and woods by a tiny lake, really very pretty. Here we watched the cars rushing like a

whirlwind down one hill and up another, with their inmates screaming in pleasurable agony; and saw the extraordinary feats of "the Cannon King," who tossed a cannon ball, catching it on his hands, his head, his feet—anywhere, and then stood in front of a cannon and was shot, receiving in his hands the ball, which did nothing worse than twist him round by its force.

One day we went out—an hour and a half by rail—to Roeskilde, where a church was first founded by William, an Englishman, in the days of King Harold Blaatand (Blue-tooth), brother of Canute the Great. It is dedicated to St. Lucius, because tradition tells that a terrible dragon, who infested the



The Rosenborg Palace, Copenhagen.

neighbouring fiord and banqueted on the inhabitants, was destroyed for ever when the head of the holy Pope St. Lucius was brought

from Rome and presented for his breakfast. The tall spires of the cathedral rise, slender and grey, from the little town, and beneath,



Roeskilde, Burial-place of the Kings of Denmark.

embosomed in sweeping cornfields, a lovely fiord stretches away into pale blue distances. Endless kings and queens are buried at Roeskilde. The earlier sovereigns have glorious tombs, amongst which the most conspicuous is that of Queen Margaret, "the Semiramis of the North," who, born in the prison of Syborg, where her unhappy mother Queen Helwig was imprisoned by Waldemar Atterdag, and allowed to run wild in the forest in her childhood, lived to become one of the wisest of northern sovereigns, and to unite, by the Act known as "the Union of Calmar," the crowns of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, which attained unwonted prosperity under her sway. There are effigies of Frederic II. and Christian IV., the grandfather and uncle

of our Charles I., which recall his type of countenance and have the same peaked beard. Christian IV., the great palace-builder, whose birth was believed to have been prophesied by the mermaid Isbrand, was born (April 12, 1577) under a hawthorn tree on the road between Frederiksborg and Roeskilde, as his mother, Sophia of Mecklenburg, insisted on taking walks with her ladies-in-waiting far longer than was prudent. This king, his father, and all the later members of the royal house lie, not in their tombs, but in gorgeous coffins embossed with gold and silver upon the floor of the church, which has a very odd effect. The entrance of one of the private chapels is a gate with a huge figure, in wrought ironwork, of the devil with his tail in his



The Castle of Frederiksborg.

hand. In another chapel are fine works of Marstrand (1810—75), the best of the pupils of Eckersberg, who gave the first stimulus to the art of painting in Denmark.

The district around Roeskilde, and indeed the greater part of Denmark, is devoted to corn, for there is no country in Europe, except England and Belgium, which can com-



pete with this as a corn-grower. It is curious that though the neighbouring Sweden and Norway are so covered with pines, no conifer will grow in Denmark except under most careful cultivation. The principal native tree is the beech, and the beech woods are nowhere more beautiful than in the neighbourhood of Copenhagen. The railway to Elsinore passes through the beautiful beech forests which are familiar to us through the stories of Hans Christian Andersen. Here, near a little roadside station, rises the Hampton Court of Denmark, the great castle of Frederiksborg, the most magnificent of the creations of Christian IV., which John of Fribourg erected for that monarch, who looked personally into the minutest details of his expenses, and so raised this structure, glorious as it is, with an economy which greatly astonished his thrifty parliament. In the depths of the beech woods is a great lake, in the centre of which, on three islands united by bridges, rises the palace, most beautiful in its time-honoured hues of red brick and grey stone, with high roofs, richly sculptured win-

dows, and wondrous towers and spires. Each view of the castle seems more picturesque than the last. It is a dream of architectural beauty, to which the great expanse of transparent waters and the deep verdure of the surrounding woods add a mysterious charm. A gigantic gate-tower admits the visitor to the courtyard, where Christian IV., with his own hand, chopped off the head of the Master of the Mint, which he had established here, who had defrauded him. "He tried to cheat us, but we have cheated him, for we have chopped his head off," said the king. Inside, the palace has been gorgeously restored since a great fire by which it was terribly injured in 1859. The chapel, with the pew of Christian IV.—"bedekammer," prayer-chamber, it is called—is most curious. There is a noble series of the pictures of the native artist Carl Bloch, recalling the works of Overbeck in their majesty and depth of feeling, but far more forcible.

A drive of four miles through beech woods leads to the comfortable later palace of Fredensborg, built as "a Castle of Peace"



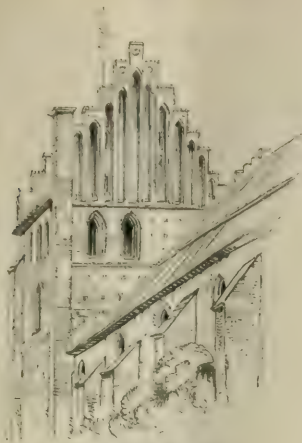
Castle of Elsinore. The Sound : between Denmark and Sweden.

by Frederick IV. and Louisa of Mecklenburg, with a lovely garden, and a view of the Esrom lake down green glades, in one of which is a mysterious assembly of stone statues in Norwegian costumes.

We may either take the railway or drive by Gurre from hence to Elsinore (Helsingør), where the great castle of Kronborg rises, with many towers built of grey stone, at the end of the little town on a low promontory jutting out into the sea. Stately avenues surround its bastions, and it is delightful to walk upon the platform where the first scene of Shakspeare's *Hamlet* is laid, and to watch the numberless ships in the narrow Sound which divides Denmark and Sweden. The castle is in perfect preservation. It was

formerly used as a palace. Anne of Denmark was married here by proxy to James VI. of Scotland, and here poor Caroline Matilda sat daily for hours at her prison window watching vainly for the fleet of England which she believed was coming to her rescue. Beyond the castle, a sandy plain reminding us of Scottish links, covered with bent-grass and drifted by seaweed, extends to Marienlyst, a little fashionable bathing place embosomed in verdure. Here a Carmelite convent was founded by the wife of Erik IX., that Queen Philippa—daughter of Henry IV. of England—who successfully defended Copenhagen against the Hanseatic League, but was afterwards beaten by her husband because her ships were defeated at Stralsund, an indig-

nity which drove her to a monastic life.



Lower of Helsingborg Church.

Hamlet's Grave and Ophelia's Brook are shown at Marienlyst, having been invented

for anxious inquirers by the complaisant inhabitants. Alas! both were unknown to Andersen, who lived here in his childhood, and it is provoking to learn that Hamlet had really no especial connection with Elsinore, and was the son of a Jutland pirate in the insignificant island of Mors. But Denmark is the very home of picturesque stories, which are kept alive there by the ballad literature of the land, chiefly of the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries, but still known to rich and poor alike as in no other country. For hundreds of years these poetical histories have been the tunes to which, in winter, when no other exercise can be taken, people dance for hours, holding each other's hands in two lines, making three steps forwards and backwards, keeping time, balancing, or remaining still for a moment, as they sing one of their old ballads or its refrain.

It was in a wild evening, with huge blue foam-crested waves rushing down the Sound, that we crossed in ten minutes to Helsingborg in Sweden, mounted for the sunset to the one huge remaining tower of its castle, and sketched as typical of almost all village towers in Denmark the belfry of the church where King Erik Menred was married to the Swedish princess Ingeborga.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

## THE LONG ISLAND, OR OUTER HEBRIDES.

### III.

WHEN we last took a peep at the Outer Hebrides we found those luckless islands all but obliterated under an immense sheet of ice extending from the mainland out into the Atlantic. How far west the great glacier spread itself we cannot as yet positively say; but if the known slope of its surface between the north-west Highlands and the Long Island continued, as there is every reason to believe it would, then it is extremely probable that the ice flowed out to the edge of the great Scottish submarine plateau. Here the sudden deepening of the Atlantic would arrest its progress and cause it to break up into icebergs. In those old times, therefore, a steep wall of ice would extend all along the line of what is now the edge of the 100-fathom plateau. From this wall large tabular masses would ever and anon break away and float off into the Atlantic—a condition of things which is closely paralleled at present along the borders of the ice-drowned Antarctic continent.

By-and-by, nowever, a great change took place, and the big ice-sheet melted off the Long Island and vanished from the Minch. We read the evidence for this change of climate in certain interesting deposits which occur in considerable bulk at the northern extremity of Lewis, and in smaller patches in the Eye peninsula of the same island. In those districts the old sub-glacial débris or till is covered with beds of clay and sand in which many marine exuviae are found—shells of molluscs, entomostraca, foraminifera, &c. They clearly prove, then, that after the ice-sheet had vanished Lewis was submerged in the sea to a depth of not less than 200 feet, and they also prove that the temperature of the sea was much the same then as now, for the shells all belong to species that are still living in these northern waters. It is very remarkable that the marine deposits in question seem to occur nowhere else in any part of the Long Island. We cannot believe that the submergence was restricted to the very

limited areas where the shell-beds are met with: it must, on the contrary, have affected a very large portion, if not the whole, of the Outer Hebrides. Why, then, do not we meet with shelly sands and clays, with raised beaches and other relics of the former occupation of these islands by the sea, covering wide areas in the low grounds? How can we explain the absence of such relics from all those districts which, being much under the level of 200 feet, must necessarily have at one time formed part of the sea-floor? The explanation is not difficult to discover.

Resting upon the surface of the shell-beds at Ness and Garabost we find an upper or overlying accumulation of sub-glacial débris or till. At Ness this upper till closely resembles, in general appearance, the lower deposit that rests directly upon the rocks. It is a pell-mell accumulation of silty clay, crammed with glaciated stones, amongst which are many fragments of red sandstone and some extra-Hebridean rocks, and interspersed through it occur also broken fragments of sea-shells. The marine deposits lying below are usually much confused and contorted, and here and there they are even violently commingled with the upper till. They show, generally, a most irregular surface under that accumulation, and are evidently only the wreck of what they must at one time have been. Now the presence of this upper till proves beyond doubt that the intense arctic conditions of climate once more supervened. A big ice-sheet again filled up the basin of the Minch and overflowed the Long Island—its undertow creeping along the inner margin of the lofty rock barrier as before, and eventually stealing over the low ground at the Butt where its bottom moraine or till was dragged over the marine deposits, and confusedly commingled with them. The upper strata of the ice that streamed across the islands renewed the work of abrasion, and succeeded in scraping away all traces of the late occupation by the sea. If any such now exist they must lie buried under the till that cloaks the low ground on the western margins of the islands. Hence it is that we find not a vestige of shelly beds in any part of the Long Island which was exposed to the full brunt of the ice-flow. At Garabost they have been ploughed through in the most wonderful manner, and only little patches remain. At Ness, however, they are more continuous. This is owing to the circumstance that the ground in that neighbourhood is low-lying and offered no obstacle to the passage of the ice out to sea.

Hence the shell-beds were not subjected to such excessive erosion as overtook them along the whole eastern border of the Long Island.

Eventually, however, this later advance of the ice-sheet ceased. The climate grew less arctic, and the great glacier began to melt away, until the time came that its upper strata ceased to overflow the islands. They then passed away to north and south, along the hollow now occupied by the Minch, following the same path as the bottom ice. Considerable snow-fields, however, still covered the Outer Hebrides, and large local glaciers occupied all the mountain valleys, and, descending to low levels, piled up their terminal moraines. Some of these local glaciers appear to have gone right out into the Minch, as in South Uist, and may have coalesced with the great glacier that still filled that basin. It was during this condition of things that most of the great perched blocks that are scattered so profusely over the islands began to be dropt into their present positions. During the climax of glacial cold, when the upper strata of the ice-sheet streamed across the Hebrides, large fragments of rock would certainly be wrenched off and carried on underneath the ice; but as only a few of the Hebridean mountain-tops were then exposed, there would be a general absence of such enormous erratics as are detached by frost and rolled down upon the surface of a glacier, and any such superficially borne erratics would be transported, of course, far beyond the Long Island into the Atlantic. When the ice had ceased to overflow the islands, boulders derived from Skye and the mainland would no longer be carried so directly out to the Atlantic, but would travel thither by the more circuitous route, which the now diminished ice-sheet was compelled to follow.

As the snow and ice melted off the Hebrides, the rocks would begin to be exposed to the action of intense frost, and many fragments becoming dislodged and falling upon *névé*, small local ice-sheets, and glaciers, would be stranded on hill-slopes and sprinkled over the low grounds, along with much broken débris and rock-rubbish. Eventually all the lower grounds would be deserted by the ice, glaciers would die out of the less elevated valleys, and linger in only a few of the glens that drain the higher mountain-masses. Such local glaciers have flowed often at right-angles to the direction followed by the great ice-sheet. Thus, the ice-markings in the glens that come down from the



Forest of Harris to West Loch Tarbert, run from north to south, while the trend of the older glaciation on the intervening high grounds is from south-east to north-west.

The morainic rubbish and erratics of this latest phase in the glacial history of the Long Island may be traced down almost to the water's edge, showing plainly that there has been no great submergence of that region since the disappearance of glacial conditions. This is somewhat remarkable, because along the shores of central and southern Scotland we have indisputable evidence to show that the land was drowned to the depth of at least one hundred feet in post-glacial times. In the Outer Hebrides, however, there are no traces of any post-glacial submergence exceeding a dozen feet or so; that is to say, there is no proof that the Outer Hebrides have been of much less extent than they are now. On the contrary, we have many reasons for believing that they were within comparatively recent times of considerably larger size, and were even in all probability united to the mainland. The abundance of large trees in the peat-mosses, and the fact that these ancient peat-covered forests extend out to sea, are alone sufficient to convince one that the Outer Hebrides have been much reduced in area since the close of the glacial period. These now bleak islands at one time supported extensive forests, although nowadays a tree will hardly grow unless it be carefully looked after. That old forest period coincided in all probability with the latest continental condition of the British Islands—when the broad plains which are now drowned under the German Ocean formed part of a great forest-land, that included all the British Islands, and extended west for some distance into tracts over which now roll the waves of the Atlantic. The palmy days of the great British forests, however, passed away when the German Ocean came into existence. The climatic conditions were then not so favourable for the growth of large trees; and in the uplands of our country, and what are now our maritime districts, the forests decayed, and were gradually overgrown by and buried under peat-mosses. The submergence of the land continued after that, until central and southern Scotland were reduced to a considerably smaller size than now, and then by-and-by the process was reversed, and the sea once more retreated, leaving behind it a number of old raised beaches to mark the levels at which it formerly stood.

The greatest submergence that overtook central and southern Scotland in times

posterior, to the latest continental condition of Britain did not exceed fifty feet, or thereabout; and the extreme limits reached by the sea in the period that supervened between the close of the glacial epoch and the "age of forests" was not more than one hundred feet. The Outer Hebrides, however, were certainly not smaller in post-glacial times than they are now, and we have no evidence to show that after the "age of forests" had passed away the sea rose higher than a dozen feet or so above its present level. Now there are only two ways in which all this can be accounted for. Either the Hebrides remained stationary, or stood at a level higher than now, while the central and southern parts of Scotland were being submerged; or else there has been a very recent depression within the Hebridean area, which has carried down below the sea all traces of post-glacial and later raised beaches. All we know for certain is, that the only raised beaches in the Long Island are met with on the low maritime regions at only a few feet above the present high-water mark. My own impression is that the whole district has been submerged within comparatively recent times; for if the present coastline had endured since the close of the glacial period, or even since the last continental condition of Britain, I should have expected the sea to have done more than it has in the way of excavation and erosion.

In a former article I have spoken of the sand dunes and sandy flats of the west coast of the Long Island. These receive their greatest development in North Uist, Benbecula, and South Uist. Along the whole western margin of these islands stretch wide shoals and banks of yellow sand and silt, and similar shoals and banks cover the bed of the shallow sounds or channels. In the middle of the Sound of Harris one may often touch the bottom with an oar, and even run one's boat aground. It is the same in the Sound of Barra, while, as I have already mentioned, one may walk at low water from Benbecula into the adjacent islands of North and South Uist. Where does all this sand come from? Certainly not from the degradation of the islands by the sea, for the sounds appear to be silting up, and the general appearance of the sandy flats along the west coast indicates that the land is upon the whole gaining rather than losing. I have no doubt at all that this sand and silt are merely the old sub-glacial débris which the ice-sheet spread out over the low shelving plateau that extends west under the Atlantic

to the 100-fathom line. That plateau must have been thickly covered with till, and with heaps and sheets of gravel and sand and silt, and it is these deposits, sifted and winnowed by the sea, which the tides and waves sweep up along the Atlantic margin of the islands.

There are many other points of interest to a geologist that I might touch upon, but I have said enough perhaps to indicate to any intelligent observer the kind of country he may be led to expect in the Long Island. Of course the history of the glacial period is very well illustrated in many parts of the mainland, which are much easier of access than the Outer Hebrides. But these islands contain, at least, one bit of evidence which does not occur anywhere else in Britain. In them we obtain, for the first time, data for measuring the actual slope of the ice-sheet. It does not follow, however, that the inclination of the surface towards the Atlantic was the same all over the area covered by the ice-sheet. The slope of the sheet that flowed east into the basin of the German Ocean, for example, may have been, and probably was, less than that of the Hebridean ice-flow. But apart altogether from this particular point, I think there is no part of the British Islands where the evidence for the former action of a great ice-sheet is more abundant and more easily read, or where one may realise with such vividness the conditions that obtained during that period of extraordinary climatic vicissitudes, which geologists call the glacial epoch.

Leaving these old arctic scenes, and coming down to the actual present, no one, I think, can wander much about the Outer Hebrides without pondering over the fate of the islanders themselves. Many writers have asserted that the Celt of these rather out-of-the-way places is a lazy, worthless creature, whom we Saxons should do our best to weed out. One cannot help feeling that this assertion is unfair and cruel. The fact is, we judge him by a wrong standard. He is by nature and long-inherited habits a fisherman, and has been wont to cultivate only so much land as should suffice for the sustenance of himself and those immediately dependent upon him. In old times he was often enough called upon to fight, wrongly or rightly, and thus acquired that proud bearing which it has taken so many long years of misery to crush out. He is, as a rule, totally unfit for the close confinement and hard work which are the lot of the great mass of our mechanics—does not see the beauty of that, and has rather a kind of contempt for the monotonous

drudgery of large manufacturing towns. One of the few situations in town that he cares to fill is that of police constable. Give him a life in the open air, however trying it may be, and he will be quite content if he can make enough to feed himself and family. If the fishing chance to be very profitable he does not, as a rule, think of saving the surplus he has made, but looks forward rather to a spell of idleness, when he can smoke his pipe and talk interminable long talks with his neighbours. No doubt this, judged by our own standard, is all very shocking. Why doesn't he put his money in the savings-bank, and by-and-by die and leave it to those who come after him? Simply because he is a Celt, and not a Saxon.

Of course one knows how it will all end. Ere long the unadulterated Celt will be driven or improved out of these islands, and will retire to other lands, where, mingling and intermarrying with Teutons, he will eventually disappear, but not without leavening the races amongst which he is destined to vanish. And who will take his place in the Long Island? Probably a few farmers, a few shepherds, and a sprinkling of gamekeepers; and it is just possible that a few fishermen also may be allowed to settle down here and there upon the coast. One may see the process going on at present. Large tracts that once supported many villages are now quite depopulated. The time will come when the Mr. Parnell of the day will move for the reduction of the Civil Service estimates by the amount of the sheriff-substitute's salary, and when the gaol at Lochmaddy will have nothing higher in the scale of being to imprison than some refractory ram. One may be pardoned for wishing that he could foretell for the islands another fate than this. It is sad to think that a fine race of people is thus surely passing away from amongst us, for, despite all that can be urged against them, they are what I say. The fishermen of Lewis and Barra are bold, stalwart fellows, whom it would be difficult to peer amongst any similar class of men on the mainland. And all through the island one meets with equally excellent specimens of our kind. Many a brave soldier who fought our battles in the great French wars hailed from these outer islands. Pity it is that no feasible plan to prevent the threatened scattering of the race has yet been brought forward. Some day we may regret this, and come to think that though mutton and wool in the Long Island are desirable, yet islanders would have been better.

JAMES GEIKIE.

## BISHOP SELWYN.

IN the history of missions there is probably no brighter chapter than that which deals with the South Pacific. Various churches and societies have sent agents there; and the good-will, and mutual respect, and helpfulness which have been developed by common aims and the sense of common dangers, have been almost as remarkable as the great work that has been accomplished among the natives. It has been well said, that as a voyage round the Cape mellowed wine, so missionaries removed to the midst of heathenism rise above the little differences that are only too apt to distract and to weaken Christian workers at home. In few biographies has this been better illustrated than in that of Bishop Selwyn, who, though nominally Bishop of New Zealand, approved himself the founder of the See of Melanesia, which Bishop Patteson, who was one of his scholars, did so much to extend. Besides the results it records, it is especially attractive for the growth of character displayed, and for the exceptional and unconscious ways in which the man was prepared for the work that awaited him. Our readers may not be averse to follow with us a short outline of his life and work, drawn mainly from the recent memoir by the Rev. Mr. Tucker.

George Augustus Selwyn was born at Hampstead, 1809. He came of an old family whose members had been distinguished in several callings—the army, the Church, the bar. His father, William Selwyn, was a lawyer, author of the well-known book “*Nisi Prius*,” and at the time of his death, in 1855, he was Senior Queen’s Counsel. From childhood George Selwyn was marked by great decision of character—sometimes amounting to self-will, for which he had once to suffer punishment—but he was considerate of others, as if by instinct disliked luxury, was indifferent to appearances in some respects, and was even then inclined to test his power of endurance. On one occasion, when a mere youth home from Eton at Eastertide, he wished to invite a friend to stay with him, this friend being none other than Mr. Gladstone. His mother said it was impossible, that “the spring cleaning was going on,” and guests would be in the way. George rushed up-stairs, and soon reappeared with a mattress, which he threw down on the wet boards, saying, “There, now, where’s the difficulty?”

Before he had gone to Eton he had been at the famous preparatory school of Dr.

Nicholas at Ealing. Among the names of many pupils of that school who have become famous we find those of the brothers Newman, who were contemporaries of Selwyn; and that of Charles Knight, who was earlier. At Eton his career was marked by great proficiency, both in scholarship and in athletic sports; the latter, an attainment which often stood him in good stead amid the rough work of his bishopric in New Zealand. He was a first-class rower, and could swim well. He, in fact, formed a little club of athletes, who “bathed every day whatever the weather or state of the river, and who did many wonderful feats.”

He entered Cambridge in 1826, and worked hard. Finding during his residence there that the support of four sons at Eton and Cambridge necessitated self-denials on his father’s part, he declared that he would get his own living, and never burden his parents. In this he succeeded; his high position in the Tripos, followed at a later period by a Fellowship at St. John’s, making this possible. In after years he was prone to regard his activity at Cambridge as not having been concentrated enough, but he could scarcely have in a more effective way trained himself for the great work he was afterwards to do. Having taken his degree, he spent four months in travel on the Continent; and then he returned to Eton and became private tutor to the present Earl of Powis. His studies were relieved by rowing and riding. He was determined to make himself a good rider, and actually persevered till he could undertake a steeplechase. The experience gained in this way was very useful to him later in enabling him to handle vicious or unmanageable horses when on long episcopal journeys. But his studies did not suffer through his athletics. He carefully read Pearson, Hooker, Barrow, and Butler, and made himself expert in Hebrew and Italian, under the teaching of a Jew, Bolaffey, who resided in Eton. He was ordained in June, 1833, and took the curacy of Boveney as a labour of love, continuing his work as tutor and preacher as well as his theological studies, in which he had got others to join him.

By-and-by he gave up the charge of Boveney and became the duly licensed curate of Windsor, being practically in sole charge. The parish was in a very unsatisfactory condition. A great debt had been incurred in pulling down an old church and building a



new one; law proceedings were likely to occur over the matter, involving great expenditure and producing ill-feeling in the parish. He called on the people to make an effort to clear off the debt, and said that he would willingly relinquish his stipend for two years as his contribution towards it. By his great energy and self-denial, the desired result was obtained; within a month the sum was raised, and the creditor who had been about to have recourse to the courts gave up a claim for interest, and thus practically made a donation to the cause. Peace having been restored, the field was open for the work of improvement, which he resolutely pressed on. He set on foot soup-kitchens, mothers' meetings, and many other parochial organizations, and anticipated later movements by initiating a great scheme for the improvement of education, and instituting examinations and giving prizes. A little surplus which had been left over from the collection against the debt he made the nucleus for a fund to build a new church, which should also serve for the soldiers; and he made an appeal (not quite so successful as it should have been) to the Horse Guards and to Mr. Macaulay, then Secretary of War, for a contribution from Government: £1,300 was deemed enough. When any new organization was spoken of to the Vicar, he was wont to say: "It's all Selwyn's doing." He took a great interest in Cathedral reform, and wrote and urged his plans on those who were likely to have influence. His enthusiasm and practicality were infectious, though he did not always succeed.

In June, 1839, he married the daughter of Sir John Richardson, judge in the Common Pleas; and a very telling story is told of the time when he used frequently to visit the Richardsons, who then lived near Bray. The road was long, as there was no bridge nearer than Maidenhead, but there was a ferry on the Berkshire side of the river.

"On a certain night Mr. Selwyn was returning to Eton at an hour much later than those kept by the ferryman; there was no difficulty in his punting himself across; but then, what of the owner of the punt in the morning? What of the early passengers coming perhaps to their work, if the Windsor curate had appropriated the punt at the midnight hour? Was there no way of combining late hours at the Filberts with the rights and comforts of the ferryman and his passengers? It was part of his nature always to have unselfish thoughts for others: and the present difficulty was solved in a way that cost him less effort than would have been the case with most men. He punted himself across the river, and then, having undressed, ferried himself back, made the boat fast and swam back to his clothes; thus grati-

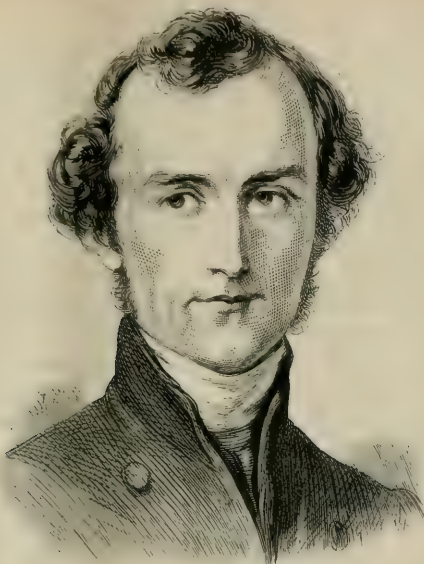
fying himself and causing no inconvenience to others."

His biographer tells us that, though at this time there was no conscious intention on his part to devote himself to distant missionary work, it is significant that he should have taken "a pledge from his wife that she would never oppose his going wherever he might be ordered on duty"—a pledge readily given and wholly in keeping with the unwillingness she had shown to permit sacrifices on his part for her family on the death of her mother. He was perfectly satisfied with his position at Eton, and had no desire for change. The Powis family had already in view for him a living, which might soon be vacant, and he was, in prospect, painting his future vicarage "as antique without being venerable, and ruinous without being picturesque," yet confesses that he is "really indifferent about the whole matter."

The question of the extension of the Colonial episcopate soon began to be stirred, however; and he became intensely interested in all the questions connected with it, writing particularly about the desirability of establishing the Church well in the new colony of New Zealand. The Colonial Bishops' Council was formally established in 1841, and the first country that was named in the order of urgency was New Zealand, in which, though a good foundation had been laid through the Church Society, the lack of a central authority was deeply felt. At first the offer was made to the elder brother, Professor Selwyn, who was obliged to decline it, and then it was offered by the Bishop of London to George, who accepted it.

After some slight delays through changes in the Government, and points which he regarded as objectionable in his letters-patent, he was consecrated at Lambeth Palace on October 17, 1841. The universities of Cambridge and Oxford both conferred on him the degree of D.D.; and on the 26th of December he sailed for his distant diocese. The party consisted of two chaplains, Mr. Cotton and Mr. Whytehead, three catechists, and a Maori returning home, from whom the Bishop was to learn much. The time during the voyage was utilised for various purposes of preparation—one of the branches of study being practical navigation, under the captain.

On the 29th of May the *Tomatin* reached New Zealand, and on June 5th the Bishop preached at Auckland, in the Court-house, which was then used as a church. To the astonishment and delight both of the Maoris



and missionaries, he said prayers and preached in Maori on this the first Sunday in his new diocese, showing to what uses his companionship with the Maori had been put. No sooner had the Bishop established his headquarters at the Waimate, and made one short tour, than he was visited by one of the forms of affliction most apt to assail a missionary bishop. Mr. Whytehead, one of his chaplains, had fallen so seriously ill that he had to remain behind with friends in Sydney, and now Mr. Evans, a catechist of whom the highest hopes were entertained, fell ill and died. We have this touching record of the Bishop's devotion in a letter from his friend, the Chief Justice.

"It was very joyous to meet the Bishop, but I was struck by his pale, worn face. He was nursing poor Evans, who had been given over by the physicians and was to all appearance sinking. . . . The Bishop was watching and tending as a mother might watch and tend. It was a most affecting sight. He practised every little art that nourishment might be supplied to his patient: he pounded chicken into fine powder, that it might pass in a liquid form into his ulcerated mouth; he made jellies; he listened to every sound; he sat up the whole night through by the bedside. In short, he did everything worthy of his noble nature. It went to my heart."

Before the end of October the Bishop had

achieved eight prosperous voyages; receiving everywhere in the diocese a most favourable reception, and had the comfort of feeling that the natives were thoroughly friendly.

The Bishop's mind was already occupied with that great scheme of a central college, at which pupils could be gathered from all the islands of the South Pacific. The serious illness of Mr. Whytehead, who was not to recover, was, as it were, the withdrawal of a right hand; for he had in the Bishop's mind been designated as permanent head of the college; but, notwithstanding this, the institute at Waimate was before long declared to be in full working order, with rules and conditions clearly laid down both for the theological and the industrial system.

The Bishop had returned to Waimate after his first visitation on January 9th, 1843, having traversed in six months some 2,277 miles, 726 on foot, 86 on horseback, 249 in canoes and boats, and 1,180 by ship. Here is an incident which shows how indefatigable he was, and how little disposed to be moved by small discomforts. It is from his own diary under date Jan. 3, 1843:—

"My last pair of thick shoes being worn out, and

my feet much blistered with walking the day before on the stumps, which I was obliged to tie to my insteps with pieces of native flax (*Phormium tenax*), I borrowed a horse from the native teacher, and started at 4 A.M., to go twelve miles to Mr. Hamlen's mission station at Manukau harbour, where I arrived at 7 A.M. in time for his family breakfast. After breakfast, wind and tide being favourable, I sailed in Mr. Hamlen's boat ten miles across Manukau harbour; a noble sheet of water, but very dangerous from shoals and frequency of squalls. A beautiful run of two hours brought us to Onehienga by noon. I landed there with my faithful Maori Rota (Lot), who had steadily accompanied me from Kapiti, carrying my bag and gown and cassock, the only remaining articles in my possession of the least value. The suit which I wore was kept sufficiently decent, by much care, to enable me to enter Auckland by daylight; and my last remaining pair of shoes (thin ones) were strong enough for the light and sandy walk of six miles which remained from Manukau to Auckland."

Mr. Whytehead died in March, 1843, and no sooner was his body committed to the grave than the Bishop had to start for the northern part of the island, if possible to appease the strife of two strong parties of natives now at war; and through his own mediations, "on the next Sunday morning the whole valley was as quiet as in the time of perfect peace." Not so easily quelled was the outbreak of Wairau, which took place shortly afterwards, and which threatened to end the evangelistic work of thirty years. It arose out of a misunderstanding between the agents of the New Zealand Company and the native tribes about boundaries; and might have spread far and wide had it not been for the influence of Mr. Hadfield and the Bishop. The college was already producing definite results. Already there were nine students, three of whom should be admitted to deacon's orders in September. The college kitchen was regulated upon the plan of a kitchen in Cambridge, supplying regular "commons" to every member, and forty-two persons daily dined together in the hall; eleven of these being native boys at the boarding-school.

"After the aristocratic recollections of Eton," says the Bishop, "it is amusing to compare our school at the Waimate: fustian jackets and corduroy trousers are the order of the day, which are so far from being a disadvantage that they facilitate the industrial plans of the school, the boys being employed in gardening, turning, carpenters' work, painting and the like. Many years must elapse before there will be room for a fine gentleman in this country, and therefore we endeavour, as much as possible, to keep out what some one has called the 'gentleman heresy' from among us."

The Bishop himself was not slow to put his hand to any kind of work, and particularly enjoyed some forms of industrial exercise when he took his short periodical rests at Waimate. As he said humorously, there was

a kind of conspiracy in England on the part of relatives against allowing him to have proper help in the form of chaplains and archdeacons, and therefore he himself was only the more constantly employed, despairing of being able to visit England for many years, owing to the condition of the diocese. A period of enforced leisure, when wind-bound here or there, was utilised for reading and correspondence. Not seldom his progress was stopped by other and sometimes more humorous circumstances, associated with the inabilities of others to bear the fatigues of travel so well as he did. In his second visitation this was much felt. "The rivers were in flood, and fording was dangerous. Mr. Taylor, a missionary in the Bishop's party, could not swim, and the Bishop's air-bed was inflated and fixed in an impromptu framework of sticks, and towed across the river with Mr. Taylor enthroned upon it."

In the end of 1844 the desirability of removing St. John's College from Waimate became apparent. A suitable site was by-and-by found near Auckland, where stone buildings were to be erected in place of the wooden ones at Waimate. In the midst of the turmoil incident to such changes the Maori war broke out, putting many fresh obstacles in the way of missionary work. The Bishop was energetic in his efforts to bring about a peace, anxious to conciliate the natives by endeavouring to procure justice for them from the Government, and, when these efforts failed, he took up his position in the midst of the conflict. The part he played was duly signalled by an independent authority, the *Auckland Times*, which said,—

"Fearless in the midst of the contest, Dr. Selwyn sought to allay the heat of blood and to arrest the fury of the fight; he was also seen bearing the wounded from the field; afterwards unwearied at the bedside of the dying; much more than this, he was the nurse and the surgeon, and the servant of the sick, as well as their spiritual attendant."

Mr. Hadfield's sickness rendered him unable to perform his duties at Waikanae in Wellington, and thither the Bishop went for some weeks, taking advantage of the misfortune to do all that was possible to keep the religiously-minded to the quiet discharge of their duties and the avoidance of political excitement. Waimate particularly suffered by the war, being in part destroyed. "To move my diocese in any perceptible degree," said the Bishop, "I must multiply my own single force through a multitude of wheels and powers; alone I am powerless." This was true of ordinary conditions; what the working of



such a diocese must have been amid the horrors of war can only be imagined. Yet in 1846, amid wars and rumours of wars, "the transference of the college from Waimate" near to Auckland was safely accomplished, and the industrial system extended and improved. The several dependent institutions to which two-thirds of the produce of the college estate were devoted—schools, hospital, teaching staff (lay and native)—were not only kept up, but extended with that fine forecast and administrative instinct which so pervaded all his enterprises. Bishop Selwyn at this early stage formed a sisterhood of unpaid nurses for the hospital, anticipating thus by some years the movement which originated in the services of Florence Nightingale. The rules laid down for the conduct of the brethren and sisters of the Order of St. John are marked by the fullest knowledge and practical sagacity, and when, shortly after, a pestilence broke out, they were certainly put to a thorough test.

His own stipend of £1,200, paid in equal proportions by the Government and the Church Missionary Society, he threw into a common diocesan fund, from which he drew only what he required. The evils of large unequally distributed endowments he was careful to guard against. The "possibility of a New Zealand Stanhope"\* was, as he says, constantly before his mind. All persons similarly situated were to receive the same emoluments, and be only promoted after stated periods of service, without the necessity of removal to another station; and no endowments were to be accepted subject to any condition of private patronage. A printing press was soon in full work—many of the best English books of a suitable kind being translated for the natives.

On each tour fresh schools were established, and the Bishop became more and more interested in extending the circle of industrial employments. The Maoris, it seems, could make no use of wool and buried it in the ground as a thing of no value. We find him writing to the Countess of Powis, on April 18, 1844, asking for her help in teaching how to work up the wool after the simple ways of the Welsh people.

Archbishop Howley, when taking leave of Dr. Selwyn at Lambeth, had urged him to do what he could to extend the knowledge of the gospel among the scattered islands of the Pacific, and on this apostolic commission rather than on the odd clerical error in his letters-patent, which extended his

diocese from 50° south to 34° north latitude, he based the obligations to extend the circuit of his ministrations. But his principle was like that of Wellington, to do nothing rashly, and to make sure of his "base." The result of his seven years' work in New Zealand proper fully justified the step. From Kaitia in the north to Stewart's Island in the South, over a length of one thousand miles, he had satisfied himself that there was not a village in which the Scriptures were unknown. Out of a native population of 100,000 one-half were Christians, and the remainder had ready access to the means of grace. An affray between two English crews and some natives of Rotuma and Granville Islands rendered necessary some intervention on the part of the Government, and became the Bishop's opportunity. He willingly accepted a passage on board the *Dido*, destined for this work, where he should combine the duties of chaplain and instructor on board with those of observing the possibilities of Melanesia for new mission-settlements. His principle was to respect the positions of those who were already at work there, and to find "fresh woods and pastures new." He now explored, in most cases thoroughly, the Friendly, Navigator, and New Hebrides groups. He even ventured ashore at the Isle of Pines, where the captain of the *Dido* had declined to allow him to land. He borrowed a small boat and sculled himself inside the harbour, and there, to his surprise, lay an English trading schooner. He was thus happily brought acquainted with Captain Haddon, a fair trading and Christian-minded man, who had gained great influence with the natives. From him Bishop Selwyn got much aid and learned much.

On the moment of his return home, if home it could be called, he started in the little *Undine* for a voyage round New Zealand, intending on his return to touch at several points to bring back the pupils to the college from their homes. The voyage lasted fourteen weeks; and the *Undine* worked up to her anchorage, with sails, ropes, and spars uninjured, having sailed three thousand miles and visited thirteen places. His fine consideration for his native pupils it is simply delightful to see. "We often expect to find ready-made in a native people," he says, "the qualities which we ourselves have learned with difficulty, and which our own countrymen rapidly lose in the unsettled and irresponsible slovenliness of colonial life. . . . There is scarcely anything so small as not to affect the permanence of Christianity in

\* A diocese in Durham.

this country. We require men who will number every hair on a native's head, as part of the work of Him who made and redeemed the world." And as the belief was fast gaining ground among the Maoris that work was incompatible with the character of a gentleman, it was all the more needful that the complete, self-contained system should be sustained, under which servants were abolished—each one contributing to the common stock; and no labour whatever was considered as menial.

In 1849 another great enterprise was begun, the establishment of a college for native and English youth for the southern portion of the island. A site was found near Porirua; and no sooner had the Bishop seen a start made than he was once more on the *Undine* on a voyage to New Caledonia and the Isle of Pines, that he might extend his observations and bring back with him native youths for training. Many warnings he had from friends in England against his plan of landing on barbarous islands unprotected, but he persisted in his course, knowing that it was essentially a work of unwearying perseverance, and that if he could but once establish a good understanding and a complete confidence in his good-will much would follow. He saw clearly how all the branches of his work were connected and interdependent, and day by day became more alive to the need of very frequent communications with the various points from which pupils might be taken, that the parents might not weary or wish to recall the boys. "The very point and key of the whole system," he said, "is the constant interchange of scholars between the college and their homes." Therefore we are not astonished that he should begin to forecast the need of another and larger vessel than the little *Undine*, in which twenty-one boys were necessarily pressed close together, but that he should project regular trips to Melanesia. (By-and-by the larger boat was found through the kindness of friends in Sydney.) We find him writing at this time to a friend in England:—

"At present I wish you to bear in mind, and to communicate with R. Palmer, Gladstone, and others, that, if it please God to prolong my present health and strength, I am prepared, if means be supplied, to undertake the personal inspection and supervision of the whole of Melanesia—that is, of all islands lying between the meridian of the east cape of New Zealand, or nearly 180 degrees, to the meridian of Cape York and the eastern coast of Australia; and I am convinced that I could do this, not only without injury, but with the greatest possible benefit to my own work in New Zealand."

Accordingly on the 1st August, 1849, he sailed in the *Undine*, landing at Anaetum, after a fine run of one thousand miles, where he called on the Presbyterian and London Society missionaries already settled there; "endeavouring to give them every encouragement and advice which my acquaintance with the mission would enable me to suggest." After visiting New Caledonia and the Isle of Pines, he returned with five boys, the first fruits of what was to prove indeed a great harvest.

This first memorable cruise ended on the 1st of October. "It was," says Mr. Tucker, "a triumph for which to be thankful; the five wild little islanders being the forerunners of the indigenous clergy of Melanesia." One of the lads, Thol, from Lifu, the youngest, was very ill during his sojourn at St. John's, and was nursed by the Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn as though he had been their own child.

Another diocesan visitation by sea was begun in December, and in March of the following year the Bishop sailed on a second Melanesian cruise, taking his five boys back to their homes. The time chosen had reference to a high expediency. The damp and cold of a New Zealand winter might take an effect upon them, and so cause an unfavourable impression and impede future operations. With Mr. Abraham at the head of the college and acting as archdeacon of the district of Waimate, the Bishop felt more free to devote a large portion of his time to remote parts. During this cruise he was enabled to do substantial kindness to Mr. Geddie at Anaetum, and to the natives there. The Bishop sailed for a third voyage to the southern islands on July 17th and returned on the 7th October, bringing back with him three of the boys who had been with them the previous year, and several others. Futana, Tanna, and other places were visited, and in most instances favourable openings were made.

Sorrow had come in the course of years. In 1850 Bishop Selwyn lost an infant daughter. On the 14th December, 1852, John Thol died—"My first Melanesian scholar," wrote the Bishop; "dear to me as one of my own children."

It is impossible in our space to follow Bishop Selwyn further in his constantly increasing work, though we trust the spirit in which he worked has been indicated. Up to 1856 he was sole bishop in that vast diocese. In that year Bishop Harpur was settled in the south. Then, as our readers are aware, the Rev. J. Coleridge Patteson accompanied the Bishop to New Zealand on his return

from a visit to England in 1855, and became the first Bishop of Melanesia in 1861. He had shown such undoubted gifts for teaching and for organization, that already under him the College of St. John had been transferred from Auckland to Kohimarama first, and then to Norfolk Island, as being more favourable for the health of the islanders. In nothing was Bishop Selwyn's genius more conspicuously seen than in his happy choice of men to carry on the branches of the work he had begun; and it must be matter of congratulation to all who are interested in mission work that a son is now bishop of one section of the late father's diocese. When on a visit to England in 1867, influence was used to procure Bishop Selwyn's acceptance of the See of Lichfield, a kind of promotion of which he was far from solicitous. Even when he yielded to the urgent representations of others, among whom stood the Queen herself, it was only on condition that he should return for a year or more to New Zealand to arrange matters and so far finish up works that he felt could not safely be committed to the hands of others. He was devoted to pastoral work at Lichfield, as he had been in New Zealand. He lived simply, unostentatiously, giving liberally to good causes. Whether, as his biographer says, his income

was £400, as in New Zealand, or £4,500, as in Lichfield, there was the same measure of hospitality extended towards all, and especially to the poor. The living of one of his parishes was sequestered, not so much through the fault as the misfortune of the vicar, who was seriously ill and could not afford to keep a curate. The Bishop came and devoted himself almost entirely to this parish, doing all the work. Work was a necessity of his life. When at length he fell ill, and his mind wandered, he returned to that, exclaiming, "I am getting idle! Who is seeing to that work?" And he frequently referred to the Islands of the Pacific, where he had laboured, and would whisper sentences in Maori. In this last sickness, he passed through the fires of pain, and on April 7, 1878, he died in a state of unconsciousness.

When we think of his high sense of duty, his self-denial, his great capacity for work, his faithful consecration of all his powers to the one great end, we cannot but place him high on the roll of heroic missionaries; and, in spite of some narrowness and prejudice, his character and work remain a rich legacy to the Christian Church in all its denominations.

H. A. PAGE.

## FEMININE ATHLETICS.

I HAVE been for some time past watching with interest the movement which is being made towards what is called the Higher Education of women. I have been for three years in a boarding and day school whose principal, a clever woman, with a powerful intellectual grasp, threw herself into "the cause" with all the enthusiasm of her own sex, and all the determination of the other one. She drew me with her to a certain extent. At school, therefore, as pupil and teacher, I studied, so far as in me lay, the characters and capacities, mental and physical, of my comrades and pupils. Since leaving school I have gone on studying and observing, not only girls, but women in general, because the question of their education and culture, both present and future, is to me, as well as to others, of great interest; and is, I believe, one of the most important subjects of our day. And the result of my observations is, that associations for the higher mental education of women were much needed, but that the mental capacities of girls and women

depend so much on their physical capabilities, that the benevolent and public-spirited ladies who are uniting for the purpose of developing the brain-power of the female sex are making a mistake when they confine themselves to that development alone, and do not likewise attend to the culture and training of the equally important bodily power. I say equally important, because mind and body are very closely united, and to insure the strength, coolness, and balance of the one, you must, to a great extent, secure the strength and perfect health of the other. There have of course been cases of the most powerful minds allied to sickly, feeble bodies, but these are only exceptions, and the work done by those persons has usually been of an intermittent nature—often, too, containing what is narrow, weak, and morbid.

Now we are all physiologists enough to know that women have brains, and I hope we have all powers of observation enough to see that there is much ability and even genius lying dormant in these brains, which, if pro-



perly drawn out, would be of great benefit to mankind. And drawn out it would have been if certain causes had not conspired to prevent it. One of these causes was that which is being removed so speedily—namely, the want of proper mental training. But, alas! the chief obstacle still remains in full force. I believe the weakness and positive ill-health which is the lot of so many girls, just at the age most important for their mental growth and culture, is one of the greatest hindrances to their progress, and it arises almost entirely from the prevailing want of attention to physical training. From fourteen to twenty the minds of girls are forming actively. This is decidedly the period *par excellence* for education; the time for mere instruction ought then to be over, and the mind assimilating and digesting all that it receives.

But how much weariness and apathy have not teachers of girls to struggle against! How many long absences has not almost every girl throughout each session! How much of the selfishness, peevishness, and sourness of women is the result of months and years of delicacy in youth! How can girls be expected to work hard and take an interest in their studies, when "flesh and heart" are "faint and failing?" How can these girls turn out cultured and well-educated women? By the time these weary years are over, their tastes and habits are formed; they are women, in age at least, and other things engage their attention, rather than the cultivation of their minds. No, no, ladies; if you wish our girls to become able and intellectual women, you must begin your good work of reform *from the beginning*, please, and prepare your soil before you plant.

The question, therefore, naturally arises, how shall we prepare our soil? or rather, how shall we prevent our girls from falling into ill-health during that period when they are most liable to do so? How shall we get rid of those manifold ailments so few escape?

I reply that the physical training of the girls must be carefully considered, and their constitutions strengthened and perfected by proper food, proper clothing, and proper exercise. On the two former I shall not stop to remark at present, because, as regards food, a healthy stomach will digest almost anything, and by exercise we get that healthy stomach. As regards clothing, if we take proper exercise and love it, we shall soon find out what is proper clothing; namely, that which in no way interferes with our motion, either by its weight or fashion. The

word, exercise, brings me, however, to my real subject—feminine athletics.

Practically, there is no attention paid to such training at present. Parents take but little heed of the muscular education of their girls. In fact, the idea of robust, muscular women is repulsive to most minds. A creature with limp, powerless arms and a wasp-like waist constitutes the popular idea of female beauty. Whereas, what we ought to admire is a form unconfined, well knit, "supple as that of a panther," with an arm rounded, white, and hard as marble, from the well-strung muscles under the polished skin. All this is very easily attainable. The Greek women of old possessed bodies such as I have described, and so might we British women of to-day, if only care were taken. We do not need a Spartan system to effect a change; we have the means of attaining health and beautiful strength, almost without altering our mode of life. We can surely all *walk*. But how seldom do we meet with a woman, or even young girl, who can "do" her five miles without great fatigue! Now walking is one of the most delightful forms of motion when one has really learnt the art. This can only be done through practice. Most women sit in their houses for weeks, or only saunter daily down the streets for a few hundred yards. Then one day the idea seizes them that they will have a "good long walk." Off they go, labour on, sometimes fast, sometimes slow. They persevere to their journey's end, however, arriving quite exhausted, and unable to do anything but rest for days. After this they decide that "walking does not agree with them," and resume their sedentary habits. As for girls at boarding or day schools, they are unable to walk any distance save on Saturdays, when they, too, attempt too much, and pass Sunday in a half-stupor.

All this is a great error. In order to walk with pleasure and profit to ourselves, we must begin when young, walk a set distance daily, and at a given *uniform* pace. The distance must be short at first, and gradually increased; the pace, likewise slow at first, must quicken day by day, until the desired proficiency is attained. If mothers were careful to have the pedestrian training of their girls begun about the age of twelve, then our eyes would be gladdened by the sight of women moving with grace, dignity, and swiftness along our streets; and, moreover, we should have another enjoyment added to our list of social pleasures, for wives and sisters could accompany husbands and brothers on delightful walking expeditions, and parties

for the same purpose could be organized, as we see parties uniting for a tour by rail or steamer.

Picture to yourselves how charming would be a honeymoon passed in walking through beautiful scenery, under the free sky, in crisp autumn, or sweet spring weather—dividing the journey into just so many miles *per diem*, as would give time for turning aside to examine some “bosky dell,” or halt by some rippling river; picture the swift, bracing march over a mile or so of moorland, then the arriving at the resting-place in the cool, fresh gloaming, the welcome supper, and comfortable chair. Would it not put expensive and inconvenient Continental wedding-trips out of fashion—as, indeed, they are growing already to be?

Another splendid form of exercise is rowing. But of the hundreds of girls and women who spend at least two months out of every year at the coast, only some four out of twenty can row. Of course most of them can paddle about a little, near the shore and in fear and trembling should a steamer chance to pass. But that is not *rowing*. Like walking it needs steady practice. It is the best thing I know for developing the arms and chest—a most needful and important development in these days of consumption and asthma. Why should not every mother see that her daughters “launch forth on the deep” so soon as they arrive at the sea-side, and practise “pulling” daily, as they practised walking?

“But,” you will say, “the danger! Even if they did not go far from shore, they might be upset into the water.” Well, let some experienced person attend at first, or, better still, let them learn to swim and float. If we were properly civilised, they could do this in town during winter. It would be quite possible, I should say, to have large swimming baths (for females exclusively) in all our large towns. They could be kept “select” enough, one would think, and might be as largely patronised as schools. How girls would enjoy their lesson there; and the fresh, buoyant sensation they would experience after their “swim” would aid greatly in lightening the labours of “evening preparation.”

Then there are the more purely gymnastic exercises, which ought to form part of the curriculum of every girl's school, whereas at present a few feeble gestures usually represent the “athletics” in vogue. A gymnasium ought to be built in connection with every school, wherein the exercises should

be taught by a properly-qualified governess. As nine out of every ten girls are educated at schools or colleges, these valuable institutions ought to begin the great work of female physical development. What fine healthy fellows our universities can turn out, where there are athletic facilities afforded! Girls' schools should be able to “go and do likewise” with their members.

Boarding schools for girls should never be in town. They ought to establish themselves at the sea-side or in the open country, and a female gymnast should be one of the first governesses engaged. In an inland school, her duty would be to give the girls thorough pedestrian training, and make them skilful gymnasts, able to use the dumb-bells, and to fence. In a school at the sea-side the teacher would, in addition to those before mentioned, teach the pupils how to row and manage a boat properly. Swimming might be taught anywhere by each school having an indoor bath. Skating could also be taught to everyone in winter, whereas at present the principal rarely permits this amusement, fearing accidents.

There are many persons who will object to this system of physical training being added to the usual educational course, on the ground that it would cause school fees to be much heavier, owing to the expense attending its adoption. Well, that might be so; but let us spend a little more money on the improvements of our children's souls and bodies and the consequent benefit of the race, and less on the covering of those poor neglected bodies with rich and costly superfluities. Let us deny ourselves in the way of fashionable raiment and expensive trivialities, that we may have the more to spend on really good and necessary objects.

If such a state of matters as I have hinted at could be brought about, a new occupation would be afforded to women who are forced (as so many are now) to work in order to live. Any lady who had no inclination for training minds might find profitable employment in training bodies, either in a situation or by taking pupils.

The athletic training of girls does not require much attention, until they are about eleven years of age. Before that time skipping-ropes, balls, swings and hoops plentifully supplied, and ample space for jumping and running, furnish all that is necessary. But after that age a certain primness of manner usually sets in; the young ladies are ashamed of running or leaping, they hang all day over desks, and sit quietly

in the house ; their bodies are growing, and proper exercise not being taken, high shoulders, narrow chests, poor appetites, and consequently ill-health and mental dormancy, are the results.

It is indeed high time we began to establish our association for the Higher Physical Education of Women. We shall never have great doings from women unless they have great souls—we cannot well expect great souls in little cramped bodies. We are told that women are cowards, and so they are usually, physical cowards, not so often moral ones, and for that let us be thankful ; but still physical cowardice is bad enough. It prevents women doing much that is useful in the world, prevents their fulfilling many obvious duties. You will sometimes (not often, thank God!) see a woman shrink from the bedside of some dear sick one, because she is "afraid" of fever, or "cannot bear" the sight of blood. Women with little to do, and really sympathizing hearts, refuse to visit the poor or rescue the perishing, because they are "afraid" to go into low districts among "these miserable people." And how many times do women

not bring down on themselves the scorn of their masculine relatives and friends, and suffer untold agonies in their own minds, through their dread of the sea, of waves, of ghosts sometimes, of robbers often, and of cows, horses, and seeming-savage dogs almost always. All these fears arise from their sense of helplessness and utter inability to prevent the dreaded danger arising. But if by proper exercise and careful training we render girls strong, self-reliant, able and skilful, then we should find that the physical cowardice of women had vanished, that their moral courage was strengthened, their minds rendered enterprising, cool, and liberal, that "nerves" were unknown and hysterics as uncommon as demoniacal possession, and that woman had become, physically as well as mentally, a helpmeet for man.

To those who say that I am contemplating an unnatural and unwomanly state of things, I can only remind them that the finest description of a perfect type of woman includes these words—"She girdeth her loins with strength and strengtheneth her arms. . . . Strength and honour are her clothing."

J. HAMILTON FLETCHER.

## NIGHT AND MORNING.

WAS it a lie that they told me,  
Was it a pitiless hoax ?

A sop for my soul and its longing,

Only to cozen and coax ?

And a voice came down through the night and rain :

"Thou liest : thou hast trusted in vain."

Must I vanish off-hand into darkness,

Blown out with a breath like a lamp ?

Have I nought in the future to look to

Save rotting in darkness and damp ?

And the answer came with a mocking hiss :

"Thou hast nothing to look to save this."

What of the grave and its conquest,

Of death and the loss of its sting ?

Was it only the brag of a madman

Who believed an impossible thing ?

And the voice returned, as the voice of a ghost :

"It was but a madman's boast."

Am I the serf of my senses,

Is my soul a slave without rights ?

Are feeding and breeding and sleeping

My first and truest delights ?

And the cruel answer cut me afresh :

"Thou art but the serf of thy flesh."

Is it all for nought then I travail,

That I long for leisure from sin,

That I thirst for the pure and the perfect,

And feel like a god within ?

The voice replied to my passionate thought :  
"Thy longing and travail is nought."

Then I bowed my head in my anguish,

Folding my face in my hands,

And I shuddered as one that sinketh

In the clutch of quaking sands.

And I stared, as I clenched my fingers tight,

Out through the blank black night.

For life was shorn of its meaning,

And I cried—"O God, is it so ?

Utter the truth though it slay me,

Utter it, yes or no !"

But I heard no answer to heal my pain,

Save the bluster of wind and rain.

And behold, as I sat in my sorrow,

A quick ray shot from the East,

Another and then another ;

And I knew that the night had ceased.

And the dark clouds rolled away to the West

As the great sun rose from his rest.

And now, as the fair dawn broadened

Strong and joyous and bright,

My whole soul swept to meet it,

Rapt with a deep delight :

And a new voice rang down the radiant skies :

"Rejoice, I have heard thee ; arise !"

EDMUND WHYTEHEAD HOWSON.



## THE BRIDE'S PASS.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.—"NOT CARRIED OFF, BUT DONE FOR."



with approval the last contribution to Gaelic literature. He was interrupted by a servant showing in Frank Tempest.

Lord Moydart was not a man of great penetration, and he did not remark anything unusual in the air of the young man whom he rose to welcome.

"Good morning, Tempest," he said; "glad to see you. Are you come to bid us good-bye? or are you going to join our party to this wedding?" Lord Moydart's mind was of a nimble order, and it had already darted to the consideration of Frank Tempest's foolish soreness with regard to the event of the day.

"Neither, Lord Moydart," answered Frank Tempest, with a solemnity altogether out of keeping with the occasion.

"What! have they not sent you an invitation? Now, that was shabby of them, seeing that the lady was an old flame of yours," exclaimed the Earl, pursuing his light policy.

"There will be no marriage," announced Frank gloomily.

"No marriage!" repeated the Earl in a high key of wonder and incredulity; then he said to himself in extreme dismay, "The lad is not given to wine, and he cannot have been drinking at this hour of the day. By Jove, he has lost his reason! and what am I to say to his people, the Knightley-Delavals, for permitting such a frightful calamity to come about?" "What is there to prevent

LORD MOYDART sat in his study looking over a "paper"—for he dabbled in literature as well as in Celtic antiquities—which he proposed to read at a meeting of the Highland Society. He had a little time to spare this morning, for he had remained in the house in order to accompany the Countess and Lady Jean to Drumchatt's wedding. It was a tremendous bore, but he was in the Country where he was accustomed to bid for popularity; and it would not do for him to forget that little Craig-dhhu had been an old ally of big Castle Moydart, while Farquhar Macdonald was a Highland gentleman, and not half a bad fellow for a parson. Therefore Lord Moydart was not out of humour as he pursed his mouth in self-complacence,

ran his fingers through his straggling red hair, and read the marriage?" he urged uneasily, but trying to look careless, as he turned over the leaves of his blotting-book.

"I have prevented it," said Frank in a low tone, but distinctly enough.

"You!" exclaimed the Earl, springing from his seat unable to restrain himself. "Do you know what you are saying, Frank?" he demanded sharply, telling himself that he must exert all his presence of mind and take the upper hand without a moment's delay. Then as he was a brave little man he sat down again, and prepared to face and control with his firm eye the unhappy young man.

"Look here, Lord Moydart," said Frank, advancing a step: "you know I wanted Miss Macdonald for my wife." ("I knew nothing of the kind," Lord Moydart replied promptly in his own mind. "I could not conceive that you were such a romantic lunatic of a boy as that came to, or I should have called in your relations to take you in charge.") "I should have won her," went on poor Frank, "if it had not been for that cursed contract." ("The language of the stage and Bedlam applied to a very proper and natural family arrangement," the Earl decided, shaking his head imperceptibly.) Then he spoke aloud, administering a spur to the speaker, who stopped to draw a long, weary breath.

"Eh? What next, man?" questioned Lord Moydart.

"I did my best to protest, as any honest

man, without an interest in the matter, might have done," alleged Frank sullenly—"A cut at me, and a general censure on and suspicion of everybody—horribly symptomatic," reflected the Earl)—"and when it was no good I got the two Macgregors, the innkeeper at the Ford's brothers, to join me," Frank went on doggedly, as he came to the most humiliating part of his statement, the confession that he had demeaned himself to confer his confidence unworthily, and to seek low confederates. "You are aware these Macgregors owe an old grudge against the Macdonalds?"

"What of that?" asked Lord Moydart mystified, and speculating if Frank, who had been tolerably coherent as yet, was beginning to wander to irrelevant matter after the manner of those unlucky people whose heads are touched.

"I knew that Donald Drumchatt would ride over to the Manse this morning, leaving the company at his place to follow later," continued Frank, grasping the back of a chair to steady himself, and keeping his agitation under by a great force, that he might remain calm, and finish what he had got to do; "and we were at the rock in the Pass where his ancestor spoiled Gillies Macgregor's bridal procession, for the purpose of meeting Donald Drumchatt. I intended to require him to reconsider our relative claims, and to relinquish his, which had triumphed by the use of undue influence. And if he refused we were prepared to wheel round his pony and convey him back over the hills—not to his own house, of course, but to an out-of-the-way sheeling, where he might have been detained for a few days till I had won a hearing, and persuaded the minister's people to think twice of the marriage."

"But it would have been carrying off the man by force," protested Lord Moydart, dismissing the idea of insanity as quickly as he had taken it up, when he found that there was method in the madness—though he was ready to swear roundly afterwards that a young man who could give himself up to so fantastic a dream as that of spiriting away a Highland laird on his own land, in broad daylight, in this nineteenth century, might escape the consequences in any court in Europe on the ground of a craze.

"Carrying off a man or a woman did not form such an extraordinary event here at one time," said Frank, "unless your chronicles lie."

"You foolish fellow! there has not been a case of abduction in the Highlands for a

hundred years or more. I dare say the last was that with which Robin Oig, a son of Rob Roy's, had to do. He carried off a poor young widow for the sake of her late husband's goods, and I may tell you for your comfort that he was hung for his little game. But then the victim died partly from the effects of his treatment," added his lordship, relenting a little in the middle of his righteous indignation.

"I thought a hundred years were nothing here," said Frank a little sardonically. "However, it does not signify. I should not have minded carrying off a man so much," he proceeded with youthful candour, and at the same time with the calmness of despair, "but the plan has failed. He is not carried off, and I am afraid he is done for," and at the recollection of what had taken place—Donald's look as he lay panting on the bank, and of the undying reproach in Unah Macdonald's eyes—his tall, broad-shouldered figure swayed visibly where he stood. His embrowned face took a sickly tint.

"You do not say," cried Lord Moydart, almost beside himself, "that a crime has been committed, and you are the criminal?"

"I suppose that is the proper way to put it," said Frank, rallying from his faintness. "He would not listen to me, and dared us to come on. I only know there was a scrimmage, and when I struck out he went down like a shot and fell over the bank. Then she ran forward, and when I went after her, and would have done what I could to make up for what had happened, she forbade it. And these Macgregor fellows said I was getting them into trouble, while they were only acting at my bidding, if I stayed till the other people who were coming up the Pass arrived at the spot."

"What other people? and who was she? and how did she know to be there in the nick of time? I cannot make out your story," said Lord Moydart impatiently. "But I imagine there is something in it, though I thought gentlemen left rows to grooms and ghillies. Upon my word it is a pretty mess! Do I understand you rightly that Drumchatt has been injured by this abominable piece of folly? He is a delicate fellow and could not stand being knocked about; but I should hope that happily he has come round, and is all right by this time and able to go on with his marriage. It is so absurd an affair, and shows so little delicacy where Miss Macdonald is concerned, that he may not choose to prosecute, otherwise you will very likely be in-

dicted for assault, and compelled to put in a public appearance at the court in the county town. It is a disgrace for a lad in your position that I should like very ill if it were incurred by my son. I must say, Tempest, that your relations will have good reason to be indignant, and that I shall feel exceedingly sorry for them."

The Earl was very much provoked, especially when he thought of the scandal in the Country, and of the blame which might attach to himself—through his very innocence and his confidence in an old public schoolboy and Cantab's proving able to look after himself. The Earl believed he did well to take the wild, reckless young fellow severely to task, as the difference in their years and the family friendship permitted.

Frank Tempest was not resentful, a fact which was in itself ominous. But, indeed, he had paid no heed to Lord Moydart's last words. He replied to an earlier remark, as if his attention had been arrested by it.

"I don't think Donald Drumchatt will get over it," Frank observed, as if he hardly knew what he was saying, yet with a slight involuntary twitching of the lips and a shiver running through him. "It would have been nothing to any other fellow, but I tell you he seemed done for. He looked awfully ill, and he drew his breath as if his chest was hurt."

"Good heavens! then it is manslaughter you are guilty of?" cried Lord Moydart electrified in the most painful manner a second time that morning. "And you come to me, of all people, with the story? Are you aware that I am a justice of the peace, and bound to commit you on your own declaration?"

Had there been an unconcerned audience present to take note how naturally Lord Moydart looked first at his own minor share in the tragedy, and that the earliest impression it made on his mind was a sense of exasperation at the awkward dilemma it involved for himself, the cynicism which is so marked an element of the modern mind might have been amply gratified. But to do the nobleman justice, though he was a selfish man, he did not all at once take in the conviction of peril to Donald Drumchatt's life, with the terrible consequences to Frank Tempest. As they dawned upon him he put himself for the moment out of view, and considered hurriedly. "Your best course was to get off at once if there was the slightest doubt of Drumchatt's recovery. I trust you are not too late; but there is no time to be lost."

"And do you think I will stir a foot from Fearnavoil, and leave her to bear the brunt?" burst out Frank, proving himself as mad on one point as Lord Moydart had reckoned him in all. "She is as free from any foreknowledge of the deed as a child or an angel; but from the manner in which you yourself spoke this morning she may not escape unfounded suspicion, unless I stay to vindicate her by telling the truth. And if Donald Drumchatt is to die," continued Frank with his voice failing, and his heart sinking again before the intolerable dread, "will it signify what becomes of me? My life must be a burden to me anyhow. And do you think I am such a heartless brute as to care for myself and look out for my own safety if he is badly injured, while I can stay where I shall soonest hear tidings of him? They may let me do that, though she would not suffer me to touch him."

He finished in an undertone of pain; for it was evident the first realisation of his wrongdoing had been drawn from Unah's shocked rejection of his aid, and the circumstance still stood prominently out in the labyrinth of misery and remorse in which he found himself entangled.

No argument served to move him from his stand-point, which was entirely a nineteenth-century stand-point, and proved incontestably, had any indication been wanted, what a gross anachronism his act had been. For when poor Donald Drumchatt's ancestor had supplied the precedent for the drama, he had not been haunted by any troublesome scruples before the event, neither would they have arisen to dog his footsteps after it. He had felt nothing save a fierce delight in wreaking his revenge; a little blood more or less on a hand, the hue of which was red enough before that day, signified little to the ruthless old chief. But civilisation had softened men, if Christianity had not renewed them.

At last Lord Moydart—after he had dispatched on horseback his own man, whose discretion he could trust, to gallop over to Fearnavoil and bring back within an hour's space confirmation of Frank Tempest's fears—saw himself forced to the conclusion that the wisest step he could take, even for the preservation of secrecy in the affair, was to go with Frank Tempest to the county town. He would see the lad surrender himself to the procurator fiscal, and get the offender quietly lodged in such quarters for first-class sinners as the northern prison afforded, there to wait the devoutly-to-be-



prayed-for chance of Donald Drumchatt's recovery.

The Earl would have been fain to depart on his errand without previously communicating the disaster to the ladies of the house. But at that very moment they were going to dress for the marriage in Fearnavoil Manse, and the Countess was sending a footman to the study to remind the Earl he had promised his attendance. The Countess could not believe her aristocratic ears. Lady Jean was awe-stricken, conscience-stricken, for had she not anticipated the crisis with a degree of childish levity, and without an attempt at prevention—which to be sure would probably have proved futile? yet in its sequel it was so different from her expectation, and so much to be deplored. Frank Tempest, her own equal and associate, going to prison, even if by his own will and as a mere formality, according to her father's extenuation of the circumstance to suit the women's ears, because there had been a quarrel between him and Drumchatt, and an accident had happened, with Drumchatt injured and the marriage put off! It was all too dreadful even for high-spirited, thoughtless Lady Jean.

When the first shock of the communication was over, there was clamour enough round the Earl. Generally he was very indulgent to his daughter, while his wife in her cool, good-natured self-assertion rather ruled him than otherwise. But to-day the much-aggrieved and hard-trying nobleman fairly lost patience with his womankind.

No wonder. On one side was the Countess insisting that if an offence had been committed nothing should be done against a lad in Frank Tempest's position, Lady Charlotte's son, the Delavals' nephew and heir.

On the other Lady Jean was inquiring anxiously if the Earl could not take the law into his own hand, and dispense justice in his proper person "like the old barons who held their courts here, papa. Is it not possible in the Country where so many feudal rights survive? and we are chieftains still. I am sure nobody would make any objection, and it would be so easy to settle everything when Frank Tempest is our friend."

"Oh, you women know nothing," groaned the Earl; "but pray be content with your ignorance. No, I will not suffer you to see Tempest, and indulge in condolences and leave-takings. There would be an end to any hushing up of the business which may yet be managed if Drumchatt does well; of course there is no reason to suppose he will do ill.

But even where my feelings are concerned—and I think you may take them into consideration—the affair is quite bad enough without the addition of a scene, and the unmanning of that stubborn young dog, who has put his foot into it."

#### CHAPTER XVI.—UNAH'S MARRIAGE.

At the Manse of Fearnavoil all was confusion and distress. A grievous misfortune had happened to the house which of all houses in the parish ought to have been the home of peace and order. The interruption of a marriage on the marriage day does not occur once in a generation in the most Bohemian quarter. When the catastrophe proceeds from that disgraceful fickleness on the part of bridegroom or bride which impels man or woman to flee like a culprit from the fulfilment of the bond, the insult and mortification are at their height. But even when the obstacle is not more affronting and deserving of condemnation than is implied in the accident of an irresistible calamity suddenly befalling the family in the midst of their rejoicing, a certain stigma of humiliation, however undeserved and transient, still attends on the bridegroom who has displayed his triumph or his *insouciance*, and the bride who has worn her blushes in vain.

This stigma was to attach to Unah Macdonald—the flower of the girls of the parish, the much-cherished daughter of the Manse.

Disorder and flying rumours of something wrong had spread early through the house. For after the irregular episode of the arrival of the best man with the bride, and on his seeking to speak apart with the heads of the family, nothing could be too wonderful to follow. It appeared quite in the natural order of things that the minister should set out instantly for Drumchatt, with a face so disturbed that nobody could overlook it.

Unah shut herself up in her room, where her bride's-maids, with all their mirth routed out of them and replaced by consternation, dare not invade her privacy, or intrude on her distress—to find her kneeling in an unspeakable agony, with her fingers clenched, and her face hidden, as it happened, in the crushed folds of the wedding-gown which she was never to wear.

Mrs. Macdonald retreated with a face that became in a moment ashen white, matching the *gris cendré* of her hair. She deserted her post for a season, but she did not go to sustain Unah. She did not enter her daughter's presence, though her heart was wrung

for her child. Still, that was a subordinate feeling. She locked herself in her own room in desperation. She could not pray—she who had prayed so much in her day. She could only open wild, horrified eyes at the end she had arrived at. Betrayed faith, broken hearts, a slain man and his slayer. She asked herself, was it all her work?

Even the humble retainer of the family, Malise Gow, returning from Drumchatt, and beset with questions, withdrew to his cottage and threw himself down on his bed, with his face turned to the wall—lying there till Jenny Reach darted in, not to condole with him, but to cause him to spring to his feet, and return to his duty by her indignant, scornful words.

"Get up, you calf!" cried Jenny, using the term with a very different intonation from that which is given to it when it figures in the old Highland epithet of endearment, "Calf of my heart!" "How do you know what may be wanted of you? Be thankful that the lassie Unah is not over the Highland borders, or Drumchatt lying weltering in his blood. As to what has happened, we are in the thick of the fight, and you—a man body—to be content to lie and pech (groan) there! Is that all you're good for?"

Jenny's own step was firm, her breast was heaving, her fresh colour heightened. It was clear that the blow which had unnerved Malise had only braced and stimulated the woman.

"It's the disgrace, Jenny—the disgrace to the family," replied Malise, defending himself, at the same time tumbling himself out with a convicted air on the clay floor. "It's the thought that the mistress—she has been caught backsliding—which I cannot put by. Ochone! Ochone!"

"Away with your Ochones! Trample down the disgrace. As for the mistress caught backsliding, is she the first woman that has backslidden? or, is this the beginning of her vanity? Now, if it had been the minister, mild man—but he has spunk in him this day—ay, even the minister is mortal," by which word Jenny meant fallible. She was faithful in her way, yet there was no denying that, being what she was, she found a certain satisfaction in the minister's fallibility.

But Mrs. Macdonald did not long give way. She was not a woman to be beaten by one stroke of destiny, however hard; and there was so much to be done—speculation and whispers to be silenced—that decorous face which it is the first impulse of every

womanly woman, brave in her womanliness, whether she be good or bad, to put on misfortune, to be carefully assumed. The wedding guests who came from far too remote and widely-removed quarters to have their coming forbidden in time, were already arriving. The Moydarts were not among the number; they had received some intimation of the inappropriateness of their presence. But there were the Hopkins'—Laura in resplendent white satin, like a bride herself. These guests must be received, and made aware of the barrier to the ceremony; and, alas! they could not then—even with the best will on their part, return home immediately, as might have been the case had they only been homely old friends and parishioners. The invited guests had travelled too far. In common consideration for human and equine wants, men, women, and horses must be tested and fed, however unpleasant the detention to the human portion of the company.

Mrs. Macdonald rallied her forces marvelously. She was still very pale, but she was ready to utter courteous apologies and regrets, to accept condolences, to talk vaguely and hopefully of "an unlucky accident," with the wedding only a little delayed. She did not know that the minister had returned from Drumchatt till he entered the room without any warning, and she shrank into silence before the absence on his side of all greeting to the marriage party beyond a hurried bow and a brief "My friends, I am sure you will excuse us," with its evidence of pre-occupation and trouble.

An old friend, Sir Duncan, ventured to go up to the master of the house and ask in a low tone of interest and sympathy how he had found Donald Drumchatt. "Badly hurt," answered the minister without concealment, although he spoke in the abrupt and almost harsh manner of a man to whom the statement he made was exquisitely painful, and who required all the strength he possessed to keep calm in making it.

"Doctor been?" murmured Sir Duncan.

"Yes," answered Mr. Macdonald, while one might have heard a pin fall, "and he says there are two ribs broken."

"That is not so very bad," said Sir Duncan, more aloud and more at his ease, no longer as if he were speaking on a wager to deliver the sense of his question in the most condensed form. "I had three ribs broken myself once, and yet I am not a bit the worse to-day."

"No," admitted Mr. Macdonald, but with-

out any corresponding relief. "Were it not for the state of his lungs——," and then he stopped short.

"A lamentable accident," muttered Sir Duncan, discomfited and at a loss for any other rejoinder.

"Who said it was an accident?" demanded Mr. Macdonald, lifting up his head and looking round with a red gleam in the brown eyes, which were so like poor Donald's, that bore out Jenny Reach's assertion of spunk in the minister this day. "There was no accident," he declared in a loud, clear voice, while his sparkling eyes fell for a second on the wife whom he so loved and honoured. "Lord Moydart's friend, Mr. Tempest, intercepted my cousin and forced a quarrel on him on his way to the Manse this morning." There was a rustle of greatly increased excitement and dismay, in which the word "duel" was heard uttered by different voices in various keys of apologetic suggestion and alarmed deprecation.

A slow English tongue made itself distinctly audible in opposition to the quick Highland accents, and a heavy figure rose up without a single symptom of the gesticulation in which the Gael, like the members of other Celtic races, is apt to indulge. It was Mr. Hopkins, who had chanced for once to leave his business letters and "envoys" at the Frean, and to drive over in an irreproachable morning dress—anxiously inspected by his daughter with the despairing conclusion that somehow papa would look like his tailor—to be present with his wife and daughter at the wedding breakfast. "Dooel or no dooel," he said stoutly, "this is getting serious" (as if all which had gone before it had been child's play! And, indeed, he had not been quite sure before that the interruption was not some piece of Highland buffoonery). "If you are right, sir, instant steps must be taken to arrest the young man." For Mr. Hopkins honoured the laws of his country as he respected his own success, and no paltry consideration of the defaulter's being his countryman, or the friend of the Duke of Wellington instead of Lord Moydart, would have tempted him to be concerned in infringing them.

"Let others arrest him," said Mr. Macdonald with a swift reaction, remembering that he was a minister—not of vengeance, but of peace, and that no justice done on Frank Tempest would serve to give them back the boy, the head of his house whom he had reared with such difficulty and regarded so tenderly, and whom he had counted on calling his son from this day. "I must

return at once to Drumchatt; I am only here to claim your forbearance," he ended, taking leave of the company.

But though the minister had told the truth to the party met for his daughter's marriage, he did not see himself called on to confide to them that he was come for the purpose of carrying away Unah to Drumchatt, that he might there do for her and Donald what could no longer be done in the Manse. He did not so much as tell his wife, since, as he said to himself coldly, it was out of the question that she should accompany them, and there must be no objection made. But it is worth recording, that this grave step which he took on his own responsibility and without consulting the mother, who had so large a share in all that concerned her daughter, was the first step, great or small, that he had taken in the whole course of his married life without the knowledge of Marjory. And he was so oppressed and bowed down by care and grief, wounded love and trust, that he was scarcely conscious of the aching sense of void, the wistful pang—as of injury done by him to the creature who relied on him, and who was dearest to him—that mingled in the tumult of feeling with which he found himself knocking at Unah's door, and accompanying the knock with the authoritative words, "It is I, Unah; let me in."

Unah was ready to open to him, at once, though it was an altered face as well as an altered voice which greeted her on the threshold. "Oh, father, have you seen Don? How is he?" she begged for tidings.

"You will have an opportunity of judging for yourself presently," he said, with the sternness into which the gentlest, even more than the hardest men may be betrayed, in contradiction to their natures. "Get ready to go with me immediately to Drumchatt—where he wishes you. I shall wait till you put on your hat, and you had better take a cloak; the waggonette is at the door."

She did not say another word, or utter a single remonstrance; she huddled together those articles of her walking dress which she had thrown down, and hastily dragged on her cloak in order not to keep her father standing there as if he were her silent accuser. Her hands trembled, but their trembling did not prevent them from doing their office. Her mother and cousins and all the guests were still in the drawing-room, forming the uncomfortable, agitated party that were at their wits' end as to what they were to say or do next. Most of the servants, too, were out of the way; very few persons saw the father and



daughter set off in what was the bride's leaving-taking of her home.

The abnormal weather of the morning had been succeeded by a great gathering together of clouds, and a steady down-pour from the skies. The minister and Unah in their perturbation of spirit, and accustomed as they were to exposure in every kind of weather, did not mind the pitiless wet any more than soldiers consider showers on a battlefield. The couple were hardly aware that they as well as the horse were soon streaming with water, except that one more cheerless attribute was added to the misery of the day. Unah had often driven in the waggonette in as great a storm while her face was sparkling with smiles even as her dress was hung over with rain-drops. But it was otherwise to-day when she re-called with a shudder the old adage—

"Happy's the bride that the sun shines on;  
Happy's the corpse that the rain rains on."

"Father"—Unah broke the silence at last with piteous pleading as they drove over the solitary dark moorland, a savage wilderness on a day like this—"you are angry with me?"

He did not deny it, on the contrary, he said bitterly, "You have given me cause. Could I have supposed that a child of mine—that you, Unah, would have acted as you have done?"

"I know that I have been very foolish," said Unah in broken and contrite accents, "but I did not mean it. I never thought how it would end. If somebody had only warned me!"

"Do not say another word, Unah," he forbade her, writhing at this inadvertent reproach.

"Oh, let me speak, father, for I have something which I must say, and you will never refuse to hear me," cried Unah, gaining courage from despair and from innocence of all save inexperience and rashness. "I had no more knowledge beforehand of what took place in the Pass this morning than you or my mother. Do you think I would not have died to prevent it? Can you believe that I went out on my marriage morning to meet another man than Donald Drumchatt?" She could not put it in different words; she could not bring her lips to frame Frank Tempest's name.

"I am loth to believe it," admitted her father slowly. "But did you ever meet this lad Tempest at any other time, since the day you were so imprudent as to go up to Loch-bu with him? Has there been no tampering with your duty and an honourable

woman's truth to account for his infatuation?"

"Yes, father," owned Unah humbly, but frankly, "I met him once in the Pass, but my mother took me, and it was only to say good-bye——"

"Enough, Unah." The minister cut her short again, for she was still, in her single-mindedness, stabbing him to the heart in her self-defence.

Yet in spite of his peremptoriness he let the light reach him that she was more sinned against than sinning, another sufferer in the mischief which had been going on. In this enlightenment he was too fair a man not to make the further concession that he was not entitled to sit in judgment on the girl, and weigh out to her a punishment in disproportion to her offence. Doubtless also he derived some consolation from realising that his daughter Unah had come out of the trial through which she had passed with the purity he had ascribed to her in a great measure unsullied. She was not one of those vain and giddy girls whose levity and falsehood were grievously displeasing to the earnest and upright servant of God. But if he loved his daughter dearly, he loved still better her mother—the light of his eyes, and the desire of his heart from his youth upwards. And the more Unah was exonerated the heavier became the blame cast on her mother, while the minister in the soreness of his heart, and in his shame for her who had been his pride, was a second time in his life tempted to call all men liars, and distrust every woman—even his own child, because one woman, his wife, had deceived him. If Marjory, the most unworldly and devout of women, his Marjory, who had cherished such high aspirations and worked so hard with him, as far as to distance his feeble efforts and poor attainments—if the woman he had known so well for so many years, whom he with the best reason had reckoned a saint on earth, was thus convicted of low, mercenary ambition, double-dealing, and cruel trifling with Donald and with another, then who besides could be held scathless, who else would not fail him when the particular price which she coveted should be offered to buy her from her loyal service to her master? Was it not an insult and injury to Marjory—fallen as she must be in his estimation from this day—to judge that another could stand where her feet had stumbled? She must still, however erring, be the nearest of her kind to nobleness and disinterestedness.

The minister could not do other than

silence Unah when her lips, however unwittingly, were condemning her mother, and although he spoke a little more gently his tone was still uncompromising when he said, "Deeds are better than words, Unah. Do you know what I am taking you to Drumchatt for?"

"To see Don," she said eagerly, "to explain everything, and beg him to pardon me, and to help to nurse him if he will let me."

"All that may be very well afterwards, but in the first place Donald wishes the marriage to go on to-day as was intended, and we are bound to comply with his wishes at whatever inconvenience to ourselves."

She was struck dumb. Yet that the marriage should still go on, after the agony of the morning, seemed to remove that agony to an indefinite distance, and to render the catastrophe it had caused intangible and uncertain like a painful dream, and she was ready to clutch at such a reprieve. But she spoke out her perplexity. "Can the marriage go on and Don so ill, up at Drumchatt, and my mother not there?"

"He is not so ill as that comes to—he is not in a dying state, thank God," he answered quickly. "He is in bed, and will be there for weeks, but I have married people under more difficult circumstances."

It was quite true, only he had not expected his daughter to be among the number; and as the contradiction struck him, he glanced round at her and was moved to compassion by the consideration of her fair youth, modesty, and sweetness, where she sat in patient submission by his side, with her soft bright hair hanging dimmed and rumpled on her shoulders. She guessed what he was thinking and replied to it promptly, "Never mind, father, let it be so, if it will please Donald. We shall have it over and all may come right at last."

"Poor lassie, poor Unah!" he suffered himself to say half under his breath.

"Don't, father, don't," she implored him. It was something—it was much to feel that her father was reconciled to her, and was making allowance for her and cancelling her fault, but she could not endure words of kindness from him at this moment.

The mansion of Drumchatt looked a melancholy dwelling at the best. There it stood in the distinct and peculiar dreariness of half-finished repairs and improvements, which had the air as if the builders had begun without rightly counting the cost, and had been arrested midway by the conviction

of the final failure of their purposes. The last great improvement—the general rough-dash or "harl" with lime, which was to replace the soils and stains of long years with a fresh and spotless whiteness making the old house young again, without at the same time impairing anything that was venerable and picturesque in its turrets and steep roof, and rendering it a fit home for a bride, had necessarily been withheld. The walls, which were a mouldy, greenish grey, with sundry unsightly scars from the breaking off of the old "harl," and with many discoloured streaks caused by damp even in sunshine—in such rain as fell towards the afternoon of their owner's wedding-day, came out in huge dismal blotches, which suggested irresistibly the Scripture similitude of a face "foul with weeping." When all had been going well on the eve of the wedding, there had been but little attempt at the decoration of the Manse for the occasion. Till the cousins came there had been no young person in the family save Unah to set about such embellishment, and Mrs. Macdonald was generally averse to idle demonstrations. But even after the event of the morning, which had thrown the whole household into confusion, it was like passing from the house of feasting to the house of mourning to go from the Manse to Drumchatt. It had not entered into a man's head, though it was the head of a young man and a bridegroom like Donald, to make any preparation more than he had already begun and stopped for the reception of his wife. No one else was in sufficient nearness of relationship to the couple to take the initiative in supplying what the master of the house omitted. And any little display on the tenants' and servants' part had been deferred till the return of the couple after the few days which they were expected to spend—as a concession to fashion in the matter of honeymoon trips—in another district of the Highlands.

True, Callum had been contemplating the two swords which he was to place crossed in a certain window—for twelve months at least, but in the hurry and disaster which had distinguished the morning the very swords had not been seen to.

Already some of the guests—men of business with their wives, mistresses of households—having what they regarded pressing claims on their time, and anticipating that even if Donald Drumchatt recovered from the injury he had sustained, his recovery must be slow, had arrived at the conclusion that his best chance was to be left in quiet. So, after sufficiently expressing their indigna-

tion at the outrage to which he had been subjected, they had taken their departure.

Those who remained behind were only staying to consult together what steps had better be adopted in Donald's interest to bring his assailant to punishment. They had either no intimation of Unah's coming or they did not care to greet her. It was only some of the servants whom she encountered in the hall, and even among them every old familiar face was averted from her, reminding her sharply that in their garbled version of the story they must regard her—truly, in a sense, she owned heart-brokenly—as the author of their master's hurt.

But Unah had little time to spare for turned-away faces and alienated hearts. She

went with her father at once to Donald's room, where he lay working himself up into a fever in his impatience for their arrival. Yet he gave her no word of welcome, and expressed no gratitude for her instant response to his summons. He proposed no rest and refreshment for her after the fatigue and exposure which she had undergone; he only acknowledged her presence by the words—

"You are there, Unah? Now, sir, call in what witnesses you want, and let us get the affair over."

It was suggestive that Donald, too, spoke of getting the affair over, as if it had become a mere ordeal—which might have been a class examination, or even a surgical operation, and



not a marriage—that had to be passed. The minister in the end testified more tenderness for his daughter than her bridegroom displayed. He looked at her anxiously. Was she able for this immediate call on her powers?

"Yes, father, I am ready," Unah answered the look, brave in her timidity, steadfast to the end in what she regarded as her duty. She had taken off her hat and cloak in the hall, and now stood up in her morning gown—one of her homely, sad-coloured carmelites, which she had thought to leave off that very morning for gayer, richer dresses, better befitting a matron and a laird's wife. Instinctively, and with a girlish action of her hand, she smoothed her hair—she had no other

preparation to make; she wore neither jewel nor flower, not a single adornment.

The minister, while willing to comply with Donald's desire, was not going to do anything in the dark. He summoned Donald's cousin and best man—his nearest heir, to boot—a steady, sagacious fellow, who had not been given to counting strongly on chances in his future, and who had sufficient kindness of nature to look on Donald in another light than that of the only impediment between him and Drumchatt. John Macdonald was quite willing to witness the marriage, which would at least impose a dowager's annuity on the next successor to the estate. At the same time, he had some pity to spare for the poor young bride, who, for as young



and innocent as she looked, had yet contrived—in the extraordinary embroglio of the morning, which John Macdonald could not clear up to his satisfaction—to get herself and all connected with her into a sorry pickle. She rather took his fancy nevertheless, setting at naught his common sense, and stirring his stolid imagination with visions of woful Francescas and Beatrices, Burd Helens, and Fair Janets. But, he must say, he would rather it were Drumchatt than he who should elect the marriage to go on, after all that had come and gone, with the bride to be his, in spite of herself or of a hundred desperate lovers.

One of the former trustees and a couple of servants were all who were added to the company, for it was not advisable that the sick man's room should be crowded, and the minister proceeded to do his brief but momentous work.

As Mr. Macdonald had signified in his conversation with Unah, the simple service of the Kirk of Scotland, no less than the manly, honest rudeness of Scotch marriage laws, permits the performance of marriage under almost any conditions, with this provision—for the satisfaction of the Kirk, although it is not required by the civil law—that the couple be previously “cried” three times within the kirk of the parish in which they are resident; or, in extreme cases—such as when the rout has come to a soldier, or when a sailor has been unexpectedly called on to join his ship—outside the closed kirk doors, or at the market cross of the nearest town. No friend is actually called on to give away this woman to that man; neither sacred building, nor canonical hours, nor surplice, nor cassock, nor prayer-book, not even a marriage-ring is absolutely demanded for a marriage. It may be, and it has often been, performed in strange places, and with regard to stranger persons: in the open air, in barns, in hospitals, by sick beds—such as Donald's; over fugitive couples, over working men and women in the interval of their labour, over the dying who desire to give their name to, or to furnish a provision for, some faithful friend, over repentant sinners, who would atone for the wrong they have done, and save innocent victims from the consequences of their parents' sin.

Unah's was such an exceptional marriage. She stood up by the side of Donald's bed, where he lay flushed and panting still, the rest of the company standing with her. The minister, by reason of Donald's illness, abstained from the ordinary short address, or homily, on the

sacred obligations of marriage and the duties of a wedded pair, which is generally spoken to the bride and bridegroom. He went to the heart of the matter at once by asking the questions, would Donald Macdonald take this woman—would Unah Macdonald take this man to be lawful wedded wife and husband? receiving in affirmative a simple bend of the head, commanding them to join hands, and uttering the solemn sentence, “Whom God hath joined, let not man put asunder,” ending by craving God's blessing on the rite. And in less than ten minutes the most important act in two lives was over, as both Donald and Unah had sighed for it to be—as if with its fulfilment would come an end of strife, and a return to the peace and confidence of former days.

A gleam of triumph shot out of Donald's brown eyes when Unah was his wife beyond redemption. That he might not be deprived of any privilege, he signed to her to stoop down that he might take the kiss which is the bridegroom's right, while the rest of the party exchanged congratulations—very sober ones in this case. It was only then that some relenting entered into Donald's heart.

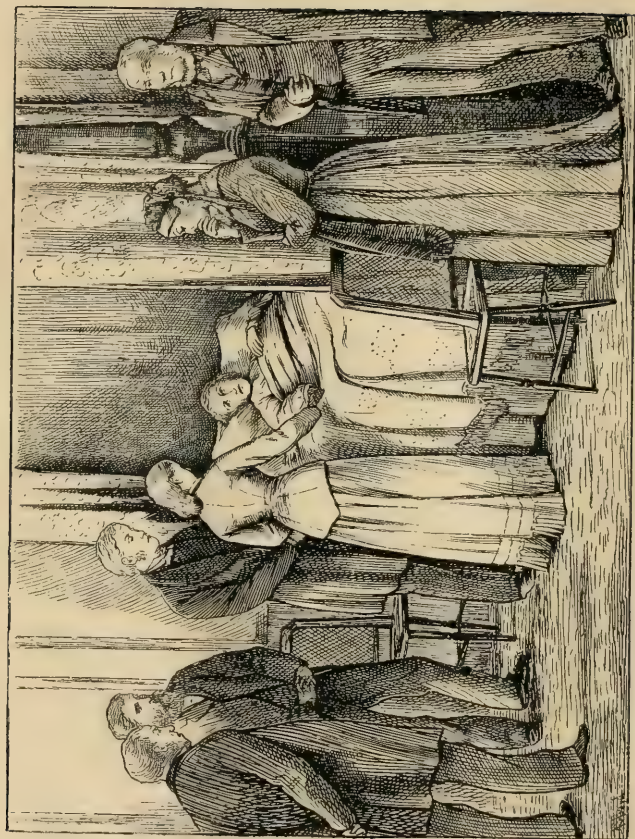
“Why, how cold you are, Unah!” he said, retaining for a moment the hand she had put in his. “Go and get yourself warmed, and never mind me. I shall do very well now.”

When night came only Unah and John Macdonald—who was not wanted at his own place just then, and who volunteered to stay so long as his being at hand could be of service to his cousins—were left at Drumchatt to keep watch over Donald, to help the old servants to nurse him, to humour the sick man's varying moods, to hang on the doctor's daily report, in lieu of a bridal tour or bridal festivities. And, although Unah was mercifully spared the terrible knowledge for weeks to come, Frank Tempest was in the county gaol for the deed he had done. Having sown the wind he was reaping the whirlwind, in the first stage of that consuming remorse destined to be his portion.

#### CHAPTER XVII.—HOW UNAH SPENT HER HONEYMOON.

DONALD DRUMCHATT was in no immediate danger, and although older and wiser people judged more correctly, Unah clung for a space—as how could she help doing so?—to the hope of his ultimate recovery from the effects of a blow given instantaneously and at random. Donald had struggled so long and with such a fair measure of success against the family constitution and fate, that it did





“THE BRIDE’S PASS.”



not seem possible a single stroke could undo all the care which had been lavished on him.

But it soon became unmistakable, even to such desperately sanguine eyes as Unah's, that the injury—quite compatible with a cure in even a tolerably robust man—had been all that was needed to stimulate the lurking disease in Donald's chest, the broken ribs had irritated the always ailing lungs, so that a bad cough was setting in, and hectic fever coming on. The evil might have been inevitable, sooner or later, without this spur to his malady. The injury inflicted on him might only have accelerated his death. Yet who could presume to assert this extenuation of a crime? Who could venture to say that Donald, after having weathered the dangers of infancy and early youth, might not, with the prudence and self-denial which, like a burnt child who dreads the fire, he was sufficiently reasonable to hold as not incompatible with manliness, and to practise habitually in the tranquil, healthy country life he led, might not have at least held at bay his hereditary weakness, and enabled him to survive till middle life, even till old age?

The poor fellow never spoke either of his death-blow or of the probable result to which it pointed, in all his variations of humour, his weariness, his restlessness, his crossness, and again in his causeless hopefulness. The subject was, without doubt, terribly painful to her in every respect, and though Unah would fain have approached it to vindicate herself and to win back his trust, she was utterly unable to overcome his determination to avoid the discussion, in the reserve which had sprung up between them. For Donald was lordly even on his death-bed, and there was no relaxation of the restraint between the young husband and wife throughout the greater part of his illness. Yet Donald was never unkind to Unah. He seemed to like to have her with him, and only sent her out of his room—generally after John Macdonald had spoken to him on the subject—when he was forced to entertain a little compunction and affront for the close confinement and burden of attention to his wants which he was imposing on her. With regard to any apprehension of danger on his part, the fever of his disease, as in the case of other consumptive patients, was likely to lend him a spurious confidence; yet his entire silence with regard to the end of his illness smote Unah from the beginning.

In like manner her father and mother, who

came daily, looking strangely fagged and careworn, as Unah noticed in passing, said nothing of what must happen, but always referred to Donald's illness as if it were to be interminable. John Macdonald, who thought he was doing the best for everybody when he took his cousin as much off his wife's hands as Donald would let him, and when he—John Macdonald—kept as much out of Unah's way as he could manage to efface himself, proved as reticent as the rest. The very doctors made no definite statement; they only looked serious, and withheld comfort.

It was at this time, when the load on Unah's heart was growing heavier and heavier, and threatening to weigh her to the ground, that she caught—from a sentence she overheard of the servants' talk—the information that Frank Tempest was in gaol on a charge which might be that of the murder of Donald Drumchatt. Then, indeed, Unah was instinctively thankful for the respite from being day and night with Donald, were it only to save her from going mad.

Yet when she was at liberty, all she did was to "gang like a ghaist" through the dark, haunted rooms, pursued by a crowd of vain, foolish dreams, for she dared not stop to think; and even if she had dared, the very power of reflection appeared taken from her. She would stand before Donald's desk, which at this very moment held the copy of the Red Book of Clanranald, and imagine that the two cousins were seated there as formerly, gaily jesting even while they pretended to be most earnest in their pleasant, quaint researches. Or she was at the piano, and Donald was calling her back for false notes, and she was laughing at his remonstrances as a music master, and putting them aside to sing—not to him alone, but to another in that corner. Why did he hang his head even then, and listen so intently to what were not worth such interest—simple ballads, sung poorly?

Then, by a trick of association, the old story of Treig's ghost recurred to her, and she asked herself with a superstitious shudder whether she could be any longer counted exempt from the visitation, since she might be judged as ranged on Treig's side—one of those allies whom he came back to earth to visit, because Donald Drumchatt's love for her had proved fatal to Donald.

Sometimes pure pity and tenderness for Donald got the better of her, to the exclusion of every other thought, and melted for a time the ice of terror and anguish which was con-

gealing round her heart, and she had the relief of breaking down in a passion of simple, natural tears that were for Don's early death alone. She would wander out under the bleak autumn sky, and gaze with half-blinded eyes on the unfinished mason-work which had been begun so blithely in the opening spring; she would say to herself that the rooms which he and she were to have occupied together, and about which they had spoken so much, might yet have dwellers in them, but Don would not be among them. He would never sit by the hearth—the fire on which he had seen in fancy, or look out from the unashed windows which he had planned.

Happily for Unah she became more and more engrossed with Donald, while he, on his side, fell back on his old dependence on her, and clung with yet greater tenacity to the weak hand that was to lead him into the valley of the shadow of death, as his illness increased and approached its termination. At last there came a morning when Mr. Macdonald no longer contented himself with the kind, cheerful words of a kinsman, but as a minister of religion offered to pray with a sorely sick man in his need.

The offer was accepted very much as a matter of course. But Donald was as quiet as his suffering would let him, after the prayer and throughout the afternoon, as if he were taking counsel with himself.

It had been a clear, frosty day, and the sun set with a soft violet and golden flush over the moorland. Donald asked Unah, as she was striving to afford him the ease which was fast passing beyond his attainment, to raise him on his pillows and arrange the curtains so that he might look out on the day and the open air world before the light died in the dusk of the shortening gloaming.

These sombre, billowy moorlands had the advantage of the sea in a comparative changelessness which defied the seasons. Except when they were clad in brief but glorious purple, or lay under a winding-sheet of snow, spring and autumn, summer and winter found and left them very much the same. And there was no sombreness to Donald in the monotony which took to him the restful fidelity of a familiar friend's face. And surely if the living can love this earth, irresponsible in all its beauty, and above all some special tiny spot on the great world's surface, with a fond affection—that affection, at its highest, must sink far below the wistful yearning and the passionate regret of the dying, called upon to leave sun and moon, mountain and

valley, while yet in the morning of their existence and the prime of their powers.

"I am going to leave it all, and you, too, Unah," sighed Donald.

"Oh, Donald," she cried, "if you could only take me with you!"

"Do you wish it?" he said, brightening a little. "Then you really cared for me?"

"Cared for you, Don? My brother—my husband!"

"You preferred me to him, after all?" he persisted in the old jealousy of his supremacy; and she could answer him—

"Have I not shown it? Had you not the first claim, and did I not allow that claim?"

"Then I will tell you, Unah," he struggled to say in reward of her assurance, "I believe now that it was by the merest chance you were present when Tempest struck and killed me," he ended with bitterness, using words which it was terrible for her to hear. But even then she was capable of realising that it was better the bitterness should sound openly on his lips than lie rankling in his heart.

A few more days of ceaseless tossing and unrest, of the sharp pangs of dissolution, and life itself lost its charms for Donald, until he even wearied to be gone. "What is it all worth?" he said; "who knows but they fare best who go first? In that light ours has been a lucky house. Don't shrink, Unah; that is not an unchristian speech. I have been no great Christian for all your father's teaching, still I believe—Lord, help my unbelief—and He will remember that I had no great time or strength given me. I was a poor creature enough, condemned to be for ever taking care of myself."

"Oh, Don, you were patient, you never complained; you sought to do your duty."

"Well, you know I might scorn to complain; but I think I wished to lead an honest, useful life. However, that is all over and done with. It is good that One other led an infinitely better life before me," said poor Donald half vaguely, reluctant to the last to speak on subjects which had, nevertheless, always stood out prominently, and possessed their due importance in his history. "I begin to see that I should never have come to much, and will be no great loss. And I have been seeking at last to die at peace with everybody, but fearing that I could not bring myself to forgive *him*. But it is strange, I seem to suspect now that I need not be so grudging of my forgiveness—there is not so very much to forgive, after all—and that he will have

the worst of it. Do you think that will stand for forgiveness, Unah?" he asked doubtfully.

"Oh, Don," she said, "it must be true forgiveness which blots out the offence."

"I am not certain," he said; "only the less I am sorry for myself the more I begin to be sorry for him, poor fellow! I don't think he meant to do me any great harm, only to keep me from you, since he was mad for love of you. He will suffer ten times more than I, though people will not deal very hardly with him, I dare say. Do you remember, Unah, how he kept hanging about us at Lady Moydart's picnic, and how we crammed him with Highland stories, and we were all so happy and friendly together? He will never be so happy again."

Ah! how far off that summer-day looked now, rendered infinitely farther off by the incidents of their history than by all the days and weeks which had intervened and left no spike of bloom on the heather!

The same evening the fiscal, whose par-

ticular duty it was, arrived to take down Donald Drumchatt's dying deposition of what had passed between him and Frank Tempest.

Before morning the struggle was ended—death as well as marriage was over for Donald Drumchatt. Within a week his funeral went winding over the first snow on the moor, and down the Pass glittering with hoar-frost, on by the rock of the Crottach and the manse of Fearnavoil, away to the little island burial-place, round which the Fearn had hung icicles, where the graves of the family lay so thick, with not one stone in six recording that the sleeper below had returned to the dust, as the shock of corn falls, in full ripeness. The coronach of his own clan rung through the frosty air, wailing his lament as it had sounded that of his forefathers; but to one ear the strain was forever changing and passing into the refrain—

"Cba till, cba till, cba till, Mhic Chruimmin."



## TWO SONGS.

By DORA GREENWELL.

### I.—A PARTING SONG.

DEEM not these tears that freely fall  
Are all for love, for sorrow all.  
'Tis love, 'tis youth, 'tis joy that weep  
Together ere they sink to sleep!

'Tis love that kindles at thine eye,  
'Tis rapture trembling on thy sigh,  
'Tis all that from my life I miss  
I part from in thy parting kiss.

It is the heart thy voice hath stirred  
That now would bid its voice be heard,  
That clasps thee close, that feels thee near,  
That seeks a word, and finds a tear!

### II.—GOOD NIGHT, GOOD-BYE.

SAY not good-bye! Dear friend, from thee  
A word too sad that word would be.  
Say not good-bye! Say but good night,  
And say it with thy tender, light,  
Caressing voice, that links the bliss  
Of yet another day with this.  
Say but good night!

Say not good-bye! Say but good night:  
A word that blesses in its flight,  
In leaving hope of many a kind,  
Sweet day like this we leave behind.  
Say but good night! Oh, never say  
A word that taketh thee away!  
Say but good night!  
Good night!





## GLAD TIDINGS.

BY THE BISHOP OF TASMANIA.

JOHN xiv. 8.

## II.—THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD.

IN this second paper I proceed to dwell upon what I consider to be the grand and fundamental object of Christ's mission to the world, to *proclaim the Fatherhood of God*. For this the Humanity was assumed, "God manifest in the flesh;" for this He lived; this He taught, as in the dialogue with St. Thomas and St. Philip; for this He died, and, as a moral result, is bringing about the atonement, that we, believing in God's Fatherhood, may be made at one with Him as dear children, by Whose will we were created, by Whose providence we are every day preserved, and by Whose free gift we have been redeemed. Into this faith we were baptized, and into this all men are commanded to be baptized, even "every creature," as children of God, however little or however much we live in practical disbelief of the fact. Conversion is but the waking up to a consciousness of our true dignity as children of God. Till then we feed upon the husks, in common with the swine. This truth is revealed even in nature, though the Gentile world closed its ears and eyes to its witness. St. Paul trying to find, as he always did in his missionary addresses, some common starting-point between himself and his hearers, quotes, upon Mars' Hill, from one of their own Greek poets, "for we are His offspring." The wonderful discoveries of modern science in this age confirm the witness, and all its witness condemns the slander that God created any of His works in vain, or for condemnation. The Heavenly Potter may make vessels, some for honour and others for dishonour, but none for destruction. He loves us as a Father loves His children, but He hates the flaw, the sin that is in us. And what is sin? It is the perverse exercise of free-will. Had there been no such thing as free-will, there had indeed been no sin; but where would have been the opportunity for the exercise of love, the free-will offering from man to God? There are in the world two great kingdoms before our eyes—the kingdom of this world and the kingdom of the Father. The promise is that the one shall become the property of the other. "The kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and His Christ." The centre of the one shall gradually become the centre of the other, and there shall be the same circumference.

This kingdom is a state of salvation; it is constantly called by Christ the kingdom of God and the kingdom of the Father. Whoever is baptized in the name of the Father is legally made, and declared to be, an inheritor of this kingdom. Men disbelieve this witness; even good Christians do, though in various ways, because they think that something must be done first to make God our Father. They think that it was for this end that Christ died, to make Him our Father, and that we ourselves also must do some preliminary work in the way of repentance, or of sacraments, or of faith, in order to make Him our Father. But no change was required in Him. While we were estranged and undutiful children, "alienated by wicked works," He was our Father still. The change was wanted in us and not in Him, and the change that is wanted is—our belief in the Fatherhood of God and in His unchangeable and unintermitting love. We cannot enjoy that kingdom, we cannot stand within its borders, unless we thus believe, through the agency of the Holy Spirit, Who is ever ready "to take of the things of Christ and show them unto us." See how Churches and sects have left this primitive revelation, and instead of baptizing all men into this wide and catholic truth, have baptized them into their own little sects and little creeds. Some have baptized their followers into the belief that God is only a Father to themselves and those who pronounce their shibboleth, and they say none else shall be called "children of God" but we. Some have baptized their disciples into the belief that God has predestinated all but a few to a hopeless and everlasting condemnation, and have done all they can to confound the moral sense of men, "making the morality of Heaven a thing different from the morality of earth,"\* making indeed morality to mean one thing and religion another. Nothing has so alienated thinking men from Christianity as this confusion of the moral sense.

Such, I believe, is not the teaching of the New Testament, nor of the first apostles, nor of the primitive and truly catholic Church. See how Christ took the little children into His own loving arms, bring them who would; and He blessed them with an indiscriminating

\* See Bishop Ewing's Sermons.

blessing, for no other reason than that they were children, and that He loved them. That scene was the true and original baptism. It was the fountain of all fountains, the beginning of all baptisms. It wanted only the water. But Christ was there; and the symbol of the Spirit by water, in that Presence, was not needed.

Compare, with this, man's narrow sectarian creed. As an example of the sad pains which mistaken education uses to dim the brightness of so glorious and touching a proof of the Creator's love, we find a popular writer telling us that our Lord only took up some particular children, the children of believing parents. For this purpose, we are to lay stress upon certain words which may serve to deny the universality of the blessing. Christ does not say (we are told), "Suffer little children," but He says, "Suffer *the* little children," *i.e.* *such* little children, viz. of believers, and "forbid *them* not," "for of *such* is the kingdom of God," "for it is not the will of your Father . . . that one of *these* little ones should perish." But what perverse ingenuity! What a departure from the child-like simplicity which Christ required in us all when He said, "except ye become as little children ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of Heaven." \* According to such popular theology, which is in its practical effect the idolatry of faith, and the darkening the fair character of God, infants, unless they be of the elected few, are to be punished everlastingly for what really comes to this, the offence of having been born into the world; and so I read in a popular tract that, being "depraved by nature, and rebellious at heart, Jehovah might righteously consign them to hopeless misery." Had the writer been content to say it would not be unrighteous in Jehovah to cut them off by death in infancy by any way He chose, before they had committed actual sin, and injured the fair world by their after-doings, just as He swept off the children of Canaan by the sword of Israel, and as we destroy wild beasts in their lairs before they are old enough to devastate the haunts of men, we might understand the statement. But when we are told that for "embryo wickedness" born with the child, and for which the child is not responsible, he shall be condemned to "hopeless misery," such a statement shocks every principle of our moral nature, because it represents the Deity as falling short of the morality of His creatures; makes God delight in cruelty, instead of either justice or mercy; and tears down the

motto that encircles His Throne—"A sceptre of righteousness, O God, is the sceptre of Thy kingdom."

We often hear of the development of unbelief as a dangerous feature of our times. But there may be signs of healthiness as well as danger in this uneasy and feverish symptom. When the woman of the house is sweeping the floor, the air is filled with dust. Your lot and mine are cast in an age of wondrous mental activity, stimulated amongst other things by the rapid growth of natural science, and the discovery of God's footsteps hitherto concealed. The scepticism of the times springs from the very earnestness of scientific men, not as formerly from the coldness and indifference of self-satisfied and scoffing unbelievers. There is a cry gone forth from searchers after truth. We hear it in the pages of reviews, we hear it in the utterances of presidents of Royal Societies, we hear it in elaborate articles of high-class magazines—"Shew us the Father." We have seen His star dimly in nature, as a God of Love and wonderful contrivance, Whose "tender mercies are over all His works." But we feel the want of a clearer manifestation, "Oh, that He would rend the Heavens and come down." We need a revelation that will make clear what is dark in Nature, illuminate what is obscure, reconcile what seems antagonistic, harmonize what is contradictory, complete what is defective, and answer the questions to which neither nature nor science will give us any answer, as to the presence and power of evil in God's world; and that will tell us the secret of its remedy, as well as the state and destiny of intelligent man, made as he was in the image of his Maker, beyond the boundary of the grave. Does he melt into the infinite azure of the past, or live again in the ages yet ahead? We see on all sides already that God is good.\* Is that a true revelation then, or only a wrong interpretation of a true one, that tells us that the Son of God came to save only the few? Or has He come not to condemn the world but to save the world? Is it true that the Father hath consigned to hopeless despair the many that never heard His name, or of His great Love to men? "Shew us then the Father, ye who can!" This is the cry now heard sounding forth on every side. Only let Him be a Father, as true to His children as we see an earthly father is; not worse than he is, but infinitely better, as the heavens are higher

\* "Morn amid the mountains,  
Lovely, calm, and free,  
Gushing streams and fountains  
Murmur—God is here."

\* See Essays by Dora Greenwell.

than the earth. We have looked for Him both in mediæval and sectarian creeds, and have found not a Father, but a god of vengeance—one destitute of all voluntary, self-prompting feelings of fatherhood. And when men thus ask for a Father's bread, shall we give them a stone? From all such false interpretations we should go back for the character of God to the Voice of the Church in the primitive ages, when, by an act of her own, she gathered the witness of inspired men in the blessed Canon of Holy Scripture. Men were then of one mind and one heart as to the primary essentials of revelation. They were baptized into what they in common believed, the Fatherhood of God; and partook of the other Sacrament in common, sometimes weekly, sometimes daily; and called it a love-feast, a communion, in witness of the brotherhood of men in Christ. The one Sacrament taught them Fatherhood, the other Brotherhood. They gathered, even from the old restricted religion of Judaism, as streaks of a better dawn, as solitary stars here and there in an otherwise cloudy sky, bearing witness to God's Fatherhood, such precious statements as these, "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our sins from us;" "As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him;" "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." They treasured up in the Gospels Christ's own revelation of the Father, "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give." They represented Christ Himself as the very Father's Gift, His best and greatest; not to restore His averted Face, but to prove that it had never been averted; not to reconcile Him to His own children, but to reconcile them to Him. Ah! ye that worship faith: what is faith but this belief? What is the sin of the world but men's unbelief in Christ, the Revelation of the Father, Who by the gift of His Son, even unto death, commended His great Love to us! Believing this, "we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." He that believeth, and is baptized into this belief, shall be saved; and he that believeth not shall be condemned—nay, has condemned himself already. It was by this faith that Enoch was justified, and that God took him, for it is said of him that "he believed not only that

God is, but that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." By this faith Abraham was justified as he went out so trustingly, "not knowing whither he went." By faith he offered up Isaac, "accounting that God was able to raise him up." By faith Moses spurned the dignities and the pleasures of the court of the king, "esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt," because he saw Him that was, except by faith, invisible.

But better than all such examples is the example of Christ. See how His Revelation was the Revelation of the Fatherhood of God. At the age of twelve, in the Temple, to His earthly parents, when He was lost, He answers, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" In the very tide of His ministerial work, when He needed encouragement, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." When sorely oppressed, and tempted once to lean on an arm of flesh, "I could pray to the Father and He would presently send me more than twelve legions of angels." In the garden, when human nature reeled and shrunk at the near prospect of an inscrutable agony, "O my Father, let this cup pass from me." Under the impulse of a superhuman compassion for His murderous countrymen, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." And, at the last, hear from Him where must be the ultimate source of our strength when our death hour shall come, with all its solemn surroundings—when the cold waters touch our shrinking feet, "Father, into Thy Hands I commend my Spirit."

Let me only add that Christ is the Way for us to enter into and realise this Revelation of the Father. We cannot know the Father or see the Father except by knowing and seeing His only-begotten Son. Until we believe in this Revelation it will be delayed, and Christ's coming will tarry. We can hasten it and we can delay it by our faith or unbelief. And personally, brethren, faith in Christ, as the Revealer of the Father, will solve the mysteries of life, will let in light upon our dark providences, and make us walk boldly in our passage from the world, as we see the Father's House beyond; for "neither things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the Love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."





## HYGIENE AND THE "PARKES" MUSEUM.

By G. V. POORE, M.D.

THAT the name of Dr. Parkes should be but little known beyond the limits of his own profession is no matter for surprise, for his labours were entirely medical and technical. They were mainly performed in the seclusion of the laboratory and the study, and the reward he sought was something higher than mere popular applause. And yet the life of this man—a life unselfishly devoted from first to last to the public service—is well worthy of contemplation as a moral lesson. How worthy of imitation we will leave the reader to judge.

Edmund Alexander Parkes was born at Warwick, on March 30th, 1819, and after finishing his career as a schoolboy he entered as a student at University College, London, where his uncle, Dr. Anthony Todd Thompson, held one of the medical professorships. His student life was a brilliant one, and he carried off distinguished honours both at the College and the University of London, where he graduated as a Bachelor of Medicine in 1841. The beneficent influence of his high moral nature was manifested in an unusual and extraordinary degree even as a student; the man was distinctly foreshadowed in the boy. His bright, cheerful manner made him a general favourite, and he was noted for the thoroughness with which he entered into all his studies, neglecting none, and for his diligence in the using of each hour for the studies of that hour. One who was his fellow-student has said, "The desire to possess his esteem has been that which has encouraged me from my earliest student days. He taught me as a student to desire knowledge for itself, to desire to be good for itself and in itself, and not for anything which might follow it." Parkes, the student, loved knowledge rather than the passing honours which crown academic success, and as a man he continued to look steadfastly towards the goal of a satisfied conscience, and provided this were attained he cared neither for applause or prominent position. In 1842 he went to India as assistant-surgeon to the 84th regiment, and while there he found time, in spite of the hard work entailed by epidemics of sickness, and notwithstanding the distractions of military life which were all new to him, to collect material for two important works on dysentery and cholera. Parkes's military service was brief, and in 1845 he returned to London, where he commenced practice as a

physician. In 1846 he took his Doctor's degree, and in this and the following year were produced the two works the material for which had been collected in India. These writings, in the estimation of those best qualified to judge, would have done honour to men of ripe experience, and as the work of one who had but just concluded his student career, they must be looked upon as truly remarkable productions, evincing a depth and range of knowledge not often met with. While waiting for practice he wrote largely for the medical press, and ultimately became editor of the *British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review*.

In 1849 he was appointed physician to University College Hospital and Professor of Clinical Medicine at University College. He entered with characteristic enthusiasm into the work of teaching, an enthusiasm which proved infectious to those he taught, for during the ten years he was professor no less than twelve of his pupils gained either the first or the second place in medicine at the annual examinations of the University of London. It is characteristic of Parkes that we find him at this time devoting his energies entirely to clinical medicine, striving with all his might to discharge his duties loyally and thoroughly. In 1849 appeared a course of lectures on diseases of the heart; in 1851 he edited a work on diseases of the skin; the following year appeared an elaborate paper on the action of potash in health and disease; and in 1855 he delivered at the College of Physicians the *Gulstonian* lectures on fever. In 1855, during the Crimean war, Parkes was selected by the Government to organize and superintend the civil hospital at Renkioi, on the shores of the Dardanelles, and it will be seen that the successful way in which he faithfully discharged his duties there determined his future career. After the Crimean war he returned to University College, and in 1860 he brought what might be called the clinical period of his life to a close by the publishing of a standard work on a most important medical subject. This work gave abundant evidence of diligent research, and was no less remarkable for its display of medical knowledge than for the intimate acquaintance with the details of chemical science evinced by the author. While working in London the state of Parkes's health had more than once caused some anxiety to his

friends. He had suffered from an attack of inflammation of the lungs, and, while he was debating on the advisability of leaving London, the establishment of the Army Medical School at Fort Pitt, and the selection of Parkes to fill the chair of Military Hygiene, afforded an opening which was advantageous to him on the score of health, and secured for the new chair the only man in Europe really qualified to fill it. The selection of Parkes to fill this important post was made by Mr. Sidney Herbert on the advice of Sir James Clarke, and the influence which this wise selection has had upon the welfare of the British soldier cannot be over-estimated. The polestar of Parkes's life was duty, and accordingly we find him in his new position intent upon hygiene, and making every use of the opportunities for study which circumstances afforded. In the year following his appointment was commenced a series of reports on the "Progress of Hygiene," which were continued till his death, and in 1864 appeared the first edition of his great work on "Practical Hygiene." It was Parkes's chief glory that he was the first to systematize hygiene. There had been writers, and many, on the subject before Parkes, but he produced order out of chaos, and made a systematic study of the subject really possible to the ordinary student. Dr. William Farr, the able coadjutor of the Registrar-General, in a letter enclosing a subscription to the Parkes Museum, says, "I say it with deliberation and after full inquiry and reflection, Parkes was the author of the best systematic work on hygiene in any language. That is great praise. What can be of greater merit than such a monumental work?" Although the labours involved by his professorship were by no means small, and notwithstanding that to these were added the work of preparing the various editions of his book, which has recently reached its fifth edition, Dr. Parkes found time to publish "A Scheme of Medical Tuition," in 1868; papers on the effect of muscular exercise, published in the Proceedings of the Royal Society in 1867-71, and others on the effect of alcohol on the human body, 1870-72-74. He perfected and invented the new valise equipment, which has displaced the obsolete knapsack, and has consequently lightened the labours of the soldier and increased his efficiency. He instituted inquiries on the comparative value of coffee, extract of meat, and alcohol to men on the march, and published an excellent report, from information collected during the Ashanti campaign, "On the Effect of a Spirit

Ration" on the health and efficiency of the soldier.

In 1873 Mrs. Parkes—a lady in every way worthy to be the wife of a man so distinguished and beloved—died, and Parkes seems to have endeavoured to forget his sorrows by an undue application to scientific investigation. His colleagues foresaw the effect of this excessive devotion to laboratory work, but he was unwilling to follow advice which seemed of necessity to diminish his utility in this world, and he knew no fear of death provided it found him at the post of duty. In the early spring of 1876 consumption—to which he inherited a tendency—showed itself, and on the 15th of March of the same year Dr. Parkes died, in his fifty-seventh year.

Such is the brief record of the chief work of Parkes's life, a record which is the more remarkable when it is remembered that everything he did and everything he wrote has stood the test of time. It is due to the medical profession to state that while Parkes was still living his great merits were freely and unanimously recognised, and he was called upon to fill many posts of the highest honour and importance. He was a member of the Medical Council, a member of the Senate of the University of London, a Fellow of the College of Physicians, and a Fellow of the Royal Society. When he retired from University College, the Council of that institution made him an Emeritus Professor; and his friends and former pupils subscribed to place his bust in the Anatomical Museum, a great honour to be conferred upon a man still living and barely forty years of age.

Parkes's death was a noble termination to a noble life. "In the very sight of death," says Sir William Jenner, "he displayed the same forgetfulness of self, the same thoughtfulness for others, the same desire to urge forward true work, that had characterized him from boyhood onwards. When he believed himself to be dying, and heard that I was coming to see him, he was most anxious that I should arrive before his end. The motive which prompted this anxiety was that he might with his last breath promote good and useful work. It was that he might express to me his urgent wish that I should exert the influence which he hoped my position might give me to stay the hands of those who, through ignorance of the value of the Army Medical School, might possibly hereafter curtail its usefulness or even destroy it. He most earnestly impressed upon me his sense of the worth of all his colleagues, and the fitness of each for his

special duties. A body of men so able, and so well fitted for their duties, if once dispersed, could, he said, never be again collected. In the very act of dying, then, this noble man thought most of others, and how he might best promote the progress of good and useful work, when his own hand must be powerless and his own tongue silent."

The beauty of Parkes's moral nature was such that it could not be surpassed. All who really knew him really loved him, and those whose acquaintance with him was less intimate revered and respected him. The writer of this article can say of Parkes that which, to the best of his belief, he can say of no other man—that he never heard any one speak slightly or triflingly of him. When it is remembered how eagerly students seize hold of peculiarities or shortcomings in their teachers, and how ready most of us are, however good-humouredly, to depreciate others, this simple fact—for simple fact it is—is most remarkable.

Dr. Russell Reynolds has thus eloquently summed up his character:—"A man honest, earnest, and ingenious in his work; with love of truth for its own sake and for the sake of man; untiring in his industry; unsurpassed in skill, whether in devising new or in utilising and correcting old methods of industry; patient in research, and accurate in the statement of its results; with his eyes always open to new light, and a mind richly stored with all the knowledge of past labour in our own and in other lands; he served his profession and his country, and has left behind him works that will be referred to and employed for many years to come.

"But it would be but little to say of Parkes to say but this. His character and conduct were such as to inspire those about him with a contagion of like activity; and though none may have been his equal, many have been stirred by his example to follow in his steps, and go on their ways with a vigour and honesty which carry with them their own reward.

"But still further, there was a beauty in his life which carried even those who knew him but casually and slightly into a new range of feeling, not merely of admiration but of affection; and which, in all who knew him well, was transformed into a tender and veneration love."

Had Parkes followed the private practice of his profession he must have occupied the very foremost place, but happily for this and succeeding generations his position at the Army Medical School gave him that leisure

to think and work which the busy practitioner cannot get, and the result has been that he has left a legacy to the public which entitles him to rank with the greatest of the public benefactors—with Edward Jenner, John Howard, and Florence Nightingale. This legacy was his great work on "Practical Hygiene," and it will be well, perhaps, for the benefit of those who have no acquaintance with the subject, to give some idea of the ends and objects of the science of hygiene, and we cannot do better than use the very words of Dr. Parkes, taken from the introduction to the book in question:—

"Hygiene is the art of preserving health; that is, of obtaining the most perfect action of body and mind during as long a period as is consistent with the laws of life. In other words, it aims at rendering growth more perfect, decay less rapid, life more vigorous, death more remote. . . . Taking the word hygiene in its largest sense, it signifies rules for perfect culture of mind and body. It is impossible to dissociate the two. The body is affected by every mental and moral action; the mind is profoundly influenced by bodily conditions. For a perfect system of hygiene we must combine the knowledge of the physician, the schoolmaster, and the priest, and must train the body, the intellect, and the moral soul in a perfect and balanced order. Then, if our knowledge were exact, and our means of application adequate, we should see the human being in his perfect beauty, as providence perhaps intended him to be; in the harmonious proportions and complete balance of all parts in which he came out of his Maker's hands, in whose divine image we are told he was in the beginning made."

Parkes's book was originally written for the use of medical officers of the public services, but after the passing of the last Public Health Act its scope was widened, so that it should be of service to those upon whom the working of that Act depends. It is to be hoped that it or similar works will be studied, more than hitherto has been the case, by many persons outside the pale of the medical profession. The heads of industrial and penal institutions, legislators, magistrates, town-councillors, guardians of the poor, architects, and owners of property might all consult this volume with advantage; and should it become more widely known, we may hope to see a more dispassionate judgment and less bigotry brought to bear upon questions of public sanitation. The book deals scientifically, methodically, and thoughtfully with all the common conditions and circumstances of daily life. Water, air, food; the important question of drainage and sewerage; the proper construction, warming and ventilating of our houses; climate, soil, and the principles of meteorology; individual hygiene, including exercise and clothing; the disposal of the dead, the prevention of com-



mon diseases, the value of disinfectants, and the uses of statistics are all discussed by the light of all the great learning which the author could command. The second part of the volume is devoted to a discussion, from a sanitary point of view, of "the service of the soldier," and he who seeks will find here a mine of information upon every phase of military life, whether in times of peace or war, in a British barrack or in a tropical incampment.

It is characteristic of the author that nothing is too simple or too abstruse for careful, scientific discussion; and whether he treats of difficult problems in chemistry, physics, or mathematics, or is laying down rules for the proper construction of a knapsack or a drain-pipe, or the best way of boiling meat or waterproofing boots, he is equally serious, equally careful. In his teaching, Dr. Parkes was eminently practical, and it was his custom to teach all the branches of hygiene by means of actual work in the laboratory, by the examination of apparatus and appliances, of which samples were kept in his museum at Netley, and by observing and recording the indications given by a complete set of meteorological instruments.

To say that any memorial of Parkes was necessary, other than that imperishable monument which he raised by his own exertions, would be absurd; but his friends felt that for their own sakes, and for the sakes of those who should come after them, it was fitting to mark in some way their sense of his worth. At a private meeting, held a few weeks after his death, it was decided to try to establish a Museum of Hygiene, and it was generally thought that any such attempt to diffuse, practically, a knowledge of sanitation and the laws of health, would have met with favour in the eyes of him whose memory it was sought to perpetuate. The idea of a museum met with warm support, and was unanimously adopted at a public meeting, held under the presidency of Sir William Jenner, in July, 1876. The following letter on the subject, written by one whose labours in the cause of sanitary progress have been unprecedented, is worthy to be placed on record:—

... "You have my warmest interest in your proposal to establish a Museum of Hygiene. . . . It would have met Dr. Parkes's most earnest wish. It is a fit memorial of him. It is urgently wanted in London. One of the last, if not the last letter which he dictated, was to me: it bore witness that, dying,

his strongest wish was sanitary progress for his country and ours. Let us do all we can to further it, if but for his sake. . . . I send you my best wishes that you may succeed, even beyond all our expectations, and bid you 'God speed' with all my heart and soul; I beg to enclose my poor £5, wishing that I could do more; if wishes could do any good your object would soon be realised. Pray believe me, ever the sanitary cause's and your faithful servant,

"FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE."

University College was fixed upon as in every way suitable, at least as a temporary home, for the museum. Dr. Parkes's association with it, and its accessible position, together with the fact that the council of the college had already established a Professorship of Hygiene, were the main considerations which prompted this choice. Hygiene is not the exclusive property of one class or one profession, and it seemed right that a museum intended to illustrate it should be placed in an institution devoted to the education, not only of medical men, but also of architects, engineers, schoolmasters, and others upon whose proper education in sanitary matters the health of the public very largely depends. University College has lately thrown its portals widely open to the ladies, and it is to be hoped that the Parkes Museum will enable some of them to glean a practical knowledge there which shall enhance their value as wives and mothers. The support accorded to those who were charged with the carrying out of the idea of the museum has been considerable. The Council of University College placed between 3,000 and 4,000 square feet of area temporarily at the disposal of the executive committee, and subscriptions to the amount of upwards of £1,000 were in a short time collected from one hundred and sixty-six subscribers, including Her Majesty the Queen, H.R.H. Prince Leopold, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Westminster, the Marquis of Ripon, Earls Derby and Granville, Lord Cranbrook, Lord Belper, Mr. Lowe, and Mr. Stephen Cave; one hundred and twelve members of the medical profession, including all who are recognised as its heads, as well as members of the staffs of nearly every medical school in the country; the Clothworkers' Company; a few engineers and architects, and some private friends of Dr. Parkes.

The committee were fortunate also in securing the valuable co-operation of Mr.

Thomas Twining, who for many years had been silently working at sanitary science and technical education. Mr. Twining had formerly established an "economic museum" adjoining his own residence at Twickenham, to which he freely invited all who were interested in sanitation. This museum was unfortunately destroyed by fire in 1871, to the great grief of its owner and the great loss of the public. Mr. Twining made, in addition to a contribution of money, many valuable presents of fittings and serial illustrations, and helped the committee most materially with his extensive experience. It is hoped therefore that those who remember the Twickenham museum will see many of its best features resuscitated in the Parkes Museum. Mr. Twining also printed, at his own expense, a valuable prospectus of the museum, giving an idea of its proposed scope and the classification adopted.

Her Majesty the Queen, by a munificent contribution of £50, expressed a favourable opinion of the desirability of establishing a Museum of Hygiene; and in June last the "Parkes" Museum was opened to the public by Mr. Cross, the Home Secretary. There can be no doubt that such an institution was an imperative necessity, and the hope may confidently be entertained that the philanthropic and the wealthy will follow the example of their Sovereign, and enable the executive committee eventually to establish the museum, and in a building of its own which shall be worthy of the nation; of the subject which it is intended to illustrate; and of the memory of the man whose name it bears. The executive committee have wisely kept an eye upon the future, and of the money subscribed, a considerable sum has been invested in the name of three trustees (Sir W. Jenner, Dr. Sieveking, and the writer of this article), with a view to the formation of an adequate endowment-fund. The amount which has as yet been subscribed is quite insufficient for the objects which the committee have in view, and if the museum is ever to become a great central institution a larger sum will be necessary. Independently of the probability that, with the growth of the collection, it will be necessary to erect a separate building for its reception, the salary of a curator has to be paid, and other annual expenses have to be met.

With regard to the museum as it actually exists at present a few words may be acceptable.

The articles exhibited are divided into eight classes.

*Class I.*, "*Local Hygiene and Sanitary Engineering*," includes the important subjects of drainage, sewerage, and water-supply; and to this class, in addition to many contributions from private firms, the Metropolitan Board of Works have given a magnificent set of drawings, illustrative of the Metropolitan Main Drainage and the Thames Embankment.

*Class II.* is devoted to "*Hygienic Architecture*," the chief objects of interest being a classified series of designs—to which models will be added—of dwellings intended for different purposes. These designs are stowed away in portfolios, admirably contrived by Mr. Twining, and readily accessible for reference. Dwellings both for rich and poor, for town or rural districts, for lodging houses, asylums, hospitals and schools, as well as dwellings for special purposes, are all represented. The exhibits illustrative of the details of construction are also beginning to make a goodly show, especially the sanitary fixtures, which form a necessary part of every house. To this class the Lords of the Admiralty have contributed a magnificent set of plans, showing the method of ventilating the ships of the navy, and Mr. Darbishire, the architect to the Peabody Trustees, has sent a portfolio full of selected plans of some of the Peabody Buildings.

In *Class III.* will be found "*Apparatus and Materials for Lighting and Warming, and Appliances for kindred purposes*."

*Class IV.* is devoted to "*Clothing*," a matter on which the voice of science has at least as much right to be heard as that of fashion. The Secretary of State for War has contributed to this section some valuable specimens from the army clothing establishment at Pimlico.

*Class V.* is devoted to the all-important subject of "*Food*." The Museum of Economic Botany at Kew, and the South Kensington Museum, have both contributed liberally of their duplicate specimens, and these, added to others which have been sent by Mr. Twining, already make an interesting and instructive exhibition.

*Class VI.* is devoted to "*Personal Régime and Comfort for Invalids*." The care of the sick and wounded in time of war will be illustrated in this class, and to it the St. John's Ambulance Society have contributed the excellent wheeled litter which attracted so much notice at the Brussels Hygienic Exhibition. An eminent orthopaedic mechanician has presented £400 worth of apparatus, and similar presentations have been

made by an ophthalmic surgeon, a dentist, and an aural surgeon, to illustrate the hygiene of the eye, the mouth, and the ear.

*Class VII.* is devoted to "*Safety and Rescue*," and *Class VIII.* to "*Industrial and Professional Hygiene*" and the means of obviating the evils which are inseparable from certain callings, such as "grinder's consumption," "painter's colic," and "writer's cramp."

It may be safely said that a museum is of little use without a *Library of Reference*, and it is satisfactory to be able to state that a library forms an integral part of the Parkes Museum, and that already several hundreds of books and pamphlets have been given by publishing firms, public bodies, and private individuals.

The United States Government, the Secretary of State for India, the City of Brussels, the Metropolitan Board of Works, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the Council of University College, are among the contributors to the library.

For the benefit of those who are actually engaged in sanitary work, the library attached to the museum will be available for those who wish to have access to works on sanitary science.

Such is the brief history of the Parkes Museum and of the man it is intended to commemorate. If properly supported, it seems in every way calculated to carry on the good work which Dr. Parkes had so much at heart, and we can but hope that some of the readers of *GOOD WORDS* may have had, by the perusal of this article, an interest in "hygiene" awakened in them. Those who care to know more of the Parkes Museum may obtain a copy of the prospectus by applying by letter to the Curator, Mr. Mark H. Judge, at University College, and those who care to help the executive committee in their work may like to know that the treasurer is Mr. Berkely Hill, of 55, Wimpole Street, London, W.

G. V. P.

## A SUMMER-DAY IDYL.

### I. MORNING.

MORN on the mountains wide and far  
His rosy wealth is flinging,  
And drowsy mists from gorse and briar  
Their upward flight are winging.

Come, friend, the lark is in the sky,  
The golden hours are fleeing;  
The cloudless eyes of youth and hope  
Are surely best for seeing.

There is a glamour in the glens,  
Where rustic bells are chiming;  
The glowing hills beyond the fens  
May yield a prize in climbing.

We'll journey on by flood and field;  
We'll run and laugh together;  
And love and truth shall be our stay,  
Through clear and cloudy weather.

### II. NOON.

HERE let us linger for a while—  
The green leaves clustering o'er us;  
The lay of life is soft and sweet,  
When bird-throats swell the chorus.

The zephyr woos the pensive brook  
That steals by broomy cover;  
The mated finch on blossom'd spray  
Pipes to his nested lover.

Ambition seeks the upland path;  
Wealth care-born fancies follows;  
But love is found in humbler ways,  
'Mid green and peaceful hollows.

O eyes that droop with tender grace!  
O lips that bloom for kissing!  
If love wear truth upon her face,  
This is her hour of blessing.

### III. EVENING.

'Tis sweet to stray by violet nooks  
When birds their mates are calling.  
And sweet, sweet is the voice of love  
When evening dews are falling.

O helpful hands that fain would rest,  
Rest, sweet, nor dream of sorrow;  
Think you the heart that loved to-day  
Will love you less to-morrow?

The flowers that shine about our feet  
Slept safe in Winter's keeping,  
And woke to-day to fragrant life  
More sweetly for their sleeping.

What though we find the changeful sun  
His weary charge forsaking,  
We'll lay us down in hopeful rest,  
And dream of brighter waking.

HENRY JOHNSTON.



## TO ICELAND.

BY MRS. BLACKBURN ("J. B.").

## PART III.

IN the afternoon a party of us went to see some hot springs two or three miles from Reykjavik, near the coast. Our walk was over an ugly barren bit of country composed of alternate bog and lava stones. The atmosphere was grey and cloudy with steam; a very few cattle and sheep were grazing about, and the omnipresent whimbrel sounded its wild melancholy note overhead. We came occasionally on some wild flowers; there was a very pretty, large, pink stonecrop, and we saw a good deal of *Silene acaulis* there as well as in other places. The latter is like a green cushion of moss with little pink flowers, and is found in Scotland on the tops of some of our Highland hills, at an elevation of two or three thousand feet. A shallow, sluggish burn which we crossed now and again was more or less warm, and in some places the water bubbled up, boiling hot. In a sheltered place by the stream some women were busy at their wash-tubs, and men were arriving with large bundles of foul linen, at which I was surprised on a Protestant Sunday. Their day of rest, however, is differently timed from ours, as it begins at 6 P.M. on Saturday and ends on Sunday at the same hour. We exchanged mute civilities. The men accepted some of the contents of our flask, while the women in return made coffee for us with water from the hot sulphurous stream, and gave us some very brown sticky rye-bread, both unexpectedly palatable. Our companions who had remained in the ship were overwhelmed with visitors all the afternoon. I think the whole of Reykjavik must have been shown over the *Mastiff* on that and the following days.

The start for Geysir, which is some 70 miles from Reykjavik, was settled for five o'clock on Monday morning, 1st July. The luggage was sent off on Sunday evening to be ready on our arrival at Thing-vellir, commonly called by English travellers Thingvalla, about half-way, where we were to spend the night. It consisted of about a hundred-weight of cooked meat, and all the other eatables and drinkables likely to be wanted, crockery and cooking utensils, tents, blankets, mattresses for the ladies, and the carpet-bags of the party. The crockery was packed in boxes slung on each side of the pack-saddles, and we suffered some loss

in the way of tea-cups in consequence of a pony starting off before its load was securely fastened on. Except a Shetland shawl and cloak sent with the luggage, I carried all I wanted with me on my pony in a pair of coarse woollen saddle-bags I had bought two years ago in Barcelona, a change of raiment on one side, a pair of strong boots and sketching materials on the other, carefully balanced as to weight and well fastened to the saddle. I took a light mackintosh with me in case of wet, but never had occasion to use it. As to dress, a short serge riding habit with "cleeks" to fasten up the skirt for walking, and a felt hat with brim enough to shade the eyes, but not wide enough to catch the wind, answered the purpose very well. Sixty-five ponies were engaged for the expedition by our guide, the well-known Mr. Zoega. It is customary to have two for each load, as the humane Iclander likes to relieve any animal that happens to be tired or galled by transferring its rider or burthen to one of the fresh ponies driven on in a herd in front. I may here remark that I did not see a sore back, or any sort of wound, on any of the ponies I looked at. Nor did any I touched seem as if they ever had been troubled in that way; they did not wince when the pack-saddle lines were pulled. Nor when they were mounted did they shrink or make those tell-tale signs with ears or heel so common among riding-school hacks or peat-carrying ponies at home. They were all well shod. One of our party, a member of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, looked at them carefully after the journey; he only saw one sore, which was caused by the side-saddle of one of our own party. I never travelled before in a foreign country without seeing horses and other beasts of burden raw or ill-used in some way. Even in our own country I have not often gone an equal distance of one hundred and forty miles by coach with perfectly whole-skinned animals. Some travellers say that in order to prevent sore backs the Icelanders insert a seton as counter irritant in the breast of the animal. Neither the anti-cruelty "*Mastiff*" nor I saw anything of the sort in our cavalcade. Nor did I see any with their nostrils slit up with a view to improve their respiratory powers, so I hope that those cruel and use-

less practices may be on the decline. One only of our loose herd went lame, and it was left behind at a farm-house.

The ponies were between twelve and thirteen hands high, stoutly made, with strong

straight front legs and well-rounded hind quarters, thick neck and moderate-sized squarish head, and good-natured expression of countenance. The tail was long and bushy. The mane was immensely thick, and clipped



SELGATOR

so as to stand out like a big bottle brush over the neck; the forelock was cut straight across the forehead, above the eyes, like that of the young ladies of the period. The prevailing colours were chestnut of various shades and

cream colour; piebalds were numerous, white common, dark brown or black rare. None of those we rode had the dark stripe down the back and cross on the shoulders, so common among Norway and West Highland ponies.

They were all in their smooth summer coats. I asked the guide if they were often ill or apt to catch cold from overheating; he said they were never ridden fast enough to do them any harm, and were always taken up from grass two hours before being used, or longer if the journey was to be a fast one. They are not worked at all during winter. Except one slightly broken-winded, they seemed all sound and in very good condition, considering that in summer they get nothing but grass, and in winter only the "windlestraes" they can find or dig out of the ground for themselves, good hay being too scarce to do more than feed the milk cows and keep the sheep alive while the snow is on the ground. They can keep

up for many miles together an ambling pace, easy to themselves and to the rider of about five miles an hour, up hill and down, on rough or smooth ground, even with a heavy weight, and can do a good deal more if required. They go very willingly in company, but some have an almost insurmountable disinclination to going alone; a strong objection to importing them to this country for children to ride. Nor, in spite of their bright colours, are they suitable for a circus, being of too serious a turn of mind to learn any sort of tricks. There were no spurs in our company, and we did not find that they were required.

Punctually at the appointed hour we mounted our steeds at the landing place by



the Custom House. The "Mastiffs," all in high spirits and desirous of displaying their horsemanship, scampered off as hard as they could go. During the first mile the road was strewn with loose packages and dropped cloaks and handkerchiefs, and one gentleman galloped for some way with his valise hanging to the pony's long tail by the crupper it was fastened to, which had broken off from the saddle, and some of the ladies' saddles came round, all but spilling the riders, who had to hold on by the mane till rescued from their perilous position. By degrees all got put to rights and the pace became more steady. The road was by no means very bad, a great deal of it might be driven over in a cart, if

such a thing as a wheeled vehicle existed in Iceland. It was a raw misty morning and the road went over high barren ground, composed of lava stones covered with whitish grey moss. The wild note of the whimbrel (a small sort of curlew) sounded incessantly through the mist, and occasionally the "lang-nebbet" beast was to be dimly seen perched on a boulder by the wayside—altogether conveying a weird and dreary impression to the mind.

By-and-by the mist cleared off, and the sun shone bright; about half-way to Thingvellir, we halted at Seljadalur, a grassy valley by a river. The ponies were unsaddled and allowed to graze while the riders



lay down, reposed, slept, or looked about them and eat the sandwiches each had been provided with at starting. We much enjoyed some tea, which was made by a provident member of the party, with a pocket apparatus for the purpose. Some felt the sun so hot that they were glad of the shade of their umbrellas. I observed that the ponies, whose bridles were left on, were very careful not to tread on them, but in moving onwards always tossed their heads, throwing the reins on in front out of the way of their feet. As the ponies never get corn and cannot easily carry their own provisions, the resting place chosen is always, if possible, a grassy one beside a river. It was curious to see so much good pasture and no house in sight. We very seldom saw cows or sheep; once I saw a little flock being driven across a plain by some shepherds on horseback, accompanied by small curly-tailed dogs. We occasionally met a long string of ponies fastened head to tail with ropes of horse-hair, prettily plaited in black and white, carrying packages of dried fish up the country, or planks for building slung on their backs, the ends trailing with swing enough not to jolt the pony if they came against a big stone. We saw some large falcons soaring aloft, and on a cairn of stones that served as a guide-post there was a snow bunting perched, warbling very sweetly. This was the only bird's song I heard. The road continued over high, stony, bleak ground as though it would never come to an end, till suddenly we arrived at a great black precipice, the "Almanna-gjá" so well described by Lord Dufferin. The path to Thing-vellir leads down by a broken part of the precipice and through a very narrow grassy glen between walls of black rock, about a hundred feet high on the one side and less than half that height on the other. The descent, though neither difficult nor dangerous for animals accustomed to it, is rocky and steep enough to suggest to a heavy rider the prudence of dismounting, and humanity would certainly prompt him to relieve his diminutive steed by making the ascent on foot. From the top of the rocks we had a fine view of the great lava plain covered with grass and intersected by deep narrow rifts and bounded by snowy hills; below us was the river Öxará, the church and parsonage of Thing-vellir, and the pleasing sight of our tents ready pitched beside the church. A little way behind the church is the "Hill of Laws," a small portion of the lava plain cut off, except by a very narrow entrance, from the rest by a deep chasm, which surrounds it like a moat, and

is filled with clear water to within twenty or thirty feet of the top—it is about seventy yards long and perhaps twenty broad, sloping upwards to the far end, and mostly covered with very rich grass and luxuriant buttercups. This is the spot of the greatest historical interest in Iceland. Here it was enacted, in the year 1,000, that Christianity should be substituted for the worship of Thor and Odin, and should become the established religion of the country. This little space of grass-grown rock served as parliament house and court of law from the time of the old republic in 928, till the beginning of the present century, when a building in Reykjavik was substituted for the national meeting-place. Here the land-owners met annually from all parts of the country and settled their disputes, if possible, by law; if not, they adjourned to the river-side and fought them out by force. The man, whoever he might be, who was accounted most learned in the law, presided and gave judgment. According to their laws most crimes could be atoned for by a fine, but witchcraft was punished by burning, and child-murder by drowning in the pool below the cascade where the Öxará falls over the precipice. "The criminal," says Sir Joseph Banks in his journal, "was tied up in a sack, which came over her head and reached as far down as the middle of her legs, a rope was then fastened to her and held by an executioner on the opposite bank; after standing an hour in that situation she was pulled into the water, and kept under with a pole till she was dead." Examples of this were scarce, but one happened in the youth of the clergyman of Thing-vellir, who was in 1772 fifty years of age. In the present day the perpetrator of any crime worthy of death must be taken to Denmark for execution, as no Ic-lander will accept the office of hangman.

The "season" at Thing-vellir was mid-summer, and the legislators and litigants were accompanied by the ladies of the family. The mansions consisted of tents and booths erected in the grassy glen, or by the river-side. The pedlar resorted there with his wares, and matches were made, both matrimonial and sporting, the latter consisting chiefly of horse-fights, often entailing serious consequences, as may be read of in *Burnt Njal*. Close to the church is the parsonage, similar in construction to the other farmhouses we saw on our journey. From the back it looked like three or four gigantic graves of green turf, which there would be no great difficulty in riding over; to the front were wooden gables with a suffi-

cient supply of glass windows, among which, either here or elsewhere in Iceland, I never saw a cracked or broken pane, but all in good repair. The entrance consists of a long, rather dark passage, with doors opening into rooms on each side, and the kitchen at the far end. It contained saddles and other gear, and dead game, among which I saw a long-tailed duck, and the female golden-eye and golden plover. There was a plank along the wall for a seat or shelf, supported

at each end by stones or horses' skulls. The garrets were accessible by means of a ladder and trap-door, like that of the cottage already described. There were some small turf hovels for cattle, and the whole *tún*, as they call it, was surrounded by a low turf wall, within which the sheep are brought in winter, if there is not room for them in the huts. There was on one side a few square yards of garden, dug and sown with something not sufficiently developed for recognition.



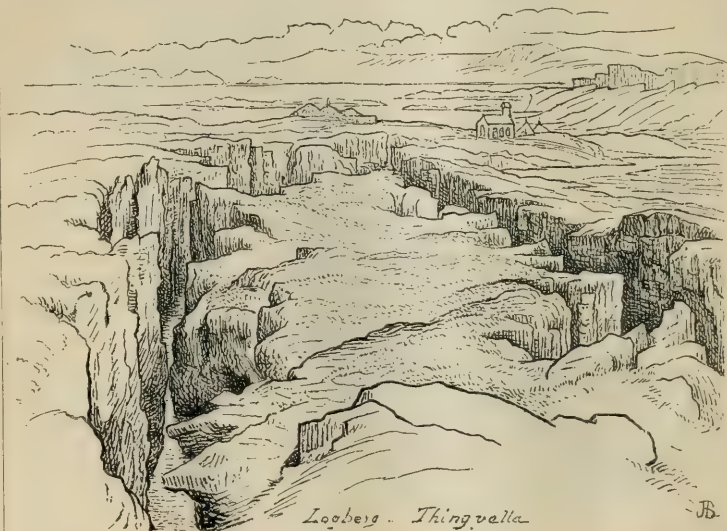
One lady of our party found the ride so fatiguing, that she resolved to remain at Thingvellir, and not attempt to go on to Geysir. She occupied the guest chamber at the parsonage, a clean, comfortable room, carpetless of course. It was wainscoted with wood, and ornamented with framed photographs, and contained a large round table and horse-hair sofa besides the bedstead. These articles of furniture are only worthy of remark, because they must have travelled on horseback

in their present shape all the way from Reykjavik. As the lady did not speak Icelandic, and the inhabitants of the parsonage could speak no other language, they opened a communication with one another by comparing verses in their respective Bibles, and she accompanied them to their religious service of hymn-singing in the church during our absence.

We had a few hours' rest at Thingvellir. After dining *al fresco*, I made a sketch of the

Hill of Laws, then we retired, the gentlemen to the tent, and the ladies to the church, where we slept, or attempted to do so, for there were many hindrances. First a centipede was found crawling on the floor near the resting-place of one lady, then a fly persisted in alighting on the nose of another, then the sound of loud snoring arose from the tents, which had unfortunately been pitched within earshot, and caused much mirth to those in the church. The novelty of the situation, too, had its effect, for one is not accustomed to sleep in church, lying flat beside the altar rails, and the position sug-

gested the idea of a corpse, or a monumental effigy. At last came the wished-for hour of starting. For the first few miles our path lay across a plain of lava rock, intersected by the numerous deep cracks so characteristic of the "earth's crust" in that region. At the far end of the plain we ascended the Hrafn-gjá, or Raven's Chasm, a dark precipice similar to but not so high as the Almanna-gjá, then skirted along at the foot of barren, cindery mountains, among stunted birch-trees of about three feet high, which pass for a forest there. There are no trees large enough to be of any use except



for fuel in Iceland, all the timber is imported. Remains of fossil wood are to be found in some parts of the island, but whether of native growth or drifted there is a matter of dispute. The scenery was much superior to that of our first day's ride. The birch-bushes mingled here and there with pale blue-green saughs gave a pretty variety to the colouring. The day was brilliant, and the snowy hills were clear in the distance. After some hours' riding we halted for rest and refreshment, as before, on a grassy place by a river. There was a farmhouse, Hjalm Stadhr by name, close by, and the inhabitants

came to us with large bowls of excellent milk. I went to explore the farm steading. The cattle houses are so small that it is difficult to imagine how they can hold all the cattle and sheep in winter. The horses, I believe, are left out. There are no pigs and no fowls, such animals would be too costly to keep where few potatoes and hardly any vegetables are grown, and all the corn is imported. In old times corn was cultivated, for we read in *Burnt Njal*, that Gunnar, when under sentence of exile, could not tear himself away from his ripening crop, and turning home again met his fate—but no



corn is grown now. The only agricultural operations are spreading manure and making hay. This had not begun in July, but we saw some small stacks of last year's hay at one farm. The work at this time was washing wool and cutting turf. Besides peats for burning, larger pieces were being dried, bent into the shape of a pointed arch, for using as pads under the pack-saddles, a cloth being put between them and the ponies' backs.

There was a pretty little boy beside some women who were washing wool at the burn-side near the farm; when I began to sketch him he looked rather shy, but when the paint-box was opened curiosity prevailed, and he came quite near. Then the women came too, and all sat quite close, leaning over me, and shouting with delight as I coloured the cheeks

pink and the eyes blue. Then the papa came, and seeing what was going on, he ran to the house and fetched another little lad, and held him up in front of me, and one of the women dipped a handkerchief in the stream and polished up his face; but unfortunately I had not time to portray him, as the cavalcade was beginning to move on. It was well for my peace of mind on this occasion that I had not then read any of the travellers' accounts of the dirt and diseases of the natives. I must do them the justice to say that I never found out for myself that they were dirty, nor did I suffer any evil results from the contact. The little boy had a marvellously fine complexion, pink and white, with no freckles or sun-burning, although he was exposed to a sunshine that skinned the faces of some of our party.

## A MISSIONARY HEALTH OFFICER IN INDIA.

iv. **WE** have come now to the most painful part of famine relief in all Indian Famines, namely the relief houses.

The Report by Mr. Elliott for Mysore of this same famine of 1876—78 reads like Defoe's "History of the Plague." The people of Mysore are quite as independent and industrious as those of the Deccan, a few of whose sufferings we have told, and a few of the truly missionary efforts made to save them; and there are other similar features in the two cases. But the relief in Mysore was mismanaged, and the loss of population from famine is actually put at one in four, or one million and a quarter out of a population of five millions. But this Mysore tragedy should be made the subject of a separate paper, and it is only referred to here as furnishing a striking illustration, both of the terrors and agonies of the people in the relief houses, and of the unreasoning reasons, the causeless causes which induced them to escape from relief.

"The miseries they had gone through had degraded most of them almost *below the level of reasoning creatures*. The pangs of long-endured hunger; the constant dread of a horrible death kept off from day to day, as it were by accident, but always imminent and near; the anxiety lest in the often confused and disorderly distribution of food they should be excluded altogether, or put off with half a ration, or have their food stolen from them by stronger paupers; the depressing effect of sitting day after day *in a row to be fed*; the

feeling of degradation through beggary, and of loneliness in a crowd; all these influences combined to destroy the morale of the famine-stricken mass, and to reduce them *a prey to the wildest rumours* and the most causeless panics. There was no feeling of gratitude or allegiance to those who were feeding them at such expense of labour and money—only an ever-present distrust and suspicion; *their hatred of themselves* reflecting itself, as it were . . . upon the officials who dealt with them, and who tried (often, no doubt, imperfectly, impatiently, and even roughly) to reduce them to order and discipline. The prevailing belief was that the Government meant to deport them to the Andamans, and the slightest circumstances served to awaken and give colour to this delusion.

"On one occasion, when the Chief Commissioner drove down to see them fed, followed by his mounted orderlies, the noise of the wheels and clatter of the horses broke suddenly upon them as of such awful import that they rose up in terror, leaving their meal, and rushed to the gate to escape, *crushing several of the weaker ones to death* in the flight. On a later occasion, when the Viceroy visited one of the largest kitchens, the same panic seized them. They did not then attempt to flee, but sat in long lines weeping loudly, *and large tears rolled down their cheeks* into the food they were eating. Such a sight was sufficient to convince any one that it would not be easy to control or to reason with people so miserable."

This was in Mysore.

It is feared that in some outlying districts of Bombay Presidency, scenes somewhat similar could at one time have been seen. But where they were the officials were changed or set right. If it was found that the relief did not reach those who were to be reached officers were removed.

Relief did not always reach the mouths of the intended recipients; nor wages their hands. Native pilfering and speculation reign. Everything depends on how far these can be prevented. These cannot be prevented unless the superior supervision, native as well as European, is large enough, is absolutely devoted, and can absolutely be depended upon.

In a sister Presidency the petty native official has practically placed in his hands the collection of the taxes, as well as the assessment of those very taxes he collects. He is also the returning officer for the census and property estimates. He *may* also be the money-lender. The corruption resulting is something quite appalling; while the revenue and judicial duties of the collector are such that he has little or no personal acquaintance with the state of the cultivators in their homes, and is often never known or seen by these, whose only impression of the English Government is derived from this petty native official.

The Deccan people did, however, ask the Missionary of Health to send their thanks to Government for what had been done for them during the Famine. Nevertheless, suspicions and mistrust were to be found cropping up everywhere.

Did the money-lenders suffer from the Famine? I am afraid they did not. They are the curse of our Deccan.

v. But corruption was not universal. The native gentlemen were enlisted and helped us greatly: not only in the tasks of superintendence, but by their private benevolence.

They subscribed, they formed committees for relief, and managed relief camps at some of our largest stations, or established relief houses of their own. Europeans and natives co-operated alike. "Reverend missionaries" were among the good Samaritans. There was hardly a town, great or small, where native benevolence was not shown—"Not wisely, but too well," must sometimes be admitted. The princely grants made by native chiefs were not used, but abused, by being lavished on idle Brahmins and professional beggars. The poor starving labourers

and artisans often had nothing from these grants; while the able-bodied and those who could go to two or three relief houses in a day were demoralised.

In the city of Bombay, where, though there was no famine, famine sufferers flocked in, they were relieved by the charitable organization set on foot by Europeans and natives, without any aid from Government.

As has been explained, it was impossible always to have European supervision over the daily pay or daily relief. But the higher native officials are men of honour. They would as soon take a bribe as we should. To these we could intrust the supervision.

The Mamludars (the native magistrates) rank after the Deputy-Collectors, who are generally natives. They are native gentlemen. They acted exceedingly well in managing relief houses.

The Public Works overseers (not the petty Irrigation overseers) are educated men.

We were afraid of the petty native officials taking a bribe from the people for going on works, and for receiving relief—indeed, for everything. But we made the native gentlemen look after this well.

But for all we could do, many, especially of the low-caste Mhars and Mangs, would sooner live on carrion than go upon relief works or be fed in relief houses. Even when put into carts, with cooked food in their hands, to go to a relief house, they would crawl back, or attempt to crawl back, to their villages. A collector, after having tried to induce some Mhars to go to a famine relief work close by, who refused, looking over a wall saw two of them devouring a dead dog.

Many owners of cattle wandered with their cattle, seeking fodder and finding none, into the jungles and died there, or on their road there, or returned so reduced by fever that they only reached home to die.

(These journeys in search of grass, as much else in Indian life, remind one of the old patriarchs in the Bible.)

From the native states the destitute people used to flock in, past doing anything for, past all chance of recovery.

It is well again to point out how wide was the difference between the result of the Bengal famine of 1874 and that of Western India in 1877-8, as following on the difference in character between the people and races. In Bengal the country is one unbroken sheet of inhabited and cultivated land. The people stand thicker on the

ground than perhaps in any other part of the world. There is scarcely an acre without its men, women, and children. It is a country of villages, close together. You look abroad, and all around you are clumps of trees—under each its village. The people are stay-at-homes; and if the people can be kept at home, the prevention of sickness and starvation is a mere matter of good administration.

In Bombay and Madras Presidencies it was far otherwise—in the hills or jungles, among the scanty or scattered population. In Bombay they are independent, self-helping, or wanderers, not stay-at-homes. They escape from the hands of those who would help them and give them work and food. The peasantry and yeomanry are too enduring and resolute; the lower castes are too wandering and disorganized, and preferred refuse to relief.

We have the highest official evidence that the sick, infirm, cripples, and bed-ridden did not come upon our hands early in the distress, but were fed by their friends as long as possible.

Every man, woman, and child in India has silver ornaments. It is their way of hoarding and cherishing wives and descendants. They do not put into savings-banks. And savings-banks are few, and far between. But these cherished ornaments were parted with in the famine. Before 1876 the tender of silver ornaments at the Bombay Mint is stated as averaging £600 a month. In November 1876 it reached £7,000, and in December it increased to £100,000. It then rose steadily until September 1877, when their value is stated to have been £189,754. In 1877 and 1878 the value of ornaments tendered at the Bombay Mint alone is given as £1,946,158, and the value of ornaments and disused coins together as exceeding two and a quarter millions sterling.

But the people had now parted with everything: they were without fuel; they had sold even their poor little cooking-pots. They ate, raw, grains unfit for food; they drank the foulest remains of water, when water was water no longer, but putrid mud. And when the thrice-prayed-for rain came, it came with such violence that abominations were stirred up, and fatal fever followed.

Causes enough of death indeed there were, and death came.

In July and August there was a serious recurring crisis of distress in the eastern parts of the famine districts. And the state of the

relief houses for a time came near to what has been described as happening in Mysore. But then came inspection—rushing on the mission of mercy from post to post, travelling day and night, swimming rivers on elephants, and the wrong was set right.

For instance, when relief works had to be suspended on account of the rains, no relief houses were ready. Dysentery and ulcers had been all heaped up together. But matted huts were now run up, roof ventilation and cleanliness enforced, good water provided. Soon we shifted the sick, and matters improved. But even their own Hindoo overseers fail sometimes to meet their prejudices. A Hindoo overseer, a most intelligent man, put up some capital huts for the labourers, but because these were made of the brab-palm, the labourers would not occupy them. Date matting for huts they consider unobjectionable.

Gratuitous relief was given at home to those who were unable to move. But this could only be done through the village headmen (patels), though over each circle was placed a special inspector, an European officer with his native subordinates to patrol the villages, and among other things to see that the village headmen did bring forward every one who really needed it. Over the village headman was placed the village inspector, over the village inspector the native district officer, over him the European district officer. For, from the village headman, some had had nothing, some too much. Altogether the patels did not justify the position we have assigned to them under the Ryotwari settlement.

But the famine was now well in hand.

Such were a few of the difficulties with which our famine heroes had to struggle. Such were some of our heroes who had to struggle against odds so overwhelming. Such were a very few of the terrible famine sufferings which all but destroyed hundreds of thousands of our poor natives—would have annihilated them but for these heroes. I could tell much more.

Only one Presidency has been taken here. A neighbouring Presidency, where the difficulties and the area affected in 1876-78 were greater still, where famine overtook twenty millions of people, and seventeen millions severely—this claims a history to itself. Its heroes must have their own tale, and meed of honour for such labours.

VI. But first we must ask a portentous question:—Where is this enduring Mahratta peasantry now? have we heard of Deccan



agrarian crime? Even while I write a terrible commentary is going on—a second scarcity—a second riot.

Four years ago, ground down by the usury and oppressions of the money-lenders, the cultivators, chiefly in two or three Deccan collectorates, rose against them. Of these Deccan riots I have given an account elsewhere.

The Deccan is the great central plateau of India: the Bombay Deccan forms a large division of the Bombay Presidency, which has nearly 125,000 square miles under the direct administration of Government. In this Presidency as in Madras the proprietary body is no mere class out of the people. The peasantry *is* the nation, or almost so.

Nothing even in France can compare either with the general distribution of land, or with the subdivision of farms in the Deccan. What is more, our revenue is chiefly dependent upon the land, whether we call it rent, assessment, or taxation: and without a well-affected peasantry or body of cultivators (ryots) we could not hold India.

The riots which occurred in 1875, when the peasantry attacked the obnoxious money-lenders, burning their bonds, were the first since the Deccan came under our rule; indeed, with one exception, the Sonthal rebellion of 1855, the first in all India. The pressure of indebtedness had never before shown itself either by attacks on the Sowkars (money-lenders), or on the Government authorities.

During the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857, the peasantry were our fast friends, and without them we could not have won. Have we now, instead of finding the peasantry on our side, to bring up soldiers to prevent them from joining the Dacoits, the armed gangs of robbers?

It is true that in some parts of India debtors who had been evicted by our Courts made profit of the Mutiny, by taking possession again of their ancestral fields, of which they were considered the true proprietors alike by themselves and their neighbours. But they considered this a doing of justice, and they stood by us manfully and saved our people in many cases from annihilation.

There are those well acquainted with India who believe that the desperate state of things prevailing in the Deccan prevails also in other parts of India, and will if not changed produce the same fruits: that "agrarian riots will become the normal

state of things throughout India." And what will it be some day to keep down discontented millions, where formerly our strength lay in this, that the millions were all for our rule? The ryots feel that they are being sacrificed to the money-lenders. And so they are.

What is this desperate state of things? We have granted, in Bombay Presidency, of which we are now speaking, from the highest motive, our desire for the prosperity of the petty landholders, "absolute proprietary rights in land, with corresponding responsibilities." But our gift has been a fatal one. The village banker (Sowkar, money-lender, call him what we will) was before our rule a valuable and indispensable member of the community. He was the community's purse. His object was not to ruin but to raise the agriculturist. If he were inclined to extort, he stopped to consider what his prey could afford to pay from the profits of the land. The prey could not be deprived of his land, on which alone he lived. We changed all that. "We gave to men unfit to manage their money matters the absolute rights of property," but we took from these men—men who were children in all these things—what was of infinitely more value—what was their sole protection against extortion—their "non-liability to ouster." Now, the money-lender and the agriculturist are no longer allies but enemies. They have no longer a common interest. Indebtedness is no longer a friendly transaction; it is a bondage. Supported by our justice, our courts of law, the injustice of the money-lender robs the ryot of all he holds dear—his land. Famine has made this bondage harder, and evictions have very greatly increased. We have allowed the landlord powers of Government to be "re-transferred to a class with none of the traditions of the hereditary landholder, and probably the least fitted in the civilised world to use them." Is the Deccan ryot to be handed over to such landlords as the Marwari money-lenders? Can it be that a bankrupt nation, a starving people, plotting against each other, are to be the future of India? or else that the land is to be "in the hands of a succession of paupers?" "And so silent are these people in their distress that the Settlement Officer, who had been two months encamped on the land, had not observed any particular poverty, nor had become aware either that the people were in a state of famine, or dying of it." I quote Mr. Caird, though writing of a different part of India. I will give one or two typical in-

stances of Deccan cultivators from the Deccan Riots Report :—

Rowji Sooraji Kowray's grandfather was patel of Parner. Rowji's father had 80 bighas of land, all gone into the hands of money-lenders. His own share of 40 bighas was sold under a decree by Rajmull Marwari. He borrowed 200 rupees from Rajmull eleven years ago; paid on the first bond 150 rupees; passed a second bond for 100; paid 24 yearly for three years; then 64 rupees. Was sued, and a decree for (he thinks) 388 rupees passed. Paid 50; but the decree was executed, and his land, house, &c., were sold. Having nothing left, he went away with his two young sons and his wife's mother to her village, where he works for his livelihood.

Awdae, widow of Baba Kowray. Her husband borrowed 20 rupees from Toolaram Marwari, and used to give him his produce. The widow gave him her bullocks of 30 rupees, a field of 15.4 rupees assessment, also half of a house. ["They devour widows' houses."] She borrowed 250 rupees from Vittoo Marwari, mortgaging her land and house, and gave it to Toolaram, besides 100 rupees from her house. Total paid Toolaram, 350 rupees, besides bullocks, &c., &c. The woman repays 100 rupees to Vittoo, who gives her no receipt. She pays the interest—24 per cent.; yet Vittoo got his decree for possession of the mortgaged land, and took possession, having previously taken her produce without account.

It is said that this indebtedness is the result of heavy assessments, but this hardly appears to be the case.

It is more the result of the high rate of usury.

In many places the amount of interest paid by the ryots to Sowkars exceeds that of the whole amount of land revenue paid to the State.

It is also the way in which assessments are recovered in bad years, though not increased in good years (but that outlook is beyond the ryot's horizon), more than the rate of assessment, which bears so heavily on the ryot. He is compelled to have recourse to the village banker to pay; and then farewell to independence. He is bound hand and foot for life, and in the Sowkar's power.

The two, the cultivator and the money-lender, are not on an equality, the fiction of our Courts of Law.

Cleverness, education, arithmetic, or rather the abuse of arithmetic, are altogether on one side, the money-lender's. And the ryot does not know when he has a defence.

Then all the payments made by the ryot's wife at the village shop, which is generally the village banker's (oh, for a co-operative store!), are always made in kind. And of course the ryot is always a loser in payments made in grain; and the wife is always cheated at the truck shop.

Thus fares it with the "Sowkar-ridden" peasantry.

Yet there is so much that is fair in their lives.

The ryot is always generous and simple about his grain, which he grows himself.

A poet might write "Idyls of the Deccan"—how the ryot has never to hire labour, his wife and children labouring with him in the field, his neighbours help him, and are helped by him in turn; his children tend the cattle; his cattle give him milk, manure, and fuel (for unhappily in India cowdung is burnt as fuel), and butter and ghee (clarified butter), which fetch a good price in the neighbouring town, where this is not a ruined one;\* he grows cucumbers and vegetables in his fields, which his wife sells. He sells his young buffaloes, and I have not reckoned the straw. In cotton districts his wife picks cotton, and is paid in kind. She spins the cotton and sells the yarn, and clothes the family. Not much clothing is needed. Every woman and child has a bangle.

Whoever has seen in the glorious light of an Egyptian sunset—where all glows with colour, not like that of birds and flowers, but like transparent emeralds and sapphires and rubies and amethysts, the gold and jewels and precious stones of the Revelations—the herds wending their way home on the plain of Thebes by the colossal pair of sitting statues, followed by the stately woman in her one draped garment, plying her distaff, a naked lovely little brown child riding on her shoulder, and another on a buffalo, can conjure up something of the ideal of the ryot's family life in India.

But, alas! under and over all this lies the frightful usury: "frightful" is not too strong a word—converting the necessary and useful village banker into an engine of untold oppression, untold by its victims, unknown to us, though not to English officials in India, who are, however, helpless to prevent fraud, because of our law of justice, not equity.

\* "Such is, in fact, the ruined state of many of the towns" in parts of the Deccan that they look as if they had been "devastated only five or six years ago by banditti and other marauders, instead of having for fifty or sixty years enjoyed the blessings of profound peace and of one of the best governments in the whole world."—Report of the Deccan Riots Commission.

In the Report on the Deccan Riots of 1875, cases whose name is Legion are given officially, and repeated till one's heart sinks, of bonds forged by Sowkars, accounts falsified, old bonds, discharged and over-discharged, tendered as new.

As for evidence (which is of course false), that may be *contracted for* to any amount by the money-lenders.

As for receipts given for repayment by the unfortunate borrower, they are almost unheard of, except where they are given for sums infinitely less than the sums repaid.

It is not uncommon for a money-lender to keep a debtor, and his wife too, working without payment for life for sums borrowed which have been repaid over and over again.

While we make a boast of our justice and our civil courts, we have absolutely failed in one of the first functions of government, the prevention of fraud. We have failed to protect the borrowing classes against robbery and extortion.

While we make a boast of our education, it is bitter irony to suppose that we can wait for it to remedy evils—that more than one in ten say of the boy ryots goes to school—the schools their fathers pay for, for the school cess is entirely upon land. And less than that of the father ryots can read or write. They put their mark to bonds of the contents of which they have no more idea than the Fiji Islander has of Aristotle. The ryot executes a deed of which he has no explanation, no copy, and, where the value is under 100 rupees, no registry. No registration system then tells him what he has done. And of course money-lenders can easily have separate bonds for separate sums each under 100 rupees. He signs a contract which he does not and cannot understand. And these children—children in fact if not in law (and they ought to be considered minors in law)—are held to be equal contractors in the eyes of the law which knows no equity, with the sharp-witted, highly educated money-lenders, highly educated in the knowledge of fraud, as in the knowledge of law.

The law merely asks the borrower, "Is that your mark?"—perhaps a hook. If it is, the law can do no more; it hands him over to the Sowkar, even though he may have only received, as often happens, say, 10 rupees instead of 50, and offers to prove it.

These are our civil courts, instead of the old village Panchayat, or Council of Elders, before which in former days disputes concerning land, money-lending cases, &c., were

settled, which, being on the spot, could hear oral evidence on the spot and distinguish between true and false. Universal compulsory registration of money-lending transactions before the Panchayat, none being legal but those so registered, and proof of receipt of consideration, this in itself would, it is said on high authority, make a wonderful difference.

It is stated that in 1877, out of 144,412 suits in the rural districts of Bombay, 128,261 were for money, and of these 80 per cent. were on written obligations or accounts involving sums less than £50.

The fees of these courts, it is stated, exceeded £100,000 in the same year.

And the costs of litigation amount in many cases for the unfortunate peasant to almost as much as the original debt.

Fleece in every way, in 1875, then, these poor exasperated sheep rose at last against their wolves and torturers, the money-lenders.

On our promise to look into their, alas! too just grievances, to redress their wrongs, only too visible, audible, and palpable, they "were cajoled into submission." Their wrongs were inquired into, and it was made too an Imperial, not a local, inquiry. This was three years ago. For three years they patiently waited the fulfilment of our solemn pledges. But nothing has been done.

The people were afterwards, as usual, declared "prosperous," the country "flourishing." So of course nothing was done.

But since then, poorer and more oppressed than before by the money-lenders, who, emboldened by our delay, did not shrink of course from becoming yet more extortionate, famine following upon money-lenders, and a plague of rats devouring the granaries, as debt devours the people, following upon famine, they rise again, and in a wider and fiercer riot than before, against the oppressive money-lenders. In fact no such rising as this of the year of grace 1879 has been known since the Mutiny, which was purely military.

Close to the Bombay Deccan capital, Poona, the seat of the old Mahratta power, the Dacoits, or armed gangs of robbers, send a manifesto to the Government of Bombay in the name of Sivaji II. It speaks of the great distress and threatens that "unless extensive public works are at once opened, employment provided for the people, native trades encouraged, taxes reduced, and the salaries of highly paid Europeans cut down," they will not cease to plunder, but will extend to Europeans what they have hitherto confined to natives; that they will stir up another mutiny.



It is very naturally suggested in the House of Commons that "there was a great deal more than mere Dacoity here." The magistrates' court in one palace, and the Government High School and Education Department offices with all the books of the Government *dépôt* in another, and all the records in both are burnt by incendiaries. This in one of the largest military cantonments in India. We are horrified at the Communists' destructions in Paris. But what is this?

It was hinted, indeed, that those Poona fires light up with an awful light our broken promises to the poor, indebted people who rose four years ago, not against *our* rule, but against that of the money-lenders enforced by *our* civil courts.

However this may be, we promised to redress their grievances, and we have done nothing—nothing but report and lay fresh ones on.

Those who knew prophesied that when the Public Works, essential to employ the people, now in this second scarcity, were stopped, and there is no work—no agricultural work—to be had before July or August, the people would squat in despair before their huts, then they would certainly steal a little, then they would join the armed gangs. And those who were unsuccessful as robbers would starve or come upon famine relief. So the last state would be worse and more costly than the first.

It was prophesied that it would be so, and it *has* been so.

It signifies little if an assessment be light or heavy, if they have nothing to pay it with. They *must* go to the money-lender to pay it. That makes them bondsmen: literally enslaved by bonds.

But such were the revenue necessities of the Government of India that, whereas the "remissions" in collecting revenue in the Famine were enormous, and necessarily so in Madras Presidency, in Bombay the Government boasted that it would make no "remissions," only "suspensions," and that it would finally collect most of the revenue. And it *has* done so.

Upon the back of this came the licence tax—worse than any income tax—screwed out of incomes down to £10 a year—not to pay for famine, but for war. And had it been to pay for Famine, are the famine-stricken to pay for feeding themselves? Are paupers to pay the poor-rates?

More going to money-lenders to pay it.

And not only this, but the salt tax was raised 40 per cent., and just in this scarcity

time. More money-lending to pay for the necessities of life—higher usury.

It was prophesied by those who knew that, if this were done, the ground-down people would rise at last. And this much-enduring, patient Mahratta peasantry *have* risen at last—twice. This is the second time.

In parts of the Bombay Deccan the ancestral cultivators are almost dispossessed by the money-lenders. These men know nothing of agriculture, care nothing for it or for aught but rack-renting; and their acquired estates are worse farmed than by the ryot. They have no agricultural enterprise, though they *have* capital.

Are we so very sure that we shall never have another mutiny? Then God help us, if the Mahratta peasantry—the peasantry all over India *were* our staunch friends—join against us.

This has been prophesied by some, and in the House of Commons by a right honourable member who has not only been in the India Office but in India, and who has seen with his own eyes "serious dissatisfaction" in the Deccan. This is prophesied. But Englishmen learn wisdom in time. This will *not* be so.

Truth is told about our errors in the government of our Indian empire, not because that government betrays signs of decay or instability; rather the contrary, because our errors betray our impatient vigour in doing good. This is why Englishmen always dare to tell the truth to themselves, and, characteristically, tell perhaps a little worse than the truth to others. Englishmen would not be Englishmen if they did not grumble furiously at their own shortcomings in their zeal to do right, and publish their grumbings over the world.

This is one result of their "pluck," one secret of their capacity for progress.

Least of all can we despair, least of all can we avoid hopefully telling the truth, when John Lawrence lies dead before us—the man of truth and of all the manly virtues, the resolute Indian statesman, the saviour of the Indian empire, the defender of India's poor, highest of our day as a leader of men, the righter of wrongs—great John Lawrence, who died in harness, working for India till three days before his death.

He beckons us on to follow in his steps; he, being dead, yet speaketh. "Who follows in his train?"

Is not the day-star of the East rising in the West for India?

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

## THOUGHTS FOR QUIET HOURS.

## VIII.

WHEN the Laureate tells us, in the well-known lines, how "knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers," he suggests a distinction and states a fact; for there is a palpable difference between knowledge and wisdom. We have all known persons, whose stock of information would seem meagre beside that of a well-instructed school-boy, who yet possessed such a "pith of sense" as raised them far above others with more scholarship, but deficient in the grand gift of wisdom. A celebrated African traveller once told me that he had found individuals among the tribes of Central Africa endowed with such natural sagacity as to command a confidence he would be slow to give to many of the most celebrated men he had known in Europe.

This difference between knowledge and wisdom suggests an analogous distinction between the dogmatist or zealot in religion and the man of holy and loving character. There are, in all ages, men and women whose interests are occupied with religious subjects, and their passions kept in play by ecclesiastical questions, who are yet so utterly destitute of the Christian spirit that their names become associated by all who know them with what is jarring and provocative. They have, perhaps, "all knowledge," "understanding mysteries" that are dark to plainer people; if they do not "speak with the tongues of angels," they are, at least, fluent talkers and subtle debaters; and they have withal such zeal for their opinions or their party, that we could well imagine them giving their bodies to be burned, if such a sacrifice was necessary, for their favourite "cause." But when tried by the touchstone of that charity whose nature is so exquisitely described by St. Paul, and represented by him as of the essence of true religion, we are surprised by the contrast which is presented. Their habits are possibly in antithesis to each aspect of that grace which "suffereth long and is kind, which envieth not, which vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

A vivid illustration is afforded in the life of St. Paul, of the difference between this religiousness of Church or dogma and the

attainment of the Christ-like character. There was one period in his life which stands in sharpest contrast to the other, while both were, in a sense, religious. The character of Saul, the pupil of Gamaliel, thinking he was doing God a service while "exceeding mad" he persecuted the Church of Christ, presents a study full of interest for all times, as showing how far an earnest and pure mind can be fired with a spirit which, under the name of religion, is really its enemy.

The Jerusalem into which Saul was brought from Cilicia to be educated under the greatest rabbi of the age was at that time a perfect hotbed of religious passion and disputation. It was the centre to which Jewish students of the law resorted, and the focus of all patriotic aspirations. We can easily imagine the keenness with which that boy from Tarsus, with his eager temperament, would drink in the proud traditions of his race, and with what zeal he would enter into the subtle arguments of the schools. Even after his conversion there flash out ever and anon such flames of Jewish enthusiasm as show how intensely the early fires had once burned. And if such were his feelings in after years, when he had long ceased to glory in the flesh, what must they have been when, in the burning ardour of his fiery youth, he threw himself into the teaching of Gamaliel? For him that rabbinical learning was no dry study of legal quibbles and musty traditions, but the very jots and letters of the law were all sacred, and the breadth of the phylactery, the fastings, washings, postures at worship, and Sabbatical observances, were questions of vital interest. Zeal for nation, for Church, for party, were to the young Pharisee zeal for God. And there was much in the very atmosphere of that old Jerusalem to awaken the chivalry of the lad coming from Tarsus, in whom every spot he gazed on stirred a thousand holy associations. There were the hills of Benjamin and the heights of Zion, around which floated the familiar histories and the grand poetry of the prophets learned in youth. Never could he with bared feet have crossed the marble pavement of the Temple court, and gazed with awe towards the Holy of Holies, in which lay the very ark and the tables of stone that had been with the fathers in the wilderness, without an appeal having been to all that was heroic in the young Jew. The glory of the nation, the

grandeur of the historic Church, the long and wondrous tale with which every object was identified, must have kindled his passionate devotion. And Saul became distinguished for his zeal "above many his own equals," so that it was at his feet, as those of a recognised leader, they who stoned St. Stephen laid their garments.

Now there was much that was good in all this. He gained thereby not only an accurate knowledge of the Scriptures, and an intellect sharpened by controversy, but was raised by the force of enthusiasm above many of the grosser temptations of youth.

He had much which was outwardly very like true religion. The questions which chiefly interested him were religious questions, and the objects for which he would have sacrificed life itself were what he believed "the true Church," and "the truth of God." Loyalty to God was for him loyalty to the nation whose Divine calling was visibly embodied in the ancient priesthood and the gorgeous worship. He thus came to deal with the institutions of religion rather than with the end for which these institutions existed. The beloved people, the sacred city and its Temple, the consecrated rites became his passion, but they appealed to his fleshly more than his spiritual nature. A religious partisan more than godly or brotherly, he became so typical of a certain class of religionists found in all ages and in all Churches that we can trace in him some characteristic features.

He lost the love of truth for its own sake. Blinded by sectarianism, his prejudices warped by the influence of great hames and old associations, he lost the pure desire to know what is true, whatever the consequences might be. His party spirit so choked the voice of conscience, that when he felt the words of Stephen cutting him to the quick with new convictions, he gnashed his teeth for very rage, and stopped his ears, and rushed with the mob of fanatics against him whose face was shining like the face of an angel, and without a gleam of pity directed the crushing shower of stones.

This ecclesiasticism, indeed, did wider injury by destroying that fine balance by which the really worthy or unworthy in conduct can

be duly weighed. In his zeal for party, he forgot the eternal moralities. Punctilious as to the mint and anise and cummin of ritual observances, he passed by justice and mercy. Ready to go any length to put down the dreaded heresy, he had all the elements of the inquisitor. "I was a blasphemer," he says, "and persecutor, and injurious." "We were sometimes deceived, living in malice and envy, hateful and hating one another." So that this religionism failed to accomplish in him the real end of all religion, as leading to hearty love to God and in Him loving our brother as ourselves.

Nor did it save him from being miserable. There is a type of Phariseeism which is too stupidly hardened to be conscious of those contrasts which suggest themselves to the more earnest. It never asks, "Am I so wholly right, and are those others so wholly wrong?" It never feels a shock at its own bitterness and alienation. But Saul of Tarsus was too noble even in his Phariseeism to be deaf to the voice of righteousness and mercy. There were pricks of conscience against which "he kicked," but could not push aside. He was at peace neither with himself nor God. The cry, "Oh, wretched man that I am, who will deliver me from this body of death?" is the climax in a vivid description of his wretchedness before conversion, and there is not in literature a more terrible picture of a mind divided against itself.

Paul of Tarsus thus teaches how far a man can go in religion without possessing the religious spirit. He may be keen for his Church, be the leader of his party, holding its every shibboleth sacred, but while straining out the gnats of creed or ceremony he may "swallow the camels" of unfairness, prejudice, and hatred. The simple matters of forbearance, gentleness, and tolerance are always overlooked by such for the sake of ephemeral disputes and the trifles which false zeal ever exalts into matters of principle.

If we would, on the other hand, learn the character of true Christian enthusiasm, we have but to compare with this pupil of Gamaliel the spirit of Paul, the apostle and servant of Jesus Christ, looking upon every man as his brother in the Lord.

## THE ETHICS OF LONDON CHARITY.

LOCAL self-government and the security of charitable trusts in England have had a remarkable bearing on each other. There was, indeed, no guarantee for the due per-

formance of trusts until the principle of local self-government had begun to be grasped, and the citizens' right to elect a mayor had received kingly recognition. The reign of



Henry III. marks the dawn of a new era; for then a settled belief in the permanency of Government began to prompt hopefulness of trusts being respected. Naturally, the state of religion at that time suggested the means of purchasing peace in another world through the Church. Bequests for the maintenance of "obits," or anniversary services for the welfare of the departed souls of pious founders, were a prolific source of wealth to the priesthood and their attendants; sometimes the provision extended to the celebration of masses to relieve from and keep out of purgatory the souls of all the members of the donor's family. The fact that these obits were to be conducted annually for ever gives colour to the theory that souls were believed to be in danger of neglect or desertion at some period of their disembodied career. The maintenance of Church services, too, was a favourite object among London citizens. William Sevenoak, in the year 1426, gave an annuity of ten marks to the parson and churchwardens of the parish of St. Dunstan-in-the-East, near the Tower, "to pay for the sustentation and repair of the fabric and ornaments of the church, and of the light of the great beam there" for ever. The lands on which the annuity was charged were held by "the prior and convent of the House of the Salutation of the Mother of God, of the Charterhouse, near London." The value of the estate has risen to upwards of £1,400 a year. Sir Bartholomew James, in the year 1481, gave a dwelling-house in Dunstan Lane, the rent from which (with the exception of 3s. 4d. a year for the churchwardens for seeing the will faithfully performed) should be spent in keeping an annual obit. The value of the house must have been very small at that date; it is now £220 a year. Matthew Ernest, in 1506, left a public-house called the Pope's Head, to supply the means of maintaining the beam-light in St. Dunstan's Church (about £1 a year); 1s. 4d. yearly for the souls of certain persons to be prayed for; a penny weekly to each of five poor people (alternately men and women) who should come to his grave on Sunday to pray for his soul; 13s. 4d. for the cost of performing an obit; 6s. 8d. to the churchwardens for their trouble and pain in carrying out the terms of the will; and the residue to be allowed to accumulate as a fund out of which sums of £10 should be lent to poor men. To the end that a priest should sing masses for his soul, and perform a yearly obit at the annual expense of £1, Sir William

Herriott left some property in Thames Street. These two trusts of Ernest and Herriott are now united; and the income from the property amounts to £800 a year. The parish of St. Dunstan has an annual income for the maintenance of Church service (exclusively from charitable sources) of more than £2,400, and its population does not exceed six hundred persons. The parish of St. Dionis Backchurch (the Church of St. *Dionysius*, formerly stood *back* from the thoroughfare in Fenchurch Street) is in receipt of at least £600 a year, of which £585 comes from property left in 1337 by Sir Giles de Celseye "to keep a lamp burning night and day before the high altar of the parish church, and to maintain and amend the books, vestments, and ornaments of the church." The fabric was recently pulled down, and its charities were handed over to a neighbouring parish, whose church has now to do duty for both parishes on account of the reduction of population. These are fair specimens of the character of religious bequests up to the time of the Reformation, from which period their doom was sealed, and their property generally forfeited to the Crown. In addition to Henry VIII.'s legislation for the destruction of Roman Catholic institutions, an Act for the Suppression of Chauntries was passed in the reign of Edward VI. to complete the work. Most of the charities, however, which were confiscated, were afterwards restored in connection with the newly-established Church, either as gifts or on payment of small capital sums or annual rent-charges; and thus the views of previous founders were interpreted afresh under the light of the Reformation.

Then a new spirit of religious charity was breathed into the land; the people were even more earnest than their predecessors had been in securing the maintenance of Church services, the conducting of morning prayers (many of them sufficiently early in the morning to enable workpeople to attend church before commencing the business of the day). The churches, indeed, were open at almost every hour between early morn and bedtime, for the continuance of which bequests were very numerous. In place of the feeling which had prompted the earlier founders to secure the performance of obits, personal pride (perhaps somewhat pardonable) formed a large element in Church trusts, many provisions being made for the preaching of sermons on the anniversary day of the founder's death; which were made more expressive by the gift of money, bread, flannel, &c., to such poor people as should take part in the service.

Educational charities and trusts owe their birth to the Reformation, the short reign of Edward VI. being remarkable for vigorous promotion of the grammar school system, which was energetically extended during the rule of Queen Elizabeth. Strong zeal was awakened at this period in the inculcation of rooted faith in the newly-established Church, as a precaution against a retrogression in the direction of Roman Catholicism. When Henry VIII. "pulled down abbeys and cells," he made a present of the Grey Friars' monastery to the City of London. It was not, however, till the reign of Edward VI. that the charter was given under which Christ's Hospital, or the Blue Coat School, was established as a place for educating children. Lands and legacies soon poured in for the benefit of the charity, many of the bequests being for purposes not in the least degree connected with education, some for the blind and aged, and others curious as themes for study; one to supply each boy with a pair of gloves at Easter, the words "Christ is risen" being printed on a breast-badger; another to afford boiled legs of pork to the youngsters; one for the purchase of veal in commemoration of Queen Anne, though what connection the fatted-calf had with the English monarch is not expressed. The funds of Christ's Hospital have risen to £70,000 a year. Dean Colet had a quaint notion in founding St. Paul's School, that building at the east end of St. Paul's Churchyard: the iron-grated front of the large flagged court, with its massive stone pillars resembling nothing so much as an overgrown wild-beast cage. The number of children to be taught was fixed at one hundred and fifty-three, in allusion to the miraculous draught of fishes; and, curiously, though Dr. Colet dedicated the school to "the child Jesus," the saint, as Strype (himself an old Pauline) describes, has robbed his master of the title. The charity has now an income of about £12,000 a year. Thomas Sutton, in 1611, established the Charterhouse in London, to maintain poor men in celibacy, and scholars. The receipts are now about £30,000 a year. In 1619, Edward Alleyn, a retired actor, left one thousand three hundred acres of land of the annual value of £800 to establish a college and school, on similar lines to those laid down by Thomas Sutton. The estate now yields nearly £20,000 a year, and has one of the most palatial buildings of its kind in the country, the cost of which was nearly £100,000. Public agitation has been strong for many years as to the disproportionate cost of this foundation, on

which scarcely £6,000 a year is spent in the purposes of the endowment, and (in round numbers) £14,000 on management, repairs, insurance, salaries, retiring pensions, &c.

These foundations, with others of a kindred character, being singularly successful, the idea was extended to the poorer class of children by the establishment of parochial schools, after the Civil War. Queen Anne was instrumental in this direction; and the work, originally supported by the contributions of zealous Christians, was soon aided by endowments from people who saw in it a wide sphere of usefulness in accordance with the spirit of the times. This was the foundation of the present Ward School system of the City of London, which is supported by a gross income from endowments of probably more than £40,000 a year from investments held by the parishes and the guilds. The metropolis can boast of an income of £210,000 a year for educational trusts alone, of which the sum of £142,000 is in the City proper.

Numbers of people had a fancy for the preservation of tombs, and few of them had sufficient foresight to divine a prospective increase in the value of their bequests. Some of these endowments or trusts have grown to fabulous proportions, compared with the limited demands made upon them for carrying out the founders' wishes. One extraordinary case is that of Michael Davison, who in the autumn of life cheered the sadness of his soul and smoothed his hopes by providing the means of decent sepulture and the perpetual maintenance of his tomb in a proper state of repair. This devise, in the year 1676, took this simple and almost unique shape—"I give unto the parishioners of the parish of St. Benet Sherehog, my tenement at Holloway, in the parish of St. Mary Islington, upon the consideration following:—that they shall for ever from time to time keep in repair and uphold my tomb in the churchyard of the said parish." The rent yielded by the house must have been small, for half a century ago it amounted to only about £8 a year. Now the estate yields £197 per annum, and the preservation of a single, simple, and unpretentious tomb is all that can be exacted of the trustees until Parliament shall assume the duty of placing a broader interpretation upon the intentions and desires of a man whose limited judgment could not perceive how events had a happy method of casting their shadows before.

Medical charities, too, hold a prominent place in the scroll of metropolitan bounty. St.

Bartholomew's Hospital, established in the twelfth century, owes its origin to the bounty of Raherns, the jester or minstrel of Henry I., the object being chiefly to shelter the sick, to provide for poor women about to be delivered of children, and to maintain their offspring there born until the children should reach seven years of age. St. Thomas's Hospital was founded a century later as an almshouse for converts and poor children. Bethlehem Hospital was established in the middle of the thirteenth century for insane people. At the dissolution of the religious houses, in the reign of Henry VIII., the whole of the inmates of these three houses were turned into the streets. The buildings were afterwards handed over to the care of the Corporation of London, who constitute the major portion of the governors to this day. The incomes, speaking roundly, amount to £110,000 a year. There are other institutions of a similar character, including Guy's Hospital, with an income of £50,000 a year.

At various periods funds were left to provide meat and drink for prisoners who were suffering incarceration for debt, and for assisting them to make a fresh start in life on leaving prison. The world is familiar with the strange pranks played by these men in durance vile, and of the questionable uses to which much of the charity money was put; but it is not generally known that after imprisonment for debt was abolished, large quantities of beef were taken into the prisons and consumed by people in whose interests the charities were not left, until a Chancery scheme was passed to apply the annual income of £2,700 for the benefit of convalescent homes. Happily, the application of these seventy charities to indiscriminate feasting did not continue many years; but the short reign of the system is a type (except in point of time) of some hundreds of charitable trusts in the metropolis—and more especially in the City—which are being dormant for want of applicants with the qualifications made requisite by the founder.

Apart from the numerous charities managed by separate societies for the relief of the poor, the City parishes hold between £30,000 and £40,000 a year, and the City guilds nearly £60,000 a year for distribution among the poor. The guilds, or companies, transact the major portion of their charitable distribution at their own halls of mystery; the parochial authorities chiefly in the churches (or ought to do so, according to the terms of founders' wills).

The annual expenditure on City churches,

in the maintenance of their services and the payment of lecturers and preachers for services the continuance of which can serve no useful end, will soon be made known officially, therefore speculation on the subject would be to some extent out of place. There are many facts, however, which point to the fearful waste of spiritual power in dumb show. The use of great hoards of wealth in paying clergymen to "exhort dead walls instead of living souls," for preaching or reading a very short sermon four times a week to a congregation of half-a-dozen people, and being assisted by a sextoness, a clerk, an organist, and blower, will scarcely commend itself as turning talent to the best use, except to those who find comfort in receiving £500 a year from endowment in addition to the income from church livings. Nor can the expenditure of more than £3,000 from trust money for restoring the fabric of a small church, and ornamenting it as though it were a palace, be reasonably defended, especially when the congregation can sometimes almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. The purposes for which many—most—of the endowments were left are dead, dead, dead beyond the possibility of their dry bones being revived. The City walls by day surround many thousands of people whose hurry-scurry life affords no time to attend the week-day lectures; at night the larger portion fly to their homes in the suburbs, leaving the warehouses and offices—some in charge of a resident caretaker, many even without that functionary, it being a precautionary law with many owners of property to leave their buildings under the guardianship of the police, knowing that the occupation of a sleeping apartment would render the owner liable to pay house duty.

Such is a brief review of the situation in respect of classes of charities which are amenable to the supervision of the Charity Commissioners. There are hundreds of others that, having been founded within the last half-century, do not fall within these legal lines, and are not compelled to have their annual income and expenditure recorded at Gwydyr House. No doubt a review will shortly be made of the whole of the charities that come within the purview of the Whitehall Commissioners, the preliminary stroke being made recently by the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the trusts under the control of the City parishes. This is the root at which to lay the axe; the City parochial features being laid bare will give the cue to the more extended work of reforming the metropolis.



## YOUNG MRS. JARDINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

## CHAPTER XII.

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shelf of the old oaken press in the dining-room, where nobody could get at it by anything short of a most resolute will and a step-ladder.

"Lie there, my *magnum opus*! till I have gathered sufficient *opes* to publish you at my own expense, and distribute a copy each to all my friends, who then will have become so numerous that I shall clear off thereby at least the first edition. For the rest"—seeing, though his wife tried to smile, her eyes were brimming—"never mind, love, even if your husband was not born to be a writer—at any rate, a novel writer—I may come out in another line, as a moral essayist, perhaps; or, who knows! having, they say, a little of my grandfather in me, I may drop, or rise, into a capital man of business after all."

"What do you mean?" she asked timidly.

"Something of which I have been thinking all night, and am going to speak to Black about this morning," said Roderick, taking down his hat. "Never let grass grow under your feet when you have made up your mind to a thing. I may not have much 'mind'—according to our friends, the publishers—but I have got a will of my own; and I am determined to be a rich man yet. At least, rich enough to keep Blackhall from dropping into ruins. Not this century, please God,

shall any enterprising author write an improving work on "The Last of the Jardines."

Gaily as he spoke, there was deep earnestness beneath the jest—the earnestness of a man who has courage enough to take his fate into his own two hands, and however heavily weighted, prepare to run the race of life without complaining. True, the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong—many an one, without fault of his own, flags, staggers, drops, and dies; still, that man is not half a man who, with youth and health on his side, shrinks at the outset, from either disappointed ambition, or fear of poverty, or any other of those nameless terrors which come with later life. Especially when he has not to fight single-handed, or for himself alone.

There is a creed abroad that a young man is better alone, free from all encumbrance of wife or children; but in the old times it was not so. Then, children were esteemed "an heritage and gift that cometh from the Lord"—now, selfish luxury, worldliness, and the love of outward show, have brought our young men—ay, and some women too—to such a pass that they feel, nay, openly declare, every child born to them is a new enemy; and marriage, instead of being "honourable" to all, is a folly, a derision, or a dread.

Why is this? And is it the men's fault or the women's? Both, perhaps; yet, I think, chiefly the women's. Feeble, useless, half-educated; taught to believe that ignorance is amusing, and helplessness attractive; no wonder the other sex shrinks from taking upon itself not a help but a burden—charming enough before marriage—but after? The very man who at first exulted in his beautiful ornamental wife, his sweet, humble Circassian slave, will, by-and-by, be the first to turn round and scorn her.

No man could ever scorn Silence Jardine. In spite of her sacred feebleness, she resumed at once the business of life—harder than anybody knows who has not tried the experiment of making sixpence do the work of a shilling. And she did it cheerfully, and without any outward sign. Brain never idle; feet never still, or, if compelled to stillness, hands always busy at something or another; full of endless care and thought for others, most of all for Roderick, who never thought of

himself or his own pleasure at all; even in her room, or on her sofa, Mrs. Jardine managed to be the very soul of the house, planning everything, arranging everything, and, it often seemed, doing everything.

It was a solitary life she led, for her husband took to going down to the mill every day, and all day long; it "amused" him, he said, and indeed he always came home looking so busy and cheerful that she was glad of the change for him. But it was a life of perfect peace. And then, it was full of day-dreams.

"Are you not dull sometimes?" said Roderick one day, when he came in a little earlier than usual, and found her sitting sewing by the fading October light, but with such a placid smile on her lips, such a silent bliss in her eyes.

"Dull? How could I be? I was only thinking."

"I have been thinking too; only I would not tell you till I was quite sure of myself," said he, as he sat down beside her. "Silence, I do really believe your husband is not such a goose as he seems. Black says so; and Black, though an oddity, is by no means a bad fellow."

Silence smiled. She had oftentimes battled against her husband's dislike to the honest man, whose roughness "rubbed him up the wrong way," as he said, even worse than Mrs. MacLagan. Now under the rough rind he had discovered the pleasant kernel. Things had evidently righted themselves.

"He objected to me strongly at first because I was a gentleman, which was as great a delusion in its way as my setting him down a boor because he wore a rough coat, and had manners to match. Now, we both understand one another better. I have been working with him at the mill for fourteen days, and what do you think is the result?"

He spoke with a buoyancy of tone and manner such as Silence had not seen in him for weeks.

"Something is going to happen—that is, if my wife does not object, which, being a very sensible woman, I don't think she will. I am actually going to earn my daily bread."

She turned round—her lips quivering.

"Now, don't begin to cry about it, Mrs. Jardine, my dear; it isn't breaking stones upon the road, or anything very dreadful; and the bread I shall earn will not be too luxurious—only two pounds a week—one hundred pounds a year, which is my precise

value just at present. Flattering!—but it is something. I am rather proud of my position as bread-winner—I, that never earned a halfpenny in all my days."

He spoke a little fast, and with a flushed cheek. She put her hand upon his and held it, with a soft firm hold.

"Tell me all."

"There is not very much to tell. You know how fond I always was of machinery—indeed, once I begged to be made an engineer, but my—they at home (he never named his mother now) thought the profession was not 'genteel' enough, and it is too late now, Black says. But he also says, as a mill-owner I might find my turn for mechanics extremely useful. I could watch, examine, perhaps even invent; indeed, during these two weeks I have made a suggestion or two which he is pleased to consider 'admirable.' 'Mr. Jardine,' he said to me this morning, 'if you were but a capitalist and could start a mill, or a working man, who required to earn your bread as overseer or foreman—you'd do.' And I startled him by telling him I was a working man, and I did require to earn my bread; and if he thought I deserved foreman's wages, I would take them gratefully, and— Why, Silence, my darling! Not crying?"

But she was, though she dried her tears at once. "Oh, Roderick! and this is done for me!"

"For you and——" he whispered, and then there was a long pause of speechless peace.

"I don't wish to make myself out a martyr, not the least in the world," said Roderick at last. "I like my work—I like all work, indeed, but this especially. And Black is by no means a bad fellow to work with when you only know him. There is that great difference in our ages which prevents jarring—and then, he has such a veneration for the family."

"Yes, that is it. But there, too, lies the difficulty. To be foreman at a cotton-mill! You, a gentleman and a Jardine! Have you considered?"

"It is because I am a gentleman and a Jardine, that I do not need to consider," he answered, with that slight air of hauteur which, whether it was right or wrong, his wife loved, could not help loving, for it was a bit of himself. "No, dear; in my worst, that is, my idlest days, I never was so foolish as to think there was any disgrace in work, any dignity in idleness; and now, when I have to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow, like old Adam and all the rest, down to poor

grandfather Paterson, I'll do it, and not be ashamed of it either."

"Nor I. Nothing that my husband did could make me ashamed of him, except his doing something wrong. But now——"

She stopped, her voice choking; and again, weak-minded little woman that she was, she cried—they both cried. Then they gathered up their courage for the new life which began the next Monday morning.

It might have been—possibly any person more worldly-wise than these young folks would have said it was—that this two pounds a week, so important to them, came out of the softest bit in old Black's heart, rather than his full and usually tightly-shut purse; seeing it would be some months before an ignorant "gentleman," however capable, could be equal in value to an experienced working-man, even as foreman at a mill. But they did not know this, and without another word both cheerfully accepted the new life which was to begin the next Monday morning.

The hardest bit of it was the long hours—the separation from the dusk of the morning till after nightfall. Sometimes Roderick came in so tired that, instead of talking, he would just throw himself down—not on the sofa, that he always left for her, but on the rug at her feet—and fall asleep till bedtime; while she, anxious to use her busy fingers to the last available minute, sewed silently, watching him the while. If he had seen that watch! Does a man ever thoroughly comprehend how a woman loves him?

But, the working days done, there were the blessed Sundays: he never knew how blessed, he said, till he became "a working man." Church over, his wife sent him to take a long stroll over the hills, while she gathered round her for an hour the little class of mill-girls, taught for so many years by Miss Jardine. Roderick sometimes grumbled at this, but she said gently, "We each do our work. I think this is mine: let me do it." And by the time he came to tea it was done, and the jealous fellow had his wife to himself for the whole evening.

Those sweet Sunday evenings, when "the rain was on the roof"—for winter set in early that year—how comfortable they were! The two, shut in together, had to learn the great secret, and go through the hardest test of married life—even such young married life as theirs—constant companionship; not love, not passion, scarcely even affection—for all these can sometimes exist without it, at least for a long time—but simple com-

panionship, that priceless friendship which is "love without his wings."

"Suppose you had been a goose, Silence," he said one day. "Suppose you had expected me to be always making love to you, instead of talking to you like a sensible woman: suppose you had not cared for the things I care for, but wanted something totally different—say dressing and dancing and going out of evenings—what in the world would have become of me?"

She laughed merrily. "And suppose you had been a man of the world, who liked good dinners and brilliant society, and was ashamed of his poor little wife because she was not clever——"

"Nonsense!"

"Not clever," she repeated, with a sweet decision, "after the fashion that is called clever; nor beautiful, nor grand; had brought him no money and given him no position—I don't speak often of this, but I know it all. Suppose, Roderick, you had been different from what you are; I wonder what would have become of me! No, no!" and her gaiety melted into an almost sad seriousness. "Whatever the future brings we have the present. Let us rejoice in it, and—let us thank God."

In his old life Roderick had seldom thought of this. Now, when every night he saw his wife kneel down by her bedside, he had come instinctively to kneel beside her, "saying his prayers" as the children do; or rather, since with her always near him there seemed nothing left to pray for, just whispering in his heart "Thank God!" As he did now—ay, and many a time in the day, in the midst of his work, which was not too pleasant sometimes. But it grew pleasant and easy when there flashed across him the vision of the sweet face at home—no longer the ideal mistress of his dreams, but the dear wife of his bosom, always at hand to lighten his burthens and divide his cares.

"Poor old Black!" he said one day—or rather night—when, after toiling, soaked through, up the steep brae, he sat down a few minutes after, dry and warm, by the bright fire, holding the little hands which had served him so lovingly. "Poor Black, whom I left in his large, handsome, empty house! I am quite sorry for all old bachelors."

"Thank you, dear."

"Though he told me once, in a confidential moment, that his life had been so hard he was often glad there had been no one to share it."

"He was mistaken."



"I think he was mistaken," Roderick said, pressing his lips on the smooth brow and bright brave eyes, that looked on life utterly without fear, so long as it was a life with love in it. "I cannot believe that any man is the weaker, but the stronger, for having a woman to help him. Only he must choose a woman who *can* help him—as I did."

"You are very conceited," she said gaily, and then clung to him passionately. "Two together; I can bear anything if we are two together. But if you had left me to go through my life alone——" A kind of shiver passed through her. "Some have to bear it, and do: Cousin Silence did. And I would have borne it too—I told you so once. I would have lived a busy, useful life. I would not have died. But oh!—the difference, the difference!"

"And oh! the difference to me!" he said, as he clasped her to his heart, and felt the peace and strength she gave him. And then, coming back to common things, he added, "Poor old Black! he has been just a trifle 'difficult' of late; he is not the best temper in the world, and he likes you so much, you perhaps might smooth him down. If I bring him home with me to-morrow, can you give us some supper, Mrs. Jardine?"

So, in the dusk of the next evening, the tall young fellow, handsome and strong, and the bent old figure with the brown wig and yellow gaiters, appeared at the front door, which the mistress always herself opened for her husband.

"I was going to introduce *the* visitor," said he, "for we never have any other: but look here! I feel like Robinson Crusoe when he saw the footmark on the shore. Wheels! horses' feet! Mrs. Jardine, you must have been entertaining a carriage and pair?"

"Two carriages and pairs! They have only just gone. And they were so very nice."

"The carriages?"

"No, the people. Such 'nice' people: is not that your English word—*gentil, agréable, charmant*?"

"She is going back to her French again—the renegade!"

"No, I am thoroughly Scotch now. Mr. Black knows it," said she, as with gentle, almost filial hands, she took off the old man's plaid and bonnet, and set him in the arm-chair, he submitting with astonishing meekness; but all old people, just as all children, loved and submitted to Silence.

"How bright your eyes look! Did your visitors talk French with you, my darling?"

"A little, for they had been a great deal

abroad. But they were so simple and kindly, not grand or over-dressed like"—she stopped.

"Like other friends of ours, whom being friends we will not criticize," said Roderick, with a kind of sad dignity. It had been a sore vexation to him that, except the Grier-sons, nearly all the Scotchwomen his wife had met were of the class of Mrs. MacLagan, that exaggeration of national qualities which people of one country constantly make the type of another. "But, my dear, who are your visitors? Mr. Black will be sure to know them."

"Ou, ay; but they would never condescend to know me," said the old man, fingering with a half-comical awe the cards on the table. "Sir John and Lady Symington, of Symington; Mr. and Mrs. MacAlister, of Castle Torre. I told you, sir,"—he always addressed Roderick out of business hours as "sir," and Silence as "madam"—"the gentry of the neighbourhood would soon be finding out that there were again Jardines at Blackhall. Besides, Sir John and your father were lads together, and MacAlister of Torre—he was a bit bairn then."

"Yes," said Silence, after a puzzled pause at the Scotch words, which when he forgot himself the old man continually brought in. "Yes, they told me so. They spoke of *him*—Roderick, you would have liked to hear how they spoke of your father. And they said they hoped we should be good neighbours and meet very often."

Roderick looked pleased—it is but human nature to enjoy being "respeckit like the lave"—but suddenly he clouded over. "Don't let us talk of this; it is impossible."

Silence was so astonished at the tone as well as the words that the natural, innocent "Why?" died on her lips. She turned away and began talking to Mr. Black of something else, asking no more questions, nor referring again to the visitors, who, Roderick saw with pain, had evidently charmed her and been a little brightness in the long, empty day.

He told her so, when the old man departed—after a rather dull two hours; for the master of the house was very silent, and when he did speak, there was once or twice the faintest shade of discontent in his tone, a sort of half apology for their simple *ménage* and frugal fare, of which Silence took no outward notice. She had given her guest the best she had—given it with a warm heart too, and a grateful—for Mr. Black had been very kind, and many a brace of grouse and bunch of grapes had found their way from the Mill-house to Blackhall.

"And I think he knows our ways, and does not expect us to requite him with turtle and venison," said the young hostess.

"Perhaps not; he knows the barrenness of the land," answered Roderick sharply—very sharply for him. "But other folks do not know and need not. Your magnificent visitors, for instance. I hope you did not let them penetrate beyond the drawing-room, or invite them to stay to tea, lest they might quote the famous lines—

'Love in a hut with water and a crust,  
Is—Love, forgive us!—cinders, ashes, dust.'

"I think you may well ask Love to forgive you, dear," Silence answered, not echoing the laugh, which was scarcely a merry laugh. "Yes, I offered them tea, for I liked them, and I wanted them to stay till you came home, thinking you would like them too. They did stay, as long as they possibly could, and we had a pleasant talk, and Janet was baking, so I gave them some hot scones, and——"

"What charming hospitality! It must have reminded them of Caleb Balderstone's. Why, my dear wife, we shall soon have to set up a Caleb Balderstone, since Blackhall has grown into a sort of Wolf's Hope. Silence, my darling"—taking her face between his hands and trying hard to curb his excessive irritation—"you are the sweetest and simplest of women; but—you must not invite people here again. Not people such as these. They would only go home and laugh at us. I don't care for myself: I can dine off porridge and salt—it would not harm me—but I cannot bear the world to know it. We must put the best on the outside."

She looked up, more than surprised—startled. Evidently there was something in the woman's nature—larger or smaller, who shall decide?—which could not understand the man's at all.

"Never mind, however, for this once. We'll hire a fly—a carriage and pair perhaps, in noble emulation—return these visits, and any others with which the 'gentry of the neighbourhood,' as old Black called them, may condescend to honour us—and so end it all. To keep up acquaintance with them is, as I said, simply impossible."

"Why impossible?"

"Can you not see? Birds of a feather *must* flock together—it is a natural law. These people are the 'magnates of the county,' and we the impoverished Jardines of Blackhall. Besides, did you tell them—it was just like you, my innocent one, to do

it—that I am also foreman of the cotton-mill?"

Again she looked at him, in quiet surprise. He seemed so very unlike himself. "If I had told them, would it have mattered very much?"

"Certainly not—to me. But I think it would to them. Dear, a man is always despised for being poor; and—I will not be despised. I can live upon bread and water, dress in fustian—or rags, if necessary: but my wife will prevent that," added he tenderly. "Only our poverty must not betray itself. If we appear in the world at all, it must be as Mr. and Mrs. Jardine of Blackhall. Whatever we suffer, let us 'die and make no sign.' Or, even to go a little further, let us imitate that very reserved gentleman of whom his valet said, 'Master's dead, sir—but he doesn't wish it to be generally known.'"

Silence did not laugh at the stale joke, which indicated a long under-current of bitter thought now welling up to the surface: but she attempted no remonstrance.

"My friend"—the old tender "mon ami"—"do not be angry with me. I liked these people because I thought you would like them too, and that a little society would be good for you; but since it cannot be——"

"Since it cannot be," he repeated decisively, "we will not trouble ourselves about it, or them. Doubtless our neighbours will trouble themselves very little about us—at least, as soon as they know all facts concerning us, which of course they very soon will. Never mind, my wife. Kiss me and be happy! We are happy, are we not? Let the world go its way—who cares?"

But it was evident he did care; and when after a week or two he found he had been mistaken, and people did "trouble themselves" about the young Jardines, inasmuch that by-and-by "everybody," either from friendliness, respect, or curiosity, had called at Blackhall—whether pleased or vexed, Roderick was certainly interested.

"Well, and who has been here to-day?" was always his first question on coming up from the mill; sometimes adding, with a bitter earnest underlying the jest, that he hoped she had told all her grand neighbours that her husband was "out at work," his work as foreman of the mill.

"Yes. I thought you wished everybody to know? It could not matter, you being a gentleman and a Jardine. You once said so."

"And I say so still, in my best moments;

but in my worst—— Well, I suppose we men are great cowards—moral cowards. No matter, I am glad the murder's out. You did it for the best, my wife: and it is the best, for they will never come again, depend upon it."

But, strange to say, they did; and at last it became absolutely necessary to return these friendly visits.

"I will beg a holiday from my master"—poor Roderick! he sometimes took a savage pleasure in the word. "We will hire the village fly, and go in state: appearing for once as respectable people—Mr. and Mrs. Jardine of Blackhall."

"I think we are respectable people," the wife answered; she had learned not to be hurt at these accidental bitternesses. "We are well-born, well-bred; we live in our own pretty house; we pay our debts; and we stint nobody—except ourselves, perhaps."

Herself, she might have said, for her husband, simple as he was in all his ways, wonderfully so, considering his up-bringing, never suspected how many domestic and personal sacrifices were necessary, that she might in a sense, though not the sense he had meant it, really "put the best on the outside" for him when he came home.

He was at home so little now, that the whole day's holiday—they two together—was quite a treat to look forward to. But when, instead of the village fly, which Mr. Black had offered to order for them, there came up his own well-appointed but rarely used carriage, with his compliments, and the horses had not been out for a week, would Mrs. Jardine oblige him by using them?—then Roderick's pride rose up at once.

"Make Mrs. Jardine's compliments to Mr. Black, and she regrets extremely that——"

A hand laid on his arm—a whisper which always fell on his jarring nerves like a soft finger-touch on a quivering harp-string.

"Dear, yesterday when I was thanking Mr. Black for all his kindness, he said—you know his quick, husky way of speaking—'Madam, you may have a hard life—I rather think you will—but I hope you will never know one hardship—to find yourself in your old age without one single human being whom you have a right to be kind to.'"

"Poor old fellow!" said Roderick, much moved. "My little Conscience! you are right. John, tell your master he is exceedingly kind, as he always is; and Mrs. Jardine will enjoy her drive extremely."

So she did—to an almost pathetic degree

—for it was weeks since she had been outside the garden-gate. And the whole world was so lovely that still November day—November, but bright as June—it often is so in Scotland—all the fading landscape looking as beautiful as an old face sometimes looks to eyes that loved it when it was young.

These two, sitting side by side and hand in hand, though they hid the latter fact under a kindly plaid from John the coachman—were young still; to them the dying year brought only a charming sadness. They were very happy, and all the happier, Roderick declared, because in their circuit of nearly twenty miles, owing to the rarely fine day, they found everybody "out" except one family—the Symingtons.

Sir John—a "fine old Scottish gentleman" of the last generation—with his old wife beside him, still keeping the remains of that delicate English beauty which had captured him fifty years ago, were, even Roderick owned, quite a picture. And they remembered his father; and they had known Cousin Silence. Their greeting was more than courteous—friendly; and their house, upon which, being childless, they had expended all they had to spend, was full of art treasures collected abroad, each with a history and an interest. The old couple seemed still to have the utmost enjoyment in life, and to have the faculty of making others enjoy life too.

"I knew you would like them," said Silence, when, having sent the carriage away, they walked home through the wood-path, which, Sir John carefully pointed out to them, made Symington only a quarter of an hour's distance from Blackhall.

"Yes, I like them. That is just the sort of house I should care to go to, if I could go. Lucky folk these Symingtons. They seem to have had everything heart can desire."

"Not quite. Did you see a miniature over Lady Symington's arm-chair? She saw me looking at it, and said—you should have heard the tone, quiet as she is—'That was our only son—my one child! He died at seven years old.' I think"—Silence continued softly—"if you do not mind, I should like now and then to go and see Lady Symington."

Her husband pressed her arm, and then said suddenly, "My innocent wife, what a happy way you have of taking everything!"

"It is because I am so happy."

"And I—yes, I ought to be happy too, God knows! But——"

She put her hand upon his lips. "God







"YOUNG MRS. JARDINE."

does know. And I know too. Many things are very hard for you to bear—much harder for you than for me. We will not speak of them, we will just bear them. We can bear them, I think, together.”

“Yes, my darling!”

And after that he made no more “misanthropic” speeches for the whole evening.

A week afterwards, coming back from meeting the postman, which he always did, though few letters ever came, and never those which, his wife could see, he missed and looked for still, Roderick threw down before her a heap of notes.

“It never rains but it pours. Evidently, as old Black says, the ‘hale countrie’ has fallen in love with young Mrs. Jardine. Four invitations to dinner and one to a dance—extending over three weeks and an area of fifteen square miles. To accept them would take half our quarterly income, in carriage-hire, &c.; and to return them, why, six Caleb Balderstones could scarcely accomplish that feat.”

She read and laid the notes aside, with a rather sad face.

“You would like to go? Well, then, my darling, shall we don our purple and fine linen—we have a few rags of splendour left—and fare sumptuously at our neighbours’ expense—for four days? We can starve afterwards for fourteen: I’m willing, if you are.”

“Roderick!”

“Else—we must get up some excuse—we must have a cough, and be unable to go out of evenings.”

“But I am able—they may see me at church every Sunday.”

“Most literal of women! Of course it is a ‘big lee’—as Black would call it. But any lie will do; the bigger the better, since we cannot possibly tell the truth.”

“Why not?”

The question was so direct and simple, yet so perfectly natural, that it staggered him. He laughed, though not very mirthfully, and made no reply.

“Why not tell the truth?” Silence repeated. “It would be much the easiest way. Why not say to everybody, what everybody must know, or will soon, that we are not rich enough to keep a carriage or give entertainments, but that we appreciate our neighbours’ kindness, and will be glad to meet them whenever chance allows. Shall I write and say this? Nobody could be offended, for it is just the simple truth. And surely the truth is better than even the whitest of lies.”

He had lived beside her and with her for a whole year now—this woman, so different from all other women he had ever known; and yet he seemed always to be finding out something new in her—some divine simplicity which made all his worldly wisdom useless; some innocent courage which put even his manliness to shame. But he was too truly manly not to own this.

“My darling,” he said, not laughing now, “I did not propose to tell a lie—not seriously. But the truth must be hid sometimes, when it is an unpleasant and humiliating truth. Come then, shall we make a great effort, and appear at all these fine houses *en grande tenue*, and in a carriage and pair (Black’s, perhaps, borrowed for the occasion), and ‘make believe,’ as the children say, that we are rich people?”

“Would not that be acting a lie, which comes to the same thing as telling it? Did not your father once say so? And you once told me that if”—she paused a moment—“if you had boys you would teach them exactly as your father taught you, that either to tell or act a lie was absolutely impossible to a gentleman and a Jardine!”

“You little Jesuit!”

“Don’t call me that!” and her eyes filled with the quick tears, which, however, she rarely allowed to fall—she was not a “crying” woman. “I cannot argue, I can only feel: and think. Dearest, I sit and think a great deal—more than in all my life before. I ought, you know—”

Her head dropped, and a sudden flush came over the sweet young face, firm through all its sweetness, much firmer than even a little while ago. Her brief eight months of married life had made a woman of her. And there were the long lonely hours—alone, yet not alone—when a wife, ever so young, cannot choose but sit thinking of what God is going to give her; of the mingled joy and fear, and solemn responsibility, stretching out into far generations. Well indeed may she say, even as the holy woman of whom it is recorded, “Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to thy word.”

Something of this—expressing what she never said—was written in Silence’s face. Her husband could not quite understand it—no man could; but he saw the soft tired look—tired, but not weak—there was nothing weak about her; and he put his arm round her very tenderly.

“My darling, speak; you know I will always listen to you, even though I may differ



from you. No two people can always think alike. But I wanted a wife, a counsellor; I did not want a slave."

She laughed; still she paused a little before answering. It was hard to go against him—hard to put into plain, ugly words the fact that she, a wife, dared to think her husband wrong. Dear as he was to her—this passionately loved Roderick—there was something in the other love, dimly dawning, growing daily into a mysterious yet most absolute reality, which made her at once clear-sighted and brave, with the courage that all women ought to have when they think of themselves, not as themselves, but as the mothers of the men that are to be.

"Roderick"—he was startled by the sweet solemnity of her tone—"this seems a smaller thing than it is. Whether we accept these invitations or not, matters little; but it does matter a great deal whether we begin our married life with truth or untruth; whether we meet the world with an utterly false face, or else a sullen face, rejecting all its kindness. Why not with a perfectly honest face, saying openly, 'We are poor; we know it, and it is not pleasant; but it is no disgrace; we are neither afraid nor ashamed'?"

"That might be all very well in Utopia; but here? Did you ever know anybody who did it?"

"Yes; my father and mother did it. Yours——"

Roderick hesitated. "Perhaps my father might, only——"

They were both silent.

"Think, dearest," she continued; "it is a question not merely for to-day or to-morrow, but for all our lives. We may be poor all our lives."

"God forbid!"

The hasty mutter, the gloomy look—they went to his wife's heart, and he could see they did; but still she never shrank.

"I, too, say 'God forbid!' for I know even better than you do, how hard poverty is. Oh, my Roderick! when I think of what I have cost you"—her voice faltered—"of all you have lost through me!"

"Lost—and gained."

"Yes, I will not lightly myself, nor underrate the woman you chose, who you thought would make you happy. And I *will* make you happy, even if we are not rich."

"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her," said he fondly. "But, come, this is great nonsense, and quite beside the question. What is the question, by-the-bye? for I am getting rather confused, and"—look-

ing at his watch—"I must be off to my work. Oh, what a comfort work is! Don't you perceive that I have been twice as happy, and therefore twice as good, since I was at the mill?"

She saw through the little loving ruse to save her pain; it made her feel doubly the pain she was giving—was obliged to give.

"You are always good"—taking his hand and kissing it—"and inexpressibly good to me, no matter how great a burthen I am."

"The heaviest burthen I ever had to carry, and the sweetest. But that is neither here nor there"—with a sudden change to seriousness, the serious, almost sad, look that sometimes came over him, showing how the youth had changed into a man, the man into a husband—truly a husband—*house-band*, the stay and support of the house. "Dear, we have chosen our lot; we cannot alter it; we would not if we could. It is not all bright; I know that; but we must not make it darker than it is. We must not look back."

"No."

"And for the future——"

Then her strength seemed to come into her—strength born of a "farther-looking hope" than even he could take in.

"It is of that future I think," she said. "We may be poor, as I said, all our lives. I hope not; but we may. Are we, and more than we, to make life one long struggle and deceit, by 'keeping up appearances,' or are we to face the worst, to appear exactly what we are, and trust the world to accept it as such? I believe it would—at least, the good half of it. For the others, why need we care?"

Gently as she spoke, it was with a certain resoluteness, and the hand which clasped her husband's felt firm as steel.

"For me," she went on, laying her hand on his shoulder and creeping close to him, "I am so proud, both for myself and you, that when these people invite me, I believe they really want me—me myself, and not my clothes or my carriage. And when they come and see me, I flatter myself it is really to visit me. And if I liked them, and felt them truly my friends, I would go and see them, and wish my husband to do the same, whether they were poor professeurs—like ours at Neuchâtel—or your English dukes and duchesses."

"Even if they said to us, as I have seen condescendingly affixed to church doors, 'Come in your working clothes;' for I am not even a professor; I am a working man."

"Certainly; but something else as well.



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Look in the glass ; you don't do it too often ! Could anybody mistake you for anything but a gentleman ? ”

Roderick laughed, colouring a little. “ My dove, you are growing a veritable serpent. Mistress Eve, you tempt your Adam on man's weakest point—vanity.”

“ No, you are proud, not vain. Do not be afraid ; I see all your faults clear as light.”

“ Thank you.”

“ As you mine, I hope ; because then we can try and cure both. Dear, we are like two little children sent to school together. We may have many a hard lesson to learn ; but we *will* learn them ; together.”

He was silent. As she had said, things were harder for him than for her. She recog-

nised this fully. You could have seen by her face that her heart bled for him, as people call it—that cruel “ bleeding inside,” which natures like hers so well understand ; but she did not compromise or yield one inch even to him, and he knew her well enough by this time to be quite certain she never would.

A weak man might have resented this, have taken refuge in that foolish “ I have said it, and I'll stick to it,” or kept up that obstinate assertion of masterdom which usually springs from an inward terror of slavery ; but Roderick was prone to neither of these absurdities. He had that truest strength which never fears to yield, if there is a rational need for yielding.

“ My wife,” he said at last, taking her

hand and looking up with some gravity, but not a shadow of anger, "what do you wish me to do?"

"Do richt and fear nocht,' as your motto—our motto—says. That is all."

"What is the right?"

"The simple truth. Say it, and act it."

"How?"

"Let us tell our neighbours that we are not rich enough for what is called 'society,' but that we feel their kindness, and will accept it, whenever we can. Occasionally we will go and visit them—Symington, for instance, is quite within a walk; and when they visit us"—she smiled—"I hope I shall be able to give them a little hospitality, without need of a Caleb Balderstone."

"My darling!"

"Do not be afraid of me"—she kissed him with a slightly quivering lip. "I may be young and foolish, but I know how to keep up my husband's dignity, and my own. Now, shall I write the notes, or you?"

"You," he said, and, plunging into a favourite book, referred to the matter no more.

At supper-time she laid before him silently a little bundle of letters, which he read, and then looked up with the brightest smile.

"What a comfort is a wife who can get one out of a difficulty! You have the prettiest way of putting things—French grace added to Scotch honesty. How do you manage it?"

"I don't know. I just say what I feel; but I try to say it as pleasantly as I can. Why not?"

"Why not indeed! Only so few do it." He looked at her, sitting at the head of his table—young, indeed, but with a sweet matronly dignity, added to her wonderful crystalline simplicity—looked at her with all his heart in his eyes. "People say that though a man's business success rests with himself, his social status depends upon his wife. I think, whether rich or poor, I may be quite sure of mine."

A glad light was in her eyes, but she made no answer, except just asking if the letters would do.

"Yes. But, little law-giver, I see you have accepted one invitation—the Symingtons'?"

"You do not object? You liked them? And they will have a house full of pleasant people for Christmas—Lady Symington told me so. It is not good for man to be alone—not even with his own wife, who is half himself, and therefore no variety. Besides, I

want you to see and be seen. I cannot bear you to hide your light under a bushel."

"Always me—nothing but me."

"It is always you—it ought to be," she cried with that rare passion less expressed than betrayed. "You think so little of yourself that it is right some one should think of you. Everybody will by-and-by."

"We shall see. Once I had ambitions for myself."

"And now I have ambitions for you. They can wait. We are young. We bide our time. Only we'll leave nothing undone. We'll watch the turn of the tide."

"And meanwhile we'll go to the Symingtons," said he with a smile. "You see, I let you have your own way."

"So you ought, if you think it is a right way. And I may send off these notes? You agree?"

"Yes. But," half jesting, half earnest, "suppose I had not agreed, what then? There is a little word in our English marriage service—it was not in the Swiss one, I think—'love, honour, and obey.'"

"The two former imply the latter; but if an English wife does not love or honour must she obey?"

"Would you obey?"

Silence paused a moment, and then answered softly, but very distinctly, "No. Neither God nor man could require it of me. One *must* both honour and love the man that one obeys, or obedience is impossible. If a wife sees her husband doing wrong she should try to prevent him; if he tells her to do wrong she should refuse, for God is higher than man, even though it be one's own husband. Roderick, you might 'cut me up in little pieces,' as the children say, but not even you could make me do what I felt I ought not to do, or hinder me from doing what I thought was right."

"My little rebel! No," snatching her to his bosom, "my little Conscience—the best conscience a man can have—a wife who is afraid of nothing and nobody; not even of himself."

"And you are not angry with me?"

"Angry?—because you spoke your mind; even though I thought one thing and you another?—as may happen many and many a time. My dearest, did I not tell you once I wanted a wife, not a slave? Time enough for you to turn slave when I turn tyrant. I may like to rule—most men do; and it is fair they should if they rule wisely, but I should despise myself if I attempted to tyrannise. Now, kiss me! Our discussion is over; our first quarrel ended."



"Not a quarrel—only a difference of opinion."

"In which each holds his own till satisfactorily convinced of the contrary."

"Or till both see that there may be a wisdom beyond both theirs, which is perhaps the best lesson one learns in marriage. Except one—my husband!"

And for the second time she took and kissed his hand, not in humiliation or repentance—what had she to repent of?—but

in that tender reverence, that entire trust without which obedience is a fiction and love an impossibility. Then, ceasing to talk, he put her on the sofa with her work-table beside her, and threw himself on the hearthrug at her feet, to "improve his mind," he said, and hers—by reading aloud. But, as often happened now, he was so tired that all these laudable intentions failed. He laid his head against his wife's lap, and fell fast asleep with the book in his hand.

## GLAD TIDINGS.

BY THE BISHOP OF TASMANIA.

### III.—RECONCILIATION.

2 Cor. v. 19.

IF we have accepted the great doctrine of the Fatherhood of God, we shall reach clearer views of the doctrine of the Atonement. Most men have from their childhood been taught too much to regard the Father as heathens regard their deities. They think them wrathful and vindictive, and that they need to be propitiated. There is nothing in the New Testament to support so injurious a representation of that great Being "in Whom we live and move and have our being." Its universal witness is "God is love," Who needed not to be reconciled, but is using all the blessings of nature, providence, and grace to reconcile His creatures to Himself. The word "reconciliation" is the same as "atonement." The way which His love has adopted to make us *at one* with Himself, who were by nature at variance, was the proclamation of a free, unconditional forgiveness, which it needs no money to buy, and no penances, no prayers, no faith, no sacraments, to earn. "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, *not imputing their trespasses unto them.*" The ten thousand talents are forgiven freely, unconditionally, from the simple impulse of Fatherly pity. Even the stammering confessions of the prodigal are smothered by the Father's embrace. That Father needs nothing more than the return of the sinner who is justified, set right, reconciled, made *at one*. The return necessarily implies on our part faith in the Father's love; and that Love, which never died, implies pardon, adoption, filial welcome.

That such reconciliation is only needed on our part, not on God's part, is taught us by Christ in the analogous case of an earthly

quarrel: "when thou bringest thy gift unto the altar, and there rememberest thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way; first be *reconciled* with thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." Christ here taught that the act of the injured party is to reconcile, and the act of the injurer is to be reconciled.

Let this cardinal thought sink deeply into your minds. Christ did not come to alter the mind of the Father to us, but to alter our mind to Him. "God is love," and never more fully disclosed His nature than when in the Divine Word He assumed our human sympathies, as "God manifest in the flesh." If pardon were all that men needed, and salvation were nothing more than a selfish sense of safety arising from it, as many religious men seem to think, the work of Christ becomes unnecessary. But salvation aims at something far higher than pardon; it seeks to dethrone the false idols of the heart, and to reconcile our alienated affections to His most holy Will, bringing them into harmony with the eternal laws that rule alike over matter and spirit. No abstract conception of an unknown God could do this; no assurance through the lips of a human messenger of a full forgiveness would do this. What we needed was the example of a God-like pity, "bearing our infirmities and carrying our sorrows." We needed the living example of a Divine patience and sympathy, the sight of which should cause us to cry, "behold! what manner of love!" Under the power of this love we love Him in return, and become holy in the sight of a holy God. For holiness is not the mere measure of our faith, and valuable only as an accidental evidence

of it, as if faith were the end and not the beginning of our spiritual life; but holiness is life, the state of a perfect child-like obedience, the imitation of Christ. It is the crowning act of salvation; it is the life of Christ *in us*. We are justified, not *on account of* our faith, though without faith it is clear that we never could draw upon that great Fund of pardon to which the Eternal Love has invited us. It is a great error to make salvation the mere selfish escape of a few from condemnation to whom God has given faith, and to make that faith the ground of claim, instead of the free and full mercy of the universal Father, Who giveth to *each* because He has provided for *all*. To invert the right order is as though the discoverer of a remedy for a prevailing epidemic went up and down the afflicted country descanting not upon the merits of his medicine, but of belief in them. So did Christ place faith in relation to salvation. He never held up faith as an object of worship. He made prominent the love of God for the whole world, and invited *each* to take his portion. "God so loved the *world* that . . . *whosoever* believeth," &c. When He would convert He *began* by making happy. The order laid down in the New Testament is the converse of that laid down by many modern teachers. That order was a proclamation of a free pardon, then a sense of such pardon, then happiness flowing from it, then holiness. His ultimate aim was *holiness*, and to make men holy He made them happy by awakening hope, and fanning the dying embers of self-respect, and driving away the dark demon of despair. It was so in His dealings with Zaccheus: "Come down, and I will dine with thee this day," publican and sinner though the world calls you; and Zaccheus at once answered the appeal, "If I have done any wrong to any man, I restore (*i.e.* henceforth) fourfold." It was so with the woman taken in adultery. His words, that blended cause and consequence, were these, "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more;" and once again, on a similar occasion, "To whom much is forgiven the same loveth much."

No one can read our modern theology without a fear that faith is exalted into the place of Christ. It is well known that Luther rejected an entire epistle of the New Testament because it made no mention of his favourite doctrine of justification by faith. Christ Himself gives no prominence to it in His great Sermon on the Mount, and when He does reprove the want of it, it is a distrust of God's providence and the teach-

ings of nature rather than what we mean by faith: "Will He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Sometimes faith in the Divine pity, as in the case of those who let down the palsied man through the roof, and in the case of Jairus, drew down blessings upon others. When the young ruler asked, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" he is not told "believe," for our Lord knew that then he might have deceived himself about some undefined feeling, as many do now, while he was still clinging to his master passion, the love of money; but it was, "Go, sell that thou hast; take up thy cross and follow Me." When the disciples said, "Lo, we have left all and followed Thee," there was no rebuke, nor was His answer one of warning, but of approval, "There is no man that hath left father or mother or wife or children for My sake and the Gospel's, but shall receive a hundredfold in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting."

Faith has its place, as we have seen, in the economy of grace, like prayer; but like prayer, it is nothing but the laying hold upon love. Christ is the great Physician. The disease He came to heal, rather than to punish, was the dethroning of God in the heart, and the setting up of self. It is ours to *ask* and to *trust* the great Physician, but to remember that neither our petitions nor our faith can heal the diseases of the soul. The love of God, shed abroad in our heart, is the only trustworthy sign of health, and until that is enjoyed all trust in prayer, in faith, in shibboleths are empty deceits and dangerous delusions. The modern doctrine, as it pervades popular tracts and addresses, practically says, "*Do* something, repent or believe or feel, and thou shalt be forgiven." The true way, which men are forgetting, is that taught in the Holy Scripture and witnessed in the Church's Creeds, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins," not as a future thing, withheld till we have repented or believed, but as a present fact, a *fait accompli*, a thing not to be done, but already done, for "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses." "Believest thou this?" If so, then thou hast claimed thy part in the inheritance of thy brethren; for what is the property of the world is thy property; what is left to the custody of Christ's Church is thine inheritance; what belongs to the family belongs to each. "My Father, Thou lovest me and forgivest *me*, because Thou lovest and forgivest *all men*!"

The part which we have attempted to

allot to faith is by no means so unimportant as may at first sight appear in a practical point of view. First, it draws away our hope in what we are ourselves, and places it in what God is in us. It establishes our feet, not upon the changeable, fluctuating, and ebbing state of our own emotions, but upon the rock of an eternal Love, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Without faith, indeed, it is impossible to please God, for it would be a virtual rejection of the "glad tidings." A man's faith does not win his pardon, but, though pardoned, he must be justified, placed at one with God and in tune with God's universe, by the instrumentality of faith. Before he recognised the pardon, and the love that procured it, he was indeed one of that world which God so loved as to give His Son to die for it; but till he believed in it he could not be justified, his conscience remained unpurged, he had no child-like confidence in God, and therefore he had no share in eternal life. In other words, he opened not his eyes to Him Who is the Light of the World. Once more: if faith be looked to as our ground of trust, how can a man be sure that he has either the right *kind* or the right *amount* of faith to secure his salvation? To make faith instead of Christ the ground of his hope is as mistaken as if a man were to trust to his prayers or his alms-deeds. No; eternal life is not given us as the return for faith, but "this is life eternal to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ Whom Thou hast sent."

"The Gospel is not," says a lay writer,\* "he that believeth shall be saved," but "be it known unto you, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins." Let the reader compare these two statements and judge

between them. If the first be true, then the Gospel is simply the offer of a premium for faith. If the second, then it is the manifestation of the unalterable love of God to man. In the first case the belief is that a promise has been made to *faith*, and therefore none can draw comfort from it, except those who *know they have the true faith*. In the second case the belief is that God forgives sinners, and through Christ announces this to them, and *this* belief will give comfort to all who know that they are sinners and desire deliverance from sin.

Do you object that the Incarnation and Cross of the Saviour are made of none effect by subordinating faith to the doctrine of God's spontaneous love? Nay, we needed the moral results of this Incarnate Love upon our human hearts. I answer the objection in the eloquent words of another: "If love be the very sign and essence of Deity, then in *that* act—the Incarnation—is God most essentially God, which expresses love in its most fathomless fulness. And where in all the eternities can a love be found like this? —a love which bowed itself from heaven to earth, which shrouded and limited itself in the dark prison of our mortal flesh, only to come nearer to the hearts of its yearning creatures? Where is God then so Divine as in this unspeakable humiliation? Thundering along the sky He is simply omnipotent power; moving in the music of the spheres, or in the quickening glow, the onward march of created life, He is still only beneficent wisdom. But in the cradle of Bethlehem and the darkness of Calvary He is illimitable love: love stooping to that infinite depth to reach its wanderers, love suffering that infinite sorrow to find and bring home again its lost."

\* Thomas Erskine of Linlathen.

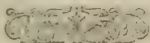
\* Lectures by the Bishop of Melbourne.

## BESIDE A LITTLE GRAVE.

"CALL no one happy till he dies," the old Athenian saying, has the stamp of truth; And oh! how many a bright and glowing youth, Lat with the morning's sunshine and its gold, As years swept on has darkened with the mould Of vice and bitterness and sin-brought care! How many a fond and tearful mother's prayer

Had been unuttered if she could have told His future life whom she sought God to spare! Nay, rather she had prayed he should lie cold In all the purity of childhood drest; And standing o'er my first-born's little grave I can but humbly murmur God knew best, Stainless He took the precious flower He gave.

WALTER C. SPENS.





## SCANDINAVIAN SKETCHES.

## II.—IN SWEDEN.

IT is not beautiful in Sweden, but it is very pretty; if everything were not so very much alike, it would be very pretty indeed. The whole country as far north as Upsala is like an exaggerated Surrey—little hills covered with fir-woods and bilberries, brilliant, glistening little lakes sleeping in sandy hollows, but all just like one another.

We turned aside in our way from Helsingborg to the north to visit the old university of Lund, the Oxford of Sweden, a sleepy city, where the students lead a separate life in lodgings of their own, only being united in the public lectures; for in Sweden, as in Italy, the taking of a degree only proves that the graduates have passed a certain number of examinations, not, as in England, that they have lived together for three years at least, forming their character and taste by mutual companionship and intimacy. The cathedral of Lund is a most noble Norman building, with giants and dwarfs sculptured against the pillars of its grand crypt, and a glorious arch-bishop's tomb, green and mossy with damp.

An immense railway journey, by day and night through the endless forests, brought us to Stockholm, where we arrived in the early morning. Though the town is little

beyond an ugly collection of featureless modern streets, the situation is quite exquisite, for the city occupies a succession of islets surrounding, on a central isle, the huge Palace built from stately designs of Count Tessin in the middle of the last century, and the old church of Riddarholmen, where Gustavus Adolphus and many other royal persons repose beneath the banner-hung arches.

It sounds odd, but, next to the Palace, the most imposing building in Stockholm is cer-

tainly the Grand Hotel Rydberg, which is most comfortable and economical, in spite of its palatial aspect. There is no table d'hôte, and everything is paid for at the time, in the excellent restaurant on the first floor of the hotel. Here, a side-table is always covered with dainties peculiarly Swedish, corn and birch brandy, and different kinds of potted fish, with fresh butter and olives, and it is the universal custom in Sweden to attack the side-table before sitting down to the regular dinner. The rooms in the hotel are excellent, and their front windows overlook all that is most characteristic in Stockholm—the glorious view down the fiord of the Baltic: its farther hilly bank covered with houses and churches; the bridge at the junction of the Baltic and Lake Malar, which is the centre of life in the capital, and the little pleasure-garden below, where hundreds of people are constantly eating and drinking under the trees, and whence strains of music are wafted late into the summer night; the

mighty palace dominating the principal island, and the little steam-gondolas filled with people, which dart and hiss through the waters from one island to another. In Stockholm, where waters are many and bridges few, these steam-



The Junction of Lake Malar and the Baltic, Stockholm.

gondolas are the chief means of communication, and we made great use of them, the passages costing twelve öere, or one penny. The great white sea-gulls, poising over the water-streets or floating upon the waves, are also a striking feature.

The museums of Stockholm have little to call for any especial notice, except a grand statue of the sleeping Endymion from the Villa Adriana, and the curious collection of royal clothes down to the present date, a gallery of costume like that which once

existed in London at the Tower Royal. The chief curiosity which the Swedish collection contains is the hat worn by Charles XII. when he was killed, in which the upward progress of the bullet can be traced, proving that the king's death was caused by an assassin, and not the result of a chance shot from the walls of Frederikshald. No especial features mark the interior of the Palace, though the Royal Stable for a hundred and forty-six horses is worthy of a visit; and the churches are uninteresting, except perhaps St. Nicholas, the coronation church, which contains the

helmet and spurs of St. Olaf, stolen from Throndtjem. Riddarholmen can scarcely be regarded as a church; it is rather a great sepulchral hall hung with trophies, having a few tombs on the floor of the building, and vaults opening under the side walls, in which the different groups of royal persons are buried together in families. Under a chapel on the left lies Gustavus Adolphus, the justly popular great-grandson of Gustavus Wasa, who fell at the battle of Lutzen, and who, as soldier, general, and king, ever knew true merit, and laboured for the glory of his country rather than for his own. In the opposite chapel repose the present royal family, descendants of Bernadotte, Prince of Pontecorvo, the only one of Napoleon's generals whose dynasty still occupy a throne. He began life as a common soldier, and his election as Charles XIV. of Sweden was chiefly due to the kindness with which he treated Swedish prisoners taken in the Pomeranian wars. But the Swedes have never had cause to repent of their choice, and their reigning house is probably the most popular in Europe. The coffins of those members of the royal family who have died within the memory of man are ever laden with fresh flowers.

Close by the Riddarholmen Church is the

most picturesque bit of street architecture in Stockholm, where a statue of Burger Jarl, the traditional founder of the town, forms a foreground to the chapel of Gustavus Adolphus and one of the many bridges.

In saying that Stockholm is not picturesque one may seem to have spoken dis-

paragingly, but, nevertheless, it is perfectly charming: there is so much life and movement upon its blue waters, and its many little public gardens give such a gay aspect to the buildings. Of these, the chief is the Kongsträdgården, surrounding a statue of Charles XIII., where the



Riddarholmen, Stockholm.

pleasant Café Blanche is filled all the evening with an animated crowd, gossiping and eating ices under the verandah and shrubberies, and listening to the music. While we were staying in Stockholm a hundred Upsala students came in their white caps to sing national melodies in the Catherina Church. We lived through two hours of fearful heat to hear them, and most beautiful it was. King Oscar II. was present—a noble royal figure and handsome face. He is the ideal sovereign of the age—artist, poet, musician, student, equally at home in ancient and modern languages, profoundly versed in all his duties, and nobly performing them.

We had intended going often, as the natives do, to dine amongst the trees and flowers at Hasselbacken, in the Djurgården, a wooded promontory, to which little steamers are always plying, but, alas! during eight of the ten July days we spent at Stockholm it rained incessantly. We were so cold that we were thankful for all the winter clothes we brought with us, and were filled with pity for the poor Swedes in being cheated out of their short summer, of which every day is precious. The streets were always sopping, but, in the covered gondolas, we managed several excursions to quiet, damp palaces on the banks of lonely fiords—Rosendal, remarkable for a

grand porphyry vase in a brilliant little flower garden; and Ulriksdal, with its clipped avenues and melancholy creek.

Our limited knowledge of Swedish often caused us to embark in amusing ignorance as to whither we were going, and led us into many a surprise. One day we set off, intending to go to Drottningholm, but, on reaching the quay, found the steamer just gone. At that moment such a fearful storm

of rain came on that we were obliged to rush for shelter wherever we could, and the nearest point of refuge was the deck of the steamer *Mary*, which instantly started. We feared we might be bound for the Baltic, and, failing to make any one understand us,

resolved to disembark at the first landing-place. But then the rain was worse than ever, and we allowed ourselves to be carried on down Lake Malar, till our boat turned into a little creek, and landed us on the pier of a manufacturing town. We had not reached the end of the pier, however, before the rain came on again in such convulsive torrents that we fled back to the *Mary*, which again started on its travels, and this time, after stopping at many little ports, conveyed us back to Stockholm. When we asked the captain what we were to pay for our voyage, he said, "Oh, nothing," and very much amused he and his crew seemed to be by our ignorance and adventures.

We had a fine day for our excursion by

railway to Upsala, whence we hired a little carriage to take us on to Old Upsala, about three miles distant. A drive across a dull, marshy plain brings one to a delightfully wild district of downs, covered with hundreds of little sepulchral mounds like Wiltshire barrows, amid which three great tumuli, standing close together, are said to mark the graves of Odin, Thor, and Freya—heroes in their lifetime, gods in their death. Close beside

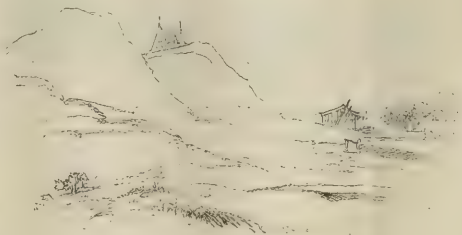
them for centuries rose the temple which was the most sacred shrine of Scandinavian worship. It glittered all over with gold, and a golden chain, nine hundred ells in circumference, ran round its roof. In the temple were three statues, around which hovered all the principal

mythological traditions of the north. The central figure was that of Odin or Wodan, the wizard-king, who is said to have come in the dawn of Swedish history from his domains of Asir, which extended from the Euxine to the Caspian, and whose capital was Asgard. He landed in Funen, where

he founded Odense, and left his son Skjöld as a sovereign. Thence he passed into Sweden, and established his government at Sigtuna, not far from Upsala. His existence is affirmed by the Saxon Chronicle. He was called "the Father of Victory," for if he laid his hands on the heads of his generals, and predicted their success when they went out to battle, that success never failed them. He was also, says Snorro



The Church of Old Upsala.



The Graves of the Gods.



Sturlesen, "the Father of all the arts of modern Europe." Tradition has endowed him with every miraculous power. He could change his looks at pleasure—to his friends most beautiful, but a demon to his enemies. By his eloquence he captivated all who heard him, and as he always spoke in verse, he was called "the Artificer of Song." His verses were endowed with such magic power that they could strike his enemies with blindness or deafness, or could blunt their weapons. To listen to the sweetness of his music even the ghosts would come forth and the mountains would unfold their inmost recesses. He was the inventor of Runic characters. He could slaughter thousands at a blow, and he could render his own followers invulnerable. At his will he could assume the form of beasts; at his word the fire would cease to burn, the wind to blow, or the sea to rage. If he hurled his spear between two armies, it secured victory to those on whose side it fell. The dwarfs (Lapps) had built for him a ship called *Skidbladner*, in which he could cross

the most dangerous seas with safety; but, when he did not want to use it, he could fold it up like a handkerchief. Everything was known to Odin, for did he not possess the mummified head of his enemy Mimir, which was all-wise, and he had only to consult it? Yet with all these gifts and attributes, Odin remained human; he had no power over death. When he felt his end approaching he assembled all his friends and followers, and giving himself nine wounds in a circle, allowed himself to bleed to death. The body of the great chieftain was burnt, and his ashes were buried under the mound of Upsala; but his spirit was believed to have gone back to the marvellous home in the Valhalla of Asgard, of which he had so often spoken, and whither he had always said that he should return. Henceforward it was

considered that all blessings and mercies were gifts sent by Odin. The younger Edda tells that all who die in battle are Odin's adopted children. The Valkyrie pick them out upon the battle-field and conduct them to the Valhalla, where they have perpetual life in the halls of Odin. Their days are spent in hunting or the joys of imaginary combats, and they return at night to feast upon the inexhaustible flesh of the boar Sahrinnir, and to drink, out of horn cups, the mead formed from the milk of a single goat, which is strong enough nightly to intoxicate all the heroes. Huge logs constantly burn within the palace of Odin, for warmth is the northern idea of heaven, while in their "hel" it is eternal winter. When a Scandinavian chieftain died in battle, not

only were his war-horse and all his gold and silver placed upon his funeral pyre, but all his followers slew themselves that he might enter the halls of Odin properly attended. The more glorious the chieftain the greater the number who must accompany him to Valhalla. To



Gripsholm.

rejoin Odin in Asgard became the height of a warrior's ambition. It is recorded of Ragnar Lodbrok that when he was dying no word of lamentation was heard from him; on the contrary, he was transported with joy as he thought of the feast preparing for him in Odin's palace. "Soon," soon," he exclaimed, "I shall be seated in the splendid habitation of the gods, and drinking mead out of carved horns! A brave man does not dread death, and I shall utter no word of fear as I enter the halls of Odin." But stranger than all the legends concerning Odin is the fact that his memory is still so far fresh, that "Go to Odin" is yet used by the common people where an uncivil wish as to the lower regions would find expression in England. The fourth day of the week still commemorates

Odin or Wodan—in old Norse Odinsdgr, in Swedish and Danish Onsdag, in English Wednesday.

On the right hand of Odin, in the temple of Upsala, sate the statue of Freyja, or Freyer, represented as a hermaphrodite, with the attributes of productiveness. Freyja was the goddess of love, who rode in a car drawn by wild cats. She knew beforehand all that would happen, and divided the souls of the dead with Odin. She is commemorated in the sixth day of the week, that Freytag or Freyja's Day, which in Latin is Dies Veneris, or Venus' Day.

On the left of Odin sate Thor, who, says the Edda, was "the most valiant of the sons of Odin." He was the offspring of Odin and Frigga, "the mother of the gods," and the brother of "Balder the Beautiful." As the defender and avenger of the gods, he was represented as carrying the hammer with which he destroyed the giants, and which always returned to his hand when he threw it. He wore iron gauntlets and had a girdle which doubled his strength when he put it on. The fifth day of the week was sacred to Thor, in old Norse Thórsdag, in Swedish and Danish Torsdag, in English Thursday; in Latin Dies Jovis, for Jupiter, the God of Thunder, had the same attributes as Thor.

There were three great festivals at Upsala, when multitudes flocked to the temple to consult its famous oracles or to sacrifice. The first was the winter festival of "Mother Night"—saturnalia in honour of Frey, or the sun, to invoke the blessings of a fruitful year; the second feast was in honour of the Earth; the third was in honour of Odin, to propitiate the Father of Battles. Every ninth year, at least, the king and all persons of distinction were expected to appear before the great temple, and nine victims were chosen for human sacrifice—captives in time of war, slaves in time of peace—"I send thee to Odin" being the consolatory last words spoken to each as he fell. If public calamities had been caused by any royal mismanagement, the people chose their king as a sacrifice; thus the first king of the petty province of Vermeland was burnt, to appease Odin during a famine. It is also recorded that King Aun sacrificed his nine sons to obtain a prolongation of his own life. The victims were either hewn down or burnt in the temple itself, or hung in the grove adjoining—"Odin's Grove"—of which every leaf was sacred. Still, according to the Voluspa, the famous prophecy of Vela, at the

end of the world even Odin, with all the other pagan deities, will perish in the general chaos, when a new earth of celestial beauty will arise upon the ruins of the old.

One of the most curious little churches in Christendom now stands upon the site of the ancient temple. The apse is evidently built out of the pagan sanctuary. The belfry, Swedish-fashion, is detached, built of massive timbers and painted bright red. There are scarcely any human habitations near, only the mighty barrows, overgrown with wild thyme and a thousand other flowers, which rise over the graves of the gods. In the tomb of Odin the Government still gives the mead, which was the nectar of Scandinavian heroes, to pilgrim visitors.

Like most of the Swedish towns, Upsala is disappointing, and its mean ill-paved streets show few signs of antiquity. At the east end of the cathedral is the lofty tomb of Gustavus Wasa, the first Protestant King of Sweden, whose effigy lies between the charming figures of his two pretty little wives. In 1519 he was carried off as a hostage by that Christian, King of Denmark, who forcibly made himself King of Sweden also, and ruled with savage tyranny. Escaping to Lubeck, he headed a revolutionary party against the tyrant, and, after many defeats, succeeded in taking Stockholm, where he was made King in 1523. Soon after, Olaf Petri's translation of the New Testament led to the Reformation in Sweden, where Gustavus Wasa was another Henry VIII., in taking the opportunity of seizing two-thirds of the Church revenues, and depriving all ecclesiastics of their incomes if they refused to embrace Lutheranism. One of his daughters-in-law was the famous Polish princess, Queen Catherine Jagellonica, who tried hard to upset the new religion, and inculcated Catholicism upon her son, King Sigismund, who was deposed, on religious grounds, in favour of his uncle, Charles IX., the father of Gustavus Adolphus. This Queen Catherine Jagellonica has a fine tomb in a side chapel of Upsala Cathedral.

On a brilliant July morning we embarked at Stockholm in the steamer which runs twice a week down Lake Malar to Gripsholm. Most lovely were the long reaches of still water with their fringe of russet rocks, every crevice tufted with birch and dwarf mountain ash, opening here and there to show some red timber houses or a wooden spire. It was several hours of soft diorama, with the music of the pines, before the great castle of Gripsholm, the Windsor of Sweden, came in sight, with its many red towers and Eastern-looking

domes and cupolas. We were landed at the little pier of Mariefred, in itself a lovely scene, with old trees feathering into the water, and a picturesque church rising in a grove of walnuts on a green hill behind. Hard by is a little inn where the whole of the passengers in the steamer dined together, at many little tables, the great staple of food being fresh trout and salmon of the lake, the bilberries and cloudberrries of the rocks, and the birch brandy and wild strawberries from the woods. After dinner every one trooped along the meadow paths to the castle, and rambled in friendly companionship over its numerous rooms, full of interest, and with many curious royal portraits and pieces of ancient furniture. There are endless historic recollections connected with Gripsholm, but they centre for

the most part around the sons of Gustavus Wasa. Of these, John was immured here by Eric XIV., with his wife Catherine Jagellonica, who, during her imprisonment, gave birth to her son Sigismund, in a box-bed which still remains. Eric intended to have put his brother to death, but when he entered his cell for the purpose, was so overcome by fraternal feeling, that he begged his pardon instead. That pardon was not granted, for when John got the upper hand, he imprisoned Eric in a small chamber at the top of the castle, where he languished for ten years, during which he wrote a treatise on military art, and translated the history of Johannes Magnus, and where—in the end—he was poisoned.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

## A WALK IN A WOOD.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

THE most difficult thing that a man has to do is to think. There are many who can never bring themselves really to think at all, but do whatever thinking is done by them in a chance fashion, with no effort, using the faculty which the Lord has given them because they cannot, as it were, help themselves. To think is essential, all will agree. That it is difficult most will acknowledge who have tried it. If it can be compassed so as to become pleasant, brisk, and exciting as well as salutary, much will have been accomplished. My purpose here is to describe how this operation, always so difficult, often so repugnant to us, becomes easier out among the woods, with the birds and the air and the leaves and the branches around us, than in the seclusion of any closet.

But I have nothing to show for it beyond my own experience, and no performances of thought to boast of beyond the construction of combinations in fiction, countless and unimportant as the sand on the sea-shore. For in these operations of thinking it is not often the entire plot of a novel,—the plot of a novel as a whole,—that exercises the mind. That is a huge difficulty;—one so arduous as to have been generally found by me altogether beyond my power of accomplishment. Efforts are made no doubt,—always out in the open air, and within the precincts of a wood if a wood be within reach; but to construct a plot so as to know, before the story is begun, how it is to end, has always been to me a labour of Hercules beyond my reach. I

have to confess that my incidents are fabricated to fit my story as it goes on, and not my story to fit my incidents. I wrote a novel once in which a lady forged a will; but I had not myself decided that she had forged it till the chapter before that in which she confesses her guilt. In another a lady is made to steal her own diamonds,—a grand tour-de-force, as I thought,—but the brilliant idea only struck me when I was writing the page in which the theft is described. I once heard an unknown critic abuse my workmanship because a certain lady had been made to appear too frequently in my pages. I went home and killed her immediately. I say this to show that the process of thinking to which I am alluding has not generally been applied to any great effort of construction. It has expended itself on the minute ramifications of tale-telling;—how this young lady should be made to behave herself with that young gentleman;—how this mother or that father would be affected by the ill conduct or the good of a son or a daughter;—how these words or those other would be most appropriate and true to nature if used on some special occasion. Such plottings as these, with a fabricator of fiction, are infinite in number as they are infinitesimal in importance,—and are therefore, as I have said, like the sand of the sea-shore. But not one of them can be done fitly without thinking. My little effort will miss its wished-for result, unless I be true to nature; and to be true to nature I must think what



nature would produce. Where shall I go to find my thoughts with the greatest ease and most perfect freedom?

Bad noises, bad air, bad smells, bad light, an inconvenient attitude, ugly surroundings, little misfortunes that have lately been endured, little misfortunes that are soon to come, hunger and thirst, overeating and overdrinking, want of sleep or too much of it, a tight boot, a starched collar, are all inimical to thinking. I do not name bodily ailments. The feeling of heroism which is created by the magnanimity of overcoming great evils will sometimes make thinking easy. It is not the sorrows but the annoyances of life which impede. Were I told that the bank had broken in which my little all was kept for me I could sit down and write my love story with almost a sublimated vision of love; but to discover that I had given half a sovereign instead of sixpence to a cabman would render a great effort necessary before I could find the fitting words for a lover. These little lacerations of the spirit, not the deep wounds, make the difficulty. Of all the nuisances named noises are the worst. I know a hero who can write his leading article for a newspaper in a club smoking-room while all the chaff of all the Joneses and all the Smiths is sounding in his ears;—but he is a hero because he can do it. To think with a barrel organ within hearing is heroic. For myself I own that a brass band altogether incapacitates me. No sooner does the first note of the opening burst reach my ear than I start up, fling down my pen, and cast my thoughts disregarded into the abyss of some chaos which is always there ready to receive them. Ah, how terrible, often how vain, is the work of fishing, to get them out again! Here, in our quiet square, the beneficent police have done wonders for our tranquillity,—not, however, without creating for me personally a separate trouble in having to encounter the stern reproaches of the middle-aged leader of the band when he asks me in mingled German and English accents whether I do not think that he too as well as I,—he with all his comrades, and then he points to the nine stalwart, well-cropped, silent and sorrowing Teutons around him,—whether he and they should not be allowed to earn their bread as well as I. I cannot argue the matter with him. I cannot make him understand that in earning my own bread I am a nuisance to no one. I can only assure him that I am resolute, being anxious to avoid the gloom which was cast over the declining years of one old philosopher. I do feel, however, that this com-

parative peace within the heart of a huge city is purchased at the cost of many tears. When, as I walk abroad, I see in some small crowded street the ill-shod feet of little children spinning round in the perfect rhythm of a dance, two little tots each holding the other by their ragged duds while an Italian boy grinds at his big box, each footfall true to its time, I say to myself that a novelist's schemes, or even a philosopher's figures, may be purchased too dearly by the silencing of the music of the poor.

Whither shall a man take himself to avoid these evils, so that he may do his thinking in peace,—in silence if it may be possible? And yet it is not silence that is altogether necessary. The wood-cutter's axe never stopped a man's thought, nor the wind through the branches, nor the flowing of water, nor the singing of birds, nor the distant tingling of a chapel bell. Even the roaring of the sea and the loud splashing of the waves among the rocks do not impede the mind. No sounds coming from water have the effect of harassing. But yet the sea-shore has its disadvantages. The sun overhead is hot or the wind is strong,—or the very heaviness of the sand creates labour and distraction. A high road is ugly, dusty, and too near akin to the business of the world. You may calculate your five per cents. and your six per cents. with precision as you tramp along a high road. They have a weight of material interest which rises above dust. But if your mind flies beyond this;—if it attempts to deal with humour, pathos, irony, or scorn, you should take it away from the well-constructed walks of life. I have always found it impossible to utilise railroads for delicate thinking. A great philosopher once cautioned me against reading in railway carriages. "Sit still," said he, "and label your thoughts." But he was a man who had stayed much at home himself. Other men's thoughts I can digest when I am carried along at the rate of thirty miles an hour; but not my own.

Any carriage is an indifferent vehicle for thinking, even though the cushions be plump, and the road gracious,—not rough nor dusty,—and the horses going at their ease. There is a feeling attached to the carriage that it is there for a special purpose,—as though to carry one to a fixed destination; and that purpose, hidden perhaps but still inherent, clogs the mind. The end is coming, and the sooner it is reached the better. So at any rate thinks the driver. If you have been born to a carriage, and carried about listlessly

from your childhood upwards, then, perhaps, you may use it for free mental exercise; but you must have been coaching it from your babyhood to make it thus effective.

On horseback something may be done. You may construct your villain or your buffoon as you are going across country. All the noise of an assize court or the low rattle of a gambling table may thus be arranged. Standing by the covert side I myself have made a dozen little plots, and were I to go back to the tales I could describe each point at the covert side at which the incident or the character was moulded and brought into shape. But this, too, is only good for rough work. Solitude is necessary for the task we have in hand; and the bobbing up and down of the horse's head is antagonistic to solitude.

I have found that I can best command my thoughts on foot, and can do so with the most perfect mastery when wandering through a wood. To be alone is of course essential. Companionship requires conversation,—for which indeed the spot is most fit; but conversation is not now the object in view. I have found it best even to reject the society of a dog, who, if he be a dog of manners, will make some attempt at talking. And though he should be silent the sight of him provokes words and caresses and sport. It is best to be away from cottages, away from children, away as far as may be from other chance wanderers. So much easier is it to speak than to think that any slightest temptation suffices to carry away the idler from the harder to the lighter work. An old woman with a bundle of sticks becomes an agreeable companion, or a little girl picking wild fruit. Even when quite alone, when all the surroundings seem to be fitted for thought, the thinker will still find a difficulty in thinking. It is not that the mind is inactive, but that it will run exactly whither it is not bidden to go. With subtle ingenuity it will find for itself little easy tasks instead of settling itself down on that which it is its duty to do at once. With me, I own, it is so weak as to fly back to things already done,—which require no more thinking, which are perhaps unworthy of a place even in the memory,—and to revel in the ease of contemplating that which has been accomplished rather than to struggle for further performance. My eyes which should become moist with the troubles of the embryo heroine, shed tears as they call to mind the early sorrow of Mr. ———, who was married and made happy many years ago. Then,—when

it comes to this,—a great effort becomes necessary, or that day will for him have no results. It is so easy to lose an hour in maundering over the past, and to waste the good things which have been provided in remembering instead of creating!

But a word about the nature of the wood! It is not always easy to find a wood, and sometimes when you have got it, it is but a muddy, flashy, rough-hewn congregation of ill-grown trees,—a thicket rather than a wood,—in which even contemplation is difficult and thinking is out of the question. He who has devoted himself to wandering in woods will know at the first glance whether the place will suit his purpose. A crowded undergrowth of hazel, thorn, birch, and alder, with merely a track through it, will by no means serve the occasion. The trees around you should be big and noble. There should be grass at your feet. There should be space for the felled or fallen princes of the forest. A roadway, with the sign of wheels that have passed long since, will be an advantage, so long as the branches above head shall meet or seem to meet each other. I will not say that the ground should not be level, lest by creating difficulties I shall seem to show that the fitting spot may be too difficult to be found; but, no doubt, it will be an assistance in the work to be done if occasionally you can look down on the tops of the trees as you descend, and again look up to them as with increasing height they rise high above your head. And it should be a wood,—perhaps a forest,—rather than a skirting of timber. You should feel that, if not lost, you are lose-able. To have trees around you is not enough unless you have many. You must have a feeling as of Adam in the garden. There must be a confirmed assurance in your mind that you have got out of the conventional into the natural,—which will not establish itself unless there be a consciousness of distance between you and the next ploughed field. If possible you should not know the East from the West, or, if so, only by the setting of the sun. You should recognise the direction in which you must return simply by the fall of water.

But where shall the wood be found? Such woodlands there are still in England, though, alas, they are becoming rarer every year. Profit from the timber-merchant or dealer in firewood is looked to, or else, as is more probable, drives are cut broad and straight, like spokes of a wheel radiating to a nave or centre, good only for the purposes of the slayer of multitudinous pheasants. I will not

say that a wood prepared, not as the home but the slaughter-ground of game, is altogether inefficient for our purpose. I have used such even when the sound of the guns has been near enough to warn me to turn my steps to the right or to the left. The scents are pleasant even in winter, the trees are there, and sometimes even yet the delightful feeling may be encountered that the track on which you are walking leads to some far off vague destination, in reaching which there may be much of delight because it will be new,—something also of peril because it will be distant. But the wood if possible should seem to be purposeless. It should have no evident consciousness of being there either for game or fagots. The felled trunk on which you sit should seem to have been selected for some accidental purpose of house-building, as though a neighbour had searched for what was wanting and had found it. No idea should be engendered that it was let out at so much an acre to a contractor who would cut the trees in order and sell them in the next market. The mind should conceive that this wood never had been planted by hands, but had come there from the direct beneficence of the Creator,—as the first woods did come,—before man had been taught to recreate them systematically, and as some still remain to us, so much more lovely in their wildness than when reduced to rows and quincunxes, and made to accommodate themselves to laws of economy and order.

England, dear England,—and certainly with England Scotland also,—has advanced almost too far for this. There are still woods, but they are so divided, and marked, and known, so apportioned out among gamekeepers, park rangers, and other custodians, that there is but little left of wildness in them. It is too probable that the stray wanderer may be asked his purpose; and if so, how will it be with him if he shall answer to the custodian that he has come thither only for the purpose of thinking? "But it's here my lord turns out his young pheasants!" "Not a feather from the wing of one of them shall be the worse for me," answers the thinker. "I dun-na know," says the civil custodian; "but it's here my lord turns out his young pheasants." It is then explained that the stile into the field is but a few yards off,—for our woodland distances are seldom very great,—and the thinker knows that he must go and think elsewhere. Then his work for that day will be over with him. There are woods, however, which may with more or less of difficulty be utilised. In Cumberland

and Westmoreland strangers are so rife that you will hardly be admitted beyond the paths recognised for tourists. You may succeed on the sly, and if so the sense of danger adds something to the intensity of your thought. In Northamptonshire, where John the planter lived, there are miles of woodland,—but they consist of avenues rather than of trees. Here you are admitted and may trespass, but still with a feeling that game is the lord of all. In Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex the gamekeepers will meet you at every turn,—or rather at every angle, for turns there are none. The woods have been all re-fashioned with measuring rod and tape. Two lines crossing each other, making what they call in Essex a four-want way, has no special offence, though if they be quite rectangular they tell something too plainly of human regularity; but four lines thus converging and radiating, displaying the brazen-faced ingenuity of an artificer, are altogether destructive of fancy. In Devonshire there are still some sweet woodland nooks, shaws, and holts, and pleasant spinneys, through which clear water brooks run, and the birds sing sweetly, and the primroses bloom early, and the red earth pressing up here and there gives a glow of colour,—and the gamekeeper does not seem quite as yet to dominate everything. Here, perhaps, in all fair England the solitary thinker may have his fairest welcome.

But though England be dear, there are other countries not so small, not so crowded, in which every inch of space has not been made so available either for profit or for pleasure, in which the woodland rambler may have a better chance of solitude amidst the unarranged things of nature. They who have written and they who have read about Australia say little and hear little as to its charm of landscape, but here the primeval forests running for uninterrupted miles, with undulating land and broken timber, with ways open everywhere through the leafy wilderness, where loneliness is certain till it be interrupted by the kangaroo, and where the silence is only broken by the noises of quaint birds high above your head, offer all that is wanted by him whose business it is to build his castles carefully in the air. Here he may roam at will and be interrupted by no fence, feel no limits, be wounded by no art, and have no sense of aught around him but the forest, the air, and the ground. Here too he may lose himself in truth till he shall think it well if he come upon a track leading to a shepherd's hut.



But the woods of Australia, New Zealand, California, or South Africa are too far afield for the thinker for whom I am writing. If he is to take himself out of England it must be somewhere among the forests of Europe. France has still her woodlands;—though for these let him go somewhat far afield, nor trust himself to the bosky dells through which Parisian taste will show him the way by innumerable finger posts. In the Pyrenees he may satisfy himself, or on the sides of Jura. The chesnut groves of Lucca, and the oak woods of Tuscany are delightful, where the autumnal leaves of Vallombrosa lie thick,—only let him not trust himself to the mid-day sun. In Belgium, as far as I know it, the woods are of recent growth, and smack of profitable production. But in Switzerland there are pure forests still, standing or appearing to stand as nature caused them to grow, and here the poet or the novelist may wander and find all as he would have it. Or, better still, let him seek the dark shadows of the Black Forest, and there wander, fancy free,—if that indeed can be freedom which demands a bondage of its own.

Were I to choose the world all round I should take certain districts in the Duchy of Baden as the hunting ground for my thoughts. The reader will probably know of the Black Forest that it is not continual wood. Nor, indeed, are the masses of timber, generally growing on the mountain sides, or high among the broad valleys, or on the upland plateaux, very large. They are interspersed by pleasant meadows and occasional corn-fields, so that the wanderer does not wander on among them, as he does, perhaps hopelessly, in Australia. But as the pastures are interspersed through the forest, so is the forest through the pastures; and when you shall have come to the limit of this wood, it is only to be lured on into the confines of the next. You go upwards among the ashes and beeches, and oaks, till you reach the towering pines. Oaks have the pride of magnificence; the smooth beech with its nuts thick upon it is a tree laden with tenderness; the sober ash has a savour of solitude, and of truth; the birch with its may-day finery springing thick about it boasts the brightest green which nature has produced; the elm,—the useless elm,—savours of decorum and propriety; but for sentiment, for feeling, for grandeur, and for awe, give me the forest of pines. It is when they are round me that, if ever, I can use my mind aright and bring it to the work which is required of it. There is a scent from them

which reaches my brain and soothes it. There is a murmur among their branches, best heard when the moving breath of heaven just stirs the air, which reminds me of my duty without disturbing me. The crinkling fibres of their blossom are pleasant to my feet as I walk over them. And the colours which they produce are at the same time sombre and lovely, never paining the eye and never exciting it. If I can find myself here of an afternoon when there shall be another two hours for me, safe before the sun shall set, with my stick in my hand, and my story half-conceived in my mind, with some blotch of a character or two, just daubed out roughly on the canvas, then if ever I can go to work, and decide how he, and she, and they shall do their work.

They will not come at once, those thoughts which are so anxiously expected,—and in the process of coming they are apt to be troublesome, full of tricks, and almost traitorous. They must be imprisoned, or bound with thongs, when they come, as was Proteus when Ulysses caught him amidst his sea-calves,—as was done with some of the fairies of old, who would, indeed, do their beneficent work, but only under compulsion. It may be that your spirit should on an occasion be as obedient as Ariel, but that will not be often. He will run backwards,—as it were downhill,—because it is so easy, instead of upward and onward. He will turn to the right and to the left, making a show of doing fine work, only not the work that is demanded of him that day. He will skip hither and thither, with pleasant bright gambols, but will not put his shoulder to the wheel, his neck to the collar, his hand to the plough. Has my reader ever driven a pig to market? The pig will travel on freely, but will always take the wrong turning, and then when stopped for the tenth time, will head backwards, and try to run between your legs. So it is with the tricky Ariel,—that Ariel which every man owns, though so many of us fail to use him for much purpose, which but few of us have subjected to such discipline as Prospero had used before he had brought his servant to do his bidding at the slightest word.

It is right that a servant should do his master's bidding; and, with judicious discipline, he will do it. The great thinkers, no doubt, are they who have made their servant perfect in obedience, and quick at a moment's notice for all work. To them no adjuncts of circumstances are necessary. Solitude, silence, and beauty of surroundings are unnecessary. Such a one can bid his

mind go work, and the task shall be done, whether in town or country, whether amid green fields, or congregated books, or crowded assemblies. Such a master no doubt was Prospero. Such were Homer, and Cicero, and Dante. Such were Bacon and Shakespeare. They had so tamed, and trained, and taught their Ariels that each, at a moment's notice, would put a girdle round the earth. With us, though the attendant Spirit will come at last and do something at our bidding, it is but driving an unwilling pig to market.

But at last I feel that I have him,—perhaps by the tail, as the Irishman drives his pig. When I have got him I have to be careful that he shall not escape me till that job of work be done. Gradually as I walk, or stop, as I seat myself on a bank, or lean against a tree, perhaps as I hurry on waving my stick above my head till with my quick motion the sweat-drops come out upon my brow, the scene forms itself for me. I see, or fancy that I see, what will be fitting, what will be true, how far virtue may be made to go without walking upon stilts, what wickedness may do without breaking the link which binds it to humanity, how low ignorance may grovel, how high knowledge may soar, what the writer may teach without repelling by severity, how he may amuse without descending to buffoonery; and then the limits of pathos are searched, and words are weighed which shall suit, but do no more than suit, the greatness or the smallness of the occasion. We, who are slight, may not attempt lofty things, or make ridiculous with our little fables the doings of the gods. But for that which we do there are appropriate terms and boundaries which may be reached but not surpassed. All this has to be thought of and decided upon in reference to those little plotlings of which I have spoken, each of which has to be made the receptacle of pathos or of humour, of honour or of truth, as far as the thinker may be able to furnish them. He has to see, above all things, that in his attempts he shall not sin against nature, that in striving to touch the feelings he shall not excite ridicule, that in seeking for humour he does not miss his point, that in quest of honour and truth he does not become bombastic and strait-laced. A clergyman in his pulpit may advocate an altitude of virtue fitted to a millennium here or to a heaven hereafter;—nay, from the nature of his profession, he must do so. The poet too may soar as high as he will, and if words suffice to him, need never fear to fail because his

ideas are too lofty. But he who tells tales in prose can hardly hope to be effective as a teacher unless he binds himself by the circumstances of the world which he finds around him: Honour and truth there should be, and pathos and humour, but he should so constrain them that they shall not seem to mount into nature beyond the ordinary habitations of men and women.

Such rules as to construction have probably been long known to him. It is not for them he is seeking as he is roaming listlessly or walking rapidly through the trees. They have come to him from much observation, from the writings of others, from that which we call study,—in which imagination has but little immediate concern. It is the fitting of the rules to the characters which he has created, the filling in with living touches and true colours those daubs and blotches on his canvas which have been easily scribbled with a rough hand, that the true work consists. It is here that he requires that his fancy should be undisturbed; that the trees should overshadow him, that the birds should comfort him, that the green and yellow mosses should be in unison with him,—that the very air should be good to him. The rules are there fixed,—fixed as far as his judgment can fix them, and are no longer a difficulty to him. The first coarse outlines of his story he has found to be a matter almost indifferent to him. It is with these little plotlings that he has to contend. It is for them that he must catch his Ariel, and bind him fast;—but yet so bind him that not a thread shall touch the easy action of his wings. Every little scene must be arranged so that,—if it may be possible,—the proper words may be spoken and the fitting effect produced.

Alas, with all these struggles, when the wood has been found, when all external things are propitious, when the very heavens have lent their aid, it is so often that it is impossible! It is not only that your Ariel is untrained, but that the special Ariel which you may chance to own is no better than a rustic Hobgoblin, or a Peaseblossom, or Mustard Seed at the best. You cannot get the pace of the race-horse from a farm-yard colt, train him as you will. How often is one prompted to fling one's self down in despair, and, weeping between the branches, to declare that it is not that the thoughts will wander, it is not that the mind is treacherous. That which it can do it will do;—but the pace required from it should be fitted only for the farm-yard.

Nevertheless, before all be given up, let a walk in a wood be tried.



## THE BUTTERFLY.

**L** OVELY, light as cloud in sky,  
 Butterfly,  
 Over flowers thou flittest free,  
 Dew and blossom food for thee,  
 Thyself a blossom, flying leaf;  
 Who purpled thee by rosy fingers'  
 Touch so brief?

Was it a sylph, that thy sweet dress  
 Did so impress?  
 Of morning odours moulded fine  
 Thy beauty for one day to shine;  
 O little soul, and thy small heart  
 Beats quickly 'neath my fingers there,  
 And feels death's smart.

Fly hence, O little soul, and be  
 Bright and free;  
 An image of that later birth,  
 When man, the chrysalis of earth,  
 Like thee, a zephyr shall become,  
 And kiss in odour, dew, and honey,  
 Every bloom.

J. V. H.



## CITY PAROCHIAL CHARITIES.

THE City proper forms one London, the Metropolis another; the former is the traditional one square mile that sufficed for our British, Roman, Saxon, and Norman forefathers—the busy mart over which a lord mayor, twenty-six aldermen, and two hundred and six common councillors rule—the mine of fabulous wealth, the theatre of gorgeous civic processions, the pet of every government—Conservative or Liberal—the noisiest square mile in the world by day, and (for a trading city) the most quiet by night. The Metropolis is the City itself, together with its outgrowth, spreading over twenty square miles; but it is usually spoken of as being separate from the City, on account of there being two separate institutions of local government. The City is managed and controlled as a place apart from the rest of the Metropolis. It has not only its own Council and Lord Mayor, its own police, its Commission of Sewers, and all that pertains to local government in the sense that other cities have, but also separate law courts—an Admiralty Court, a Court of Queen's Bench, &c.

The rest of the Metropolis is divided into parishes, each managing its own local affairs as though it were a provincial town, the controlling body being termed a vestry (with powers similar to those of a provincial town council, and with a population equal to that of many large cities); and each vestry sends one or two members to the Metropolitan Board of Works (frequently termed the essence of vestries), whose function it is to control matters of a magnitude that concerns the whole of the Metropolis, and not a local parish exclusively.

The City itself is thus a distinct locality managing its own affairs, and its one square mile is divided into no less than 112 distinct parishes, some of them so small as to afford but little room for the traditional swinging of a cat. Each parish, however, is controlled by a separate set of members, who are constituted a vestry in the same sense as a town council in the provinces, the rector holding a position almost equivalent to that of a mayor, and the churchwardens being similar to aldermen. Citizens, whose pride and pleasure it has been to generously bequeath estates to afford the means of performing charitable works, have frequently placed them under the guardianship of the vestries, others under the care of Livery Companies, and

some in the hands of the Corporation or of special bodies of trustees. It is of the vestries alone that this article treats. Of the 112 vestries, no less than 106 hold trusts for sundry purposes—trusts which have mostly been left at various periods within the last five hundred years.

It is a curious fact that there is no known law by which the population of the City can be estimated; we know it every decade, when the national census is taken, but the Registrar-General himself cannot correct the population from time to time as he does other parts of the Metropolis or of the country. The reason for this oddity is that the City is not progressive in respect of population, it is not stationary, and its retrograde movements are spasmodic, and sometimes violent beyond all means of calculation. Time has revolutionized the conditions of City life; merchants have made it their Tyre and Sidon; every other phase of existence has had to be set aside to make a pedestal for the Golden Calf; dwelling-houses have been demolished in whole streets. Instead of the people multiplying, as is usually the case where business grows more copulent, the absolute inhabitant population of the City is only about one-half of what it was two hundred and fifty years ago, and the poor do not number more than one-tenth. In 1861, the inhabitant population of the City was 112,063; in 1871, the census returns showed that it had been reduced during the decade to 74,897, the falling off within that short period being at the rate of 33 per cent. Since that time the diminution has been going on apparently with equal rapidity, judging from the fact that during the last eight years the number of children attending elementary schools (the only form of census that can be taken year by year) has been reduced by 25 per cent.

Three other consequences arise from this altered state of things—the rateable value of the City has risen with marvellous rapidity; the property from which many of the charities receive their income has, in common with all other City estates, made fabulous strides in value; and the claimants of charity have been reduced to fractions. For the two latter reasons, the disproportion between the needs of the people and the means of relieving them through endowments has been extended like the angle

made by two legs of the compass being pushed apart at one and the same time. It is not unnatural nor remarkable, therefore, that large sums of money are either lying dormant for want of being claimed by people with the requisite qualification of poverty, or are being spent as a kind of waste force on purposes foreign to those for which some of the trusts were left, and—on objects which are utterly indefensible. Official evidence of this painful condition of affairs is given by the Charity Commissioners, who mention one parish—that of St. Mildred, Bread Street—"which is in possession of parochial charities of the value of £866 a year, and has a population of only forty-six persons, of which number it is believed that only four or five sleep within the parish, and not one of whom could properly come under the designation of 'poor.'" The trustees contrive to dispose of the income, but the purposes to which it is applied contrast strangely with the popular notion of charity. In 1866, two churchwardens, after six years' service, were presented with plate which cost £60; the customary breakfast and dinner on Ascension Day, together with the audit-dinner and refreshments after vestries, &c., cost upwards of £107; and the sum of £291 was paid in easement of the poor-rates payable by people who make no pretension to reduced circumstances. In the accounts for the two years following there are entries of £241 for breakfast and dinner (similar to those described above), and £518 paid in aid of poor-rates, besides a donation of £60 to the curate. In the next year, £30 was spent in plate for presentation to the late churchwarden, £30 donation to the curate, £114 for a dinner and breakfast, and £242 towards the poor-rate. In 1870, a donation of £30 was made to the curate, £116 was spent in dinner and breakfast, £56 paid to a solicitor, nearly £50 to a surveyor, and £539 towards the poor-rate. No wonder that the Charity Commissioners declare that "the administration of these large revenues cannot be considered satisfactory as regards the objects for which they are applied, for, while considerable sums are given to increase the stipends of ministers or to defray the expenses of Ward schools, large sums are also given under the head of 'General Parochial Purposes' to increasing the salaries of, or the presentation of testimonials to, churchwardens or other parish officers, and to other objects, sometimes of a convivial nature, still more widely removed from the original objects of the foundation." Other parishes, too,

exhibit different degrees of the same weakness as regards the decay of population and the utter impracticability of dispensing the charitable incomes among poor inhabitants—there being in some parishes not a single resident who is afflicted with the "disease of all-shunned poverty," in others no poor people who can claim to have even resided within the parish at any period of their lives. The central portion of the City—that part which includes St. Paul's, Cheapside (and its lateral avenues), the Bank, the Mansion House, the Royal Exchange, the Stock Exchange, &c., includes sixteen parishes, in which the whole population in 1871 (now reduced) numbered only 3,180 persons. Every one knows that these localities are the very marts in which merchant princes, bankers, and financiers pile up fortunes that would have made old Croesus chuckle and smile. There is not, practically, a single poor person in all that district, the rateable value of which is £453,505; and yet within that small area there is a gross income of nearly £8,000 a year from the parochial trusts. What becomes of all this money? The population consists chiefly of care-takers and their families, whose circumstances certainly place them high above the level of poverty. The owners and occupiers of the business premises would not like to be dubbed "recipients of charity." There being no poor claimants, a variety of methods of appropriation have been devised. The parish of St. Mildred, Bread Street, have shown a genius for testimonials, feasts, donations to clergy, and easement of the poor-rates for which the parishioners are liable. The parish of St. Mary Aldermary have discovered a plan of disposing of charity money which should rank with some of the inventions recorded in the Great Seal Patent Office. When no poor residents can be found, it is practicable to bestow charity on those who once lived there—perhaps in childhood's golden days, before business had driven residents outside the City; and if no such qualification can be traced, then there is thought to be wisdom in giving bounty to people who are simply employed by parishioners. In St. Mary Woolnoth there is not a single person who claims an apprenticeship charity of £15. Year by year the income accumulates, and the trustees have been discussing the propriety of asking the Charity Commissioners to permit them to offer the premium at irregular periods, according to discretion. On such authority they would be at liberty to wait until £100, or any other amount, should

have accumulated, so as to have a sum that well-to-do parishioners might not be ashamed to accept. The parish of All Hallows, Bread Street, has an income of nearly £1,000 a year for various purposes, including about £750 for education, nearly £170 in connection with the church, £70 for the clergy, and £10 for the poor. This small but wealthy parish, with a rateable value of £26,478, contains only three or four families. Another prominent case is that of the parish of St. Bartholomew, Exchange, with a rateable value of more than £80,000, and with charitable trusts worth £420 a year, not a single shilling of which can be given to a resident parishioner. The Stock Exchange, the eastern portion of the Bank of England, and the northern part of the Royal Exchange cover the principal portions of the parish; hence the necessity of giving the charity money to people who reside beyond the limits of the wealthy area whose inhabitants were intended to be benefited in days when courts and alleys and poverty were not alien to the parish.

The ever-whirling wheel of change has brought about some strange contrasts. The poor population and their charitable birth-right have played a game of see-saw—the one has dwindled down to about one-tenth of its strength within a quarter of a century, and the other has swollen to remarkable proportions. Formerly, merchants and their workpeople resided within the City area where their incomes were obtained. Even during the first thirty years of the present century, the increase of commercial enterprise and the expansion of wealth-producing powers in the City tempted many strangers, especially among the working classes, to seek their abodes within easy reach of profitable employment. The gradual influx of residents steadily sent up the value of property. Commerce continuing to increase, and merchants growing richer, a demand arose for greater space for enlarging and multiplying the offices of bankers, merchants, and speculators. An enormous increase in the value of land naturally resulted. Merchants and all classes of business men sought suburban residences, for the double advantage of economy and quietude, while their former dwelling-houses were converted into business premises. The further advance of commerce, and the rising value of land, prompted the adoption of schemes for the demolition of whole streets to make City improvements, the more prominent of which in recent years is the case of the making of that magnificent artery—

Queen Victoria Street—stretching from the Thames Embankment to the Mansion House, resulting in a wholesale clearing out of the great network of narrow streets and alleys in the vicinity of Doctor's Commons. This public improvement, together with similar changes which brought about the erection of Cannon Street railway station, resulting in the removal of houses occupied by about twelve hundred persons; that of the widening of Farringdon Road removing about fifty thousand; the erection of the new Meat Market in Smithfield; the formation of the Moorgate Street station, which necessitated the removal of some three thousand people; the demolition of whole streets, to make room for mammoth-like business premises, now going on in the vicinity of Barbican—these have been so many besoms formed by changed circumstances to sweep away the people beyond the line that girds the City. As one scale has fallen, the other has risen; there are fewer claimants for charitable aid, and increased means of supply. On the falling-in of leases, the renewal of course is made in accordance with modern value, and the increase thus arising is almost fabulous. From a schedule made in the year 1870 and a rent-roll in 1877, some pointed evidences are obtained on this subject. The trust of Sir John Wolstenholme, left in 1639 for the benefit of the poor in the parish of St. Olave, Hart Street (in the neighbourhood of Mark Lane), consisted of a capital sum of £100, which was worth, perhaps, £4 a year. In 1870 a warehouse and some stabling, in which the capital had been invested, yielded £15 a year. During the last nine years the lease has expired, and the property is now let at £75 per annum. In the early part of the seventeenth century, Richard Bennett gave £20, and Sir Richard Campbell £50, as stock to yield interest for the poor of the parish of St. Olave, Jewry (on the north side of the Poultry). That capital of £70 was invested, the larger portion in a house in Bush Lane, its value being about £425 nine years ago, and now (the lease having recently expired) about £1,700. The Church Lands, consisting of five houses in Cheapside, belonging to the parish of Westcheap, no history of which is given in the Reports of the Charity Commissioners, yielded rents amounting to £475 in the year 1870; they now let for £820. Nathaniel Loane's trust, left to the poor of St. Sepulchre's in 1625, was worth £20 a year; in 1870 it had an income from two houses and a stable-yard in the Old Bailey of £162 10s.; now the rents amount



to £570 a year. With these wonderful specimens of financial vitality, coupled with the swift decay of population, it would be strange indeed if curious anomalies in respect of the parochial charities did not exist. The trustees are not amenable to blame for the changes which Time rings; but many of them are answerable for spending the charity funds apparently for the sake of spending, and not with a view even to serving useful purposes. Others have to some extent shunned the practice, and allowed the funds to accumulate year by year until some wide avenue is opened for their outlet. Of this class, there is a lecture endowment of Lady Middleton's in All Hallows, Bread Street, lying dormant since 1871; Ann Thriscross's charity for apprenticeship, in the parish of St. Benet Fink, £25 a year, not claimed for several years; John Williams's trust for the poor in St. Christopher-le-Stocks (Bank of England), now worth £10 a year, has lain idle for twenty-two years, there being at present £220 "waiting for the verdict" which must ere long be given for a re-appropriation of City trust funds; and there are numerous other cases similar in their surroundings. Added to these elements of capital growth, there is also the prolific source of compensation for property taken for City improvements. Only a year ago a verdict for £11,500 was obtained in the Mayor's Court by the trustees of Garford's Charity, on account of the Metropolitan Railway Company having taken some of the trust property. Whether this was for the whole or only a part of the estate is not stated.

At the end of the seventeenth century the charity for the poor of St. Leonard's, Foster Lane, consisted of a capital amounting to £178. The money was laid out in some houses in Round Court, amid some small streets and alleys; which property was taken down, along with other buildings, to make way for the General Post Office, in 1828. A jury gave compensation of £1,905. Property held under Sir H. Browne's trust for the parish of St. Martin Orgar, which estate consisted of five houses in King Street, Snow Hill, was taken by the Corporation some years ago, compensation being given to the amount of £19,000. And many other cases are equally prominent. Indeed, during the past nine years, so elastic is the property belonging to these trusts, although it is not all held in London, that the value has risen by at least twenty-five per cent.

The fact of there being no poor in many of the parishes, and very few in others, the

trustees have—perhaps in strict compliance with the terms of the bequests, viz., made the distribution within the parish—been under the necessity of paying large sums of money to a few people, instead of small amounts to many. In the parish of All Hallows, Barking (near the Tower), there are five persons in receipt of £10 a-year, and forty-five others taking annual sums of from £2 to £8; in St. Andrew Undershaft (Leadenhall Street), four people receive £18 each, one £13, one £12, two others appear to take £30, one £16 7s. 6d.; in St. Anne and St. Agnes's several take upwards of £18; in St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, twenty-six people take £16 each, three have £10 each, ten receive £20 each. A long schedule could be made of people receiving various pensions from £10 to £30 a-year, their chief qualification being that they are connected with parishes in which they have no rivals for the sharing of the fat estates that seem to flow with milk and honey.

The one veil which has all along shaded from public observation the extraordinary anomalies connected with these charities, is that of a non-official audit. Boards of guardians, school boards, and some other institutions have to subject their accounts of income and expenditure to auditors appointed by the Local Government Board. These accounts are subject to scrutiny, not only in respect of accuracy, but also on the ground of legality, and any expenditure that may appear to have been made contrary to the law under which the controlling body is appointed to act, or without proper authority, is liable to be made the subject of surcharge; and those who authorised the payment may be called upon to refund. How widely different is the practice in respect of the funds under review! There is no check, no control, no means of knowing how the money is spent, except through the accounts being supplied to the Charity Commissioners, whose legal powers appear to be too weak to enable them to grasp the business with a vigorous hand. The trustees themselves who spend the money, also make out the accounts, and one of them signs the sheet as an auditor—"I, John So-and-so, Churchwarden, hereby certify that I have examined these accounts and found them correct."

The actual income from all sources for the maintenance of these parochial charities is £104,000 a-year, which represents an estimated capital of £2,339,000. Of this income about £36,000 is accredited as being for Church purposes. The population of the

City having been so much reduced, the churches are necessarily but scantily attended—so little need is there practically for the ministers' aid that nearly all the clergy reside outside the City. This sum has no connection with the Church livings, but is entirely to assist in maintaining the fabrics, purchasing sacramental wine, warming and ventilating the buildings, paying sextons, &c. Although the churches are so thinly attended, there are cases of spending out of this class of endowments sums of £2,000 and even £3,000 in restoration and ornamentation. Besides the actual income here recorded, there are many large sums belonging to other trusts which are turned into this channel for want of recipients of the necessary qualification, one notable specimen being Thomas Symonds' bread charity for St. Peter's, Cornhill, which has an income of £160 a-year, the larger portion being applied to Church and parish purposes instead of to the purchase of bread, there being scarcely any poor who will accept the doles. For endowments of clergy and lecturers (not connected with Church livings, nor even for the maintenance of Church services) there is an income of nearly £6,300. Many of the objects for which this money was intended consist of lectures to commemorate the delivery of the nation from the Spanish Armada and the Gunpowder Plot, in praise of the accession of Queen Elizabeth, for the conducting of morning prayers and anniversary sermons on the death of founders. The nation may be fairly considered to have advanced beyond the need of the former, and the families of the founders passed away ages ago can have no need for the reiteration of the donor's charitable designs at the present date. There is one trust, the object of which was to furnish a minister with a dwelling-house, it being distinctly laid down that he should actually reside there—apparently that the parishioners might have the benefit of his presence—failing which the rent obtained from the house should be given to the poor. The arrangement appeared to be that the poor should have the entire benefit in either spiritual advice or cash. At the present date, the minister does not occupy the house, but receives the rent (£140) for his own use. The receipts for educational purposes amount to nearly £18,500 yearly, most of which is spent in the Ward school system—perhaps the most useful, although not perfect, feature of the charity system. Apprenticeship, which

has almost gone out of fashion, is entitled to an annual income of £2,170; but unfortunately many of these trusts are useless for the parishes to which they belong, where not a single poor person resides. Upwards of £31,000 is yearly received for the provision of bread, flannel, clothing, alms, fuel, &c., a large portion having no strictly poor claimants. Curiously, although only a few pounds a-year is received for actual aid to the parishes in relief of the rates, the trustees record upwards of £10,000 a-year as applicable to this object, the chief excuse being that the parishes are in possession and are unaware of the actual objects to which much of this money was intended to be applied, consequent on the Trust Deeds having been destroyed in the Great Fire of London.

That much of the money derived from these endowments is applied usefully, and with the best intentions, is not only not denied, but is beyond dispute; donations to hospitals, for medical aid, and payments for scholarships are admissibly worthy of plausible recognition; but it is impossible to conceive that the bulk of the £104,000 a-year is applied either approximately in accordance with the objects intended during a period of five centuries, or even to the best possible uses approved at the present day. The Charity Commissioners can scarcely be charged with neglect, as they are not armed with power to change the current of endowment, except on application from the trustees; and the trustees, with very few exceptions, decline to seek this aid. The only course at present open to alter the application of the trusts is for a parishioner to lay an Information with the Attorney-General and to proceed in Chancery. It is obvious that such a course offers no fair prospect of success, as a separate suit would have to be conducted in each case; and among over 1,300 charities, the process would not only be tortuous and cumbrous, but the circumstances are so varied that any uniform decision would be as full of anomalies for the different parishes as exist at present. A Royal Commission is now preparing a report based on evidence obtained from witnesses, which report is expected to be ready at the end of the present year. The Commissioners, under the presidency of the Duke of Northumberland, will no doubt make some practical suggestions for the re-appropriation of the whole of the funds, upon which Parliament will probably make an enactment in accordance with the spirit and temper of the times.

## THOUGHTS FOR QUIET HOURS.

## IX.—SOME THOUGHTS ON WORSHIP.

THE words of our Lord to the woman of Samaria: "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth," must ever be taken as the ultimate definition of worship. In claiming for it this universal character, He virtually denies the necessity for those local associations which had provoked the rivalry between Jerusalem and Gerizim, and asserts that in spite of gorgeous rites and careful services, theirs had been a worship which was really no worship. He thus helps us to the truth by negative as well as positive statement.

There was, undoubtedly, a certain benefit gained even by the formalism of Israel which He condemned. It stereotyped and so preserved truths which, except linked to certain localities and ceremonies, might have utterly perished. Although the hand of ritual was sometimes lifeless as that of the mummy, yet it kept the living seed safe in its grasp through ages of darkness and confusion. But, in spite of the teaching of the early prophets, worship, when our Lord was on earth, had lost spiritual significance. The means had become the end. To worship was to "say" the prescribed prayers at the appointed place and hour, and to perform with accuracy and decorum the traditional ceremonial of the ancient faith. But there was not necessarily in all this any apprehension of the true glory of God. There might indeed have been such impressions created by the imposing service and its associations as to have produced in many a certain awe, nay, even a marked type of religious culture suggestive of deep reverence and devotion, while the mind, at the same time, was darkened by ignorance, and the practical life in rebellion against God. We can imagine how this sinful woman of Samaria, as on some great feast-day she beheld the crowd of white-robed priests and the smoke of incense and steam of sacrifice, or listened to the majestic chorus chanting the old psalms, might have felt such a holy thrill as cast her to the ground before the invisible God. And few would have denied that she whose very attitude was so picturesque in its reverence was a real worshipper of the all-holy One.

But our Lord describes the nature of worship positively as well as negatively. "God is a spirit," and man is to "worship Him in spirit and in truth." He thus bases the possibility of man rendering true worship

on the fact that he has been made in the image of God. The glory of God is spiritual, consisting in such excellencies as infinite righteousness, goodness, love, mercy, power. And as there is in man a spiritual nature capable of recognising these attributes, his worship becomes the natural expression of his joy in what God is and of his desire to be conformed to God's perfect will. True worship is thus the product of that which is spiritual in man led to appreciate, however dimly, the spiritual glory of God. It must, therefore, be drawn forth by such thoughts of God as compel his adoring wonder. For as joy naturally springs from the knowledge of some joy-giving truth, so must the spirit of worship be created by such views of the Divine majesty and goodness as will, by their intrinsic influence, produce an overwhelming sense of reverence. True worship can never, therefore, be identified with a mechanical rite, for to adore God for what He is implies a proportionate appreciation of His character and ways.

These statements suggest certain obvious lessons.

1. They teach us that God must be known aright in order to be worshipped truly. The notion that the spirit of reverence delights in mysteries, and that ignorance or superstition are somehow more conducive to its growth than educated intelligence, is an error not without practical result in the present day. Blind terror has its awe as well as knowledge, but can never create the same reverence. The savage who, when the comet streams across the starry heavens, rushes to propitiate his fetich with self-inflicted torture, or the women of Spain crowding to their churches, and in the dim light of the thunder-storm kneeling terror-struck as they repeat their rapid paternosters, have indeed a deep show of reverence for a Power to them inscrutable; but who would compare this to the reverence of the Christian man of science who has tracked the course of the comet to its farthest range, or who measures the salutary purpose of the electric storm, and can adore the infinite goodness of Him who governs this mighty universe in the wide order of beneficent law? True reverence for God must, therefore, be proportionate to our knowledge rather than ignorance. The fuller the revelation of God, the fuller ought to be the response of adoration. What the eye



sees of God in nature may well excite the worship of man, but the partial character of the revelation limits the answer of the spirit. There is undoubtedly a certain worship to behold in—

"The meaneſt flower that blows . . .  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears;"

or when—

"Far and wide the clouds are touched,  
And in their ſilent faces we can read  
Unutterable love."

But Nature has no language in which to utter the thoughts for which our ſpirits crave moſt deeply, and ſhe therefore fails to inſpire a perfect worſhip. She has no alphabet from which we can read Divine righteouſneſs, mercy, forgiveness. The fulneſs of the God-head can never expreſs itſelf in the mechanism of physical law or through mere form and colour. Spirit muſt ſpeak to ſpirit, and ſo God revealed in humanity becomes "the light of men." The Will of the Father in all its infinite goodneſs and tendereſs is made manifeſt, as Chriſt lives out what God is before our eyes, and by the Divine beauty of incarnate goodneſs at once ſatiſfies the heart and draws us upward with deſires which are themſelves worſhip.

2. But not only does this conception of worſhip imply that God is known, but it alſo implies that we have the eye to appreciate His glory. Except a man loves righteouſneſs he can have no pleaſure in its manifeſtation. In order to worſhip God, for example, by uſing the petition, "Thy Kingdom come," it is ſurely not enough merely to repeat the words ſo often in twenty-four hours. To pray "in ſpirit and in truth" we muſt both underſtand what the Kingdom of God really is, and be ſo far in ſympathy with its character that we heartily ſeek its advent. It was the abſence of this ſympathy with the mind of God which rendered the ſervices of the Pharisees ſo worſtleſs in the eyes of Chriſt. It was on this account alſo that the old prophets denounced the formalists of their time, and aſſerted that "mercy was better than ſacrifice, and obedience than the fat of rams," for "to do juſtice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God" was a truer confeſſion of His character than giving "the firſt-born for the ſin of the ſoul."

If then true worſhip is the going forth of the ſpirit of man towards the ſpiritual glory of God in confeſſion, adoration, and fervent deſire; if it is the earneſt cleaving of our being towards that goodneſs of God in which we rejoice; if it implies that God is known and that we have the eye to recognise the beauty of His holineſs, it may be aſked in

concluſion how ought worſhip to be expreſſed?

In a ſenſe every act which is a confeſſion of the Will of God is an act of worſhip. Abraham was aſſuredly worſhipping the Will of the Father when he went forth from Meſopotamia, or when he took his ſon Isaac to Moriah. Job, lying ſtripped of all he loved, ſaying, "Though the Lord ſlay me yet will I truſt Him," was verily worſhipping that God in whom he confided. And ſo every life of ſincere obedience towards God, and every ſacrifice which is made to pleaſe Him, and every gentle grace learned through the reverent imitation of Chriſt becomes charged with the ſweet incenſe of worſhip. And it is only as we "lift up our hearts with our hands," and have ſome intelligent apprehenſion of what that glory is which we extol, that we can "ſet forth His moſt worthy praife" and render an acceptable ſervice in church or cloſet. Let this, the eſſential element of true worſhip, be only preſent, and the form in which it expreſſes itſelf becomes of ſecondary importance. For that which proves an aſſiſtance to one man is found a hindrance to another; and what appears a becoming ſimplicity to ſome is regarded as bald and mean by as many more. Let worſhip be only the approach of man's ſpirit to God the Father of our Spirits, and then, whether offered in public or private, whether expreſſed in prayer and praife or in a holy, obedient life, it will become the grand inſtrument for increaſing ſanctity. If a deepened ſpirit of worſhip can be gained only by increaſed knowledge of God and intener ſympathy with His mind, ſo muſt the life on earth, to which worſhip is an act ever freſh in its inſtinctive adoration, be one which is learning more and more of God. It is in this light that the common idea of the heavenly life as being one of continual praife becomes fraught with grand ſignificance. For if the continually enlarging joy which finds utterance in ceaſeleſs adorations ſprings from ſuch new thoughts of God being received as lead to new acts of homage, then the belief in a heaven of endless worſhip is delivered from that monotony of "ſinging hymns" too often aſſociated with it, and opens a mighty viſta to our hopes, becauſe it implies an eternal education, in which every freſh note of praife marks ſome new leſſon that has been learned, or ſome new view attained of the glory of the "King Eternal, Immortal, Inviſible—the only wiſe God"—to Whom is offered the honour and power for ever and ever.

## THE BRIDE'S PASS.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH," "LADY BELL," ETC.



## CHAPTER XVIII.—THE CIRCUIT COURT.

AT the spring circuit, held at the county town, Frank Tempest was to be tried for the murder of Donald Drumchatt. The trial was making the greatest stir through the length and breadth of the Country. No wonder; nothing half so romantic in the way of a public offence had been committed for several generations, while the culprit occupied such an exalted position in society as to add a refinement to wrong. A young Englishman of rank and great expectations—indeed, in many rumours he figured as a wicked young nobleman of vast possessions, being already full blown in the popular imagination—was to undergo his trial like the meanest of his countrymen for compassing the death of a young Highland laird on the morning of his marriage with the girl whom both men had loved. That the old passion of love should survive in such unconventional strength as to work so terrible a catastrophe, was in itself a sufficiently exciting marvel. And no harm was done to the sensation—on the contrary, great additional zest was lent to the trial by the circumstance that the slain

man, instead of dying on the spot where he had been assaulted, had lived to go home and be married. For the young widow, the heroine of the story, having been an eye-witness of the crime, was under the necessity of appearing at the trial, and being seen by the crowded court, in the very odour of tragedy, giving the evidence which was to condemn her former lover.

As a matter of course, not only did all the neighbourhood flock into the town and raise the charges for lodging and hotel accommodation to fancy prices, but swarms of newspaper reporters, from John O'Groat's to the Land's End, arrived, proclaiming themselves ready to sleep in barns or in cow-houses, so that they were permitted to ply their craft. And they might well be accommodating. Besides the benefit they expected to confer on their various journals, these mercurial, enterprising spirits contemplated combining pleasure with business, and securing for themselves, after their professional duty was accomplished, a sail down the Caledonian Canal, or a run to Lochnagar, or to the Bullers of Buchan. They were conscious of only one little drawback to their satisfaction—that it was the spring and not the autumn circuit they were called on to attend, and that therefore grouse and deer would not exist to be shot and hunted for their benefit. They would compensate themselves by taking trips to the field of Culloden, and calling up all the memories of the battle, and of Bluff Bill—the Butcher, and Hogarth's Lord Lovat, in order to throw off a telling semi-descriptive, semi-historical introductory article for their papers, to serve as *caviare* to stimulate the intellectual appetite of the expectant multitude of readers for the grand *pièce de résistance* of the trial.

Among the company at the circuit town were both the Moydarts and the Hopkins'. The first had come up, animated by sympathy and *esprit de corps*, to stand by the Knightley-Delavals and poor Frank Tempest in his strait; the second were influenced by less unexceptionable motives. The affair was like a chapter in the literature affected by Laura, and even Mrs. Hopkins; so that when Mr. Hopkins proposed spending a few days, in order to superintend some of his improvements, at the Frean, about the time of the trial, the mother and daughter were at once impelled by an obligation of marital

and filial duty not to let him depart alone from their Lancashire home, but to accompany him on his visit to the north. When at the Freat it was a comparatively easy matter to follow the rest of the world to the scene of action. At the same time, the Hopkins', mother and daughter, were a good deal ashamed of their previous acquaintance with the persons concerned in the trial. It sounded hardly respectable to have been on visiting terms with a young man who was to be tried for murder, and with the girl who was at the bottom of the mischief, who had only been the clergyman's daughter to begin with.

Laura was so far left to herself as to express this feeling to Lady Jean Stewart, when the two happened to meet in a street of the primitive town.

"Yes, we are to be in court," said Laura excitedly; "I would not miss the sight for the world. It will be far before the most exciting chapter in a novel or the best scene in *Norma* or *Lucia di Lammermoor*. I mean," explained Laura, quick to detect a peculiar opening wide and lighting up of Lady Jean's eyes, "your family and some of the other county people are to be present, and so we may venture. But I don't know how I shall be able to look at him. I am sure I shall cry or faint or something, long before the verdict, which will be enough to make anybody go off in hysterics, I should think. Then papa, who is sure to be accommodated with a seat beside the judges, does not like a fuss in private, and will hate it in public. If we feel so, I cannot imagine how she will face us all, Lady Jean."

"Face us!" exclaimed Lady Jean in the height of polite indignation; "that is not the question, it is how shall we face her?" Unconsciously to herself Lady Jean adopted that view of the dignity of misfortune which Constance maintains in *King John*. "But I confess I see no obligation on your part to undergo the ordeal. We are here to try to be of some comfort to the Knightley-Delavals; and as they are persuaded that their presence in the court may help the poor boy to endure his position, and may be of use to him by showing that his friends will never desert him, we shall be there also. But as for looking on at the trial as at a spectacle, oh, Laura, how can you do it?" Lady Jean, whose best feelings had been called forth, burst into tears. "Think of Frank Tempest in the prisoner's dock! Think of Unah Macdonald, a widow before she is well a wife, coming out of the retirement of her widowhood to give evidence against Frank!"

Laura's soft heart only needed to be appealed to in order to melt instantly. "I am sure I did not mean any harm," she said, weeping in her turn; "I am very, very sorry for everybody. At the same time," reasserting herself and speaking in a slightly aggrieved tone, "I do not know why, if you go to the trial, mamma and I may not see it also."

"Oh! go by all means, if you wish it; this is a free country and the court is open, as the crowd will show," said Lady Jean, recovering herself, but speaking with disdain. She thought Laura heartless and hypocritical, with a vulgar appetite for horrors. As far as the heartlessness and hypocrisy went, Lady Jean had not enough knowledge of human nature, while she was too deeply concerned in the present story, to comprehend from her own experience, that while it is hard to get rid of early standards, a certain amount of sympathy is perfectly compatible with an inclination to improve on our neighbours' troubles, by taking out of them all we can get of excitement and entertainment to ourselves. We can apply the panacea to our consciences that it does not hurt the sufferers while it gratifies us; nay, we may look upon it as a kind of luxury of pity.

But for the most part, even soft-hearted, foolish people like Laura Hopkins begin incontinently to condemn as soon as they begin to pity; and do not so much as need to be asked, with the disciples of old, if they hold that the men on whom the tower of Siloam fell must have been worse than their brethren? The simple fact that the tower fell is quite enough to prove to such unreasoning judges that the victims somehow deserved and provoked their fate. It saves so much awed, sorrowful perplexity—it is so agreeable to men and women's self-complacency. Thus Laura Hopkins asked, with an accent of latent triumph, how her former successful rival, Unah Macdonald, could face her old friends, even while she, Laura, was prepared to sob or faint sincerely, no less than becomingly, at the sequel?

But Lady Jean knew better. She was not so tender-hearted, only she was somewhat larger-minded, and she happened on this occasion to be behind the scenes and to a certain extent mixed up with the calamity.

The judges had arrived and made their usual progress through the town. They were elderly men who had attended many a circuit, and who, whatever manner of persons they might be, naturally looked on almost any form of iniquity as a matter of business, chiefly suggestive of the length of time



to be occupied in the case, with the difficulty or the ease of a decision on its plain or subtle points of law, and its precedents, abundant or scarce, recent or remote. The advocates who were to plead, and who followed in the wake of the former, were less quiet and cool, less destitute of enthusiasm, while they were freer of the burden of responsibility, and at the same time less disposed to be merciful to the culprits, always excepting each man's own culprit. They were, ostensibly at least, the young men of the profession, whose calling it was to push the war into the enemy's camp at all hazards and regardless of consequences—the settlement of which fell upon others. The advocates had their minds burdened with their speeches and their cross-examinations. The speeches were to be practical and convincing as addressed to the judges, since shrewdness and learning were the elements wherewith they were to be plied, while floweriness in diction and sentimentality of appeal might be reserved for the more impressionable jury. But the speakers were apt to assume beforehand a jaunty rather than a grave exterior, betraying the lingering susceptibility of youth in the very fact of thus disguising what anxiety they felt.

Of course there were numerous varying shades of individual temperament, besides nice social distinctions between the assembled counsel. But there was also, even in the widest dissimilarity, a curious conventional similarity between these budding and blossoming barristers. The likeness resulted from the circumstance that the men came from one town—and that not a huge city, though it might be the ancient and beautiful capital of an indomitable nation. Within its comparatively limited bounds, the members of one honourable profession were all more or less known to each other, while their interests were largely confined to one field.

It was otherwise with the country-town solicitors, the third genus that attended the circuit. They were distinguished, fifteen years ago, by lingering local extremes of rank and personal refinement or their opposites. The "writers" recalled to the spectator what a unique and racy accompaniment of the performance they must have presented in days still farther off. For then the doughty homely old man in the brown wig, who still used a horn for a "snuff-mull," and whose strongly flavoured Highland speech—smacking of the Braes of Lochaber—not a judge, not a jurymen, not the old "writer's" own counsel could altogether silence, was not a single

specimen, but one of a species. And the white-haired gentleman in the velvet coat—a statelier figure than that of any member of the bench, who happened to be nothing more than the chamberlain of a mighty cock of the north, existed as one of a race of chamberlains and kinsmen of their lords, who came into court to represent the family interests, expecting to be heard with the same deference they received from tenant-farmers, shepherds and fishermen at home; and if they were disappointed, departed in dudgeon to protest against the license of the age.

In many respects the Scotch circuit was like an English assize, and perhaps the most marked national attribute was that the former, fifteen years ago at least, took its gaiety more soberly than was true of the latter. The judges might indulge in social dinners with the neighbouring county gentlemen; the advocates might follow suit and disperse themselves through the nearest country houses on which they had any claim, mildly stimulating the life of the same; the solicitors might circulate among the citizens, enlivening their families, but there were no circuit balls as fit pendants to the crises in many a miserable man and woman's history.

The court was early crowded on the blue-cold spring morning of the day, in the middle of the circuit, when Frank Tempest was to be tried. For a long time there was little to occupy the throng except congratulations on having secured good places and speculations on the event which brought the audience there. The successive arrival of persons in any way connected with the trial became welcome incidents. The first of these groups consisted of the Knightley-Delavals, walking as at a court procession of a different description, between the Moydarts and some other representatives of the gentry. They afforded satisfaction, not only as the uncle and aunt of the prisoner, but as being very fine people indeed, quite removed from the category of an ordinary prisoner's relations. Yet they were not too fine to have their troubles, or that their pride should be exempted from a fall, which was in itself a pleasing reflection. Lady Sophia's high forehead was puckered out of all smoothness. Mr. Knightley-Delaval's long limbs were never at rest, as if he were in a state of acute nervous excitement; which was the truth.

Another source of abstract satisfaction in connection with the Knightley-Delavals, lay in the circumstance that they were not Highlanders, or even Lowland Scotch.

They were English, a consideration which was bound to have greater weight than the objection of gentle birth, when laid hold of by the side that identified itself with Donald Drumchatt. Poor Donald, had he known it, would not have taken it as a great compliment to be viewed in the light of a man of the people. In fact, his friends there had forgotten, for the moment, while they were glorying in the Knightley-Delaval's pretensions being humbled, that not only Donald, whose partisans they had constituted themselves, but that every Macdonald among them, claimed to be a son of Conn of the Hundred Battles, with an antiquity and dignity of descent before which the memories of an English dukedom waxed pale.

The next couple that arrested the attention of neighbours and strangers alike were an elderly gentleman and lady in mourning, who came in quietly and took their position in a back seat reserved for them. These were the minister of Fearnavoil and his wife, the cousins of Donald Drumchatt, and the father and mother of the widow, who was the chief witness for the prosecution. They were there to uphold their daughter, as the Knightley-Delavals and the Moydarts gave their countenance to the prisoner.

The county town was not so united in church matters as was the parish of Fearnavoil. The town had its quota of Catholics, who boasted to have remained faithful to the mother Church from before the Reformation, and it had also, at the opposite ecclesiastical pole, its busy swarm thrown off by the last secession from the Church of Scotland as by law established. The first, though they were a passive rather than an aggressive body, had their theory of heresy, and the second their watch-word of Erastianism, to account for that bringing up of a child in the way in which she should not have gone, which, according to the dogmas of the different parties, had ended in the clerical scandal of the minister of Fearnavoil's daughter playing a prominent part in a criminal case.

But a touch of nature makes the whole world kin. That touch was wanting in the more distant relationship of the Knightley-Delavals to Frank Tempest. For though the sorrows of uncles and aunts may be very real and not without their depth, they do not come home with any overpowering realisation to the world at large. But here were the father and mother of another Helen of Troy; and, though much might have been deficient in the family discipline, still it was to be supposed that the parents had wished

to do the best in their power for their child, that they had struggled to restrain her vanity and coquetry, and mourned over her levity and folly.

When the public had arrived at this conclusion, they were tolerably sure to go farther and pick up minor details—such as that though the minister was an easy-going Sadducee and a dry stick of a preacher, Mrs. Macdonald-Fearnavoil was an exemplary person, a great light and a living power in a dark, dead corner of the vineyard. However, on this day the handsome, distinguished-looking woman, with the tall, erect figure, the aquiline nose and the grey ringlets, which were only dimly seen behind the veil she never raised, but which yet duly impressed each peering stranger, appeared perfectly quiescent in the hands of the stooping, mild-eyed man, who still looked younger than his years, with an almost pathetic lingering youthfulness. He brought in his companion and seated her, placing himself beside her, without paying any great heed to the people who surrounded them. It was clear that the pair were alone together in the crowded court, clinging to each other, leaning upon each other, speaking a word or two to each other occasionally on the calamity in which they had so great a part, and which they shared. Poor father and mother, with their pride laid in the dust, and crushed by the misfortunes and sufferings of their child! Had they felt less, they might have made stock of the notoriety and misery. As it was, they could only forget everything, even remorse and regret, in the anguish of Unah's position.

On the same side of the court-house, but still farther back in the rows of seats, another couple had established themselves, and were entirely overlooked by the spectators until one of them showed signs of a personal interest in the case. They were a man and woman also—a meagre little man, who shook as if with a chronic ague, and had occasionally to hold his aching head between his trembling hands; and a stout, florid woman, who did not cower, but held herself upright and looked around her with keen observation, as if to take in every feature of the scene. These were Malise Gow and Jenny Reach.

A little bustle announced the arrival of the judges, who took their seats and afforded scope for the eager speculation of the uninitiated—whether in any of the heavy and the sharp faces of the Daniels come to judgment were betrayed the lineaments of that great lawyer in every generation, who from a

bent to a righteous severity is condemned to figure in popular nomenclature as "the hanging judge."

#### CHAPTER XIX.—THE PRISONER AND THE WITNESSES.

ONE of the great sensations of the day was produced by the appearance of the prisoner in the dock. But Laura Hopkins did not shed a tear or sink back in the lap of the person behind her, as had been part of her programme; she only sat very still, and opened her rosy mouth with a childish gasp of dismay.

It was high-spirited Lady Jean, who had been leaning forward and smiling with all her might in defiant courage and cheerfulness, with an eager longing for Frank Tempest to look up so that she might set at nought etiquette and nod a greeting to him, who, to the surprise of herself and all about her, shrank back and gave way to one moment's deadly faintness, of which the next instant she was heartily ashamed.

It was not the months of imprisonment—though these, too, must have told severely on a young man like Frank Tempest—that had altered him so piteously. It was not merely that the last traces of the light heartedness of boyhood and the superb confidence and exhaustless elasticity of youth strongly marking him when he came into the Country had died utterly out of him. It was not that Frank Tempest came before his old friends and the wondering world in the wild, possessed mood which had led to the committal of the deed that had brought him there, or, in the reaction of despair, which had caused Lord Moydart at an earlier date to suspect him of incipient madness. Frank Tempest had got enough time to come to himself. He was in his right mind if he had ever been; but it was the right mind of a man who awakes from a fit of frenzy to find that in his hallucination he has parted with all that makes life dear. He had incurred that foulest stain of blood which no water will wash away. He had roused the voice of the avenger, ringing with the accusation that compels the stoutest heart to quail, day and night, through all the years, few or many, which might be left to him. He must bequeath a name—inherited without a spot—disgraced as long as it survived, so that the last man who bore it reluctantly would look back on its defiler, not with the charity born of the intervening years, but with the stern reprobation—at best with the reproachful shame and the resentful pity—the only forms

of expression Frank Tempest could look for thenceforth in the faces of his kindred and contemporaries. Not only the Knightley-Delavals, but the young brother at Eton, would have his share in the condemnation passed on Frank.

Last of all—dazzling the eyes that had been turned backwards and inwards all these miserable months—there came the call on his manliness, which had been sapped at the very foundation, to confront a public trial and exposure of his guilt, and to hear in the presence of those he had deeply injured a sentence of certain ignominy and possible ghastly horror.

All that remained for him in the heavy debt of retribution he had drawn down on himself was, that he had still escaped one penalty, and that the most terrible of all—he had not been his own moral murderer—killing with suicidal ruthlessness the nobler man in himself. But though the single reservation might make life better for him in the end, at the present moment it only rendered his punishment harder to bear.

But crushed as he was, it belonged to all Frank Tempest's antecedents, as well as to his character, that he should endeavour to undergo the worst punishment in store for man without flinching. He took his place firmly, and, as it seemed, fearlessly; and though the very hands which he rested on the edge of the dock were worn as well as blanched, there was no longer any perceptible disorder in his air. His eyes were neither persistently cast down nor roving furtively around; they were looking naturally before him. His hair was smoothed back from the forehead that was no longer a revelation of whiteness, since it matched with the wan face which had formerly been so full of open air and sunshine in its brown tan. His beard, which, instead of looking the precocious down cherished by a lad, came out a conspicuous sign of manhood on the shrunken face, had been carefully trimmed. The impression which Frank Tempest made on the thousands of eyes gloating on his aspect was by no means that of weakness or collapse. "The prisoner—he is a determined young scoundrel, he is a polished and high-handed young blackguard!" was the opinion pronounced upon him in the Highland idiom with keen relish.

Frank Tempest was accompanied by one of the brothers Macgregor, who had surrendered after the fashion of his leader, but who was confident of his own comparative immunity from punishment, not only because of his



subordinate position, and his being a mere tool in the hands of another and a greater offender, but by reason also of what he judged a tougher string to his bow. His elder brother Aulay had made up his mind to turn Queen's evidence for the deliverance of both the precious brothers. Then David Macgregor came to the conclusion that he ought to endure a little hardship for the credit of the family. There was no need for both to incur the odium of betraying their employer, granting that he was only a Sassenach. Mr. Tempest had a clan of friends of his own, with stores of wealth to protect himself, and even to reward an ally who stood faithfully by him. So Aulay's younger brother "held his whisht," and suffered the severity of the winter to be an excuse for quitting his lurking-place and letting himself be quietly taken and lodged in the same gaol with his patron. He would preserve the honour of the Macgregors without running any great risk, nay, with the chance of securing a premium for his stanchness.

Macgregor was an able-bodied man in his prime, on whom months of imprisonment had wrought little change. He sat in his ghillie's kilt and jacket beside Frank, and, as it were, sheltered by him, though Frank might have been Macgregor's son in point of age. In spite of the elder man's valuable assurance of coming off scot free, he testified at once greater perturbation and greater bravado. He glanced with consternation at the two judges before him, even while he forced a grin to his acquaintances in the assembly.

The indictment which accused Francis Delaval Tempest and David Macgregor of the crime of murder, together with the offence of conspiring to carry off by force the late Donald Macdonald of Drumchatt, was read and was followed by the reading of the dead man's dying deposition. The last was a simple statement of the time and manner in which he had been assailed, with the fact that it was Frank Tempest who had dealt him the blow; at the same time Donald with his failing breath had volunteered an assertion, at which the person who alone knew its truth or falsehood winced perceptibly. To the best of his belief poor Donald had declared the blow had not been given with the deliberate purpose of doing him grievous bodily harm, but was inflicted in the heat of the strife, and it was by the fate of war and the will of Providence that it had cost him his life.

Frank Tempest was asked to plead guilty or, not guilty to the charge of murder. Some-

what to the surprise as well as greatly to the relief of his friends and counsel, while he was still thrilling and quivering with his eyes dim and his heart doubly contrite because of that magnanimous voice from beyond the grave, he conceived that he was bound to respond humbly to it. He pleaded not guilty, with a reservation "Not guilty of an intent to do grievous bodily harm," repeated Frank like an echo of the words in the deposition, while a faint red replaced the clay-colour that had stolen into his lips.

"Clever dog," muttered a reporter, "to be so quick to seize a hint! I wonder if his presence of mind will serve him?"

David Macgregor pleaded "Not guilty" without hesitation.

The jury were balloted for and sworn in, and a set of fifteen ordinary citizens were suddenly invested with all the solemn interest and importance of arbiters in a case of life or death.

The medical men who had attended Donald Drumchatt were the first witnesses called, and they were of one mind—for a wonder. They united in reducing to a fraction of a doubt, that his death had been produced by any other cause than the violence to which he had been subjected, acting on a delicate habit of body. If they had not been able to do much to keep their patient in life, they were doggedly determined to absolve themselves from any share in killing him by laying his death at Frank Tempest's door. And they had such an ample resource in abstruse technical terms, that it was impossible for cross-examination to shake them in a simple statement any more than in a complicated expression of opinion.

The medical evidence was soon disposed of, and only seemed interminable to Frank Tempest, who had become all nerves, and who had difficulty in keeping himself from shuddering like a woman at what were to him its torturing details. "It is as if they had taken me into his presence and subjected me to the ordeal of touch," he said to himself; "but I must not quail under this or any other part of the trial."

Aulay Macgregor was put into the witness box. He was a big, strong man, like his brother, with a still more roving eye, that was sedulous to avoid meeting Frank Tempest's glance, while it was far from shunning the other prisoner's regard. The two brothers exchanged meaning though furtive looks. To them, Aulay's secession to the side of justice was a very natural and proper proceeding, and with so plain a benefit to both brothers, that

the men, in their coarse stolidness of nature, would scarcely have thought it worth while to maintain a pretence of no mutual understanding, had it not been for the hope of imposing not on the judges and jury, but upon the Country for their credit's sake, and upon the young Englishman and his friends, with the hope of extracting from them a compensation for David Macgregor's fidelity to the gentleman in trouble, and for any little inconvenience to himself incurred by his loyalty.

Aulay Macgregor was made to tell, in a series of answers to questions, a tale with which Frank was well acquainted; indeed, he could follow it in every point closely. For it was Aulay's great safeguard, both in his examination in chief and in his cross-examination, that he really was speaking the truth. He had known the young English gentleman all the previous autumn. Mr. Tempest had stayed for the most part at the Ford Inn when he was not at Castle Moydart. Both Aulay and his brother "Tavit" had been in the habit of acting as his guides and ghillies in many sporting expeditions. The young gentleman—he was an "affable shentleman," and became always more so as their acquaintance increased. He would often be asking Aulay and Tavit to tell him the different stories of the country, and he was fond of hearing how their ancestor Gillies Macgregor, after winning Drumchatt's sweetheart, was met with his lady on their way from St. Mair's by Drumchatt and his followers, and how the chiefs of the Macgregors and Macdonalds fell fighting by Craig Crottach, and Fionaghil Macdonald she was made a wife and a widow in one day.

At last on a morning in October, when they were out in search of a wild cat's den, Mr. Tempest he asked Aulay and Tavy whether they had a mind to steal a march on Drumchatt, and pay him back in kind for what his forefather had done to their forefather? And they answered, "No objection in the world, Mr. Tempest," for the Mactonals they were always taunting the Macgregors at markets and sales with the old story, and though Gillies their brother, the innkeeper at the Ford, was canny and could stand it, and mind his business, that was not their way. But they did not mean any killing or hanging business, since the times were past for such work. Then Mr. Tempest he told them what all the countryside knew already, that Donald Drumchatt was to be married on such a day to Miss Macdonald, Fearnavoil. But Mr. Tempest

added she was his sweetheart and Drumchatt was taking her from him, and would they help him to carry off the bridegroom and put a stop to the marriage for that day till better came of it? And they thought it would be a very pretty return for them to make to Drumchatt for what his ancestor had done to theirs, and that the mouths of the Mactonals would be shut at markets and sales for all time to come. Of course there was also a small consideration to be given to them as the pay for an engagement which was to last for a day or two, in the gentleman's service. They agreed to wait at Craig Crottach for Drumchatt, who was expected to ride by the Bride's Pass to the manse of Fearnavoil on his wedding morning. They had been prepared for his being possibly accompanied by a friend, and they thought they could manage two as well as one, while if more took the bridle path, they had only to keep out of sight and let the affair come to nothing, and nobody would be any the wiser. They had arranged to lay hold on the pony, or ponies, if there were more than one, to turn them about and force them to go over the hills as far as the sheiling of Altingloe, where they were not likely to be sought or found unless the whole country rose in pursuit. It had been a good morning; a very good hazy morning for their business, and fortune seemed to favour them, since Drumchatt came in sight riding by his own self, and not a friend with him at all, at all.

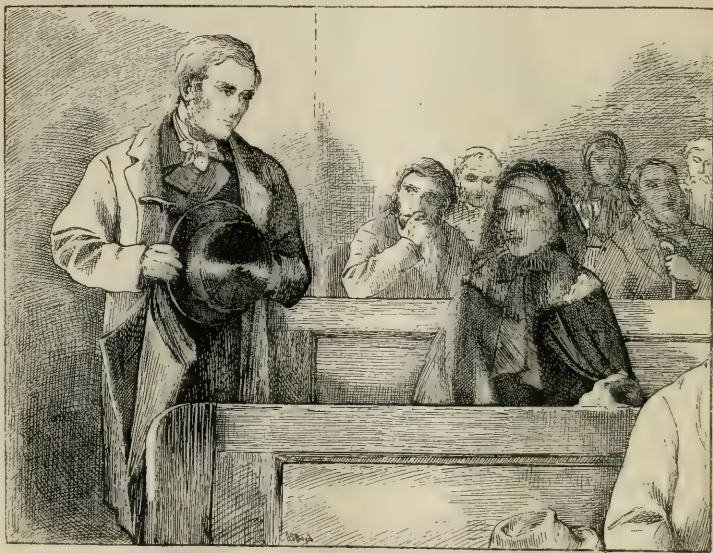
Mr. Tempest and Drumchatt they had a few words, and the last was obstinate and would not yield, but pushed on his "beastie." And when Mr. Tempest seized its bridle, Drumchatt leaped off and tried to force his way on foot, and Mr. Tempest he gave the laird a blow with his fist—for indeed none of them had any weapons save that he and Tavy carried sticks just to lend a "prog" to the pony; and Drumchatt he went down like a shot deer, and rolled over the bank. And they all stood stock still, they were so amazed. Then with a rush like a fireflaucht Miss Macdonald, Fearnavoil, her own self appeared from God knows where, and was down among the bushes trying to raise her bridegroom. Mr. Tempest would follow and help her, which she would not suffer, and Aulay and Tavit spied people coming up in both directions; so they told Mr. Tempest it was no use, he and they must be off, and they went their ways. That was every gospel word of the story; and he was very sorry for having had any hand in Drumchatt's death, which had never entered into

his thoughts. He was doing what he could to make up for his indiscretion, by being there to give the lords and gentlemen all the information he could; and he trusted they would deal mercifully with him and with another stupid, ignorant fellow, that was his brother Tavit. Aulay rapidly volunteered the last two sentences of his own composition, before the court could prevent the irregularity.

The cross-examination on the part of Frank Tempest's counsel was directed to shaking the trustworthiness of the last witness—not only on account of the part he was playing,

but because of the worthless character which had been borne by both the Macgregors—hangers-on at the Ford Inn, brawlers whenever brawling was in their power. The advocate was disposed to hold that these mature ne'er-do-wells were much more likely to have been the instigators of the rash, inexperienced lad who had fallen into their hands, than that he had been their tempter to the offence with which he and David Macgregor stood charged.

But at this adroit reversal of the position Frank Tempest slightly shook his head.



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The counsel for the prosecution did not even put himself to the trouble of re-examining the obliging Macgregor; and David Macgregor's advocate made short work of seeking to whitewash Aulay in the eyes of the jury. The young counsel was fettered by a weighty drawback. The Macgregors' standard of morality was so peculiar that Aulay was as likely as not, in the simplicity which blended with his cunning, to give out in his own defence more compromising matter than any that had been extracted from him to damage his testimony.

The counsel for the prosecution was ready with another witness, who was beyond suspicion, and whose testimony was incontrovertible. He would call Mrs. Macdonald of Drumchatt, the widow of the slain man. And with one impulse the court drew a long breath, bent forward, or stood on tip-toe to see the heroine of the trial.

Frank Tempest formed no exception to the multitude. The passionate young love which he had suffered to wreck his life, survived the wreck, and lingered the one warm, fervent emotion in his breast. Just as he







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"THE BRIDE'S PASS."

had thought most of seeing Unah again after their short parting, when he had got her mother to bring her to the Pass to listen to his vehement protestations against her marriage; so, after the dreary interval of months of imprisonment and agonies of remorse, which had appeared to him like an eternity of suffering, in the course of which he himself and the whole world around him had become changed, he had pined for the moment—miserable as it must be—when he should be once more in her presence, able to judge for himself how she looked and how she had borne her sorrows. The very thought gave him new life. The hue of youth, health, and hope came back into his face. He straightened himself up more effectually from the drooping slouch which the listless reveries of the last few months had brought to his figure. His hand seemed to recover its muscular grasp, instead of the spasmodic clutch or relaxed clasp with which it had begun to lay hold of any support.

With a brave endeavour at quietness and calmness, and at the same time with a certain fixity of intent like that of a sleep-walker, Unah in her widow's weeds followed the usher into the witness-box. The dim, heavy blackness of her gown, the widow's cap beneath the bonnet, which encircled the face with a close white border that entirely concealed the hair, and was in itself discernible with a kind of ghostly distinctness through the thick veil of crape falling from the bonnet over the face, formed a dress singularly out of keeping with the youthful wearer. In its contrast no less than its significance, it was full of pathos. Unah wore it as unconsciously as she had worn other apparel—the one white frock at picnics and country-house dinners. Had it been Laura Hopkins who had become a widow—even a sincerely grieved widow in tragical circumstances, she must still have thought of her clothes, and whether or not they became her; she had been brought up to put inordinate value on the trappings that belonged to every stage of her existence. But to Unah—who at the best had cared so little for what she wore that her indifference had approached to a defect, and who had only seen in her wedding gown the costly decking out befitting a costly sacrifice—every dress was alike on a day like this. She was utterly oblivious of the heavy folds of silk and crape, and the close white cap beneath the black bonnet, like nothing save a nun's hood, or the gruesome "mushed" head-gear coming down over the forehead and tying up the chin, in which the faces of

the dead—man and woman alike—were formerly swathed.

There were some in the audience ready to swear that the negligent, girlish air of the young widow formed a deliberate study of consummate art. But not the less were the critics eager for the moment when the witness should be told to raise her veil. They were afraid lest the favour might be granted to her condition in life, recent widowhood, and painful position, of giving her evidence with her face more than half hidden.

But Unah put up the veil of her own accord: she divined that it was a proper mark of respect to judge and jury, and she did not wait to be told to pay it. Was she not there to do her duty, cost her what it might?

At the first glimpse of the fair, pale face, unlit up by the drawn-back auburn hair, framed instead in the thick white border of her cap, there was a sensation of disappointment among those who had not seen it before. Here was nothing out of the common, no *beauté de diable*, no magnificent glow of colour—which certainly would have been out of place in the circumstances—no classical correctness of feature to drive men mad with love and tempt them to the guilt of murder. Here was only a white-faced, dark-eyed girl, whose shyness had been driven out of her, but whose modesty, with a certain soft dignity of innocent womanhood, remained unimpaired. But to many people modesty is insipid, while dignity is only a sort of rigidity which falls very flat after the unrestrained convulsions of passion in which the spectators have been taught to take delight.

Yet Unah's face was not altogether without effect either on strangers or friends. A second look produced even on the mass some portion of the spell which dwelt in her lily-like aspect and in the twilight duskiness of her eyes. One of the officiating barristers, rook-like in his gown and wig, who had composedly fixed his glass in his eye and freely directed it on the witness, had the grace hastily to withdraw the aid to his vision, and to look another way in a momentary confusion which did him credit. One of the judges—and, as it happened, it was he who had earned the distinction of being entitled the hanging judge—put his hand across his usually gruff face and bent over his notes to hide its moved expression. One old man in a back seat uttered an audible, shrill, quavering "Ochone! ochone!" but was silenced by the woman next him. If she had been heard also, she would have been found admonishing him with an excited,



"You calf! are you to boo when our Miss Unah—Mrs. Macdonald, Drumchatt that is, will play her part so finely?"

As for the prisoner—and many eyes did not fail to scrutinise narrowly how he bore his former mistress's entrance into the court—he did not shun the spectacle. From the time that her coming was announced, he looked with eager eyes at the door. Evidently he recognised the first flutter of her black dress, and took in every detail—down to the moment when she lifted up her veil, and her tearless eyes, set as if they saw nothing, met his in a piteous, mournful look that had no shrinking in it.

Then he drew back, as if he were putting a force upon himself, though he could not altogether restrain the tremor that ran through him and forced him to bend down his head till his face was partly concealed.

No wonder Frank Tempest trembled, and was fain to "skulk," as he called it, out of her sight. He knew at last what he had done to Unah, as well as to the dead man; it was by his doing she wore that dress, which was only a type of her darkened life and broken heart. He understood at length what Donald Drumchatt had been to her; and how, though he himself had caught her girlish fancy and won her girlish heart, she had still been, so far as it lay in her power, loyal in her allegiance to her cousin. In that loyalty she would, in the years to come, have found peace which is better than happiness. He had killed that peace and wasted all her future; she might have worked woe to him inadvertently; but he, in his wilfulness, had been the worst enemy of the woman he had loved and would love dearly to the end of his days.

Unah was sworn, and replied to her name, her age, and where she had been and what she had seen and done on her wedding morning, with a desperate steadfastness in which there was no room for hesitation. It was far from her or any woman like her to come into a court to weep and wail over her misfortunes, to make artillery of her tears no less than of her smiles, and to try the double shot on judge and jury—now parading her weakness as an unanswerable claim for consideration—now rushing into passionate appeals to the public itself, with an *abandon* which is half undisciplined nature, half instinctive art, and which no doubt tells powerfully on a large section of humanity.

It was only when Frank Tempest's counsel in cross-examination, acting on his own responsibility, and in what he judged his client's

interest, said, "Madam, will you permit me to ask you whether, in the whole course of your acquaintance with Mr. Tempest, you were never led—in the freedom of social intercourse let us say, or in mere thoughtlessness possibly, to give him what he might consider encouragement in his suit, in spite of your previous engagement to the late Mr. Macdonald of Drumchatt?"—that Unah faltered. It was so terrible to her to be called on to answer in open court, to a question that bore directly on her unhappy love—which in her perfect truthfulness, and in justice to Frank Tempest, she could not deny. And all the while the sprouting grass had not grown green on Donald Drumchatt's grave. Involuntarily she clasped her hands tightly, sighed sorely, and paused before she answered; and in the court there was a slight rustle of intense expectation for the confession which was to convert a young saint into a Delilah.

But by the time the counsel for the opposite side had objected to the question, and the judge had overruled the objection, Unah recovered her composure so as to answer faintly, "Not by my will—not with my consent."

The lawyer pricked his ears. "Am I to understand"—he pressed his advantage—"that you were betrayed into an admission which Mr. Tempest might construe into a hope that you could be induced to break with your cousin and marry him?"

"No," said Unah distinctly. "He knew that if I lived, I should marry my cousin."

"Was there any question of your death?" was the surprised exclamation.

"Yes," replied Unah with the same straightforwardness; "we lost ourselves in the mist on Ben Voil, and we might have perished before rescue reached us."

As she spoke the thought passed across her mind and Frank Tempest's, and thrilled her father's consciousness, that it might have been better for all, if the hapless pair had then perished together.

The lawyer was rapidly revolving in his mind whether he had made a discovery. Could Tempest have committed the egregious blunder of not taking his own counsel into his confidence? That is to say, had he not been quite so mad as he had given himself out to be? After having secured his allies by a false assumption, had he repaid to the Pass on the marriage morning with the object—not of carrying off the unwilling bridegroom, but the half-consenting bride—a far more reasonable and excusable measure, for

which there was no lack of precedents? It was all conjecture, but it was at least permissible to seek to throw this colouring over the affair. "Then you solemnly declare"—the advocate called particular attention to Unah's next statement—"that when you took the somewhat unusual step of walking out on your wedding morning, you had not the slightest expectation of meeting Mr. Tempest?"

The turn which the examination was taking roused Frank Tempest from numbing misery. He writhed in bootless wrath. At the last insinuation he half-started to his feet. If neither judge nor jury would protect her from insult, he must, though he sat there a prisoner for having done the wrong, though he might be silenced, though he ran the risk of having her reject his defence as she had rejected his aid at the moment of his crime, with quick loathing and horror.

But Unah wanted no protection save that of her innocence, which the bare suggestion so outraged, that in place of crushing her it inspired her with fresh courage. "I had no such expectation," she said in a wonderfully clear, distinct voice. "He was the last man I would have gone to meet." Then she added, with a sudden impulse of generous forbearance and pure pity for the forlorn man in the dock, the lover who had been her worst enemy, "And he was the last man who would have sought me that day."

He drew back more cut to the heart by her magnanimity than he could have been by her hatred.

The experienced counsel had the tact to perceive where a professional stroke must fail, and prove worse than useless. He saw he could not, even if his client were to suffer it, so much as establish the plausible inference that Mrs. Macdonald before her marriage had trifled and played with—until she had tantalised to the verge of madness—a

foolish lad unaccustomed to finding himself thwarted—still less that she had lured him on, uncertain of her own mind to her very wedding day.

The lawyer confined the little which was left of the cross-examination to bringing out, by the more trustworthy evidence of Mrs. Macdonald, the fact already sworn to by Aulay Macgregor, that immediately after dealing the blow Frank Tempest had gone down the bank and offered his services to the lady on behalf of his rival.

The moment Unah quitted the witness-box her feet began to totter and her head to swim. Already her father and mother were making their way into the passage in order to take her under their care, and convey her from the court. But an obligation seemed to rest upon her to hear the conclusion of the trial. She had a vague notion that she owed it to Donald, to herself, to Frank Tempest, against whom she bore no malice, for whom she was not conscious of entertaining any feeling save a great compassion, to stay to the end. She made a sign of entreaty which Mr. Macdonald could not resist, to sit with her father and mother in their place by the door, until the sentence was spoken, and then to steal away into oblivion.

Unah's examination ended the evidence for the prosecution.

The evidence led on Frank Tempest's behalf consisted of the testimony willingly borne by Lord Moydart and other gentlemen of position and of unquestionable probity—one of them the prisoner's former tutor at his university—who entered the witness-box to swear to their friend and pupil's previously unblemished character. David Macgregor's counsel, relying on the effect of Aulay's evidence which tended to exculpate David from any share in the graver crime charged against him, abstained from calling witnesses on his client's behalf.

## RESPIRATION AND THE RESPIRATOR.

By JOSEPH FARRAR, L.R.C.P.Ed.

THE common respirator is designed primarily to act as a warming apparatus to the air passing to the lungs through the cavity of the mouth, and consists essentially of meshes or network of wire, made of some incorrodible metal—as silver, platinum, gold, &c.—placed within a frame of convenient size and suitable shape for fixing in front of the lips, the contrivance being kept in position

by two elastic strings passing one from each end of the frame, and then by means of a loop round the corresponding ear of the wearer. The outer surface is covered generally with fine silk, which, besides giving neatness and protection to the instrument, acts also as a kind of filter to the incoming air, depriving the latter to a great extent of its floating solid particles.

We have said that the respirator is designed to warm the air passing to the lungs through the cavity of the mouth. But before it can communicate, and afterwards *continue* to communicate, warmth to the air that is being inspired, the instrument must have not only its temperature at the outset raised above that of the air, but the wires must afterwards be *maintained* at a higher temperature. The first increase is given by placing the respirator for a moment or two before the fire, &c., and the temperature is afterwards kept up by the warmth of the expired air as it makes its way through the wire meshes, and also, but in a less degree, by that of the lips, close to which the instrument is worn. The explanation of the mode of action of this small but scientific contrivance is thus very simple, and is easily understood. The wires, through the meshes of which the air must pass on its journey to and from the lungs, being made of one of the metals—and the latter being the best conductors of heat—are highly susceptible to changes of temperature, quickly receiving an increase from any body of a higher temperature than themselves when placed near or in contact with it, and as quickly parting with it to a cooler body under similar conditions. When, therefore, the respirator is at a higher temperature than the air to be inspired, the former parts with heat to the latter as it makes its way through the wires, these dividing and splitting up the stream into innumerable portions of exceeding fineness, and thus proportionately increasing the extent of surface to be acted upon. The respirator being now reduced in temperature, and the air about to be expired being warmer than the wires, these now quickly abstract warmth from the former as it passes outwards; an act which again places the respirator in a condition for imparting warmth to the succeeding incoming stream of cooler air during the next act of inspiration. This behaviour of the respirator in first parting with warmth to the cooler air of inspiration, and then, on being itself lowered in temperature, as quickly taking warmth from the air of expiration, and so being in a condition for again acting upon the incoming stream, is but the work of a moment, or the time occupied by one respiratory act; and in this speedy adaptation to varying temperatures lies the value of the instrument. The whole process of first quickly receiving warmth, and then as suddenly parting with it to the cold air as the latter passes inwards, is indeed brevity itself, and were it otherwise, the contrivance would be almost useless for the end in view.

For the passage of air *through the nose*, special means are adapted by nature by which the nasal channels are of themselves capable of communicating warmth to the cold air as it makes its way through them into the body; and here, therefore, artificial contrivances for accomplishing this purpose become, under ordinary circumstances, quite unnecessary. The manner in which this is effected is very beautiful and highly interesting. In the first place, the contour of the nasal passages is *very irregular*, an arrangement which tends to impede the progress of the stream of incoming air, and thus to give it more time to become warmed by contact with the parts entering into the formation of the passages, the stream striking upon the angular bendings as water does upon the banks of a winding channel, instead of passing on directly to the back of the throat, almost unacted upon. Second, the external walls or boundaries of the nasal passages are also distinguished by their irregularity, and to a most marked extent are they so. One or two of the bones which help to form these boundaries being actually curled or twisted upon themselves; the curled portions, moreover, being found to project considerably inwards towards the middle line of the channels, so as to become entirely surrounded by the passing stream of air—something like the bends and projections occasionally observed in certain kinds of boilers for economising the heat generated from coal—and by such means a very striking increase in the warming surface is, of course, imparted to the channels. And thirdly, the lining membrane, or skin, of the nasal passages is exceedingly vascular—that is, it is more than ordinarily supplied with blood-vessels, the importance of which will be shown presently; and this membrane follows and clothes all the peculiar convolutions of the twisted bones just spoken of, besides passing and insinuating itself into the various cavities and depressions found in many parts of these channels. It is observed, moreover, that that portion of the membrane which clothes the curled and twisted bones, is of unusual thickness, and even still more abundantly supplied with blood than that in other parts of the passage. Another peculiarity found here, and which still further conduces to the warming efficiency of the nasal passages, consists in the lining membrane, instead of being simply in close apposition with the convoluted portions of the bones as in other parts of the channels, being so thickly supplied to these curled-up portions that it actually projects to a considerable extent inwards from



the bony prominences, by which a still further increase in the superficies of the warming apparatus within the nasal cavities is effected.

The result of all these manifold arrangements—and which latter cannot but fill the mind with wondering feelings of admiration—is an extensive and beautiful natural heating contrivance within the cavities of the nose for warming the stream of cold air which passes in that way, and thus providing the delicate structure of the lungs with this essential of life at a temperature best suited for these organs, and therefore reducing to a minimum the risk of setting up in them, or in their delicate network of breathing tubes, certain inflammatory attacks, which are so prone to follow exposure to cold, nipping, and therefore irritating air.

Another striking circumstance in the anatomical construction of the nasal passages—which, perhaps, should have been mentioned before—is, that the inferior channels, through which the atmospheric air has the greatest tendency to pass, and to pass, moreover, in the largest volume and at the greatest speed, are just those passages which are the most carefully attended to as regards the warming arrangements; for in these is found the greatest irregularity of construction, and a special abundance of the highly vascular membrane, coating and projecting from these irregularities. With reference to the latter provision, it is perhaps necessary to state that the higher the vascularity of a part, the greater, *ceteris paribus*, is its power of withstanding the contact of cold, and the more capable is it of supplying warmth to matter of a lower temperature than itself; and these are, we have seen, the very conditions found here, and found here, too, in the greatest perfection. The dividing or partitioning of the nasal passages into channels of comparative narrowness by projections of such great irregularity, correspondingly breaks up the incoming stream of air into thin layers or portions, instead of permitting it to pass down into the lungs in one unbroken, and therefore comparatively unwarmed, volume; the stream being thinly spread out, and effectually divided, its superficies is proportionately increased in extent, and it becomes all the more readily adapted for being speedily acted upon by the warmth of the dividing media during its brief contact with them.

Within the cavity of the mouth, however, there exist no such mechanical conformations, or any other specially contrived means for warming the incoming current of cold air, and

for the simple reason, that as a respiratory channel the mouth was designed for *occasional* use only; as, for example, when the nasal passages become more or less occluded by attacks of cold, &c. And it is only in such circumstances, and on rare special occasions, or where conversation out of doors, or in a cold atmosphere, cannot be dispensed with, that the respirator need be worn at all. If the individual at such times as the last-named, that is, while in a cold atmosphere, would only remember to keep his mouth closed, and to carry on respiration through the nostrils only, he could entirely dispense with the respirator as far as its *warming* qualities are concerned, these latter being the chief, if not the only reasons for wearing the instrument at all. There is nothing magical in the operation of the little contrivance; it does not confer upon a delicate constitution any increase of stamina, or any extra vital power; it simply—though this must be acknowledged to be a good deal—takes off the chill and *biting* character of cold, frosty air, and thus fits the latter for safely coming in contact with the delicate mechanism of the lungs; these organs being generally, in those who most commonly wear the respirator, in a low condition of vitality and more or less diseased, and, therefore, more than usually prone to take on inflammatory or other serious actions.

It has been already stated that, by virtue of its external covering of fine silk, the instrument acts also as a kind of filter in depriving the air of inspiration of numerous floating mechanical impurities, and which, but for this protection to the mouth, would find their way into the breathing tubes, and thus work, or have a tendency to work, mischief in another way, besides that consequent upon mere coldness of the air; and it might, therefore, be supposed that the mouth is, as far, at any rate, as this point is concerned, placed in a better position when protected by a respirator, which excludes these irritating particles of matter, than the unprotected nasal passages. There can be no doubt that much floating matter, which if allowed to find its way to the delicate tissues of the lungs would, more or less, prove injurious to these organs, is by the simple means in question prevented from thus gaining admission, that is, by the mouth; but it must be remembered that these matters could not effect their entrance by the mouth if this cavity were simply kept closed by the lips. However, for the protection of the nasal passages there exists naturally what may, for practical purposes, be regarded as a special provision for accom-

plishing the very same ends—the presence, namely, upon the surface of the lining membrane of these channels of a viscid, tenacious fluid, secreted by the membrane, or rather by certain special glands situated beneath it and opening by their mouths upon its free surface. This secretion, which, except in certain diseased conditions of the passages, is without intermission found lubricating the membrane, effectually arrests and fixes upon it such floating matters coming in with the inspiratory stream as come in contact with it; and as the amount of surface which is freely exposed to the passing stream is, as we have seen, very considerable, the major quantity of material intercepted by the secretion must likewise be efficiently drained and separated from it, and with the immediate and beneficial result of furnishing to the respiratory tubes comparatively pure air. That the amount of obnoxious matter in this way arrested and deposited on the lining membrane is often very large, is repeatedly made evident to our sight, and especially when a dusty atmosphere is prevailing, by the character of the ejected secretion, which is often so deeply tinged, or rather impregnated, with the dust inhaled, that, as far as its colour is

concerned, it cannot readily be distinguished from the dust itself. Colliers, for example, foundrymen, and similar classes of work-people, frequently ejecting the dust-laden secretion from their nostrils, &c., as black as the coals or the pulverised material amongst which their living is made.

As, however, it is often found impossible or extremely inconvenient to respire through the nostrils only, the respirator here steps in, and proves itself in such circumstances a most handy, useful, and effectual safeguard, beneficially modifying the physical character of the air, both by the warmth imparted to it and by its power of depriving it of many mechanical, irritating impurities. It is inexpensive; its application, as everybody knows, is simplicity itself; it occupies so small a compass that when temporarily removed from the lips it can be conveniently and instantly placed in the pocket; and it cannot get out of order, or easily lose the smallest part of its efficiency. For these and other, but minor, reasons, we cannot but look upon it as a real friend, whose acquaintance no one need fear, and which no one would ever find occasion to deplore.

J. F.

## TO ICELAND.

By MRS. BLACKBURN ("J. B.").

### PART IV.

**I**N our next stage we came to the most notable feature in all the journey, the Brúará, or bridge river. Down the middle of its rocky channel there is a long, narrow chasm, into which the water falls from each side with deafening roar, into a mass of foam about fifteen feet below. Across the narrowest part of the crack is a neat, strong, little wooden bridge, with a rail, which gives a pleasant feeling of security, so that one can pause and enjoy the scene in riding over. The water was of a very pretty green colour, just before it broke into white foam. It is a very wide, swift-flowing river, and must be a bad one to cross when the water is high, as the uneven, rocky bottom does not give very good foothold to the ponies. The scenery here was very pretty, from the variety of verdure among the stunted birches, and little pale blue-green saughs and willows, contrasted with the colouring of the neighbouring rugged hills of every tint that burnt earth can assume. We saw some redwings flying about among the bushes. The guide said they

sang very sweetly, especially at night, but we did not hear them. As some of the party were tired and hungry, we made another pause at the farm-house of Muli, and were regaled on excellent coffee, and on sour curds and sugar, which were very good under the circumstances; but I am not sure that I should care for them at home. The last part of the ride was through grass land, where the ponies had worn the narrow paths so deep, that the turf was high enough on each side to rub against our feet as we rode along. Then we passed more grass of a swampy description. The grass in Iceland is not so nice to ride on as that in this country. It is often rough and boggy, and on the knowes it is all broken up into lumps of about two feet square, with hollows between,—caused, I believe, by the melting of the snow. It is said the Icelanders do not care to level it, as in the rough state it presents more surface, and therefore more grass. It cannot yield hay so well, as it would be so difficult to mow. In some places we saw large bare

spaces of gravel, with here and there only a few yards of isolated turf standing. The guide told us the bareness was caused by the force of the wind, and that probably these remains also would be blown away by next winter's storms. The wind rages fearfully during the winter, but the frost is not so continuous or severe as one would expect so far north. During winter it alternates with snow and slush. In fact, from the description the guide gave me as we rode along, the climate seemed as disagreeable as possible. The sheep and cattle require hand-feeding for about four months in winter, for the rest of the time the sheep can forage for themselves. They are not often lost in the snow, unless the winter comes on prematurely before they have been gathered into the *tún* or farm-steading. The wool is plucked off, not clipped, and comes off quite easily in June, somewhat earlier than the Highland sheep-shearing time. The wool I saw about the farms was rather coarse, white, and apparently not smeared. The sheep were like scraggy Highland ones, with white faces, and not such large horns.

The cows are prettily shaped, of small size, yellow and white, or black and white, rather like Guernseys, but generally without horns; the only bull I saw was black and white, with small horns like a Brittany. On one of the few opportunities I had of conversing with the guide I asked if the people were healthy; he said wonderfully so, considering what close air they lived in during winter, when they are seldom out of the house except when attending to and feeding the animals. The commonest disease is tape-worm. Colds are common in spring. Their occupation during the long dark winter evenings is reading, and teaching the children, many of whom are well educated by their parents at home when college or school is not accessible. Everybody can read and write well. Our guide's nephew, who also accompanied us, was a good classical scholar. The favourite amusement is card-playing. I asked what he would do if any of us fell off and broke our legs, he said he supposed they would carry us to the nearest farm-house, but added consolingly, "it never happens." At last we approached the end of our journey, a bare, low, burnt-looking, ashy hill, that sounded hollow as we rode over it, and riddled with steaming holes from which the ponies shyed aside: a "region dolorous," like that beyond the Lethe, where the adventurous bands of apostate angels roved and found no rest. When we dismounted

the ponies went off and had a good roll, after which they were so covered with mud and ashes as to be hardly recognisable. On the top of the hill is Geysir, a large round basin of clear boiling water, about seventy feet in diameter; a warm stream flows out of it, with nauseous yellow skinny tangles floating and waving in it like seaweed. The surrounding ground is like rotten oyster shells with patches of warm mud. The bare earth of the opposite hill was tinted with brilliant colours, red, purple, yellow, and blue-black, and looked very gorgeous with the setting sun behind it. Presently, however, the weather changed, and a cold drifting mist came on, obscuring everything except the boiling pots at our feet, from which came now and then a hot puff of sulphurous stinking steam, *infernal* would not be too strong a word for the situation. Fortunately by this time the tents were ready for our reception, and though the rain pattered heavily above us during the night, very little wet came through, and we were quite cosy with waterproof sheets under the mattresses and lots of warm wraps to cover us. In the middle of the night, Geysir, near which we were encamped, began to make a noise such as a big steam-boat might make by splashing with its paddles and letting off steam all at once. Having lain down with our boots on, in the hope of an eruption during the night, and prepared for such an emergency, we rushed out, and in the misty twilight saw the boiling water flowing over the sides of the basin, and a great deal of steam flying about accompanied by a sulphurous stench, but that was all. We crept back into our several abodes, cold, damp, and disappointed. All was quiet for some hours and then the ebullition was repeated, but no proper eruption took place in Geysir during our twenty-four hours' stay. The smaller hot spring, called "Strokkur," or "the Churn," is more accommodating. It is situated at a short distance down the slope; a little ridge of encrusted rock surrounds its circular orifice, which is about eight feet in diameter, and about twelve feet below is the hot water, which, if a sufficient quantity of turf be thrown in, will, after half an hour's boiling and bubbling, spout up suddenly in a horrible muddy fountain about fifty feet high, playing for about a quarter of an hour and then subsiding into its hole again.

In Henderson's time Geysir spouted to a great height several times a day; it does not do so nearly so often now. We



were told that there had been a performance the day before we came, which had been witnessed by one boy. It was Henderson who first invented filling Strokkur

with stones and turfs to force an eruption, and now, I believe, it never, as formerly, spouts of its own accord, without such provocation. Besides these "gushers,"



*The Bruera*

there are several clear, still deep pools of very hot water which do not spout. Our cook made use of them for culinary purposes. We remained the greater part of the next day in the vain hope of seeing an eruption. As the weather was bright and clear, I climbed to the top of the neighbouring range of hills and had a fine view all over

*Thingvalla*

the country and into a very green valley on the other side, with farm-houses and rich pasture land. The hills were almost entirely devoid of life and vegetation; I saw neither birds nor insects—indeed, I saw only two insects during my stay in Iceland, one centi-

pede and one fly. Flies, however, do exist in myriads in some parts of the island, as some of our party found to their cost when they diverged from our route to fish in a lake some miles off. They were so bitten and tormented by them as to be obliged to

*At the Geysers*

JB

abandon the sport almost immediately after catching one paltry trout.

We started on our homeward journey in the cool of the evening, preferring to ride by night, as the sun was very powerful during the day. Just as we were packing and mounting, Strokk treated us to another exhibition, so startling to the ponies as nearly to make them upset their half-fastened-on burthens; quite unexpected on our part too, for we did not know that it had been a second time gorged with turf.

The return to Thing-vellir was performed at a lively pace, and we arrived there just as the rising sun was beginning to redden the hill-tops. The sky did not retain the glowing tints of the setting sun till the rising sun renewed them, as it does sometimes at mid-summer in the north of Scotland, but faded at midnight into a colourless clear grey light, such as may be seen during an eclipse of the sun. As the baggage-ponies only started at the same time as the riders, and went at a much slower pace, the tents and provisions were soon left far behind, and the pocket tea apparatus came into use again. After such slight refreshment as was obtainable, the party all turned in to repose in the church, upon such mattresses or rugs as could be obtained from the parsonage; the ladies, as before, arranged themselves in the choir, and the gentlemen in the nave and in the organ loft. As I could not get to sleep, and thought it a waste of time to remain indoors on so fine a morning, I escaped quietly by climbing over the pews, as the passage was choked by sleepers, and finding a wakeful companion outside, who, like myself, was interested in natural history, we got a boat and went off in search of birds to the islands on the lake. The navigation was somewhat difficult, as in many places the lava rock was quite close to the surface of the water, so that the boat bumped and struck, and we had difficulty in finding a channel. In other places the water was of great depth. It was very beautiful in the early morning light, the smooth lake like a mirror, reflecting all the hills and little rocky islets. We saw many birds; among others a pair of wild swans, and some geese resembling barnacles, but they dodged about so that we could not get near enough to be quite sure of what kind they were. There were numerous broods of long-tailed ducks, and the manœuvres of the mothers, to lead us away from their little black downy young ones, were most amusing; shamming lameness of leg or wing, and dropping helplessly down into the water, as

if badly wounded. We were quite deceived at first, and were tempted to fire at the poor wretches to put them out of their supposed misery, but luckily caught sight of the young ones, and understood what it all meant.

It was so shallow near one of the islands that we had difficulty in finding a landing-place. The boat was not a very convenient one for the purpose, being, like all those in the country, deep in the keel, with stem and stern high, heavily built of thick planks fastened together with large nails. When we effected a landing we found on the other side of the ridge of low rocks a chasm full of water of great depth. On the flat part of the island there was long swampy grass and low brush-wood interspersed with purple wild geranium, and at the water's edge large yellow king-cups. There were many terns and redshanks flying overhead; they evidently had their nests there, but we could not find them. We afterwards found some ducks' nests full of eggs on another island. A pretty little bird, about the size of a snipe, but with a shorter bill, swam about with most confiding tameness, so close to us that I was able to see it well enough to make a water-colour sketch of it. I had never seen one of the kind before, but found out from a specimen shot by another of the party elsewhere, that it was the little red Phalarope. After some hours very pleasantly spent, hunger compelled us to turn homeward, resolving to return to our explorations in the afternoon; which we did, but not with so much success, as a very strong wind had arisen, and the loch was so rough it was difficult to keep dry in so small a boat. Never was a breakfast more enjoyed than that at Thing-vellir, though we had to wait some time for it, as our companions, who had been sleeping the sleep of the just all the morning, were only beginning to arouse themselves about mid-day. Fresh trout from the lake were served up in a manner that reflected great credit on our cook and stewards, considering the state of fatigue they had arrived in from their long and unaccustomed ride, besides all the packing and unpacking of utensils they had to do.

Trout in Thing-vellir Lake will not take fly. They are caught in nets, of which we saw some set in the lake, made of very thin string like pack-thread. The large joints of cattle and horses' bones were used as weights to sink them; the floats were pieces of cork, that looked old enough to have come there with the first settlers. At Reykjavik we saw some very pretty floats for the sea-fishing nets, of globes of dark-green glass, about the size of salad-oil



bottles, covered with a network of thick string, so that they could not easily be broken. On account of the heat of the sun, we again resolved to travel during the night, but this time the baggage-train was sent on before, that the tents might be ready for us to rest in at the grassy plain of Seljadalr, where we first encamped. We arrived there about eleven o'clock P.M., supped, and had a good

sleep for two or three hours, started again at very early morning, and reached Reykjavik before seven A.M. An express had been sent on before to engage a native photographer there, who was ready on our arrival to take the portraits of the whole sixteen of us and the guide, in a row, seated on our ponies; and very successfully he did it. I took a sorrowful leave of the nice little ponies.



B

Icelandic Costumes.

devoutly hoping that no attempt may be made to "improve" the breed. There were good ponies in Scotland once, forty or fifty years ago, but they have been improved out of existence altogether, and in place of a good Galloway or Mull pony at the Highland horse fairs, we have now the worthless half-bred weed, or abortive attempt at a Clydesdale with big head and feet and stunted, ill-nur-

tured body, a living protest against the folly of trying to rear a giant on fare only fit for a pigmy.

After a bathe in the sea or the tub, according to taste, and breakfast on board the *Mastiff*, we went on shore for the last time, to take leave of our new acquaintance, or friends, as we felt them to be, who had shown us so much kind attention, and were intend-

ing even more had we stayed long enough to receive it. But the claims of business were urgent at home, and the orders peremptory to be ready to sail at mid-day. Those lines of Heber, which travellers in other countries besides Ceylon are so often tempted to quote, "Where every prospect pleases, and man alone is vile," occurred to me as singularly inapplicable here. Though "Island er hinn bester land sem solinn skinnar uppú," the "Mastiffs" departed with the impression that the Iclander is superior to his country.

Reykjavik was looking its best, and Snæfell shining its very whitest in the mid-day sun, when about one o'clock on Friday, 5th July, the *Mastiff* weighed anchor and steamed swiftly away at thirteen knots an hour, which pace, in spite of head wind, she kept up all the way to Scotland, passing the Butt of Lewis about three o'clock on Sunday afternoon. The north coast of Scotland was looking quite as beautiful or even more so than memory had painted it, and the verdure of the Sound of Sleat seemed all the more brilliant when

we thought of the dark lava shores we had left. The midnight gloom that overtook us as we rounded the point of Ardnamurchan was a feature we did not so much enjoy, except for the novelty of seeing the stars again.

One of the party was deposited at Balma-carra on Sunday evening. On Monday morning, at 3.30 A.M., the *Mastiff* put into Oban Bay to land another passenger, disturbing the peaceful slumbers of the inhabitants with a roaring and splashing worthy of Geysir himself, as she turned about to resume her course, and finally reached her journey's end, Wemyss Bay, at 2 P.M. on Monday, 8th July, whence the remaining "Mastiffs" dispersed, each on his several quest all over the globe, to France, Germany, West Indies, and Australia, as well as to all parts of the United Kingdom, each having added a pleasant page to memory's chronicle, and all uniting in a cordial vote of thanks to our host for planning and carrying out so enjoyable an expedition.

## ONLY A COCKROACH.

NOT long ago there was much excitement in the scientific world about a Palæozoic Cockroach. Perhaps we may find that the Neozoic Cockroach is not without its interest.

It is emphatically one of the insects of the present time, for in the classical English literature we hear little or nothing of it. Neither do the classical Greek or Latin authors seem to have noticed it, for the *Blatta* of the ancients may have been a clothes-moth, or museum-beetle, or, indeed, any insect which injures clothing. Dictionaries, indeed, give us the choice between a clothes-moth and a slow-legged beetle; the latter epithet being wholly inapplicable to the cockroach, which, like the lizard, alternates between quiescence and swiftness. It would, however, be perfectly appropriate for the museum-beetle (*Dermestes lardarius*).

As there was a palæozoic cockroach, it is evident that the insect must have existed in the time of the classic authors, and yet none of them allude to it as a domestic pest. Perhaps they were accustomed to it, and did not trouble themselves about it any more than do the Orientals of the present time. Experienced European travellers, when they hire a boat for a journey on the Nile, always stipulate that it shall be sunk for a certain number of days, in order to clear it of the various

insect pests to which such vessels are liable, but which seem to cause no discomfort to the Oriental owners.

Even Europeans fall into the way of ignoring the cockroach by dint of long association. One of my friends, who began life as a sailor, told me that he and his fellow midshipmen were accustomed to keep cocoa ready-made in tin cans, and hung it up for use when wanted. The surface of the cocoa was sure ere long to be so covered with cockroaches that the liquid could not be seen. When he first began his sea-life he was so disgusted by the insects that he threw away the cocoa. His next step was, that before drinking he picked out the cockroaches and threw them overboard. But, after a time, he followed the example of his companions—blew the cockroaches aside, drank as much cocoa as he wanted, and hung up the pot again.

Also, when he first joined his ship, which was a "roachy" one, he could not sleep when the insects ran over his face or nibbled his toes, but he soon got over his repugnance, and slept as well as if there had not been a cockroach in the world.

As to their voracity, it passes all bounds, and they will eat the most unexpected substances. Only a day or two before these lines were written, a young entomologist of my acquaintance brought me a moth which

he had set, and the abdomen of which had been nearly emptied by some unknown foe.

I first thought that the mischief might have been done by a mouse, those creatures being extremely fond of insects, but as the unknown foe had not only scooped out the abdomen, but burrowed into the thorax, it must have been much smaller than a mouse. However, next morning he detected a cockroach running off the setting-board, and, of course, identified the enemy. Fortunately the moth was only a common one, the buff-tip, and no great harm was done.

A most graphic history of the ships' cockroach is given by a naval surgeon. The account appeared in a magazine some five-and-twenty years ago, and is so well told that I could not refrain from taking a copy. Here is part of it :—

"While cockroaches partake largely of the common articles of diet in the ship's stores, they also rather like books, clothes, boots, soap, and corks. They are partial to lucifer-matches, and consider the edges of razors and amputating-knives delicate eating.

"As to drink, these animals exhibit the same impartiality. Probably they do prefer wines and spirit, but they can nevertheless drink beer with a relish, and even suit themselves to circumstances and imbibe water, either pure or mixed with soap; and if they cannot obtain wine they will find a very good substitute in ink.

"Cockroaches, I should think, are by no means exempt from the numerous ills that flesh is heir to, and must at times, like human epicures and gourmands, suffer dreadfully from indigestion; for to what else can I attribute their extreme partiality to medicine?

"'Every cockroach his own doctor,' seems to be their motto, and they appear to attach no other meaning to the word 'surgeon' than simply something to eat.

"I speak by experience.

"As to physic, nothing seems to come wrong to *them*. If patients on shore were only half as fond of pills and draughts, I should never have to go to sea again. As to powders, they invariably roll themselves bodily in them, and tinctures they sip all day long.

"Blistering plaster seems a patent nostrum which they take internally, for they ate up two ounces of mine in as many weeks, and I have no doubt it warmed their insides.

"I one night left a dozen blue pills on my little table. Soon after I turned in I observed the box surrounded with cockroaches, and had to submit to see my pills walked off in a very few minutes by a dozen cockroaches,

each carrying a pill. I politely informed them that there was more than a dose for an adult cockroach in each pill; but I rather think they did not heed the caution, for next morning the floor of my little cabin was strewed with the dead and dying, some exhibiting all the symptoms of an advanced stage of mercurial salivation; while some were still swallowing small morsels of pill, from which I argue that cockroaches are homœopathsists."

Not long ago a piece of bread which had fallen near a mouse-hole in my kitchen was seen to be moving as if a mouse were nibbling it. The bread was removed, and a trap was set and placed in front of the hole. It was heard to fall almost immediately, but when examined it contained a cockroach instead of a mouse.

They are not only hungry insects, but thirsty to a wonderful degree, and the damage which they do to linen left overnight to dry in the kitchen is not caused so much by their hunger as by their thirst. Warmth, moisture, and darkness are the three essentials of cockroach life, and hence it is that they are so abundant in the lower part of the house, and but rarely seen in the upper rooms.

Few insects are so universally hated as the cockroach, even by those who do not fear it. Yet I know of two young ladies—schoolgirls—who not only were free from the ordinary feminine dread of these insects, but actually used to catch and eat them. It was almost impossible to keep the girls out of the kitchen, and in the middle of the night they would manage to creep noiselessly downstairs and enjoy their very unique luxury. The schoolmistress remonstrated with them in vain, and they certainly vanquished her in argument, saying that as she did not hesitate to eat shrimps and lobsters which fed on garbage, they were quite justified in eating cockroaches, which fed on the scraps from her table.

I am inclined to fancy that the almost universal disgust at the sight of cockroaches, toads, and many other harmless, not to say useful creatures, is an artificial feeling, and is due to ignorant nursemaids, together with the dread of bogeys, black men round the corner, and similar stratagems for taming children by terror.

For example, I know a young lady who, when she was a tiny mite of a child, was observed to have her hand tightly closed as she was being carried up-stairs to bed. When asked what she was holding so tightly, she explained that it was only a dear little cockroach which she was taking to bed with her. The same child had several pet toads, and used



to carry them round the garden to feed on the insects which settled on the flowers, and at night she always kissed her toads before putting them in their cave.

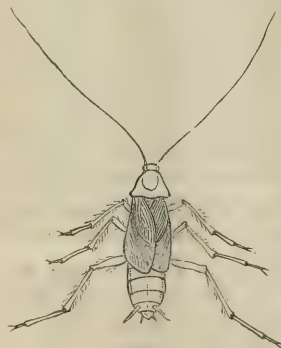
Without going to quite such lengths as these ladies, and, indeed, having rather a personal repugnance to the insect, I cannot but take the strongest interest in it, and feel the deepest admiration at the wonderful manner in which its structure, both external and internal, is adapted to the life which it leads.

It may certainly take rank among the Great Unappreciated, and even its very name is a misnomer.

Popularly it is called a blackbeetle, whereas it is not a beetle, and it is not black. It is related to the grasshoppers and leaf-insects, being one of the Orthoptera, while the beetles belong to the Coleoptera; and it is never black, but at its darkest is only a very deep reddish brown. Some people, especially servants, add insult to injury and call it a black-beadle.

Again, the name of cockroach is a double absurdity, as it is neither a cock nor a roach. The name, indeed, is a contraction of a *Lingua-Franca* word, which signifies light-shunner, and is therefore peculiarly appropriate to the darkness-loving cockroach.

It is not an English insect, as may be inferred from its scientific name, *Blatta orientalis*. There certainly is one British species, but it is very seldom seen, even by entomologists. It is much smaller than the "blackbeetle," lighter in colour, keeps itself to the fields, and does not enter houses.



Male.

Our house cockroach must undoubtedly have been imported, though we do not ex-

actly know the country from which it came, and has managed to acclimatize itself most thoroughly. So completely, indeed, has it taken possession of this country, that in towns scarcely a house can be found which is free from it, and when one single cockroach is visible in a house, it is a sure sign that it has thousands of unseen companions. So firmly does it retain its hold of the premises in which it has gained a footing, that its extirpation is a task of extreme difficulty, even if it be not altogether impossible. This, however, is a question which we will postpone for the present.

As they scurry about on a kitchen floor, the cockroaches look very much alike; but if a number be caught and examined, three distinct forms will present themselves, two of which are shown in the accompanying sketches taken from insects caught for the purpose of sitting for their portraits.

All are more or less flat-bodied, but they are differently proportioned as to their width. Some are much longer and narrower than their companions, and on the back are two wing-cases, or elytra, very much like those of a beetle, except that they are softer and more leathery in texture. Their surface is covered with a series of ridges, all starting from the base, but taking a peculiar curve, so as to produce the really elegant pattern which is shown in the illustration.

The elytra are, in point of fact, the upper pair of wings which are not used for flight, but merely as a protection to the delicate under wings.

If these elytra be opened, a pair of membranous wings will be seen lying beneath. They are folded longitudinally, and are not longer than the elytra. In this point they differ from the beetles, most of which have their wings folded both ways, and some of them, such as the rove-beetles, have several cross folds. The wings are nearly transparent, but deeper in colour towards the outer edge, where they merge into the reddish brown of the elytra.

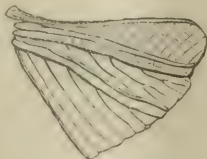
These elytra, by the way, are not always of the familiar black-red of the cockroach. In all cases, when the insect has recently changed from the pupal to the perfect state, the colour is nearly white, the dark hue being developed by the action of light. This is the case with insects in general, but as they seldom show themselves until their hues have been fully developed, they are not often noticed in their colourless state. A white or grey cockroach, however, is common enough, and may always be recognised as an insect

which has recently thrown off one of its preliminary skins.

Sometimes, however, the colour retains a lighter shade through life. There is a specimen now before me, in which the colour is pale chestnut instead of reddish black. I kept the insect for some time, expecting it to darken in colour, but there was no alteration in it, although, as a rule, white cockroaches darken in a few hours.

Most of my readers must, in their younger days, have admired the rich mottlings of a horse-chestnut when removed from its shell, and have been disappointed to find that the beautiful mottlings soon darkened into uniform reddish brown. The action of light is the same upon the insect as upon the fruit, and in the former it is not dependent on life, the colour of a dead cockroach darkening quite as soon as if it were alive.

I have already mentioned that these wings are only folded longitudinally. In order to show the elaborate system of hinges by which the wings are folded, as well as to exhibit more clearly the beautiful pattern formed by the rays or nervures, as they are technically named, I have sketched the right wing of a male cockroach, as it appears when spread for flight.



Right Wing.

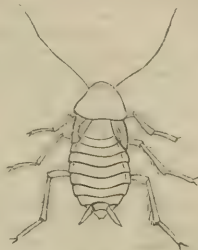
It is magnified three diameters, *i.e.* it has nine times the superficies of the wing from which it was drawn.

As only the lower pair of wings are used in flight, and as they are small in proportion to the dimensions of the body, it is evident that the cockroach is not a fast-flying insect. In fact, it flies slowly and heavily, and may be seen in the dusk, passing in and out of the windows, but never rising to any great height.

Still, it can pass over ordinary houses, but always manages just to overtop their roofs. It may often be seen in cisterns at the tops of houses lying dead in the water, to which it has been attracted by its insatiable thirst. Why so few persons seem to have noticed the flight of the cockroach I cannot imagine, as the insects take freely to the wing on warm evenings.

All these winged cockroaches are adult males, although they differ as much in size as do men in stature.

The second form is equally conspicuous, and is shown in the accompanying illustration.



Female.

Here we have a very wide body, a large thorax, and no wings, though their place is indicated by two small rudimentary wing-cases, with a ridged pattern on them as in the adult male. This is the adult female, and as is evident from her structure, she cannot fly. How, then, does she manage to make her way into houses, even though they be in the midst of grounds which she could not possibly traverse? This question has occurred to many persons, and the answer is to be found in the laundress's basket.

Wash-houses in constant use are necessarily always warm and wet, and therefore are strongholds of cockroaches. The insects swarm out of their holes at night, and when the door is opened in the morning, they scurry off in search of a refuge from the unwelcome light, and find it in the interstices of the basket. There they lie concealed until the basket reaches its destination, and so they gain admission into the house.

The third form is somewhat similar in general appearance, but there are not even the rudiments of wing-cases. These are the larvæ, corresponding to the caterpillar of a butterfly, and, like the caterpillar, they may be found of all sizes. The smallest are not so large as the common gnat, and the largest are even superior in size to the perfect male and female.

Herein lies another of the differences between the Coleoptera and Orthoptera. The larvæ of the former are mere grubs, in most cases so unlike the perfect insect that their identity can only be ascertained by breeding them; while in the latter the general shape is much the same throughout all the transfor-

mations, and the chief external distinction exists in the addition of the wings.

Beside these three distinct forms there is another, which is rather perplexing at first. It looks like a male in shape, but the wing-cases are small, so that it might be mistaken for a female. If, however, it be examined with a little care, the wing-cases will be seen to be rather longer than those of the female, and much thicker. These denote that it is a male pupa, and that in course of time it will shed the skin which it then wears, and appear as a perfect male insect with two pairs of wings.

Both sketches of cockroaches are given of the exact size.

The distinction between the sexes will be seen at a glance. The male is not only longer and narrower than the female, but the legs and antennæ are also very much longer. The back of the head, too, is visible, which is not the case with the female, who has her head tucked under the thorax, and completely hidden. It is rather a curious fact that the females are seldom quite symmetrical, generally bulging slightly on one side. In the present example, the right side is the larger. In another specimen, now before me, the left side is the larger.

Similarly with the males, the elytra do not exactly coincide with each other, neither are they arranged in the same way, sometimes the right elytron being uppermost, and sometimes the left, as in the insect which is figured on page 630.

So much for the general aspect of the insect.

The reader must not judge of the cockroach as it appears when alarmed, flattening itself as closely as possible to the ground, scurrying away from the light, and creeping into just those places which to our senses would be intolerably noisome.

Neither should it be judged from its appearance when dead, whether killed by poison or boiling water. In either case the legs are folded under the body, thus altering the entire contour; and so tightly are they contracted, that the legs generally give way at their junction with the body, when any attempt is made to bend the joints.

Owing to the hatred of light innate in the cockroach, it is not easy to watch it so as to observe its ordinary mode of conducting itself. However, it can be trained to accommodate itself to circumstances, and if kept in a glass vessel, will in a few days be comparatively at its ease. Cockroaches thus kept should have a spacious vessel; there should

not be too many of them, and they must be well supplied with food and water. Otherwise they will die, and the survivors have a bad habit of eating the bodies of their comrades almost before they are dead.

The first point about them which will strike the observer is their almost fastidious cleanliness. Their polished bodies can hardly retain a particle of dirt, but the cockroach seems to be always cleaning itself, and by its action reminds the observer of a cat. The head, thorax, antennæ, and body are continually brushed with the legs, and then the legs themselves are successively drawn between the jaws.

The next point is the brisk, alert, and I may almost say, perky demeanour of the insect. It stands well from the ground on its long legs, looks sharply from side to side, and inspects everything within its reach, while its long, delicate antennæ are perpetually moving, applied to every object near which the insect walks, and evidently employed as organs of touch, though they may probably subserve other purposes.

The head, too, is no longer bent under the thorax, but is projected forward, and has a wonderfully intelligent aspect.



Front of Head.

I here give a magnified view of the front of a cockroach's head, the antennæ being necessarily cut short. The reader must not fancy that the two discs out of which the antennæ spring are the eyes, although they have a very eye-like appearance. They are shallow pits, and the eyes are black, shining, kidney-shaped, and curling round the edge of the pits, as shown in the sketch. I need hardly say that they are compound eyes. If the observer will examine them with the full power of the pocket-lens, he will plainly see on their surface the honeycomb-like structure which is so characteristic of the insect eye.

The same power will also show him that the antennæ are composed of innumerable rings, each being fringed with short, stiff hairs, and very much resembling the corresponding organs of the lobster.



On either side of the mouth are a couple of organs which look like small antennæ. These are called *palpi*, and are attached to different portions of the mouth. Below them, and in the centre, are the two small but powerful jaws, which, during the life of the insect, are pale yellowish grey, but are apt to deepen in colour when they become dried.

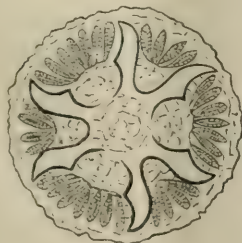
Neither the palpi or the jaws are ordinarily to be seen, the former being folded close to the head, and the latter concealed by the attitude of the insect.

Now, having seen something of the cockroach, as far as externals go, we will proceed to look inside it, and see what becomes of the food which it so voraciously consumes.

Laying the insect on its back and judiciously opening the thorax, we come upon the slender gullet. This leads to a wonderfully capacious crop, which is invariably distended, unless the insect has been kept from food for a considerable time. It looks black, but that is only owing to the extreme delicacy of its structure, which allows the contents to be seen through it.

Open the crop and empty it, and at the bottom will be seen a tiny brown cup, which is as large as a good-sized pin's head. This is the gizzard, which subserves exactly the same purpose as does the gizzard of a bird, namely, to grind the food which the jaws are unable to masticate.

On applying the full power of the pocket-lens, a most wonderful structure is manifested, absolutely startling from its complex beauty, and scarcely to be credited until seen. I have here given a sketch of a cockroach gizzard, drawn merely by the help of the pocket-lens.



Gizzard of Cockroach.

Looking into the cup, three pairs of reddish brown horny teeth are seen, all radiating from the centre. Over each pair is a layer of muscular fibre, which must be removed, and

then the shape of the jaws is seen to be as shown in the drawing, each jaw bearing some resemblance to the head of an ancient partisan. These alone would be wonderful enough, but we also see a number of tiny radiating spikes between the jaws, giving to the whole organ a general aspect like that of a composite flower in full blossom.

A closer examination shows that these petal-like objects are arranged like the ribs of a fan, and a little careful management of the light will reveal the fact that each ray is studded round its edges with innumerable transverse teeth, the whole forming a masticating apparatus which is almost unique in the animal kingdom.

Many insects possess gizzards, and there are few forms which I have not dissected. All are dissimilar, all are elaborately constructed, but I know of none which even approaches that of the cockroach in its almost incredible beauty, to which no pen or pencil can do justice.

Externally, the gizzard is not without beauty and elegance of form. The cup is not simply circular, but is moulded so as to look something like a half-melon cut transversely. There are six ribs, if they may be so called, and they all unite in a single tube.

Just below the gizzard are twelve slight tubes with closed ends. These are technically named *cæca* or blind tubes, and are supposed to correspond in their office to the *cæca* of the higher animals. They are perfectly white, and give the gizzard a singular resemblance to the head of the snake-locked sea anemone.

The tube into which the *cæca* open is rather a long one, and at the end it is enveloped in a thick mass of long, delicate, yellowish fibres. These, indeed, are so long and so numerous, that when the organs are folded together, as in life, they envelop a considerable portion of them, and tie them together so firmly that to disentangle the system is a work of care and time. Even though I knew the structure of the insect, and therefore could proceed boldly, it took me at least an hour and a half before the structures were completely laid out.

Now these threads are the analogues of the liver in higher animals, and are interesting as exhibiting the primary form of the gland. The microscope shows that the solid glands of the vertebrates are composed of multitudinous tubes, and in the insect we have tubes similar in their functions, but free throughout their whole length instead of being fused into a single mass. By the aid

of the microscope the structure of these liver-threads is seen to be very beautiful, but in this article I restrict myself wholly to those details which fall within the powers of the pocket-lens.

Below the liver come the intestinal structures, the upper one having a more definitely muscular coat than the lower.

There is yet to be noticed another curious point in the life-history of the cockroach, namely, the manner in which it deposits its eggs. These are not laid separately, like those of most insects, but a number of them are enclosed in a horny envelope, bearing an almost ludicrous resemblance to an "apple-turnover." The eggs lie in their case like peas in a pod, and the similitude is rendered more exact by the fact that when the eggs are to be hatched, the case splits, pod-like, along one side, and allows the inmates to escape.

The egg-cases are nearly as large as roasted coffee-beans, and very much of the same shape and colour. They may be found by the thousand in crevices behind chimneys and similar localities, and I have often had them brought to me by persons who had found them and taken them for the seeds of some plant.

When the young cockroaches first issue from the egg-case they are perfectly white in colour, and not larger than fleas, for which insects they are often mistaken as they are seen swarming about the floor.

I am often asked whether the cockroach can have any redeeming points with regard to its relationship to civilised man, or whether it be not an unmitigated pest which ought to be exterminated wherever it is found.

That it is a nuisance is undeniable, but that it ought to be exterminated is very doubtful.

In the first place it is, like the sewer rat, an invaluable scavenger, eating substances which might decay and breed fevers if allowed to decay. It is never seen in dry and perfectly clean places where it can find no food, and its very presence is a sign that it is needed.

Perhaps people may say that they can put up with cockroaches in kitchens and out-houses, but when they come into bedrooms it is time that they should be abolished. I very much doubt whether they should be destroyed even under such circumstances. Cockroaches are not likely to take the trouble of going up-stairs into bedrooms unless they have some object in it, and that object is generally the flatter and smaller insect which prefers bedrooms to kitchens.

Sailors are well aware of this fact, and that

"Norfolk Howards" and cockroaches cannot exist in the same ship; and a curious instance of this fact is recorded in the "Narrative of Foster's Voyage in the *Chanticleer*."

"Cockroaches, those nuisances to ships, are plentiful at St. Helena, and yet, bad as they are, they are more endurable than bugs. Previous to our arrival here in the *Chanticleer* we had suffered great inconvenience from the latter, but the cockroaches no sooner made their appearance than the bugs entirely disappeared. The fact is, the cockroach preys on them, and leaves no sign or vestige of where they have been; so far it is a most valuable insect."

Still, they must be kept within due bounds, if it can be done; but absolute extermination, even if it were politic, is practically impossible. Poisons may destroy the insects themselves, but the egg-cases are untouched by them. I have tried the various pastes and powders, and have but little faith in them even as a palliative. Some ten years ago a really effective powder was sold by a person of the name of Easter, but I have not been able to trace him or his powder for a long time. Chloride of lime thrown into their holes and scattered in their haunts will be sure to keep their numbers within bounds.

Traps are of very little use. They certainly present rather an imposing appearance when successful, but if their inmates were a hundred times as numerous, they would have but a small effect upon the cockroach hosts.

A hedgehog will be a useful ally in a kitchen if the servants can be induced to endure its presence. But the hedgehog is not a very clean animal, is wont to stray if not watched, and is apt to coil itself up and go to sleep in dark places where the hand is likely to come upon the prickles.

Poultry are very fond of cockroaches, and their owners are sure to be right if they catch any number of cockroaches and give them to the poultry. Common jam-pots are excellent traps. Put them on the kitchen floor, and lay a few sticks of firewood from the edge to the ground, and nothing more will be needful, except perhaps a spoonful of water in the pot by way of bait. Twenty or thirty cockroaches will generally be found in each jar by the morning. Should there be poultry at hand, put down the jars among them, and they will be emptied in a few moments. If not, a little boiling water poured upon them will be instantaneously fatal.

Do not tread on a cockroach if you can help it. The creature has but little fat, for which reason it is easily dissected; but it has

always much air in its interior, and when trodden on it explodes very much like the bladder-wrack at the seaside. Ladies with delicate nerves have often been startled by treading on a cockroach just inside their door, when they have come home late at night.

Much more might be said about the cockroach, but I hope I have succeeded in showing that, however much it may be detested, it has incontestable claims to our attention, both for its wonderful structure and its mode of life, and that the direct services which it renders to man are a sufficient counterbalance to its undeniably repellent aspect.

As I hope that many of my readers may be induced to study the structure of insects for themselves, and might be deterred by the feeling that an expensive microscope and a costly set of instruments are necessary, I made the dissections with a common pocket-lens, one pair of forceps, one pair of fine scissors, and a darning-needle stuck into a wooden penholder. My dissecting trough was a cold-cream pot, with some wax melted into it. For a similar reason I have avoided scientific nomenclature, and have only employed terms which are intelligible to the ordinary reader.

J. G. WOOD.

## A MISSIONARY HEALTH OFFICER IN INDIA.

### PART II.

WE have seen our health missionary doing duty during the famine; with what effect in God's service has been told too briefly. We must now give a yet briefer sketch of his work at his ordinary duty.

What is the work of a health missionary? To raise the people; to save life; to educate the people to know and practise the first elements of living a sound and healthy life; to indoctrinate the people with something like a new moral sense; to re-create them, in fact—it is not too strong a word—that is the business of a sanitary commissioner; that is the work put into his hands by God. These are "good words." Can they be made good deeds and facts? How can he enlist the people to raise and re-create themselves according to God's laws? To conserve the water, keeping it from pollution—even in the second capital of the British empire, Bombay itself, cesspools are allowed to defile the drinking water by percolation—to enforce ventilation—to keep up surface cleansing—if all these and similar measures be taken, cholera never touches us. This is one great element in re-creating the people.

In the rural districts, at first the people thought it all a caprice of the English Sahib: the English Sahib did not like to see the dirt, they would just sweep it into a corner. This was all that came of it at first. The native is personally clean. Inside his hut is very clean. But just outside there will be a great steaming cesspool. Now he is learning.

Cholera, as has been said, never touches the places, the towns, or villages, which are really conserved. In cantonments, as soon as a case occurs, march the men out.

The sanitary commissioner educated deputy sanitary commissioners to help him—men of several years' standing. "I and my boys," as he used to call them. In cholera he would make them travel fifty miles of a night. They flew at the spot where the mischief was. Out of six two died of fever, one was invalidated for life, one left because he was too slow in cholera. More sprang up to take the place and the dangers of these nameless men. "O gran bontà de Cavalieri Antichi!" exclaims the poet. Here are the antique times of heroism come again inspired by modern sanitary knowledge. Who shall say that the heroic ages are a thing of the past?

This was an awful time, but just such a time as real Christian chivalry delights to cope with. The day was never long enough for him. He always liked to have a little more to do than he could do—often without food. Truly his meat was to do the will and to finish the work of the Father.

1. But how in the great towns?

We cannot give a sanitary treatise here; there is not room.

Let us take one or two of the great old famous cities where he did his work, either as health officer or sanitary commissioner.

Bombay has for years done everything to drain itself, except doing it. In the meantime he, the most vigorous of health officers—now, alas! no longer at that post—did, at a quite incredible cost of time and energy, organize and personally superintend an immense system of hand labour. He was, as it were, the constantly present head of this enormous organization of hands, in



exactly the same sense that one's head directs one's two hands. He saved Bombay from cholera epidemics, and did that for them single-handed, or rather single-headed, which should have been better done by the civilised hand of engineering and machinery. He has been a sanitarily engineered city in himself: the reports of his work are his best witnesses.

When the health missionary began, the death-rate was 28 per 1,000; then it was brought down to 14 or 16 per 1,000. But it has been up at 34 per 1,000 since; for Bombay is dirty now, perhaps dirtier than ever. People cannot sleep on their roofs for the smell. He used to go up the gullies himself, never later than half-past three in the morning, on the daily cleansing work of the health missionary. The death rate was halved. Is it too strong a word to say that this was a re-creation of the people according to the laws of God?

When he began, the people did not care if there were a hundred or two of Cholera Deaths a week. They thought it all right. Now we *have* taught them this: if there are one or two Cholera Deaths, people come:—it is all wrong: what is to be done? bestir yourselves, gentlemen; don't you see we are all dead? They begin to connect cholera with uncleanness. They had no idea of the connection before.

There is now a drainage scheme suitable for Bombay city, after some fifteen years' wrangling. There was some difficulty in settling the financial part of the plan, but the work has begun, and will advance in due course. And the increased water supply, so much needed, is in progress.

Ahmedabad, the ancient capital of Guzerat, a walled city, river on one side, railway now on the other—how many vicissitudes it has gone through!—a Mussulman burial ground, two and three tiers of graves deep, ruined mosques and tombs, recall to us the time of the Mahometan rule, when only Mussulmans were allowed to reside within the city: the Hindoos were compelled to live in hamlets outside. Inside the city beautiful trees give an idea of luxuriance; but through the western gate you see one of the saddest sights in India: a constant stream of women painfully toiling across the heavy sand to fill their water vessels. About two square miles are enclosed within the walls, and about 112,000 people.

To give an idea of the overcrowding—in London there are 41 persons to an acre, in Bombay 52, in Ahmedabad city 83, but in

its walled hamlet of Saraspur 99·9 to an acre. And in one division of Ahmedabad 114 persons to an acre.

About 70 per cent. of the population are Hindoos, 20 per cent. Mussulmans, 10 per cent. Buddhists. And how many Christians to these 112,000 people? Nominal, or otherwise, the Christians, the rulers, are only 264. And even this is a large proportion. Taking India all over, is not one British official to 200,000 inhabitants the average? Truly it may be said that England's attempt to govern India is the greatest fact and the greatest experiment in modern history.

But we must descend from the regions of political history to the lowest details of sanitary work. The *khalkoowa*, which holds a large place in Ahmedabad history, although deep below the earth and never seen—and this is the peculiarity of sanitary history: that which we never see or hear of or touch but only smell, gives death or life—commands the death-rate, as it is supposed God only can, is the supreme arbiter of fate, as kings and emperors cannot be. But it is this by God's laws. What is the *khalkoowa*? an avenging angel? a Hindoo goddess? a force of nature? It is a pit, three feet in diameter and twenty feet deep, dug under or beside the house for the night-soil, and cleaned out only once in thirty or forty years. The well-water throughout the town has become so bad, as we shall not be surprised to hear, that positively it cannot be used for gardens, for flowers watered with it die. And do not the children die? The terrible death-rate speaks louder than we can of the awful havoc the contaminated subsoil is making in Ahmedabad. And it was the native secretary to the municipality himself who said that it was the filth accumulated in the *khalkoowas* which caused the epidemic which depopulated the ancient capital of Guzerat, *this* being the offended goddess to whose wrath Hindoo traditions ascribed the calamity. And surely such an epidemic will again sweep through Ahmedabad if we do not take action to prevent it.

Ahmedabad is, after Bombay, the largest city in the Presidency. Its death-rate from fever is three times that of Bombay, where our missionary health officer had been for years at work; in fact, it is higher than the Bombay rate from all causes, and the total death-rate is nearly double that of Bombay. And we must never forget the amount of sickness, the feebleness and degeneration of the human being which such a death-rate and gradual depopulation of the city represent.

Why, as the sanitary commissioner asks, should forty-five or forty-six persons die in Ahmedabad in every thousand when only twenty-three die in the much greater city Bombay? In ten years 26,690 lives have been lost in Ahmedabad, not to speak of health and strength sacrificed in vain, which would not have been lost with even the common sanitary precautions of Bombay, which has so much less natural advantages than Ahmedabad.

The old proverb of Ahmedabad says that it hangs by three threads, meaning that it is dependent on the weaving in cotton, silk, and gold. Alas for the poor weavers! Their fate does not hang over their heads by a thread, but is beneath their feet. Forty years ago a water supply was given, drawn from the worst place that could be found in the river *below* the town, polluted by cantonment people, by steeping of hemp, by ashes of the dead, by washing of clothes, worst of all by percolation from khalkoowas, by offensive trades, jute and dyers included, and during the monsoon by unspeakable contamination and dead bodies washed out of their graves. The amount of salt and sulphuric acid in the water would be incredible if it were not impossible that it should be otherwise. The filthy water ran through jute and human manure. What wonder if the flowers watered with it died, that the people should die too! And there was excellent water a few hundred yards off. The conservancy and surface cleansing system is now very actively carried on under the secretary to the municipality already spoken of. But essential reforms are: the provision of a pure water supply, the abolition of the deadly khalkoowa system, the prohibition of the burial of the dead in the river bed, the removal of certain trades from inside the walls, and several others.

All these reforms have been "earnestly asked," and schemes pointed out for executing them by the health missionary, who is unfortunately no longer at that post. Let us trust that a succession of health missionaries will save Ahmedabad.

II. And this brings us to the great part which municipalities should play and do play in the health reform. It cannot quite be said that they all yet do their duty. Native gentlemen are too much frightened at seeing themselves in the newspapers; they will not always do what they think right. You must have a great man up before the court, if he breaks sanitary rules, and fine him 200 rupees. It is the only way. He will offer you 1,000

rupees to let him off; but have him up before the court, he will do right for ever after.

India seemed scarcely ripe for municipalities. Was it a capital error making health officers municipal appointments? As long as the health officer neglects his duty, and calls for no expense, is he retained? But, if he makes himself disagreeable, he can be dismissed without appeal to Government. Should not these appointments be at least so far Government ones as that the holders cannot be dismissed without Government sanction? There are, however, grand exceptions of zealous municipalities and their secretaries; and we cannot quite say that the evil above mentioned is wholly absent in England.

Space fails us to tell of Ahmednuggur or Bijapore, with an old Mahometan dome larger than that of St. Paul's.

We must say another word about the rural districts. How can the people be enlisted to raise and re-create themselves according to God's laws?

III. Should not the Secretary of State for India *order* local governments to see after the sanitation of the country—the domestic cleanliness? Should not he make local governments responsible for the high rural death-rate? Should not local governments charge the collectors, the district officers, with this care? They can, if they will. And what higher or greater charge than this raising of the people, than that the people should live? It has been found that, by the Village Police Act, the village patels, or headmen, can be made use of to enforce various sanitary measures, to conserve the water, to enforce ventilation, to keep up surface cleansing. By the Village Police Act fines can be inflicted for neglect. It was intended, had the sanitary commissioner remained at his post, for him to go round to selected collectors—these to have selected patels—and to try the experiment with these select headmen, how they could be made responsible for the domestic sanitation of their villages. There is this law, enforcing it by penalties, by which they could be made so. We were to have tried the experiment. It is said and it is true that collectors and the higher officials are so overworked that they cannot attend to these, or, indeed, to what seem higher things. But people must live in order to be governed. And what higher thing is there than life, to save life from death?

Our health missionary says, "Systematic endeavours should be made to teach the people to help themselves. The patel should

have authority given him by law to compel the people to clean the village." He then explains, for the collection and removal of night-soil, "the shallow earth trench system," which has been "successfully worked at every famine relief camp where it has been properly supervised." He shows that "there is nothing to interfere with their caste prejudices." He gives other instructions, and adds, "I have seen this done in villages near Ahmedabad; and if it can be done in Guzerat, why should not the order be enforced in the Deccan?"

In an admirable resolution of Government upon this, dated Bombay Castle, January 7th, 1878, it is acknowledged that "this is certainly a matter which closely concerns the public health and safety," and that "it cannot but be that in many villages the patel is an intelligent man, who might with great benefit be entrusted with powers under the Bombay Village Police Act of 1869." Then have these powers remained in abeyance? "The governor in council desires that all collectors will cause careful inquiries to be made in their districts with a view to ascertaining what patels can be invested with these powers, and hopes that the experiment may have a full trial at an early date. There is no class of men in the whole country so well qualified as the village patels to advance sanitary reform, if happily they be favourably disposed on this behalf. It should be the object of every collector to persuade and to convince them of its importance."

Since the health missionary's departure, has this all-important "experiment" been carried out? Will it be thought too serious if we speak of the "earnest expectation" waiting "upon the manifestation of the sons of God," as the Dean of Westminster said, in his noble funeral sermon on Lord Lawrence, that our "earnest expectation" waited on the heroes who were "manifested" in the mutiny of 1857? And can any "manifestation" be more godlike than that of re-creating the people to health and decency and morality?

Alas! is it known how great is the immorality among these people, and how terrible is the effect upon the "rising generation," which is said to be "very rapidly deteriorating from the effects of this poison"? "Dispensaries" are recommended, and "the Grant Medical College is year by year sending out highly educated young men, who are beginning to establish themselves in towns in the Mofussil." And "to their exertions," it is said, "we must look for aid."

iv. The Hindoos are either high caste or vegetarians, middle caste or flesh-eaters, low caste or carrion-eaters (no Hindoo will eat beef), low castes, not out castes.\*

The Government makes us divide them into Hindoos, Mahometans, Christians, "all others." The health missionary wishes Government to let us divide the Hindoos at least into high caste and low caste. The low castes are fine intelligent fellows, but they drink. They live outside in the suburbs. They are not allowed to come within the towns, and must not enter the villages. Their death-rate is very high indeed, from the horrible conditions under which they live—bad water and the rest. Now this ought to be shown. Let us have the death-rate of the low castes registered separately, and then amend their conditions.

v. One word upon tree-planting as a supplement to irrigation.

Irrigation is the present necessity; but it is not too much to say that with tree-planting properly carried out there would be *equalised* rainfall. We are so stupid, so like children: we go on cutting down wood without replacing it, and for great part of the year the heavens become as brass, and roads are not wanted in India during the dry season, for the whole country is a hard road. Then the rain, which is sure to come, destroys everything. This was the beginning of scarcity in Madras, followed by the want of rain for many months, which stopped production. But there are other consequences of equal importance. The relation of this irregular rainfall in Madras to the enormous fever and cholera death-rate can be shown by statistical facts. Scarcity, as was said before, is but one of the death causes in famine times. Plants die, animals die, and men die. But it is not all from want of food. Tree-planting would do much both to bring rainfall and to arrest floods.

Has not America been denuding herself of wood? and already people are beginning to scent the coming end.

vi. Full sixty-six thousand persons are at this moment receiving relief in the Bombay Presidency, though the present monsoon is favourable.

I recall the indebted condition of the Deccan ryot, which occasioned the riots of 1875. I recall how the rioters submitted, on our promise to look into their grievances—how nothing was done till this year, 1879,

\* Is it the young gentlemen of the Secretariat who compile reports? Do they confuse out caste with low caste? Do they know the difference?



when the riots blazed out afresh and more seriously; how Mr. Hope's Bill, now before the Government of Simla, is based upon the proposals never acted on, which were made by the Deccan Riots Commission, appointed in 1875, and upon the Secretary of State's dispatch which dates from last December only. Indebted Deccan does not wait for Secretary of State or Viceroy. Agrarian discontent is not impatient, but sure. All history tells us that it may smoulder, but will not be extinguished till it blazes out in fire and sword, or till its causes are removed. Our promise to them to remove these causes never was fulfilled. And referring to these causes in the last number for August, we shall be able to understand and to rejoice in some of the provisions in Mr. Hope's Bill.

1. That no bond should be valid unless written by or under the superintendence of the village registrar, and attested by him; that he should endorse on the original whether consideration was paid before him.

2. That the money-lender should be required, under a penalty, to grant the debtor written receipts, annual statements of account, and a pass-book, to be written up from time to time. Further, non-judicial officers, to be styled "conciliators," should be appointed. No litigation without a certificate from the conciliator of having been called in and failed. "Panchayats," or arbitration by non-official bodies, to be considered.

In parts of Bengal it is said that "the very men who in court take up the position of partisans, and deliberately tell whole strings of falsehoods, would in their own villages settle the disputes in a perfectly fair and proper manner." "A native who will lie to any extent in court will act most fairly as an arbitrator." (This is true for all India.)

Further, law courts to be made more absolute, less technical, less dilatory, and less expensive. Competent village headmen to be village "munsifs," with final jurisdiction in money cases up to 10 rupees.

"A more efficient insolvency law is also necessary; and before applying English principles it must be remembered, that while in England fraud by the debtor was the chief thing to be guarded against, the danger here lay rather in fraud by the creditor."

"It is made obligatory on courts in all contested cases to go behind the bond and inquire into the whole history of the transactions between the parties; and even where the debt was admitted, the court might make this inquiry if it suspected collusion." [To

substitute some degree of equity for law is indeed a grand thing.]

It must never be forgotten that these bonds are always a nominal, never a real transaction; *no money passes at all* between money-lender and borrower. But the bond, representing a fiction, is produced as evidence. The Sowkar's business is not really money-lending; it is barter. The Sowkar is not a money-lender; he is a produce-buyer and seller.

Mr. Hope's Bill proposes that "all implements of husbandry and such cattle as might be necessary to enable the debtor to earn a living as an agriculturist should be exempted from arrest, and imprisonment for debt would be abolished, except in cases of proved fraud." It "exempts land from attachment and sale, unless specifically pledged for repayment of debt."

May it not be that the Bill does not go far enough, and, on the other hand, that one or two provisions in it are useless? 1. Village Registration. May this not be only another arm in the Sowkar's hands? Suppose a bond of the Sowkar to give the ryot 125 rupees; if for greater security a zealous village registrar makes the Sowkar give the money in his presence, the ryot has to give it back once they are outside the door. Then it appears on the registrar's records, against the ryot, that he has received 125 rupees, of which he has received nothing. 2. The village headman to be "munsif." Now we know that, if he owes anything himself to the Sowkar, he will give judgment in favour of the Sowkar.

I wish I had space for more. God speed all real remedies as all we can say at present.

VII. And who can forget, in writing of sanitary heroes, him the greatest hero of all, foremost in all defence of life, John Lawrence, to whom was due the appointment of the first sanitary commissions to initiate the work advised by the Royal Commission of 1859, before which he gave his evidence on the importance of Indian sanitary reform. On the appointment of commissions, which dealt not only with military but with civil questions of health, and began the great improvements in stations and towns, necessarily followed the framing of Acts for the creation of municipalities having sanitary powers all over India. The last year (1877) of which the returns have come in shows a death-rate among troops in India of 12.71 per 1,000, the lowest yet attained. He organized it all when he went out as Governor-General in December, 1863, and other men have entered into his labours as he intended.

How little is he known in England! We are to raise him a monument—as little unworthy of him as we can. But when his *work* is made known, this will be his true monument. Oh for a Macaulay to write of him a “biographical essay,” imperishable as his own labours! But his work should be written by those, above Macaulays, who were sharers in those great deeds. Yet who survives to tell us? How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! Who is there to show us that last great man, that he may *not* be *the last*, while we still as it were discern the path of light left by “the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof” bearing away our “father” from us into the immediate presence of his and our heavenly Father? Upon whom has the mantle fallen? Upon whom? It shall not be: “her last great man” sad India now deplores. Who will tell us of the spirit which inspired those great deeds of his while

his name may still be made one of England’s and India’s “Good Words”?—his name not only to be history for all time, but now to be our “Household Word.”

We reverence in our hero about the last of the great race of statesmen who came out of the old Company’s service: we reverence him most of all in these days of danger, when statesmen seem to form themselves on strange elections of constituencies, and to dabble in unheroic squabbles—misnamed politics.

Those were not John Lawrence’s politics. To deliver and raise the subject—to subdue the oppressors; and not only this, but to bring them over to be themselves the stoutest defenders of the right—these were the politics, this the work of John Lawrence. This was the missionary statesman, the ancient Roman in mould, the Christian servant of God in spirit.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

## IMPORTUNITY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “THE WHITE CROSS AND DOVE OF PEARLS.”

HE standeth knocking at the door:—

“O Lord! how long? how long?

Weeping, Thy patience I adore,

And yet the bars are strong:

Lord, draw them for me, for my hand is weak,

The night is chill. Enter thou till the streak

Of ruddy morning flush the day’s young cheek!”

He standeth knocking, knocking still;

“Sweet, pleading voice, I hear,”

The mist is rolling from the hill,

The fourth slow watch is near:

Through the small lattice I beheld His face,

In the cold starlight, full of pitying grace,

Yet—how to guest Him, in so mean a place?

He standeth knocking, knocking loud!

Yes! for the timbers creak:

Eastward there low’s an angry cloud;

“Sweet Saviour, hear me speak:

Oh, bide not there to feel the drenching rain!

I bid Thee welcome; but in grief and pain

Tell Thee, my strength against these bars is vain.”

He standeth knocking, knocking oft,

The day of grace wears on,

The chiding Spirit whispers soft,

“Perchance He may be gone

While thou still lingerest.” “Not the bars alone

Keep Thee out, Lord: against the door is thrown

Sand-bags of Care and hoarded gains and stone.”

He standeth knocking, knocking faint;

“Blest Saviour, leave me not;

But let me tell Thee my complaint,

The misery of my lot,

And let me sweep the floor Thy feet must press,

Deck myself royally for Thy caress,

Make myself worthy, ere Thou stoop to bless!”

He standeth knocking, knocking still;

“Lord, help me in my doubt,

Must I put forth this feeble will

To draw Thee from without?

Then help my weakness.” Hear each stern bar give,

The door flies backward: He but whispers “Live!”

While on His patient breast I, weeping, plead “For-  
give!”



## THE MISSION FIELDS OF INDIA, CHINA, AND JAPAN.

BY THE REV. W. FLEMING STEVENSON, AUTHOR OF "PRAYING AND WORKING."

## VII.—PEKING.

THERE were pleasant days passed at Tientsin, and there were many glimpses into the busy Mission life and its already powerful influence to which I shall return; but when these days had glided only too quickly by, the painful carts stood, one starlit morning, at the door. The way to Peking is made by either land or water; with the river so low, however, the comfortable houseboat had to be surrendered as altogether too slow and uncertain, and the eighty-seven miles were to be taken by road. The mules were good, the carters silent, the roads execrable. Though it was an hour before we got out of the tangled suburbs of the city, and before the sun rose, the constant explosions of crackers showed that Chinamen were awake, and pedlars were already displaying their wares. I bought for a few cash, of a picture-dealer whose stock was spread in a doorway, a sketch of an engagement between the imperial troops and the rebels, in which the artist had conveniently covered the details under the smoke of the guns. Our provision for the way was simple: bolsters, mattresses, and rugs, bread, a tin or two of canned meat, and many little things that kind hands insisted on putting into corners, and for the rest we trusted to the native inns. Our friends had sketched an itinerary, and we were put in charge of a faithful servitor of the Mission accustomed to take boxes of Bibles to the capital. Had we been the books themselves, he could not have been more anxious. When we were riding in Manchuria we had met some country folk with long wooden spears, not intended to hurt but to frighten; and Li gallantly donned a soldier's jacket emblazoned with some mystic sign that was to strike terror into evil-doers. No one could have been more quick-witted and observant, and he used his three English words so skilfully as to produce the impression of being a man of boundless information, but shy and embarrassed in the use of it.

When one or two terrible bridges of boats had been crossed, and neither the bones of the carts nor our own had been broken, we found ourselves on a high causeway crowded with travellers, men with barrows, men with bundles, men with poles on their shoulders; donkeys, carts, and children, everybody but women; and at every house-door there lounged almond-

eyed boys with budding pigtails, sore heads, and sticks of sugar-cane in their mouths. As the day advanced the sun was quite hot, and the sky remained without a cloud; but there was little to see. The Peiho kept near us, lively with the broad white sails of junks, their long crimson pennons, and the chant of the junk men. The flatness of the featureless landscape and the sails among the trees were like Holland, but not the dry soil, the absence of ditches and the brilliant sky. We passed threshing-floors and well-filled farmyards, stacks of grain the shape of toadstools, and fringes of gigantic withered sunflowers, great flocks of sheep and shepherds in shaggy goatskins, and men, and as we went farther also women, dotted everywhere, busy at field work. The spring wheat was coming up in one field, the plough was toiling through another; and they were not particular about the team—a pair of mules, an ox and a mule, or a mule, an ox, and a donkey; while there are such variations as three men abreast, and a woman and an ass. Ancient, kindly words floated back from an old Book, and made us feel that thousands of years have not changed the East: "Thou shalt not plough with an ox and an ass together."<sup>\*</sup> At one farm they were setting up fences of the bright yellow millet stalks; at another they were grinding the grain; the magpies peered out of the furrows, and the rooks cawed in the trees. Sometimes there were buckets on the roadside with which the proprietor drew water from a well hard by, and received a few cash from the carters in payment. The road had rapidly degenerated, and was commonly a broad way full of ruts and hillocks, broad enough to let ten carts walk abreast if they did not stagger against each other over the unsteady ground. The towns were even more smitten with decay. A troop of soldiers gathered on the crumbling wall of one, and crowded the tower above the gateway, but they made us uneasy for the safety of the structure.

At last, when the sun had gone down, the mules, which had once or twice intruded their noses into inns, were turned into a large courtyard about sixty feet long and not half as wide, and filled with carts, wagons, and beasts of burden. Hotels vary in China, and one or two in Manchuria had a

<sup>\*</sup> Deut. xxii. 10.



spacious dignity about them, and rooms that were bright and fairly kept; and some are worse than that we entered now, for we were on a high road where foreigners are becoming frequent. At the upper end there was a small building for superior guests. It was divided into three compartments, with earthen floors; the eating den had a broken table and a broken chair; the other two were for sleeping, and a lamp cast a dim light into the darkness—a tiny wick that floated in a sea of oil in an iron saucer crusted with the dirt of centuries. A meal under such circumstances was not exhilarating. The beef we had carried with us was so manipulated in the cooking that it looked exactly like a dish of caterpillars; there was egg-plant stewed in pork broth—but pigs and dogs are the scavengers of China; there was seasoning of sea slugs (at three shillings a pound), and of other condiments that were spread at an open window in reach of the cook's brawny arm; there were messes in bowls, balls of soft cakes like putty from a glazier's shop, and there was musty rice. The trusty Li changed the uneaten courses with evident concern, and at last carried in triumph hot water for the tea; but against the bowls which he suggested for teacups, lip, nose, and stomach revolted, and we withdrew to bed, cold and supperless, like naughty children. A mattress was stretched upon the hollow brick counter which serves as bedstead, and underneath which we forbade the usual fire, afraid of what the heat might bring forth. We shivered through the early hours of the night with our feet to the bare repulsive wall and our heads to the passage. In the dull light it seemed as if hideous things crept along the ceiling, shining things rested on the walls, and crawling things gnawed among the paper and straw on the floor; fingers were thrust through the paper panes of the little lattice window, and probably eyes peeped in, and the rush of chill air was welcome because it was pure; and as we dozed and watched, the mules munched outside, and the carters talked, and the querulous song of some gayer spirit rose above the other voices. There was a patter of little feet, a squeak, a rat, more rats: "They sometimes fall down through the thin ceiling," a friend had said. We could stand it no longer. The "Hall of Ten Thousand Felicities" had become to us a "Temple of Horrors;" and in the third watch of the night we had taken to the road once more, and saw, below the frosty stars, the lamps of other carts as they sparkled over the plain.

The second day's journey was much like the first. The villages were more numerous, and there were more women at work in the fields. Strings of Bactrian camels, with their picturesque brown heads, stately walk, and softly supple neck, gave a curiously Oriental turn to the landscape which was not otherwise unhomelike; they are the coal and tea transport of the region, and the last of each set carried a square-shaped musical bell about his neck. The constant groups of graves were now marked by tall, white stones, lettered like our own, but the tablet rested on the back of a stone tortoise; and the semi-circular mound of earth which defended them on the north, and the arrangement of the smaller round the larger tombs became more distinct. A pagoda towered above a town away on our left, and we knew it was Tschingchow. It was not, however, till the afternoon that we noticed how wide our road had grown, and what a number of separate cart tracks had flowed into it from both sides, and that each brought its contingent of passengers, until the crowd began to thicken and houses sprang up, and shops, and presently the mules were floundering over a causeway of polished and uneven stones. These monstrous slabs had been originally laid with great precision, but under the action of time and weather and carts many had disappeared, and some were broken, and ruts had been worn in others, so that there were constant narrow gaps of some feet long and as much as fifteen inches deep, in and out of which our beasts of burden slipped their weary feet, and our cart-wheels rolled up to the axle, until the general effect was a continuous bounding from stone to stone that tried both the soundness of the vehicle and the temper of the passenger. Thus bounding and rebounding, and trying to watch with a revengeful indifference the similar fate of others, we saw an unwieldy building like a factory raised in air.

*Paehing*, the driver cried. Presently we came so near that we saw the factory was an ungainly tower, and its rows of small windows were portholes covered with wooden shutters, on each of which was painted the frowning muzzle of a cannon. We rode under the shadow of a gigantic wall, from which other towers, with curved roofs, rose up at intervals. The wall ran round in mighty lines and zigzags, and was kept in fair repair: an earthwork faced at the ground with brick, then with three courses of stone, and then brick again to the top, while from crevices high above our heads sprang out occasional

trees. We fell into an endless string of vehicles, passed under a broad, deep, and lofty gateway into an open square bounded on each side by a building roofed with yellow tiles, and crowded with struggling carts, wheelbarrows, dromedaries, donkey riders, officers of customs, Tartar soldiers, beggars with matted hair (ugly, almost naked and full of insistance), and people as busy-looking as in Cheapside streaming out and in. Passports of the country are still essential in Japan; but we could not proceed on this journey from Tientsin without a much more formidable Chinese document, a huge sheet on which griffins, blue titles, enormous red seals, and blotches of red ink sprawled indiscriminately, and which, "on account of instructions from the Foreign Secretary of his country," commended "this teacher of religion and his wife" to the care of "all local magistrates and government officers, that they may forward him upon his way." It was probably at this point that the passport should have been shown, but an orderly rode up and led us to the Embassy cart, where the Secretary was kindly lying in wait for us; we followed without question through another broad and low-browed gateway, and we were in Peking.

Yet we had been in Peking for the last hour. The vacant places through which we had driven; the unfinished rows of low and dingy-looking houses; the foul and shallow stream that ran between high banks of dried mud crowned with heaps of offal; the camping ground of beasts of burden—were all in "Peking Without," the ten square miles of Chinese city tagged on to the more imperial "Peking Within," the Tartar city that we entered now; and after pressing for miles through this second city, we should come to a third, girdled by other walls, and approached through mighty gateways, and called "purple," though all its roofs are yellow tiles that shine in the sun like gold. We were in the capital of the largest country, the largest population, and probably the oldest nation in the world, the Kambalu of Kublai Khan and Marco Polo, the "great city of Cathay." It was to be entered with a proper respect, and we naturally looked round for the magnificence and the stately buildings, grey with age, that would mark such a site in Europe. But Peking, like the heathen Chinese himself, is "very peculiar;" and De Beauvoir happily condenses the varying impressions that it leaves into one, "There are few such melancholy spots, few more striking; Peking preys upon itself, a corpse falling day by day into

dust." It is not new, and yet there are few buildings that could be called old. The road northwards still passes through "the walls of earth" that were made six hundred years ago; there is a pagoda in one corner which dates back for thirteen centuries; the present crowded and fashionable Booksellers' Street, in the Chinese quarter, was a suburban village east of the city long before the Norman Conquest; and some of the gates still retain the names given them by the great Khan; but there is nothing to make this antiquity prominent. As far as it strikes the eye the place is neither old nor new, but shabby; it is covered with a universal dust, and smitten with a universal decay. There is nothing in the uniform lines of mud-coloured, rickety houses, or in the aspect of the public buildings, to suggest either splendour or continuance. It is a city of drawbacks, of promise without performance, not so much a city as a Tartar encampment. Yet it has its stately and splendid features, and it is unique.

We went down one of the broad streets that run for miles without a bend. The vista is closed by a city gate, and broken by here and there an elaborate arch that spans the roadway, a *pylow* erected to commemorate either wealth or virtue; but the green and gold have rubbed off, and the structure is out of line, like a gravestone where the earth has sunk. The houses, built of brick, are of one story, yet as the fronts of the chemists', tea, and tobacco shops are a mass of gilded and painted wood sometimes thirty feet high, they make a dazzling show when new; but paint and gilding wear away rapidly in this climate, and when the gold tarnishes it is not renewed, so that there are sombre lines of faded finery broken at intervals by a brilliant flash of colour, like the glare of a public-house in a street that has lost gentility. The middle of the roadway is the highest; there are lower roads on either side, and off these the side-walks and the shops. At intervals the middle is occupied by rows of booths covered with wooden boards or with curtains of rags, where travelling merchants display their goods as in an English fair, or else cook and sell hot viands that always attract the country folk who have come in to market. At other points there are oblong groups of eager listeners, each group gathered round a story-teller, who tells his tale with wonderful dramatic action; and, as wise as the editors of Western magazines, when he has worked up his audience to the highest suspense sends round the hat before he begins the next chapter: I saw him once vehemently

shake his cash-box in the face of a mean fellow who was sneaking away without paying. A few yards off, a juggler has an equally eager crowd, while he swallows porcelain cups and needles without end. A little farther, and there is the veritable box of Punch and Judy, although the distinguished persons on that mimic stage are but very distant and poor relations to their namesakes here. On the side-walks the chiropodist operates on way-worn feet, and the barber is busy shaving customers and settling their tails. An ancient scribe with horn spectacles well on his nose is writing a letter for some love-sick swain, and a knot of ten or twelve idlers gather round to hear it. Other crowds have collected about ballad-singers and street-musicians; and we are told that if it was the kite season, old gentlemen of grave aspect would be flying paper dragons a hundred feet long. A ceaseless throng, on foot and horseback, is in motion through all these stationary bodies. Soldiers ride by with guns slouched across their shoulders, and others armed with only bows and arrows. Cows and camels lie about the side-ways, and the camels are loaded with sacks of coal. A huge red umbrella appears, and a mandarin follows it, borne in his chair, and with ragged lictors clearing the way. We pass a Peking cabstand, both the carts and the mules rather faded. A golden streak of fire rushes out of the smithy, and urchins stay and watch it as they do at home. A blind man threads his way by beating a doleful tune upon a tambourine. Old men and young men carry sticks to which birds are attached by a slight thread under the wing, and a good bird may cost as much as £2. There is a sound, not of revelry, but of mournful stringed instruments, and banners gleam in the distance unsteadily advancing through the press; it is a wedding procession, we are told, and for an hour the procession flows slowly by: coolies who have flung scarlet cloaks over their native poverty; bearers with huge structures, supposed to be a bride's presents, sometimes in chairs, sometimes on flat trays; and instruments of music, banner-poles, sedan-chairs, heraldic shields, tablets, coolies, trays, follow in a confused and broken line as if they had no natural beginning nor end. Overhead there is a musical whirr, incessant but not unpleasant; a tiny lyre is inserted in a pigeon's tail, some say to guard it from birds of prey, and the wind makes the music in its flight.

Tartar and Chinese features mingle in the street, and all the wandering races on the

great steppes of Asia are represented; rude and simple men clothed in skins and staring at the city life. There are always new stories of their simplicity and of how the city mouse takes in the country one. The last, when we were there, was a turning of the tables, for at the season when the market is provided with the *quang yang*, a deer with twisted horns and a goat's face that is brought in frozen during the winter, a Mongol was paid for one by an astute Chinese after a hard bargain. The Chinaman found, however, that he had bought only the skin of a deer which had been ingeniously filled with water and frozen, and on going to the magistrate to complain it came out that he had paid for the deer in bad money, so that the two were quits. Indeed, sagacity, if we trust some of the proverbs, diminishes as the capital is approached, and I recalled what we had heard some weeks before: "It would need three Peking carters to take in one man from Tientsin, and three from Tientsin to take in one from New Chwang."

One morning we met the head of the Imperial College, who had kindly promised to guide us through his quarter of the town. His house, which was formerly occupied by Wells Williams (whose name is mentioned with as much respect beyond the Mission circle as within it), and is now the property of the Government, is off a narrow lane bounded by mud walls and mud houses, and ankle-deep with offal—but in that no worse than other foreign residences; and inside there are pleasant rooms that open into a pretty garden court. Narrow, filthy lanes such as may be in the most squalid town in Europe, led us to the base of the Observatory, a gaunt brick building, rising several feet above the wall. A ragged old man, grinning with smiles, came out to receive us, and on the platform above, exposed to all weathers, we found the set of eight bronze instruments—sextant, quadrant, azimuth, celestial globe, and the rest; the globe of seven feet in diameter, so large that the stars are fixed on it as bronze asterisks, some of them a quarter of an inch across—all with one exception made in China under the missionary Verbiest, and so well, that after two hundred years' exposure the finest lines in the meridian and the smallest Chinese letters are as fresh as when they were cast. Yet even these are scarcely so striking as the two fine instruments in the courtyard below, the work of a native astronomer, and already nearly four hundred years old when the Jesuits made theirs. The bold and rich de-



signs of their pedestals have suggested those of the later date, which have not surpassed them, and the spirit of these works of art is as wonderful as their accuracy for the time. Like all else that is worth preserving, these curious works are abandoned to neglect. A decayed wooden shed contains a water-clock of ancient device, and still used at certain ceremonies, though the mandarins present have watches in their hands. Above the door of another shed a tablet runs, "*Be diligent in observation* : John Adam Schaal, the mysterious doctor, erected this tablet in the reign of Kanghi, in midsummer, on a lucky morning." Inside there were simply two tablets, one to the Emperor, and the other, three times the size, to the North Star, as the deity of astronomy. The view from the Observatory is said to be the finest in Peking, though, through the chill, foggy air, we could make out little but the immediate neighbourhood. There was the curious aspect not so much of a city as of a great leafiness, an aspect that we often saw again ; a multitude of low and even roofs embowered in foliage, and only at rare intervals some higher building, a tower upon the wall or a temple with green or yellow tiles ; and in the distance the dim shining of the blue roof of the Temple of Heaven, while just below us we overlooked a multitude of long buildings packed close together in parallel lines.

"That is the Examination Hall," our companion said ; "we shall go there at once." But as we turned down the lane that led to it, a man flew out of one of the houses, key in hand, and ran before us. A squeeze, we thought ; he wants to bargain for the opening. So Dr. Martin pushed on his horse, but the lad outstripped him, and we found that we were ungenerous. A military examination was then going forward, and no one could enter ; we would be very welcome after the seventeenth of the month, which to us meant never. It was a disappointment we did not get over until we reached Canton and saw the still larger halls there, the broad and busy paved and open court, and off it on either side the monotonous lines of cells, each with its sides and back of stone, the stone seat, and the grooves on which the desk runs in. None but Chinamen could write there contentedly, with the sentries pacing up and down to prevent communication, or find stimulus in such dry feats of memory and grammar, and none but Chinamen could keep quiet where there were so many. I counted cells for over 12,000, and there were some I noticed when it was too late. Do they ever really die

during the sitting ? And are the dead really taken out by the back wall of the cell so as not to disturb the living ? Those long rows of stone pens, those grey moustachios that have spent their youth in failure, the step of the sentry, the eyes watching from the tower in the middle, the little commotion, the dead man lifted out, the unbroken whish of all the feathery pens, the thousand silences of these competition wallahs haunt one for days.

Our next visit was to the Downing Street of China, which we attained only by hopping from one clean spot to another in these miserable alleys, much persecuted by snarling dogs that were always in the way, and every now and then ground flat against the wall by a beast with double panniers. At last we found ourselves in a tiny court off a narrow street, and a low short building before us, where, among other carts in waiting, there was Mr. Hart's, the Inspector-General of Customs, which we scrutinized with some interest, because he had recently received a patent of nobility, which entitled him to move the axle farther back, and so insure more comfort of motion. It is only China that would regulate the wheels of a vehicle according to the rank of its owner. Our coachman scrutinized the mule, for an Irishman might say that mules are the carriage-horses of Peking, being able to stand the climate, and fetching extravagant prices. Not that he was likely to confess there was any superior to his own stately black, but merely to indulge his pride. The cart was not very different from other carts, for it is not a vehicle that offers a wide scope. Through the kindness of friends we tried more than one of them, but must give the palm to that of the American Legation. With the pleasant courtesy of his nation, the Minister insisted on placing this at our disposal, as it had the enviable distinction of being the only one in the city with springs ; and it was a courtesy that wearied and aching bones appreciated, although when the gaps in the pavement made the motion particularly lively our hearts would sink lest the springs should break and the glory of the cart would pass away.

To the right of the Foreign Office there is a smaller and shabbier building where the foreign ministers are received, and entering a door to the right of this we were in the court of the Imperial College. The story of this college is instructive. We had already found similar institutions, but on a larger basis, in Japan, and the innovating daring of their small neighbour was not

lost upon shrewd observers in China. Immobile as that country is, it has its party of progress, headed and guided for nearly twenty years by the two most powerful subjects of the empire, Prince Kung, the brother of the late Emperor, and the President of the Council of State, and Li Hung Chang, the viceroy at Tientsin, while their efforts have been supported and, perhaps, occasionally prompted by the practical sagacity of Mr. Hart, who has an influence reached by no foreigner since the old days of Kang Hi and the Jesuits. Li Hung Chang and one or two like-minded men had already secured the establishment of arsenals and arsenal schools, where foreign teachers taught certain picked pupils; and gunboats are now made at China dockyards that, at least, look as well as if they had left the Clyde or Millwall. Though no telegraph line is permitted in the empire, we had seen a private wire which the viceroy keeps at Tientsin. It is supposed that a railway to Peking would meet with his support, and every movement for a more liberal education has found a patron in this able statesman. When the college was proposed at Peking, there were certain traditions of the empire which enabled these reformers to suggest their plan (but plan is probably too strong a word) without grave offence.

The most splendid of all the modern reigns was that of Kang Hi, two centuries ago; and that was the period above all others when Western science was fostered. Then, for more than a century schools have existed in the palace, where young men were educated in foreign languages for the public service, and two of them still exist, the Turkish and Tibetan. But in 1861 a further venture was made, and the Viceroy at Canton was ordered to forward to Peking two natives who had studied foreign tongues; in 1862 the Ministry of Foreign Affairs (that is to say, Prince Kung, who is the head of it) had already established a school of languages for English, French, and German; and in 1867 they boldly presented a petition to the Throne that the Emperor would sanction a college upon similar terms. Baron Hübner tells a droll story of the Minister of Finance, who, as chief of one of the eight Banners, was obliged to support a demand of his Vice-Bannerman for increase of pay, and as Minister of Finance to write a memorandum declaring the demand inadmissible, state grave objections to the refusal, and in another minute sweep the objections away, playing in this game of chess his right hand

against his left. Prince Kung was in the same position, for the Throne meant the Council of which he was the head, and he had practically addressed the petition to himself; but to prevent the look of complicity and the loss of a single bolt of red-tape, objections were taken by the Council, which the Foreign Office proceeded to answer. Some of the arguments are curious.

The Westerns, it was said, owe everything to the study they have made of Chinese astronomy; the Chinese have always made the discoveries, the Western nations have applied them, and if China proceeds now to inquire what Western nations have been doing, it is merely to keep them in their proper place, and to look after her own interests. If Barbarians have made use of Celestial brains, and are thus growing so powerful, it would be well to see how they have done it. There could, therefore, be no disgrace in taking lessons from the West to understand these things; for the most disgraceful thing is inferiority to our fellow-men. China did not want to buy the results of Western science—steamers, rifled guns, and so on; since, though steamers and arms may be bought, the secret of their use is a question not of things, but of persons. And then they pleaded the glory of the Kang Hi reign, and the shame of China if it would allow “a little state like Japan” to surpass it. They submitted a draft of the College, according to which it would secure professors from Europe and America, and thus train a special class of men for service in the State. “The Chinese are neither less capable nor less intelligent than the men of the West, and whenever the students choose to apply themselves to the study of all the secrets of astronomy, mathematics, cause and effect, natural history, mechanics, and astrology, then China will be great in her own strength.” It was a skilful mixture of appeal to the vanity, pride, and self-interest of the nation, as well as to their shrewdness and practical sense. The answer from the Throne was consent, and the College was begun. And even in China it was peculiar to find that the imperial decree which is the charter of the College was drawn up by the principal and signed by the Throne. The curriculum extends over eight years, of which the first three are given to foreign languages, geography, and history, and the following five to scientific and general studies through the medium of these languages.\* The students

\* Arithmetic, mathematics, natural philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, geology and mineralogy, mechanics, navigation and surveying, international law, political economy, translations, and an optional course of anatomy and physiology.

are tested by an examination at entrance, supported by a system of bursaries, and are understood to be afterwards in the pay of the Government. I found 101, but the College was in the dust and dirt of bricks and mortar enlarging itself to accommodate 150. The men choose different European languages, English more than any other,\* and the text books are mainly foreign. The full staff of professors is 11 (of whom 6 at least are foreigners),† besides three Chinese tutors. Though the group of students in each class was small, I found the professors diligently at work. There is a fair laboratory and the beginning of a museum; a telescope from Paris had just been set, and all the big-wigs were to have the first peep the next day, but the atmosphere is so filled with minute particles of dust as not to offer much opportunity for observations; and there is a costly printing press with both Chinese and Roman fonts of type, where much work is done for the Foreign Office, and from which the College issues its own well-printed works, mostly translations of Western books. It would be rash to predict the future of the College. Including its tentative predecessor, it had had, when we saw it, "seven years of infancy, and seven more of struggle" against prejudice, and its students were only beginning to take their place, one as a Mathematical Examiner in the Provinces, and some attached to European embassies. It is simply an indication of a current that flows pretty strongly at present, and of which another indication may be mentioned quite as striking.

In 1839 a bright lad became a pupil at a Mission school opened in Macao by Mrs. Gutzlaff, and ultimately was taken to America for an English education. While there he became a Christian, entered Yale as a student, and after many years of poverty and struggle returned to his native land to carry out a cherished project of having young men educated abroad for Government service. He had so far forgotten Chinese that he spent the first two years after his return re-mastering his own tongue, and then, through sixteen years of disappointment, worked at his plan. His ability and tact at last obtained notice, and he was made a mandarin of the fifth rank and employed on various service until the Com-

mission sat at Tientsin after the massacre there. Some of the friends he had made brought forward his scheme during the sittings, it was strongly supported by Li Hung Chang, and in 1871 so far adopted by the Government that a sum of money was appropriated to the purpose, and in the following year the patient dreamer was appointed Chief Commissioner, and set out with a first detachment of thirty students for Hartford, in Connecticut, where the head-quarters of the Educational Commission have been fixed. The subjects of study are much the same as in the Peking College, but the term is ten years, of which the latter half is spent in acquiring practical knowledge at arsenals, foundries, factories, and the like. There are over a hundred such students now, each with a fair allowance of pocket-money (the total annual cost being about £20,000), and many of them placed in schools and private families where they have become wonderful favourites, and have carried off honours in competition with American boys. Centennial or other Expositions are not perhaps the best authority on matters of education; yet it is interesting to notice that the judges at Philadelphia pronounced these Hartford examination papers and English compositions "generally good and some of very extraordinary excellence." If this experiment should lead to any permanent effort in the same direction (and I was told that it would probably be tried with other lads in Europe),\* it is easy to see that as these men rise to the positions to which they would be entitled a very powerful element of change would be introduced into unchanging China.

Both these undertakings are carried out under Christian men. Tung Wing, who is in charge at Hartford, is a native Christian; Dr. Martin, the head of the College, was an American missionary, and still reckons himself a member of the body; and some of the teachers in the affiliated institution at Shanghai are former missionaries, while one is a native Christian of very distinguished ability. But they are not appointed because they are Christians, for the liberal party has never shown the slightest inclination in that direction, and one of them assured me that it was against the grain the Government chose him for the post. They were the most suitable men that could be found at the time, and when the Government can secure native teachers equally qualified, who are not Chris-

\* English 18, French 28, German 17, Russian 10, and there were six native Chinese only.

† The Principal is an American, and so was the Professor of Astronomy, but his successor is an Irishman. English literature is taught by an Englishman, chemistry by a Frenchman, and mathematics by a Chinese.

\* It is said that even the Government of Siam is about to follow the example of Japan and Corea, and send thirty or more picked young men for education in the West.



tians, it will employ them. It is curiously like an older chapter in Chinese history.

One of the spots of pilgrimage in Peking is the Portuguese Cemetery. Behind a Mission chapel we entered a garden, and walked under trellises of famous vines supported by stone pillars, and then through a narrow door in among coarse, withered grass and between rows of tombs—tall, upright stones, with inscriptions in Latin and Chinese, that contain the brief record of the Jesuit fathers whose dust they cover. But near the platform at the farther end there are three names, and the traveller treads softly as he approaches the monuments of those mighty men. Ricci and Schaal and Verbiest lie almost side by side underneath the tortoises and the incense burners, and the other Buddhist emblems carved over their graves, while on the bare platform a grey, weather-beaten cross of stone, with nothing but the letters *I N R I*, rises up against the cold, grey sky. Those missionaries were held in wonderful honour; they guided famous schools, were consulted by the Emperors, built their palaces, and introduced the science and learning of the West. It has not all passed away; for there are probably some hundreds of thousands of Roman Catholic Christians in China: but they are retained rather than increased, and for the most part are hid away in remote districts, where their communities are not aggressive, and more than fifty years ago, though other orders are active, the last of the old line of Jesuits disappeared from Peking. The promise of that time has never been fulfilled. The learning and address of the teachers and their favour with the rulers have apparently failed to induce any considerable part of the population to look favourably upon Christianity; and for any living force exercised upon the country by their adherents, it is as yet so imperceptible that it does not count. It is not a striking record to show for three hundred years, and we turn with all the more keenness to watch any present parallel.

For this story of our time is curiously like the beginning of that old time then, but the conditions are not the same. A large indirect influence has once more fallen into the hands of Christian men. They are used, in spite of their religion, for their science, their practical sagacity, their administrative power. It may be that when used they will once more be cast aside, for they represent indirect influence and nothing more, and the policy of a new administration might put an end to it. But it is into the hands of Protestant Christians that this power

has fallen now, and they are not likely to mingle the symbols of the tortoise and the Cross; they will hold by the Word of God alone, and spread it; they will have no temptations to political intrigue. The conditions are different, although even yet it would be unwise to say what the present end of these things may be, for of the final end there can be no doubt. There is much more in Peking than these indirect influences and these lines of tendency. We met one evening, at the invitation of our host, more than thirty missionaries, and there were some who could not come. Some of these men have pushed on their journeys as far as Thibet, others occupy the districts round the capital, and there was not one of them but was encouraged by the prosperity of the Mission, by the feeling that its influence was increasing, and by the character of at least many of the native Christians among their people. They belonged to half-a-dozen Societies, and they were a friendly brotherhood, meeting together every Sunday evening, and preaching to this little company in turn. They had more than one native congregation. The church of the London Mission, where I heard a striking sermon from the native pastor, was formerly a temple in a public street; and on a Sunday of our stay a pretty chapel was opened for the American Presbyterian Mission, and all the other missionaries joined in the dedication, and the native Christians from other quarters flocked to the service, so that the church could not hold nearly all the people. There are schools and medical missions and meetings for instruction scattered over the city. It was evident that the Christian doctrines had gained some substantial hold—that the work was at least a stage further advanced than at New Chwang. It was a thoroughly independent work, making way by its preachers and books, its schools and hospitals, and asking nothing from the Government but toleration. And there were two features in it that were certainly encouraging—the few years during which it had grown, and that part of the secret of its growth was that it had extended to and not from the capital. It was not sixteen years since the first foreign lady had been seen in the streets, and Christian ladies were now not only freely moving through the city, but teaching the girls and even practising medicine; and the Christian doctrine, with the Bible well in front, was advancing from the coastline as its base deliberately and steadily, and preserving its communications by the way.

## YOUNG MRS. JARDINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

## CHAPTER XIII.



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"I wish I could give you a carriage!" sighed Roderick, as he muffled her in hood and plaid for the ten minutes' walk under the fir woods, through the clear frosty December night.

"I am content with my own two feet, dear." Lady Symington offered the carriage, but I declined."

"Quite right. The poorer we are the more independent we will be. Always stick to the principle, 'Owe no man anything.'"

"Except 'to love one another,'" Silence added gently. "I can't help loving her, that sweet old lady, however rich she is. And she is so cheerful too. How she laughed at my thick boots, and showed them to the two young ladies she had with her—most gentlemanly young ladies, who dress almost like men, and pity themselves for being only women! Now, it may be very conceited of me, dear, but I never wished to be a man in all my life!"

"Thank Heaven for that!" said Roderick, with such energy that they both burst out laughing, and so started merrily, lantern in hand, through the solemn fir-wood, and across the open, breezy, star-lit moor.

Silence clung to her husband's arm. "This feels like the old days—the days when you used to walk home with us at night." She paused, and then continued in the low smothered tone which he had learned to understand now. "Did you ever think then that I loved you—that it was heaven to me just to walk beside you for a quarter of an hour? and now we walk together always—through life—into eternity. No—I shall not lose you even there."

He pressed her little hand nearer his heart, but said nothing. They walked on, watching the round, red moon, which was creeping up through a cleft in the hills. Neither said "How beautiful!" just as neither said "I am happy," but they knew it without speaking. So they reached, two humble pedestrians, the Symington hall-door.

"Are you afraid?" asked Roderick, as they paused to let a carriage pass them—the Castle Torre carriage, full of very resplendent MacAlisters.

"Not afraid of my host and hostess, but very much afraid of the butler, the footman, and the groom of the chambers."

in the house. Lady Symington brought one or two of them to call here to-day. I liked them."

"And I am sure they liked you, my darling," said Roderick, with a tender pride. "Well, it will be rather nice to go back for an hour or two to the old life, and rest one's ears from the endless buzz of machinery. Though I am fond of machinery," added he hastily and cheerily. "It is like presiding as a temporary providence over a cosmogony of one's own making; taking care that all the wheels are kept going; doing one's utmost, and waiting calmly the final result, as one must in all things. Yes, I enjoy my work, and I mean to enjoy my play, if I am not too tired."

He had come in very tired—he often did; but, refreshed with tea and tender words, had now begun dressing for the Symington dinner, putting on his diamond studs, brushing out his curly hair; and his wife could see he rather liked the proceeding. He was a young man still.

She was young too—not at all above the pleasure of "making herself pretty"—as he told her she looked, in her white wedding-dress; with her wedding veil transmuted into a shawl. He admired her—they mutually admired one another—and took a childish pleasure in the same.

"Nevertheless, let us face even them," said Roderick gaily, "for I am determined to have a pleasant evening."

It felt like it when, having passed bravely through the ordeal of the entrance-hall, they found themselves in the fine old drawing-room, rich with the relics of a dozen generations of Symingtons, where Sir John and his wife received their guests.

There was once a popular song, "If I had a thousand a year," wherein the singer described what he would do with that noble income—counted but a small one nowadays. But ten thousand a year—what could one do with that? I think, precisely what Sir John Symington did. A rich man, of cultivated tastes, with every right to gratify them, knowing enough of sorrow to humble his heart towards God and soften it towards his neighbour; gifted with not only the power but the will to do good, and having lived long enough to reap the fruits of an honourable youth in a calm old age: such a man is, spite of his riches, not unlikely to enter the kingdom of heaven. Ay, even in this world, as you could see by his contented look, and quiet, stately bearing. They were indeed quite a picture, this old couple: he tall and thin, she round and rosy, with a cheek like a girl, and a smile like a child, as they came forward to meet the young couple, to whom life was only at its beginning.

"Thine own friend and thy father's friend, forsake thou not." Mr. Jardine, it is kind of you to come here to-day. I hope it will be not the last time by many that Blackhall honours Symington by entering its doors."

These words, spoken with antique formality, and in a rather loud tone—Sir John was slightly deaf—were heard by everybody. Everybody saw, too, how Lady Symington kissed Mrs. Jardine on both cheeks, foreign fashion, in cordial welcome. This might have been chance, or wise and kindly intention, but it had its effect. The MacAlisters, and all the other neighbours, came forward at once, ignoring both the poverty and the mill-work, and added their greetings. These "old families," as well as the clever English guests, were much simpler, Silence found, both in manners and toilettes, than the Richerden people. Very soon they made her feel thoroughly "at home."

The more so as she saw her husband was "at home" likewise. There is in some houses an unconscious atmosphere of domestic and social ozone, which brightens everybody. Wealth cannot give it, nor poverty take it away. As they went in to dinner, Mrs.

Jardine leaning on Sir John's arm, as the stranger and the bride, she and Roderick smiled at one another, satisfied.

It was a *recherché* rather than a sumptuous meal, not one of those where the guests are evidently far less important than the food. And it was short, too—an hour and a half being, the host said, quite enough to spend over eating and drinking. Also, not long after the ladies retired, the gentlemen followed them.

"You see, having been much abroad, we have adopted the best of foreign customs," said Lady Symington, smiling to see Mrs. Jardine's smile, at the unexpected apparition of her husband behind her chair. "Sir John likes a pleasant evening, good talk and good music, quite as well as a good dinner; and I like it much better. Indeed, I am afraid I am very fond of society."

"So are we," said Roderick, looking down on his wife's happy face. And just as his host called him to join a group of men, every one of whom was "somebody," or had done "something," he found time to whisper, "You were quite right, Silence; I am glad we came."

After that she watched him, talking, listening, and being listened to, holding his own always with his habitual courtesy, but nevertheless with the firmness and self-respect of a man who has cast his lot in life, whose fate is fixed, and heart at rest, so that he is now ready for the work of the world. He stood a good way from her, scarcely looking towards her—what need? This mingling with others made both feel only the more keenly and securely the sweet inward tie—"my own, my very own!"

As she sat in her quiet corner, that passionate ambition, not for self but a dearer self, which in some women's hearts is as strong even as love, woke up—no, it had already awakened—but it seemed to make itself felt to the very depths of her soul, until there came added to it another feeling, roused by a few chance words she overheard.

"Yes, a fine fellow, a very fine fellow indeed. What a pity he is married!"

"Do you think so?"

"Just swamped; every man is, unless he can get that *rara avis*, a wife who is a help and not a hindrance, not only at home, but in society."

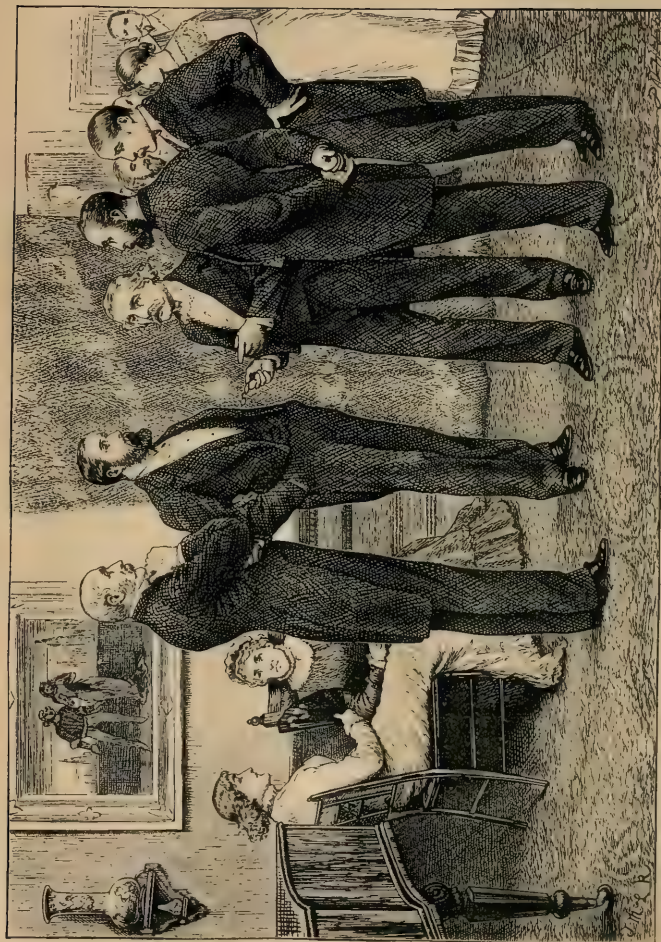
"Hush! there she is—that quiet little thing in the corner."

"Eh?"

Silence had sharp ears; at least, she seemed to hear by instinct every word that







"YOUNG MRS. JARDINE."

was said about her husband. As the two gentlemen passed her they saw only the composed face, the quietly folded hands, but—she had heard.

Half an hour afterwards, Roderick, a little surprised, but glad, saw her the centre of a circle, talking to all who talked to her, not only in her pretty precise English, but in French and German—there were several foreigners in this cosmopolite house. Also, when requested by Lady Symington, she went at once to the piano and sang.

It was a very simple song; their favourite, "O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me?" but after it came a hush, and then a burst of involuntary delight.

"Yes, that is my wife," Silence heard her husband answer to some one, very briefly, but she caught both the look and the tone. She went back to her seat, all her nervousness gone. She could face the world now. He was not ashamed of her.

Human nature is human nature after all. Many a good man loves with patient tenderness a wife very inferior to himself; many a woman upholds faithfully before the world the man she has married, whom all the world sees, and wonders sometimes if she sees, is altogether unworthy of her. This is right, noble; but it is also a little sad. The perfect bond, the true marriage, must always be between those who not only love, but are proud of one another—as were these.

The evening slipped by fast, so fast that the guests were already leaving; but Lady Symington begged the Jardines to stay a few minutes more.

"Well, the moon is full, and our horses will not catch cold by standing," said Roderick gaily to his wife. He was so thoroughly enjoying himself that, for the first time, he did not notice the little tired face. But Lady Symington did, and put Silence in her own arm-chair, secured round by curtains, above which hung the sweet picture of the long-dead boy. Upon it the eyes of both women, the young and the old, met tenderly.

"He must have been so pretty," Silence said.

"Yes. Almost like an angel, or it seems so now. He was a Christmas child. This Christmas he would have been thirty-nine—no, forty years old. How strange!"

The old lady spoke calmly, as old people learn to do. And then, like one habituated to repress herself and think of others only, she added—

"Your husband is not near forty yet; he could not be, for Henry Jardine married late

in life. Sir John lost sight of him after that, but he was always very fond of him. We thought him so clever, so sure to make a name for himself one day. Perhaps his son will."

"I hope he will; yes, he shall."

The words were brief, but there was a sudden flash in the eye, indicating the faith which creates the hope, and the will which brings about both. And then, startled at herself, Silence shrank back behind the curtains of her pleasant nook, glad to hide for a few quiet minutes after the efforts even of their happy evening.

She strained her ears to catch her husband's voice, but instead she only heard the idle buzz of conversation behind her, little heeded, until her own name struck her ear.

"Jardine? surely I met a Mrs. Jardine at Richerden last week. Could she be a relation, mother or aunt, to that young fellow? Impossible!"

"Why impossible?"

"Oh, Mrs. MacAlister" (the speaker was one of the Symington guests), "if you had seen her! Astonishing in accent, and still more astonishing in dress; clannish, as I suppose you Scotch would call it—always talking of her 'family,' and evidently considering it the most important family in all Scotland. She had three daughters—one married to a man Thomson—ugh! a nice son-in-law to have! You should have seen him in the drawing-room after dinner. But she never spoke of any son."

"Still, I believe this is her son."

"You don't say so! That coarse, ignorant, vulgar woman?"

At this talk—heard quicker than it takes to write, and impossible not to hear, for the speakers were behind the curtain—Silence looked at her companion, whose eyes were cast down on the carpet. Making some remark quite foreign to the subject, Lady Symington rose; then, seeing the poor little scarlet face, she let all polite pretences drop.

"My dear, 'les absents ont toujours tort.' Let it pass—we will move away."

"How can I let it pass? It is not true. And she is his mother. It cannot be true."

"If it were," said the old lady quietly, "it could not affect any right-minded people. Your husband is what he is, a Jardine of Blackhall, and the very image of his father."

"Still, a mother is a mother always. I had one once."

In another moment, putting aside Lady Symington's detaining hand, she stood before the two ladies.



"I beg your pardon, but I overheard you. I could not help overhearing. You mistake. Mrs. Jardine, my mother-in-law, is a very good woman. Her children love her much. Uneducated she may be—her father was a working man—but 'coarse,' 'vulgar,' it is impossible."

"Whether or no," said the young London lady, equally touched and surprised, "I am sorry I said it. It is a certificate of merit to any woman that her son's wife should be so fond of her."

The poor little face, pale with pain, flushed visibly. "It is not that—it is because of the injustice. One should never let an injustice pass if one can help it."

The eager voice, pathetic even in its indignant pride, the manner so simple and straightforward—Mrs. MacAlister said next day that young Mrs. Jardine was the oddest and most "unconventional" young lady she ever knew; but there was no mistaking her meaning. Both ladies felt themselves, as the younger expressed it, "quite shut up," and made no end of incoherent apologies.

Silence accepted them smiling. "It does not matter, since only I heard you—not my husband."

Just then, turning round, she saw Roderick standing beside Lady Symington, and was quite certain, by the expression of his face, that he had heard, or guessed, everything that had passed.

He said nothing—what was there to say?—only came forward, bowing with almost more than his usual rather stately courtesy to the two ladies, drew his wife's arm in his, and making their adieux to their hostess, took her away immediately.

Not until they had got out into the dark—the quiet, soothing, solitary night—did he break out in a passion of anger and grief.

"Coarse! vulgar! how dared they say it? Ignorant she may be. How could she be otherwise with her up-bringing? But she is, as you said, a thoroughly good woman. Thank you; thank you, my darling, for being so generous to my poor mother."

"Not generous, only just," whispered the soothing voice. "I could not be unjust to any mother, least of all to yours. They did not know her, those people, and they were sorry. You heard them say so."

"I heard all; I was close by; but how could I speak? Coward that I was! It was you who were brave. Again, thank you, my darling."

They walked on awhile in total silence, then Roderick burst out again.

"Yes; she is my mother. No unkindness can alter that. And she has done nothing really wrong—nothing that can make me cease to respect her. Her weaknesses—I know them every one. It is nonsense to say children should not see their parents' faults; they must and do. But then there is the love that covers all. She loved me too, once. If I saw her this minute, I believe I should forget everything, except that she was my mother—my dear old mother."

And a great sudden sob, like a boy's, betrayed what his wife had long guessed, the pent-up grief which even she could not wholly heal.

It was hard, very hard; but Silence was neither hurt nor offended. "Faithful in one thing—faithful in all," she murmured. Clasping both her hands round his arm, she crept still closer to the true heart; all the truer and dearer because even its love for herself had failed to deaden any other lawful tenderness.

"Forgive me, my wife. You must not think that——"

"I think only of you, and of your bitter pain."

"It must be conquered, and shall, by-and-by."

"Or else the tide may turn; who knows?"

"No; I have little hope of that. My mother has strong prejudices. In one sense she is, as they called her, a thorough Scotch-woman, a warm friend, a bitter enemy. No, no, do not give me hope of things changing. Better let us submit to the inevitable. It is inevitable now."

They walked a little way in sad silence, then Roderick broke out again.

"Did you hear what they said about Bella's husband? Poor Bella! I knew it would come to that; I told her so, but she would not believe me. She was dazzled, blinded, over-persuaded. Girls often are, I suppose. Perhaps I ought to have spoken out more thoroughly; but I hated speaking, they never would understand me. And then they worried me so. Still, I should have done my duty to them, whether or no. I have not liked to vex you, my darling; but sometimes I have vexed myself for days together with the doubt if I had really done my duty to them all. I cannot forget them. My dearest—my very dearest always—you would not wish me to forget them?"

"No."

"Thank you!" And then, with another half-sob, he recovered himself. "Now we understand one another quite, so let us put

it all aside. What is done we cannot undo; we would not if we could. Blood is thicker than water—especially with us Scotch—but love is beyond all and stronger than all.”

“When it is a righteous love. Ours would not have been such if it had made us do wrong. We did not do wrong. We had a right to marry if we chose. It made us happy, and it harmed no human being.”

Firm and fearless, holding the balance even, and as just to herself as she would have been to any other woman, Silence spoke out. Her voice soothed and strengthened him as if it had been the voice of his own conscience.

“You are right, as I think you always are. After all, if it comes to the point, a man *must* leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife, and she will cleave to him—even though he may try her a little. Do I?”

Man-like, he might have wished this fact denied; but Silence was too honest.

“Yes, dear,” and just then, as they came out of the dark wood into the moonlight, her pale face seemed to gain a sort of Abdiel-like look, angelic sternness mingled with its sweetness. “Yes, dear, you do try me very much sometimes, as no doubt I do you, as all married people must, more or less, try one another; but I love you—I love you!”

“Do you? I often wonder why,” Roderick answered, with that almost child-like humility and doubt of himself which was so pathetic, so winning.

“I love because I honour, and therefore I am afraid of nothing; because nothing could make me cease to love, except ceasing to honour. Me, myself, you might forsake, wound, torture, and if it were for conscience’ sake, I should accept it all, and love you through all. But, if I ever came to despise you—as some women have to despise their husbands—pity might last, and duty; but love would go dead out, and no power on earth would light it up again. But now—but now——”

She turned to him, her eyes shining with perfect trust—the very heart of love, love rooted in righteousness. He turned, too, and clasped her in his arms, with a passion such as even his lover-days had never felt. Then it was the restless craving after uncertain bliss. Now it was the deep content of satisfied union, each finding in the other more and more every day a perpetual refuge and rest.

“My mother told me I should soon ‘get over’ my love for you—and marry some other woman, who would do just as well. If it had been, and I had lost you, and had

to live all my life without you! But now—oh, Silence! what in the world should I do without you now?”

Without answering, she looked up at him, a sudden, strangely earnest look. Roderick, who had begun with a laugh, as if anxious to get back into the light commonplace of life once more, put his arm round her.

“Are you tired? Let me help you. I think I could almost carry you. Lean on me, darling.”

“Yes. I always do.”

And so, half-led, half-carried—for she was evidently very weary—they came to their own door.

“What a pleasant door it seems!” Roderick said, as they watched the long gleam from the parlour window across the dark lawn. “I enjoyed Symington. I like luxuries, as I like all pleasant things, but I can do without them. Now, there are certain things I could *not* do without.”

“What are they?”

“A peaceful, sunshiny, orderly home, and a wife to love me.”

She laughed merrily. “Yes, it is a dear home, if we could only get into it.” For they had found the door fastened—a rare fact—and had been ringing and ringing, till at last Janet appeared, scared and flurried.

“Have you been asleep, Janet? Nothing wrong? No ghosts frightening you?” said Roderick kindly.

“Na, na; but the leddy, she bade me steek the door.”

“What lady?”

“She came in a carriage, and said she was come to bide here. She’s been waiting in the parlour these two hours.”

Roderick went hastily in, his wife following. There, still bonneted and shawled, dressed richly in velvet and fur, but with a face so haggard that it was no wonder even her brother did not at first recognise her—sat the “leddy.”

“Bella!”

“Yes, it’s me! You didn’t know me, I suppose?”

“Dear Bell! so glad to see you.” And he went over and kissed her affectionately. But Bella made no response.

“Stop a minute,” she said in a hard, dry tone. “Don’t be too glad to see me. Ask your wife first. I’m not respectable. I’ve run away from my husband.”

Roderick started.

“Not with a man—oh no, thank you! I’ve had enough of men”—with the ghost of her old laugh—“only with a baby.”

She opened her fur cloak and discovered the white long-clothes of a tiny—such a very tiny—infant, with such an old, withered, ugly little face. Nevertheless, Silence sprang to it and took it in her arms.

"Oh, you're quite welcome, if you want it. I don't, though it's my own," said Mrs. Thomson, with another laugh. "A month ago, when it was born, I hated the very sight of it, it was so like its father. Now—well, I endure it, that's all! Isn't it a miserable scrap of a thing?"

It certainly was; but in an instant Silence, throwing off her wraps, had sat down to warm its skinny stone-cold legs by the fire, with a look on her face that even her husband had never seen before.

"She seems born to be a mother, which I'm sure I never was; I always hated children. They look exactly like young frogs or toads. No doubt this will turn out a toad, and spit in my face like—only it's a feminine, not a masculine, article, thank goodness! It can never grow up a man, like *him*."

"Do you mean your husband?" said Roderick gravely.

"To be sure. The man I was fool enough to marry. Why didn't my mother prevent me, as she tried to prevent your marriage? But mine was all right—or she thought so—as she thinks still. I've got a handsome house, horses and carriages, butler, three footmen, and a page. Didn't I dodge them all cleverly? crept out in the dark of the afternoon, and took a tram—me, Mrs. Alexander Thomson—a common street tram—to the railway. What would Mr. Thomson have said! Ha-ha-ha! I wish he knew it, if only just to vex him."

Roderick sat down by his sister, grieved and sad. She was in such an excited state that he did not attempt a single question, but she went on rapidly talking.

"What a hunt there'll be! Not that he cares for me, not two straws, but it isn't respectable to have one's wife running away. And they will think I have gone mad and killed the baby—he knew I hated it. But I'm not mad, I am quite in my sober senses, Rody—is that a noise? I told the girl to bolt the front door, somebody might come after me, though I don't think it. And they never would imagine I had come here to you."

"No," said Roderick, with involuntary bitterness. "Nevertheless, I being still your brother, and you having chosen to take refuge with me, you are safe. Be satisfied."

He laid his hand on her shoulder—she

was shaking from head to foot; then untying her bonnet and cloak, he made her lean back in the arm-chair.

Tears started to Bella's eyes. "Thank you; you were always kind to me, Rody, and you have got used to women's ways, I see. But don't be uneasy, I shall not faint—I never do. I'm tough, like mamma, or I should have been killed long ago. He was such a brute—you've no idea. That is, when he was drunk. Sober, he is—well, only a fool! I must have been blind—many silly girls are"—passing her hand wearily over her eyes—"but oh, Rody, fancy, to wake up after a week or two and find yourself tied for life to a drunkard and a fool! A brute too, as I say. Roderick"—clutching him by the arm—"you, a man with a wife of your own, and—yes, I know!—would you believe that the very day before that poor little wretch was born, he—he struck me?"

Roderick sprang to his feet.

"Don't get furious, you can do nothing, nobody can. It's only the drink. He's decent enough, just a fool at most, till he drinks, then he's a devil; and I hate him as I hate the devil. It's right."

"Right or wrong, you must keep quiet," said the brother, himself making a violent effort at quietness and self-control. "My wife"—the instinctive appeal which had become habitual now—"my wife, come here."

Silence came, with the small bundle, so piteously still, as if only half alive, in her arms. She had been going in and out of the room with it while they talked.

"Your bed is quite ready. Come, sister."

Bella, occupied with herself and her brother, had apparently forgotten her brother's wife. When Silence stood before her—the young mistress of the house, the woman with the womanly heart, which that forlorn babe seemed already to have found out, for it was fast asleep on her warm breast—this other woman, the miserable fine lady, the mother with the unmotherly soul, was struck with a mingled feeling, half surprise, half compunction.

"Yes, of course, we are sisters. But I thought you would hate me—hate us all. It was Roderick I ran away to. I never thought of you."

"That was natural. But now, all that are his are mine—as is also quite natural. Come."

Bella grasped the offered hand and rose, saying, with a feeble laugh, "Rody, your wife must be an exceedingly good woman."

"*Cela va sans dire*, I hope," said he, trying



to laugh as he hurried them away up-stairs, and sat down over the fire, thankful to be alone.

Most men dislike scenes, he more than most. The sight of his sister, the sound of her familiar voice, even down to the old boyish pet-name, which belonged exclusively to those early days—his wife had never used it—affected him deeply.

Then, too, he was a man, with all a man's feeling about marital rights and duties. To find himself sheltering a run-away wife, though even his own sister, was very distasteful. Still, every brotherly and manly emotion blazed up into righteous indignation at thought of Bella's wrongs.

"To strike her—actually strike her! Poor, poor girl! If I had been at hand—if she had had a brother to stand up for her!" And again his tender conscience smote him, as if he had not done half enough, as if his passive acceptance of fate had been of itself an error. Should he resist now? Seeing that his sister had come to him for refuge, should he not hide her—that was impossible, nor, had it been possible, would he have stooped to any concealment—but openly protect her, against her husband, her mother, and all the world?

His head dropped in his hands to "think it over." But he had grown unused to solitary thinking now. Wearily he looked round for the second self, always beside him, ready at least with the sympathy which is often almost as good as counsel, sometimes even better still.

But it was almost an hour, quite the middle of the night, before Silence came in. She looked very pale and tired; but there was a deep joy in her face. With her light curls dropping over her white dressing-gown, she stood beside him, a vision of peace.

"Dear, you put me in mind of one of Fra Angelico's angels."

"But I have been doing no angel's work, I have been washing baby. She looked so sweet, though she is so very, very small. Then I put her to bed beside her mother, who said she felt 'quite safe and comfortable.'"

"Poor Bella! And you—I fear you are terribly worn out, my darling?"

"Oh no; I like looking after people. And you—you are glad to have one of your 'ain folk' under your roof? Is it not strange, after our talk to-night?"

"Very strange. And," with a kind of sad apology, "you will be good to her? You don't dislike her?"

"Dislike her?"

"No; there are likeable points about her, poor girl! And she has suffered so much! What shall we do with her? I have been wearying myself with thinking. Can she stay here?"

"Of course she can. We have contrived admirably; I rather like contriving. She brought no clothes for herself, but she did not forget her baby. She has a great bundle of all things needful. I do believe she cares for it after all. She laughed, actually laughed, when she saw it so happy in its bath, which was our wash-tub. Only think! neither she nor I had ever washed a baby before; we were quite afraid; but Janet, who has had little brothers and sisters—six, I think—came to the rescue and helped us. Poor Janet, she was so proud!"

The simple, wholesome, domestic details—comedy neutralizing tragedy—Roderick laughed at them, and felt more comforted than he could tell. Then, turning to his wife, he pressed his lips on the small right hand, so soft, yet so busy and so strong.

"Coals of fire—coals of fire," he murmured, much moved.

Silence did not at first understand the allusion, then she said, "Yes, coals which melt and purify all sterling ore; that was how my father always explained the text. And who knows? she may be softened yet."

"My mother?"

"I have been hearing all about her, how good she is, how generous and warm-hearted. And she was always so proud of you. She thought you ought to marry a countess at least! and you married only me! It really was a little hard for her."

Roderick drew his wife down upon his knee—a "Fra Angelico," but a mortal woman still—and buried his head on her shoulder. He did not speak, or nothing that she could hear, but she felt his tears.

The said "coals of fire," when duly heaped up, warm others besides those they are meant to melt. Seldom had there been a brighter breakfast-table than that in the little parlour at Blackhall; even though Bella kept it a long time waiting—"which must never happen again," said the young master to the mistress. But for once both forgave, and when Mrs. Alexander Thomson sailed in, her splendid clothes contrasting strangely with her piteously white face, knelt with her brother and his wife round the family hearth, and then took her seat at the simple family table, all the misery outside, the dreary past, the doubtful future, could not take away a certain sense of peace.



But the simple breakfast of porridge and tea, bread, butter, and eggs, which always satisfied Roderick, had, to confess the truth, its difficulties with the guest. Despite her condescending smile, it was evidently not exactly what Mrs. Alexander Thomson was used to, and she felt that she was condescending. Also, after the first warm pleasure of meeting, both brother and sister became conscious of that curious sense of strangeness which, notwithstanding the closest tie of blood, rises up after a while between those whose lives have drifted wide apart, never to be united more. So much so, that by-and-by, conversation flagging, it was quite a relief to hear a feeble wail overhead.

"That's baby! What a bother she is! Could Janet go to her?"

"I will," said Silence, and vanished from the room.

"That wife of yours is the very kindest of women, Rody; but I hope she will not over-fatigue herself," remarked Bella politely, though making no effort to prevent the fatigue. She always had a trick of never doing for herself what another was willing to do for her. And as she sat in the arm-chair, her feet on the fender, she looked the very picture of luxurious ease, except for the haggard, restless look so sad to see.

"I must leave you," Roderick said. "You know, Bella, I am a working man now, and get my own living."

"Yes, she told me. It must be very disagreeable."

"On the contrary, I rather like it. Daily

bread, honestly earned, is far sweeter than the old idleness."

"Is it? Then I wish I could earn mine."

"You have no need, having your own independent fortune."

"Yes; *he* can't get it, mercifully; mamma tied it up too safe. But neither can I unless she chooses, and she will not choose. She will do nothing for me unless I stay with my husband 'like a respectable woman,' as she says. I doubt if she will ever forgive my running away—even to my own brother."

"Who, I suppose, is not respectable," said Roderick bitterly. "Nevertheless, she must be told. Shall I telegraph to her for you this morning?"

He spoke firmly, having already made up his mind to this: but he was not prepared for the agony of terror and misery which came over the unfortunate wife.

"Tell her, and she'll tell my husband, and he will come and fetch me. Not that he cares for me—not a pin; but only for the sake of appearances. Oh, Rody, don't tell anybody! Keep me safe—hide me. If you only knew what I have suffered!"

"My poor Bell, my Heather Bell," said he tenderly, using the old pet name he had invented for her in the days when they played together "among the broom." At that she quite broke down.

"Oh, I wish I were a girl again. I wish—I wish I had never married. Somebody once said to me that a woman has always a future until she is married, then she has none. Tied and bound—tied and bound for ever. And I am but seven-and-twenty."

That look, half-appeal, half-despair, it went to Roderick's heart, for he knew it was only too true. She was "tied and bound" with the chains she had herself riveted. Even her own brother, however he pitied her, was powerless to set her free.

"Only seven-and-twenty," she repeated. "Such a long life before me—how am I to bear it? 'Till death us do part.' And I can't die. And he—he won't die; those sort of people never do."

"Hush!" said Roderick, turning away aghast. "You don't know what you are saying."

"I do know it only too well. Many a time, when, after raving like a madman, he has sunk to a mere drunken dog, and lain asleep on his bed like a log of wood, I have thought of Jael and Sisera, or Judith and Holofernes, and others of those holy murderesses. If it would only please God to

take him, as our minister says! He would be much better in heaven. He couldn't get any drink there."

This ghastly mixture of the horrible and the ludicrous, added to what he knew of the utter recklessness of Bella's nature when roused, was almost too much for Roderick to bear. He looked instinctively round for the one who now was always at hand, helping him to bear everything; but Silence was still absent up-stairs. Then, laying a firm hand on the poor violent woman, at once violent and weak—it is so often thus—he placed her back in her chair.

"You are talking nonsense, Bella; you know you are; the most arrant nonsense, or worse. Don't be afraid, you have a brother still, who will do his best to take care of you; but you must let me do it in the right way. Nothing cowardly, nothing underhand. Your mother, at least, must be told where you are. My wife says so. She and I were talking it over this morning."

"Very kind!"

"It was kind, and wise too," was the grave reply. "Silence is the wisest woman I know."

"And I the most foolish! It looks like it. Very well. Cast me off if you like. Turn me out of doors. I'll take the child and go."

But it was only an hysterical impulse, which ended in a flood of hysterical tears.

Utterly bewildered and perplexed, Roderick went to the foot of the stairs and called "Silence," in the sharpest tone he had used since his marriage.

"Why do you leave me? You know I can't do without you," he said. Then added, as she descended with the wailing child still in her arms, "It is hard for you too, my wife. Our peaceful days are all done."

"Not quite," she said, smiling—it was wonderful the sweetness of her smile whenever she had that baby in her arms—"I see," when she perceived Bella, and heard her frantic sobbing. "My friend" (the loving *mon ami* which she still used sometimes), "you are of no use here. Leave her to me—women understand women. She will be all right soon. Take your hat and go. Cuts de work is quite hard enough for you. Good-bye, my dearest—dearest!"

She lifted up her face to be kissed—the pale, firm, peaceful face, such a contrast to the other one—opened the door, shut it after him, and watched him safe away. Then, with a great sigh of relief, she went back to her unfortunate sister-in-law.



## DOMESTIC ART.

TO furnish our houses comfortably is undoubtedly a task which, if well fulfilled, leads to a considerable increase in the happiness of the hours we spend at home. And this increase of happiness is of that most subtle kind which winds itself amongst all our pleasures, and makes them deeper and more refined. We all feel this to a certain extent. We all love a warm room, a cheery fire, a comfortable arm-chair, cleanliness and brightness. These are the grosser parts of household comfort which all can enjoy. And we cherish and grow fond of the things that have ministered to our material wants—of the chair we are accustomed to repose in after our day's work, of the fire that casts a ruddy light round our room as we sit and warm ourselves after we have been chilled through in the cold outside, when the sleet and the snow are beating against the windows, and the wind is wailing drearily round the corners of the house. But these comforts, or rather luxuries, are not amongst the refinements of domestic life. They belong to labourers' cottages as much as to stately houses, or perhaps more.

There is, indeed, a charm of homeliness about the poor man's cottage which the rich man in his palace might often envy. But many of us do not live in cottages, and do attempt to surround ourselves with things not purely utilitarian. We ornament our walls with paper and paint, our doors with mouldings, our ceilings and cornices with plaster-work, our floors with carpets, our fireplaces with marbles, our chairs with chintzes, and most things with vulgarity. And the consequence of all this is, that we spend a good deal of money in making ourselves less comfortable than we should have been if we had spent very little. I believe the motive of this outlay usually to be a desire to obtain cheap magnificence, to imitate with our little what our richer neighbours have bought with their plenty. And we certainly succeed in imitating their gaudiness. Only we forget one of the essential principles of all good Art, that if a thing is conspicuous it should be able to bear close examination. How much better it would be if, instead of trying to produce cheap imitations of things which properly belong only to long suites of reception-rooms and stately galleries, we could contrive to form a style of decoration which should be in keeping with the houses in which we live, and with our manner of

life. But perhaps it is a new light to many of my readers that they are living surrounded by vulgar furniture and in vulgar rooms. Let us, then, consider what things in everyday life we are in the habit of calling vulgar. If we were to meet a poor girl tidily, cleanly and quietly dressed, we might remark her as a person whom we would be glad to take into our own service, or perhaps attend to our own children. We should feel it probable that she would do her work diligently, and, above all, honestly. We should feel it probable that our children's characters would be safe in her hands; that she was possessed of a natural refinement which would prevent her doing or saying anything which we should fear might have a bad influence on the tone of their minds. If, on the other hand, we were to meet a girl of the same class gaudily dressed, with false jewellery and a flowery bonnet, we should probably be exactly as much prejudiced against her as we were in favour of the tidy girl. Our judgments in each case might be false; but they would be instinctive, that is to say, founded on our universal experience. And the difference between the two girls would be the difference between refinement and vulgarity. Few will disagree with me on this point. Now let us try to find out from this instance of it what we mean by the term *vulgarity*, or at least some of its characteristics, as applied to things that are seen.

The first that strikes us is the love of show. But it is the love of show for its own sake that is vulgar here. It is not the beauty of the thing shown, but the desire to create a sensation; and this becomes at times such a passion that it is blinding to all discrimination between beauty and ugliness. To show a beautiful thing because it is beautiful, there is no vulgarity in that; but to show anything, whether beautiful or ugly, for the sake of show—that is vulgar. This, then, is the first characteristic of vulgarity. The second is subordinate to, and depends on, the first. It consists in the falseness of the thing shown, a falseness that takes in no one but the creature who produces the sham, and only deceives her in this sense, that she believes she is deceiving others. Her passion for show is so great that she prefers the pretence of richness to the reality of neatness, and the exhibition of tawdriness to the comfort of quietness. Now there are few men or women who would not consider that cheap gaudiness

in dress, with all its accompaniments of false jewellery and what is called "loudness," was to the last degree vulgar. But the strange thing is, that these very men and women, who are really in many ways cultured and refined, do not see that they themselves commit the very same faults in the decoration of their drawing-rooms that they blame with such severity in the dressing of their maid-servants.

It would be impossible, within the limits of the present paper, to discuss, on the one hand, all the vulgarities of ordinary furnishing, or to describe, on the other hand, more desirable refinements in it; but a few instances we may deal with. We will suppose that we are in a drawing-room about twenty feet square (the size of an ordinary drawing-room in a moderately sized house). The first object that strikes us as we enter, perhaps, is a gigantic looking-glass, about four feet wide and six feet high, placed over the mantelpiece. It is surrounded with a rather elaborate and very coarse gilt moulding. Such a mirror is the first thing that is thought of to decorate the walls, and to prevent the room looking bare. If we ask why a large mirror over the chimney-piece (or anywhere else) is thought desirable, we probably hear that "it gives size to the room" or that "it brightens it up." When we are told that it gives size to the room, I suppose we are to understand that it makes us believe that there is a second room over the chimney-piece just like the first. Of course we are never thus taken in by ordinarily arranged mirrors; and if we were, it would be very unpleasant. So that the first reason given in defence of them falls to the ground. With respect to the second excuse for their existence, we must observe that they undoubtedly do to a certain extent reflect, and therefore do increase the amount of light in the room, but that they diminish the amount of light that there appears to be by reflecting the darker parts of the room only to the spectator owing to their positions. And it is the amount of light that there *appears to be*, not the amount of light that there *is*, in a room that is important. So much for the supposed advantages and beauties of mirrors. Now let us consider the objections to them. We have seen that gloominess is one. Another is the appearance of smallness in rooms which they invariably produce. It is almost always possible to increase the apparent size of a small room in a legitimate way by avoiding large objects. A large statue or a large picture makes a small room look smaller

still, not so much by filling it up as by destroying its scale. The eye naturally compares one thing with another, and measures one thing by another. As a rule, a big pattern on a wall paper, a large door, a large sheet of plate glass in a window, all tend to make a room look smaller. Thus the vulgarity of cheap magnificence defeats its own object, and the effort to avoid supposed meanness succeeds only in making evident the very thing it is most anxious to hide. Another serious objection that may be made to large mirrors as usually placed is the unpleasant way in which we catch sight of ourselves reflected in them. This, of course, is a pure matter of taste, but I believe that most people share this dislike of having their own personality suddenly brought under their notice.

The use of gilding requires very great care. Gold leaf in the hands of an artist may be employed with wonderful effect. It may be made to give lightness or heaviness, brightness or shadow. It may be made to harmonize a system of colouring that would be crude without it, and it may produce a marvellous richness; but exactly in proportion as it may be used to adorn, in that proportion it may be used to destroy beauty, and to draw attention to ugliness. And it must be admitted that the way in which gilding is generally used displays an extraordinary ignorance of its artistic properties. In the first place it makes the objects it covers more conspicuous. There are some things (some carvings, for instance) which are very good, both in design and workmanship, but which require some of their parts to be emphasized and made to stand out against other parts. In these cases we may gild either of the parts and so produce the desired contrast. As a rule, it will be found best to gild those intended to catch the light. It will be found in almost all cases that the use of gold should in decoration be reserved for the accentuation of form. This is of course only a general rule, and is liable to many exceptions under peculiar circumstances. But how is gold generally used? Let us look round the room and see. It is to be seen on the frames of the mirrors above mentioned. The cornices above the valances of the curtains look as if they had been dipped into it, the pattern of the wall paper is drawn out with it, and the mouldings of the doors are covered with it. We shall discuss the nature of these carvings and mouldings presently; meanwhile, let us suppose that they are of good design and carefully wrought. Con-

sider those of the panels of the doors. The beauty of good plain mouldings consists in the contrast of light and shade that exists between its members, and of the relative proportions of those members. On mouldings of this kind gilding might be employed with great effect, not by covering over the whole, but by so carefully choosing those members that the contrasts of light and shade between them shall be increased, and the proportions of them maintained or improved. The same rules will apply to all mouldings and carvings whatsoever that have to be gilt. As a matter of fact, however, in most houses the mouldings are very far from being either well designed or carefully executed. They are, on the contrary, poor in form and lumpy and coarse in workmanship. In such cases gilding usually merely serves to attract attention to what should be carefully left as subdued as possible.

But, indeed, as we look round, we see that discord prevails. What can be more harsh than the white marble chimney-piece surrounding the cold steel grate. It is in the nature of the British mind to love open grates. To preserve them we sacrifice warmth, cleanliness, and even economy; so dearly do we love the sight of the red-hot coals and the dancing flames! They are more beautiful in our eyes than the red rays of a precious ruby. And yet if we had such a ruby should we not surround it with a setting suitable to its beauty? Why not so then with the fire? If we chose to give a large sum of money for a marble chimney-piece we could procure one which, with the help of delicate sculpture, might have been made beautiful; but this is no reason why we should spend on bare and repulsive polished marble much more than would be necessary to carry out a beautiful design in wood, such as can often be met with in houses about a hundred years old. But, not content with putting up white marble, we double the effect of its coldness by contrasting it with black iron or steel. There is really no excuse for this. Steel requires much cleaning to keep off rust, and iron requires the application of black-lead daily. A certain amount of iron, of course, there must be, as it is required to stand the heat, but the heavy mouldings and flat surfaces, which seem made on purpose to give work to housemaids, are quite unnecessary. Grates can be easily procured calculated to give a large amount of heat for the fuel consumed, with a very small edge of iron round a square opening in front, delicately moulded. If this be surrounded above and on each side

with tiles about six or eight inches square of good colour and design, and the whole be enclosed with a good bold moulding of painted deal or oak, the result is most effective, and the cost is slight. One or more shelves may be erected above on brackets or otherwise. All the beauty will depend on the proper choice of tiles, grate, and mouldings. In this arrangement, if the hearth be covered with tiles as well as the sides, the only thing that requires any labour to clean is the grate itself, and this should be made as little conspicuous as possible. Any amount of play of design may be given to the wooden surroundings. They may be ornamented with pilasters or brackets or shelves or panels, carried up to the ceiling or left three or four feet high; and all this may be done both more effectively for Scotch and English houses, as well as much more cheaply, in wood than in marble.

There are three methods commonly adopted for covering and decorating wall spaces—plain colour in paint, paper, or distemper; patterns in paper, textile fabrics, or paint; and paneling. If the first method be employed all the interest of the wall-surfaces is made to depend upon colour. There can be no objection to this; a plain surface of colour is a beautiful thing provided it be beautiful and adapted for its purpose. But unfortunately, it is in rare exceptions only that we find walls of beautiful or suitable tones. Those most usually used are pale green and yellowish drab. It will be said that these are harmless; and, to a certain extent, this defence is true. But it must be borne in mind that the harmless is not a very high ideal to aspire to, and that it is this inability in most of us to make our walls better than harmless that drives us to seek relief in vast-sized mirrors or other coarse decorations to give some life to our rooms. If we are fortunate enough to possess good pictures the problem is simple. All we have to do is to paint, paper, or distemper the walls with such a tint as shall form a good background to, without interfering with, the pictures. A rich brownish green will be found one of the best for this purpose. If, however, we have no pictures, or very few, we must depend on the beauty of our wall-decorations themselves. Now, if we call to mind the colours that we have seen on the walls in our friends' houses, is there any one amongst them that ever gave us an even momentary feeling of interest or pleasure? Some, as we said before, are harmless, that is to say, entirely uninteresting; but for the



most part they are actually aggressive by their extreme crudeness. There is one, for instance, very much like that of lavender kid gloves, that is used often in distemper and paint, and mixed with pure white or white and gold in papers. The effect is one of astonishing repulsiveness. It possesses no brilliancy, no depth, no warmth, no interest or beauty of any kind. It is unsuitable for pictures, and clashes with almost every tint that is brought near to it.

It is impossible, without the help of illustration, to say much about colour that will be of much practical value; nor, indeed, have we space to refer to all the thousands of harsh tints, single and mixed, which may be seen disfiguring the walls of houses. The only thing that can be done in this matter is to appeal to every one's own taste as far as possible, and to try and make them exercise their judgment. Do not let us be content, on the one hand, with gloominess and dullness; let us avoid with horror, on the other hand, all crudeness and mere showiness. Let us be careful that the colour chosen shall be one not merely beautiful in small quantities, as for instance scarlet or bright blue, but suitable to covering large spaces, and sufficiently quiet to be a permanent rest to the eyes.

When wall-papers printed in patterns are used, there are further considerations which should guide our choice. It should be borne in mind, however, that although in these cases more than one colour is employed, yet there is always a general effect of harmonious blending of tone together which should be sought after, an effect best seen at such a distance that the pattern ceases to be very distinct. This general effect is analogous to, and should be considered in the same light as, one tint. Many papers when viewed from certain distances give undue prominence to one particular feature, owing to its colour not being in proper harmony with those of the other features of the design; and the constant repetition of the pattern over the wall-surface often causes the prominent features to be arranged in lines and figures in themselves unpleasant, though all the lines and figures of the design unpeated may be faultless. Before a wall-paper is chosen, therefore, care should be taken that two or three breadths are placed side by side in order to detect this secondary pattern, if it exists. Exactly the same effect may be produced without prominence in colour by the unequal distribution of the design. Supposing, for instance,

it is printed light on a dark ground, and owing to this fault the pattern is thicker in some places than in others, then the thick parts viewed from a short distance will make little masses of light, and the thin parts little masses of dark colour, which may make on a large surface a secondary pattern of unpleasant appearance.

But besides the production of general effect at such a distance that the primary design cannot be distinctly seen, we have to consider the latter itself, the curves of its lines, and the beauty of its elementary features. It is, of course, impossible to discuss all the infinite variety of forms that wall-paper patterns have assumed, but there are certain classes of them about which something may be said. The first of these classes is that in which natural objects, flowers, leaves, birds, &c., are used in what is called an unconventional manner, that is, drawn on the paper as the artist would draw them were he simply making studies from nature. Now, even supposing that it were possible at a considerable cost to reproduce exactly the illustrations of a first-rate work on botany or ornithology, such a design would be eminently unsuited to its place. This, I suppose, no one will venture to deny. Not only, however, would it be unsuitable, it would be intrinsically bad; it would lack the first element of artistic design, arrangement. But it may be said that, in all patterns that repeat themselves, in the way in which wall-papers of necessity must, there must be *some* arrangement. This is true; but the fact only makes the want of arrangement in the subordinate parts more conspicuous by contrast with the formality of the main features. I have seen, for instance, a pattern made of little bunches of flowers, red and blue and yellow (just as they might have been, had they been copied directly after they had been picked, only very badly done), at the angles of a diamond-shaped trellis-work of gilt lines. Here, it is true, the flowers which compose the bunch are natural, but not the bunch itself, nor the placing of bunches at regular intervals. It is, in fact, absurd to talk of naturalism on a wall-paper at all; at best we can only produce but a feeble parody of it. What we can do, however, is to make use of certain forms suggested to us by nature which will be really suitable to the positions they have to occupy, which will be pliable, that is to say, capable of being worked up into a continuous, evenly-distributed, and well-arranged design, and which will be besides all this very beautiful in themselves. Such

idealisation from nature are the honeysuckle pattern of the Assyrians and Greeks ; all the wonderful stone carvings which fill our mediæval churches, so renowned for the appreciation they bear evidence to of the most subtle forms of birds, beasts, and flowers ; all the Persian designs for ceilings, textile fabrics, pottery, and paintings, unrivalled for intricacy of form without confusion, grace of line without weakness, and brilliancy of colour without gaudiness ; all the flowing friezes of Renaissance times, so faultless in their curves. It is not because we love nature more, but because we understand her less, that we have ceased to follow a precedent that has been hitherto universal.

There is another class of papers in which the main part of the pattern is geometrical. Papers of this kind are often very satisfactory, but do not usually possess as much interest as those involving free curves. They are, however, often very suitable to passages and halls, and may be used with advantage in places where something a little less monotonous than a plain surface of colour is required. The geometrical patterns should always be small, never more than a few inches square, and should be simple also. Their want of interest tends to make them coarse and vulgar if used on a large scale. As a rule it will be found that where figures involving squares are employed, it will be much better to place them with their sides vertical and horizontal, than with their corners at their highest and lowest points, like the diamond-shaped panes of glass in church windows.

The difficulties of decoration are very much increased in many cases by the thorough badness of the groundwork on which it has to be placed, and by the thorough badness of the

thing that has to be decorated. So that often all that can be done is to make the best of a bad job. And here the decorator is placed in a dilemma, for he must never descend to the level of much that he cannot remove, and much of his work is on this account made to seem out of keeping, and to jar with things that are near to it.

Many who read this article will be inclined to resent the application of the term *vulgar* to their house decoration. They will say that these things are matters of taste, and that they have as much right to call my recommendations vulgar as I have their drawing-rooms. I attempted to prove at the beginning that the essence of vulgarity in people was the desire to get as much show independent of beauty for the sum of money they are prepared to lay out. Though I believe this vulgarity is often owing to long neglect of taste, and may co-exist with refinement in other things, I believe that most of us, when we look round our rooms, will find that this is the spirit that has prevailed. I have tried to describe ways of decorating that shall not make show but beauty their chief object. The result will often be simplicity verging on plainness. But if any will honestly try to work in the line I have laid down they will find that they have discovered for themselves new interests and pleasures in life, which will perpetually surround them. And they will find as time goes on that the pleasure is a growing one, and that as we are able to buy new treasures out of our savings, we shall not despise our earlier efforts, and that the new picture or the new piece of china we have bought will add a lustre to, without creating a discord in, the old room.

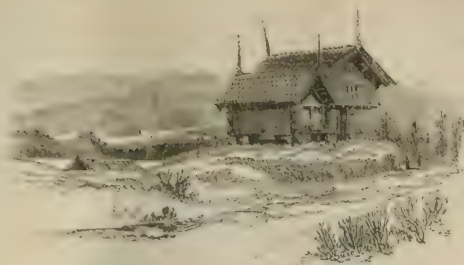
EUSTACE BALFOUR.

## SCANDINAVIAN SKETCHES.

### III.—IN NORWAY.

THE weather changed to a cloudless sunshine which hatched all the mosquitoes, as we entered Norway in the second week in July, and the heat was so intense that, in the long railway journey from Stockholm, we were very thankful for the little tank of iced water with which each railway carriage is provided. We were disappointed in Kristiania, which is a very dull place. The town was built by Christian IV. of Denmark, and has a good central church of his time, but it is utterly unpicturesque. In the

picture gallery are several noble works of Tidemann, the special painter of expression and pathos. As a companion for life is the memory of a picture which represents the administration of the last sacrament to an old peasant, whose wife's grief is turned to resignation, which ceases even to have a wish for his retention, as she beholds the heaven-born comfort with which he is looking into an unknown future. Another of the finest works of the artist represents the reception of the sacrament by a con-



Bolkesjö.

vict, young and deeply repentant, before his execution.

There is no striking scenery in the environs of Kristiania, but they are wonderfully pretty. From the avenues upon the ramparts you look down over the broad expanse of the fiord, with low blue mountain distances. Little steamers dart backwards and forwards, and convey visitors in a few minutes across the bay to Oscars Halle, a tower and small country villa of the king on a wooded knoll.

We went by the railway which winds high amongst the hills to Kongsberg, a mining village in a lofty situation. Here, in a garden of white roses, there is a most comfortable small hotel kept by a Dane, which is a capital starting-point for all expeditions in Telemarken. We engaged a carriage at Kongsberg for the excursion to Tinoset, whence we arranged to go on to the Ryukan Foss, said to be the highest waterfall in Europe. We do not advise future travellers without unlimited time to follow us in the latter part of the expedition by the lake, but the carriage excursion is quite enchanting. What an exquisite drive it is through the forest—the deep ever-varying woods of noble pines and firs springing from luxuriant thickets of junipers, bilberries, and cranberries! The loveliest mountain flowers grow in these woods—huge larkspurs of rank luxuriant foliage and flowers of faint dead blue; pinks and blue lungworts and orchids; stagmoss wreathing itself round the grey rocks, and delicate, lovely soldanella drooping in the still recesses.

Our mid-day halt was at Bolkesjö, where the forest opens to green lawns, hill-set, with a charming view down the smooth declivities to a many-bayed lake, with mountain distances. Here, amid a group of old brown farm-buildings, covered with rude

paintings and sculpture, is a farm-house, inhabited by the same family through many generations. It is one of the “stations” where it is part of the duty of the farmer or “bonder” who is owner of the soil, to find horses for the use of travellers. These horses are supplied at a very trifling charge, and are brought back by a boy who sits behind the carriage upon the portmanteau: but as the horses, when not called for, are turned loose or used by the bonder in his own farm or field work, travellers generally have to wait a long time while they are caught or sent for. They order their horses “strax”—directly—one of the first words an Englishman learns to use on entering Norway, yet they scarcely ever appear before half an hour, so that Norwegians repeat with amusement the story of an Englishman who, when he wished to spend an hour at a station, ordered his horses “after två strax’s.” These halts are not always congenial to English impatience, yet they give opportunities of becoming acquainted with Norwegian life and people which can be obtained in no other way, and recollection will oftener go back to the quiet time spent in waiting for horses amid the grey rocks above some foaming streamlet, in the green oases surrounded by forest, or in clean-boarded rooms strewn with fresh fir foliage, than to the more established sights of Norway. Most delicious indeed were the two hours which we passed at Bolkesjö, in the high pastures where the peasants were mowing the tall grass ablaze with flowers, and the mountains were throwing long purple shadows over the forest, and the wind blowing freshly from the gleaming lake—and then, most delicious was the well-earned meal of eggs and bacon, strawberries and cream, and other homely dainties in the farm-house, where the beams



and furniture were all painted and carved with mottoes and texts and the primitive box beds had crimson satin quilts. Portraits sent by well-pleased royal visitors hung on the walls side by side with common-coloured scripture prints, like those which are found in English cottages. The cellar is under a bed, beneath which it was funny to see the old farmeress disappear as she went down to fetch up for us her home-brewed ale.

But what roads, or rather what want of roads, lead to Tinoset! —there were banks of glassy rock, up which our horses scrambled like cats; there were awful moments when everything seemed to come to an end, and when they gathered up their legs, and seemed to fling themselves down head-long with the carriage on the top of them, and yet we reached the bottom of the abyss buried in dust, to rise gasping and gulping and wondering we were alive, to begin the same pantomime over again.

Late in the evening, long after the sunlight had faded, and when the forests seemed to have gone to sleep and all sounds were silent, we reached Tinoset. The inn is a wooden chalet on the banks of a lake with a single great pine-tree close to the door. It was terribly crowded, and the little wooden cells were the smallest apology for bedrooms, where all through the night we heard the winds howling amongst the mountains,

and the waves lashing the shore under the windows. In the morning the lake was covered with huge blue waves crested with foam, and we were almost sorry when the steamer came and we felt obliged to embark, because, as it was not the regular day for its passage, we had summoned it at some expense from the other end of the lake. We were thoroughly wet with the spray before we reached the little inn at Strand, with a pier where we disembarked, and occupied

the rest of the afternoon in drawing the purple hills, and the road winding towards them through the old birch-trees. An excursion to the Ryukan Foss occupied the next day; a dull drive through the plain, and then an exciting skirting of horrible precipices, followed by a clamber up a mountain pathlet to a chalet, where we were thankful for our well-earned dinner of trout and ale before



Old Church of Hitterdal.



Throndtjem Fjord.

proceeding to the Foss, the 560-feet high fall of a mountain torrent into a black rift in the hills—a boiling, roaring abyss of water, with drifts of spray which are visible for miles before it can be seen itself.

In returning from Tinoset, we took the way by Hitterdal, the date-forgotten old wooden church so familiar from picture-books. It had been our principal object in coming to Norway, yet the long drive had made us so ravenous in search of food, that we could only endure to stay there half an

hour. The church, however, is most intensely picturesque, rising with an infinity of quaintest domes and spires, all built of timber, out of a rude cloister painted red, the whole having the appearance of a very tall Chinese pagoda, yet only measuring alto-

gether 84 feet by 57. The bellry, Norwegianwise, stands alone on the other side of the churchyard, which is overgrown with pink willow-herb. When we reached the inn, as famished as wolves in winter, we were told by our landlady

that she could not give us any dinner. "Nei, nei," nothing would induce her—she had too much work on her hands already—perhaps, however, the woman at the house with the flag would give us some. So, hungry and faint, we walked forth again to a house which had a flag flying in front of it, where all was silent and deserted, except for a dog, who received us furiously. Having pacified him, and finding the front door locked, we made good our entrance at the back, examined the kitchen, peeped into all the cup-

boards, lifted up the lids of all the sauce-pans, and not till we had searched every corner for food ineffectually, were met by the pretty, pleasant-looking young lady of the house, who informed us in excellent English, and with no small surprise at our conduct, that we had been committing a raid upon

her private residence. Afterwards we discovered a lonely farmhouse, where there had once been a flag, and where they gave us a very good dinner, ending in a great bowl of cloudberry—in which we were joined by two pleasant young ladies and their father,

an old gentleman smoking an enormously long pipe, who turned out to be the Bishop of Christian-sand. The house of the landamann of Hitterdal contains a relic connected with a picturesque story quaintly illustrative of

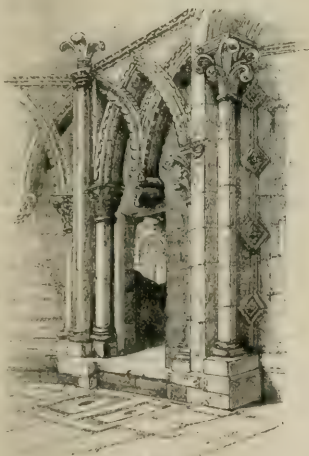
ancient Scandinavian life. It is an axe, with a handle projecting beyond the blade, and curved, so that it can be used as a walking-stick. Formerly it belonged to an ancient descendant of the Kongen, or chieftains of the district, who insisted upon carrying it to church with him in accordance with an old privilege. The priest forbade the bearing of the warlike weapon into church, which so much affected the old man, that he died. His son, who thought it necessary to avenge his father's death,

went to the priest with the axe in his hands, and demanded the most precious thing he possessed—when the priest brought his Bible and gave it to him, open upon a passage exhorting to forgiveness of injuries.

On July 25 we left Kristiania for Throndtjem—the whole journey of three hundred and



Throndtjem Cathedral.



St. Olaf's Well.

sixty miles being very comfortable, and only costing 30 francs. The route has no great beauty, but endless pleasant variety—rail to Eidswold, with bilberries and strawberries in pretty birch-bark baskets for sale at all the railway stations; a vibrating steamer for several hours on the long, dull Miosen lake; railway again, with some of the carriages open at the sides; then an obligatory night at Koppang, a large station, where accommodation is provided for every one, but where, if there are many passengers, several people strangers to each other are expected to share the same room. On the second day the scenery improves, the railway sometimes running along and sometimes over the river Glommen, on a wooden causeway, till the gorge of mountains opens beyond Stören, into a rich country with turfy mounds constantly reminding us of the graves of the hero-gods of Upsala. Towards sunset, beyond the deep cleft in which the river Nid runs between lines of old painted wooden warehouses, rises the burial-place of St. Olaf, the shrine of Scandinavian Christianity, the stumpy-towered cathedral of Throndtjem. The most northern railway station and the most northern cathedral in Europe!

Surely the cradle of Scandinavian Christianity is one of the most beautiful places in the world. No one had ever told us about it, and we went there only because it is the old Throndtjem of sagas and ballads, and expecting a wonderful and beautiful cathedral. But the whole place is a dream of loveliness, so exquisite in the soft silvery morning light on the fyord and delicate mountain ranges, the rich nearer hills covered with bilberries and breaking into steep cliffs—that one remains in a state of transport, which is at a climax while all is engraven upon an opal sunset sky, when an amethystine glow spreads over the mountains, and when ships and buildings meet their double in the still, transparent water. Each wide street of curious low wooden houses displays a new vista of sea, of rocky promontories, of woods dipping into the water; and at the end of the principal street is the grey massive cathedral where St. Olaf is buried, and where northern art and poetry have exhausted their loveliest and most pathetic fancies around the grave of the national hero.

The "Cathedral Garden," for so the graveyard is called, is most touching. Acres upon acres of graves are all kept—not by officials, but by the families they belong to—like gardens. The tombs are embowered in roses and honeysuckle, and each little green mound

has its own vase for cut flowers daily replenished, and a seat for the survivors which is daily occupied, so that the link between the dead and the living is never broken.

Christianity was first established in Norway at the end of the tenth century by King Olaf Trygvesson, son of Trygve and of the lady Astrida, whose romantic adventures, when sold as a slave after her husband's death, are the subject of a thousand stories. When Olaf succeeded to the throne of Norway after the death of Hako, son of Sigurd, in 996, he proclaimed Christianity throughout his dominions, heard matins daily himself, and sent out missionaries through his dominions. But the duty of the so-called missionaries had little to do with teaching, they were only required to baptize. All who refused baptism were tortured and put to death. When, at one time, the estates of the province of Throndtjem tried to force Olaf back to the old religion, he outwardly assented, but made the condition that the offended pagan deities should in that case be appeased by human sacrifice—the sacrifice of the twelve nobles who were most urgent in compelling him; and upon this the ardour of the chieftains for paganism was cooled, and they allowed Olaf unhindered to demolish the great statue of Thor, covered with gold and jewels, in the centre of the province of Throndtjem, where he founded the city then called Nidaros, upon the river Nid.

No end of stories are narrated of the cruelties of Olaf Trygvesson. When Egwind, a northern chieftain, refused to abandon his idols, he first attempted to bribe him, but when gentler means failed a chafing dish of hot coals was placed upon his belly till he died. Raude the magician had a more horrible fate: an adder was forced down a horn into his stomach, and left to eat its way out again!

The first Christian king of Norway was an habitual drunkard, and, by twofold adultery, he, the husband of Godruna, married Thyra of Denmark, the wife of Duke Borislaf of Pomerania. This led to a war with Denmark and Sweden, whose united fleets surrounded him near Stralsund. As his royal vessel, the *Long Serpent*, was boarded by the enemy, he plunged into the sea and was no more seen, though some chroniclers say that he swam to the shore in safety and died afterwards at Rome, whither he went on pilgrimage.

Olaf Trygvesson had a godson Olaf, son of Harald Grenske and Asta, who had the nominal title of king given to all sea captains



of royal descent. From his twelfth year, Olaf Haraldsen was a pirate, and he headed the band of Danes who destroyed Canterbury and murdered St. Elphege—a strange feature in the life of one who has been himself regarded as a saint since his death. By one of the strange freaks of fortune common in those times, this Olaf Haraldsen gained a great victory over the chieftain Sweyn, who then ruled at Nidaros, and, chiefly through the influence of Sigurd Syr, a great northern land-owner who had become the second husband of his mother, he became seated in 1016 upon the throne of Norway. His first care was for the restoration of Christianity, which had fallen into decadence in the sixteen years which had elapsed since the defeat of Olaf Trygvesson. The second Olaf imitated the violence and cruelty of his predecessor. Whenever the new religion was rejected, he beheaded or hung the delinquents. In his most merciful moments he mutilated and blinded them: "he did not spare one who refused to serve God." After fourteen years of unparalleled cruelties in the name of religion, he fell in battle with Canute the Great at Sticklestadt. He had abducted and married Astrida, daughter of the King of Sweden, but by her he had no children. By his concubine Alfilda he left an only son, who lived to become Magnus the Good, King of Norway. However terrible the cruelties of Olaf Haraldsen were in his lifetime, they were soon dazzled out of sight amid the halo of miracles with which his memory was encircled by the Roman Catholic Church. It was only recollected that when, according to the legend, he raced for the kingdom with his half-brother Harald, in his good ship the *Ox*,

"Saint Olaf, who on God relied,  
Three days the first his house descried ;"

after which—

"Harald so fierce with anger burned  
He to a lothely dragon turned ;"

but because—

"A pious zeal Saint Olaf bore,  
He long the crown of Norway wore."

His admirers narrated that when he was one day absently cutting chips from a stick with his knife on a Sunday, a servant passed him with the reproof, "Sir, it is Monday to-morrow," when he placed the sinful chips in his hand, and, setting them on fire, bore the pain till they were all consumed. It was remembered that as he walked to the church which Olaf Trygvesson had founded at Nidaros, he "wore a glory in his yellow hair." And gradually he became the most popular saint of Scandinavia. His shirt was an object

of pilgrimage in the Church of St. Victor at Paris, and many churches were dedicated to him in England, and especially in London, where Tooley Street still records his familiar appellation of St. Tooley.

Around the shrine of Olaf in Throndtjem, in which his "incorrupt body" was seen more than five hundred years after his death, has arisen the most beautiful of northern cathedrals, originating in a small chapel built over his grave within ten years after his death. The exquisite colour of its green-grey stone adds greatly to the general effect of the interior, and to the exquisite sculpture of its interlacing arches. From the ambulatory behind the choir opens a tiny chamber containing the Well of St. Olaf, of rugged yellow stone, with the holes remaining in the pavement through which the dripping water ran away when the buckets were set down. Amongst the many famous bishops of Throndtjem, perhaps the most celebrated has been Anders Arrebo, "the father of Danish poetry" (1587—1637), who wrote the "Hexameron," an extraordinarily long poem on the Creation, which nobody reads now. The cathedral is given up to Lutheran worship, but its ancient relics are kindly tended and cared for. Its beautiful Chapter House is lent for English service on Sundays.

In the wide street which leads from the sea to the cathedral is the "Coronation House," the wooden palace in which the kings and queens of Sweden and Norway stay when they come hither to be crowned. Hither the present beloved queen, Sophie of Nassau, came in 1873, driving herself in her own carriage from the Romsdal, in graceful compliance with the popular mode of Norwegian travel. It is because even the finest buildings in Norway are generally built of wood, that there are so few of any real antiquity. Near the shore of the fyord, the custom-house occupies the site of the Orething, where the elections of twenty kings have taken place. It is sacred ground to a King of Norway, who passes it bareheaded. The familiar affection with which the Norwegians regard their sovereigns can scarcely be comprehended in any other country. To their people they are "the father and mother of the land." The broken Norse is remembered at Throndtjem in which King Carl Johann begged people "to make room for their old father" when they pressed too closely upon him.

In returning from Throndtjem we left the railway at Stören, where we engaged a double carriage, and a carriage for four with a pleasant

boy called Johann as its driver, for the return journey. It was difficult to obtain definite information about anything, English hand-books being almost useless from their incorrectness, and we set off with a sort of sense of exploring an unknown country. At every "station" we changed horses, which were sent back by the boy, who perched upon the luggage behind, and we marked our distances by calling our horses after the Kings of England. Thus, setting off from Stören with William the Conqueror, we drove into the Romsdal with Edward VI. After a drive with Lady Jane Grey, we set off again with Mary. But the Kings of England failed us long before our driving days were over, and we used up all the Kings of Rome also. As we were coming down a steep hill into Lillehammer with Tarquinius Superbus, something gave way and he quietly walked out of the harness, leaving us to run briskly down-hill and subside into the hedge. We captured Tarquinius, but how to put him in again was a mystery, as we had never harnessed a horse before. However, by trying every strap in turn we got him in somehow, and escaped the fate of Red Riding Hood amid the lonely hills.

For a great distance after leaving Stören, there is little especially striking in the scenery, except one gorge of old weird pine-trees in a rift of purple mountains. After you emerge upon the high Dovre-Fyeld, the huge ranges of Sneehatten rise snowy, gleaming, and glorious, above the wide yellow-grey expanse, hoary with reindeer moss, though, as the Dovre-Fyeld is itself three thousand feet high, and Sneehatten only seven thousand three hundred, it does not look so high as it really is. Next to Throndtjem itself, the old ballads and songs of Norway gather most thickly around the Dovre-Fyeld. It is here that the witches are supposed to hold their secret meetings at their Blokulla, or black hill. Across these yellow hills of the Jerkinfyeld the prose Edda describes Thor striding to his conflict with the dragon Jormangandur "the tall pines cracked like a field of stubble under his feet;" and here, according to the ancient fragment called the ballad of "The Twelve Wizards," as given in Prior's "Ancient Danish Ballads"—

"At Dovrefeld, over on Norway's reef,  
Were heroes who never knew pain or grief.

There dwelt there many a warrior keen,  
The twelve bold brothers of Ingeborg queen.

The first with his hand the storm could bush;  
The second could stop the torrent's rush.

The third could dive in the sea as a fish;  
The fourth never wanted meat on dish.

The fifth he would strike the golden lyre,  
And young and old to the dancing fyre.

The sixth on the horn would blow a blast,  
Who heard it would shudder and stand aghast.

The seventh go under the earth could he;  
The eighth he could dance on the rolling sea.

The ninth tamed all that in greenwood crept;  
The tenth not a nap had ever slept.

The eleventh the grisly lindworm bound,  
And will what he would, the means he found.

The twelfth he could all things understand,  
Though done in a nook of the farthest land.

Their equals were never seen there in the North,  
Nor anywhere else on the face of the earth."

In spite of great fatigue from the distances to be accomplished, each day's journey in carriage or carriole has its peculiar charms, the going on and on into an unknown land, meeting no one, sleeping in odd, primitive, but always clean rooms, setting off again at half-past five or six, and halting at comfortable stations, with their ever-moderate prices and their cheery farm-servants, who kissed our hands all round on receiving the very smallest gratuity—a coin meaning twopence halfpenny being a source of ecstatic bliss.

The "bonders," who keep the stations, generally themselves represent the gentry of the country, the real gentry filling the position of the English aristocracy. The bonders are generally very well off, having small tithes, good houses, boundless fuel, a great variety of food, and continual change of labour on their own small properties. Their wives, who never walk, have a sledge for winter, and a carriole and horse to take them to church in summer. In the many months of snow, when out-of-door occupations fail, they occupy the time with household pursuits—carpentering, tailoring, or brewing. When a bonder dies, his wife succeeds to his property until her second marriage, then it is divided amongst his children.

The "stations" or farm-houses are almost entirely built of wood, but those of a superior class have a single room of stone, used only in bridal or births, a custom handed down from old times when a place of special safety was required at those seasons.

Nine-tenths of the country are covered with pine-forests, but the trees are always cut down before they grow old. We did not see a single really old tree in Norway. The pines are of two kinds only—the *Furu*, our pine, *Pinus silvestris*; and the *Gran*, our fir, *Pinus abies*.

Wolves seldom appear except in winter, when those who travel in sledges are often pursued by them. Then hunger makes them

so bold, that they will often snatch a dog from between the knees of a driver.

From the station of Dombaas (where there is a telegraph station and a shop of old silver), we turned aside down the Romsdal, which soon became beautiful, as the road wound above a chrysoprased river, broken by many rocky islets and swirling into many waterfalls, but always equally radiant, equally transparent, till its colour is washed out by the melting snow in a ghastly narrow valley, which we called the Valley of Death.

The little inn at Aak, in Romsdal, with a large garden stretching along the hillside, disappointed us at first, as the clouds hid the mountain tops, but morning revealed how perfectly glorious they are — purple pinnacles of rock or pathless fields of snow embossed upon a sky which is delicately blue above but melts into the clearest opal.

Grandeur, we thought, than any single peak in Switzerland is the tremendous peak of the Romsdalshorn, and the walks in all directions are most exquisite — into deep glades filled with columbines and the giant larkspurs, which are such a feature of Norway: into tremendous mountain gorges: or to Waeblungsnaes, along the banks of the lovely fiord, with its marvellously quaint forms of mountain distance. Aak is a place where a month may be spent most

delightfully, as well as most comfortably and economically.

We had heard a great deal before we went to Norway about the difficulty of getting proper food, but our own experience is that we were never fed more luxuriously. Perhaps very late in the season the provisions at the country "stations" may be somewhat used up, but when we were there in July, only those who could not live without a great deal of meat could have any cause for complaint, and once a week we generally had reindeer for a treat. When we arrived in the evenings,

we always found an excellent meal prepared — the most delicious coffee, tea, and cream; baskets of bread, rusks, cakes and biscuits of various descriptions; fresh salmon and trout; cloudberry, bilberries, raspberries, mountain



In the Romsdal, Norway.

strawberries and cream; and for all this about a franc and a half is the payment required.

My companions lingered at Kristiania whilst I paid a visit, which is one of the most delightful recollections of my tour, to a native family near Moss, at the mouth of the fiord; then we came back to Denmark, travelling in the same train with the beloved Prince Imperial, who was in the height of health and happiness, and received at every station with the enthusiastic "Hochs!" which in Scandinavia supply the place of the English hurrah.

## LORD LAWRENCE OF THE PUNJAB.

IN all the century only one man of the people has been made Viceroy of India. Warren Hastings was the first Governor-General; his pupil, John Shore, became the third, after Lord Cornwallis, because he knew the people and the country at the critical time of the permanent settlement of the land-tax of Bengal. The East India Company's jealousy of its own great servants led it to

forbid the appointment of Sir Charles Metcalfe, whom the Crown afterwards sent to Jamaica and Canada as governor. The Crown's constitutional relation to political parties, the exclusiveness of the Whig and the *esprit de corps* of the Tory governing families, operated practically in confining the selection of a Viceroy to themselves. George Canning was, indeed, appointed to the office



afterwards filled by his son, and both Crown and Company twice urged its acceptance on the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone. But John Lawrence, whom the English and Indian peoples still mourn, was the only man who, from Warren Hastings to the present hour, sat for the usual term of five years in the Viceroy's seat, and yet was not a peer. Shore became Lord Teignmouth and Hardinge viscount while yet in the high office; Lawrence was no more than a baronet until, in 1869, he had retired from its responsibilities and its splendours.

In administrative genius and as a ruler of men John Lawrence comes only second to Warren Hastings. But the sixteenth towers far above the first Governor-General in unsullied purity of life and lofty nobility of purpose. Warren Hastings consolidated the empire which Clive had created; John Lawrence saved the empire which Dalhousie had developed in peace and in war. Sent out as Viceroy in the panic caused by the Umbeyla campaign and the death of Lord Elgin, John Lawrence was selected for a task which no inexperienced peer could undertake, for three reasons: he had civilised the Punjab; he had created a school of administrators able to govern in his spirit; he had saved the empire of British India in the mutiny of 1857. These, followed by his five years' work as Viceroy, and adorned because rendered possible by his righteous and kindly personality, constitute his title to a grave in the Abbey, to a brilliant page in the annals of his country, to a foremost place in the second rank of the statesmen and warriors who have made the British Empire what it is.

It was while his father was enlisting recruits in Yorkshire, in 1811, that John Lawrence first saw the light at Richmond. Born on English soil, of an Irish father and a mother who used to boast that she was a descendant of John Knox, the boy seemed to inherit all the national virtues which went to make him the future Viceroy. But, above all, he was a soldier. His mother's faith was in him directed by the veteran's military spirit. His father, Colonel Alexander Lawrence, had won his company when storming Seringapatam in the force led by Arthur Wellesley. When they were together again in the Waterloo campaign, and he applied to be allowed to take to the front a body of picked men from the garrison of Ostend, which he commanded, the Duke of Wellington replied that he believed Lawrence to be too good a soldier to wish for any other post than that which had been assigned to him.

The anecdote, often told in the family, marks precisely the line where John Lawrence differed from his impulsive Irish father. "We derived most of our metal from our father," he afterwards said. But the soldier's ardour he at once restrained and directed by the civilian's sense of duty. His elder brother, Henry, had an equal devotion to duty, derived from the same faith, but in his generous impulses and keen affections the nature of the father and of his countrymen was more evident. John was the more Scottish as Henry was the more Irish of the two. The contrast became almost conflict when they were associated in the government of the Punjab, and Henry had to give way to the more cool and practical younger brother. But both were selected by Lord Palmerston, who had denied their father a slight increase of pension, to be Viceroy—Henry, had he lived, as Lord Canning's successor, in the mutiny of 1857; John as Lord Elgin's, in the Sitana war of 1864.

It was a bitter time for John Lawrence when the boy was told that, instead of going to Addiscombe, like Henry, to be a soldier, he must study at Haileybury for the richer position of a Bengal civil servant. But here, too, duty was his guide. After two seasons of hard work in the old Company's College—like its army, too rashly abolished—John Lawrence went out to Calcutta in the same year, 1829, as Dr. Duff and Sir Henry Durand. In the old college of Fort William he gave himself to Persian, of which he was ever afterwards the colloquial master; and the moment he had passed his examination there he demanded to be sent to Delhi. There young Charles Trevelyan was earning his spurs; but the city and its county were not popular with the young civil servants. The place was full of work and full of risk. The shadow of power rested on the throne of the Great Moghul, the son of Shah Alum, whose titles and letters of honour were eagerly coveted by our other tributary chiefs. The city was turbulent with the rabble of a titular court and the sensuality of a sullen aristocracy. The surrounding district was almost as bad as the worst Turkish province at the present day. But that was precisely why the young civilian chose it. There he was ever in the saddle, when he was not administering rough-and-ready justice in the city court or in the leafy tope of trees. He learned to know every man of mark in the capital, every village over an area as large as his native county. He was a born detective. Who that has heard him tell it can forget the story of his dis-

covery of the assassin of his superior officer, William Fraser, in 1835? The ominous intelligence reached him when about to enter the bath after his forenoon's work. His first thought was to consult a certain Nawab, whose professions of loyalty the English authorities had always trusted. On reaching his palace Lawrence was informed he must wait, for the great man was in the hareem. The young civilian, being a lover of horses, resolved to look at the stables meanwhile, and there he saw the Nawab's favourite Arab still covered with foam. The fact, thus accidentally stumbled upon, led to the discovery that the chief was himself the murderer.

But John Lawrence's study of human nature and love of the people found another field than that of the swashbucklers and nobles of the Moghul's court. The land-tax of the whole Lieutenant-Governorship then ruled from Agra, as now from Allahabad, was being settled for thirty years on principles benevolent in intention at least, though from the continued want of permanence, still dangerous to the social and political well-being of the people. With Thomason and W. Muir John Lawrence came under the spell of Mertins Bird, the author of the settlement. Thus he found, or he thought he found, on the plains of Hindostan, the same question of tenant-right with which in Ulster he had become familiar, and which Mr. Gladstone was the first to settle there. As against the oppressive but not always unjust barons of India, known as Talookdars in the upper, and Zemindars in the lower provinces, he set the claims to proprietorship or beneficial occupancy of the mass of the cultivators. "Whose is the sweat, his is the soil," was practically the sentiment which guided him towards the creation of whole races of peasant proprietors. Thus he gradually learned to become the Stein of the Punjab, and he tried to work the same revolution in Oudh, and even in Bengal, where the action of his predecessors had made the attempt come too late. In the Punjab, at least, he was right, for the province was almost such a *tabula rasa* as Lord Canning afterwards legally made Oudh, and there were few large landlords to be ejected or converted into indebted annuitants on estates which they claimed as their own. His great heart yearned over the millions who had been for centuries the sport of invading hosts and pampered chiefs, and he longed to make them physically happy if Providence denied them political freedom.

Hence he used to burst forth into this ideal, as reported by Mr. Cust when one of his subordinates—"I would see this country thickly cultivated by a fat, contented yeomanry, each man riding his own horse, sitting under his own fig-tree, and enjoying his rude family comforts."

The time soon came when he was given the power of doing as much to realise that ideal as human nature rendered possible in a quarter of a century. The help which he gave as Collector of Delhi made possible the victory at Sobraon, and led Lord Hardinge to appoint him, in 1846, when only thirty-five years of age, commissioner of the ceded territory of the Jhelundhur Doab, or the mountain land from the Sutlej to the Indus. The second Sikh war soon after ended in the conquest of the whole Punjab, which Lord Dalhousie placed under Henry and John Lawrence and Sir Robert Montgomery as a Board. Henry's generous impulse was to continue to the usurpers of the Sikh brotherhood the large revenues, sucked from the people, which, on Runjeet Singh's death, they had alienated to themselves. His policy, like Lord Canning's after him, was aristocratic—to govern the dumb millions through their natural leaders. John's practical experience as a civilian convinced him that thus the Punjab would never pay its expenses, while his sympathy with the people made him resolute to withstand his brother's sentimental though pure policy. The new government came to a dead-lock, and a Governor-General like Dalhousie decided in favour of John. It was well, even for the military chiefs. What Henry's Irish heart would have made of the whole Punjab is seen in the iniquitous misrule, ever since, of Cashmere, which was sold to Golab Singh. How John saved the chiefs from their own vices, while protecting the people and the public revenue spent upon both, was seen when every man of them came forward in the mutiny of 1857 and helped him to hold the province and take Delhi.

In spite of Sir Richard Temple's reports, justice has not yet been done in official or English literature to the English pacification and civilisation of the Punjab by the two brothers Lawrence, but chiefly by John. He solved the problem which defied Imperial Rome, Spain and Portugal in all their glory, France in its attempts from Algeria to Anam, and Turkey and Russia all through their history of lawless gloom. An autocrat, a military dictator, a revenue collector, an aggressive Christian, he yet was not a provincial pro-prætor, nor a fanatical inquisitor,

nor a mere marshal, nor a "reforming" pasha, nor an "orthodox" exterminator of the Warsaw type. He was a righteous democratic Will, the terrestrial providence of nineteen millions of people, warlike and yet dumb, whom he understood because he loved them, and whose natural leaders he controlled because he knew them. On the one side he poured into their lap material prosperity, by creating property in land and produce and trade, which the anarchy of the previous centuries had made impossible. On the other side, to trade, and roads, and railways, and telegraphs he added schools and colleges, vernacular and English, for girls and boys. And while, in the freedom of Anglo-Indian life, all the world might see him at his own devotions in his tent, he helped Christian missionaries, he invited them to help him, always within the limits of a careful toleration. Long before the Queen was led, in the Proclamation of 1858, to tell her Indian subjects that, even as she relied on the Christian religion for herself, she had no design to impose it on others, John Lawrence had carried out, all over the Punjab, the policy which saved India, and which he thus formulated:—"Sir John Lawrence does entertain the earnest belief that all those measures which are really and truly Christian can be carried out in India, not only without danger to British rule, but, on the contrary, with every advantage to its stability. Christian things done in a Christian way will never, the Chief Commissioner is convinced, alienate the heathen. About such things there are qualities which do not provoke nor excite distrust, nor harden to resistance. It is when un-Christian things are done in the name of Christianity, or when Christian things are done in an un-Christian way, that mischief and danger are occasioned."

But he could never have done a tithe of all this had he, however great in himself, lacked that other indispensable qualification of a ruler of men—the ability to select, to train, to trust subordinates of like mind. The same God-given power which enabled him at once to fascinate and to master the natives of all classes, for their own good, made him first feared and then for ever loyally supported by his coadjutors. Hence his creation of the Punjab school of officials. Even when he was still a young man at Delhi, Thomason used to send to him from Agra the most promising assistants to be trained. So, too, it was with Henry. The two gathered around them a band of some sixty administrators in all, half of them civilians and half military

men, but all for civil duty yet all masters of the military art in turn. Let me recall some of them.

Robert Napier, now Lord of Magdala, was the engineer officer who gave the Punjab its first necessity after peace—roads so good that railways run on them now, but so costly that they were said to be paved with silver. To go on with the professional soldiers there was Herbert Edwardes, the young lieutenant who, having taken Mooltan, was to save Peshawur and live long enough to write only the first volume of his master Henry's "Life." There was General Lake, the gentle and the brave, equally good in the field, on the bench, and at the missionary committee's table. There was Reynell Taylor who civilised one mountain band and then another wild frontier. And there was John Nicholson, who, when worshipped as a god by the warlike tribe he first defeated and then flogged for their adoring superstition, led the movable column to Delhi, where, as he fell, John Lawrence wept. The other brother Sir George Lawrence, and Sir Henry Lumsden, still survive. First among the civilians comes Sir Donald M'Leod, the scholar, as well as the ruler who succeeded his chief, great in the simplicity of a renewed nature which ever led him to sacrifice himself for others, whether natives or his own countrymen. An earlier successor, but still spared, is Sir Robert Montgomery, looking hardly more venerable than on the day when he disarmed the Sepoys. Edward Thornton, too, still lives, of the elder men. As to the younger, they are everywhere in the highest position in the East. Sir Richard Temple, Bart., their historian and advocate, has filled every ordinary high office in India, and dreams, we doubt not, of higher still. When the old regulation system collapsed in 1857, the Punjab men, derided before by their ignorant brethren as too self-assertive, were found by the tardy Lord Canning to be the ablest in the service. From Bengal to Bombay and Mysore, and still from Burmah to Lahore, they have almost monopolised the well-paid offices, which demand a knowledge of men and a prudent fearlessness in ruling them. John Lawrence, in this sense, has never ceased to govern the Empire he saved.

When the hot season of 1857 came he had won his pension. His health was failing, and he dreamed of well-won rest at home. He was at Rawal Pindie when, on the 11th of May, the Delhi signallers remained just long enough at their post to telegraph: "The Sepoys have come in from Meerut, and are burning everything. Mr. Todd is dead and,





[From a Photograph by  
Messrs. Maull & Fox.]

we hear, several Europeans. We must shut up." The old Collector of Delhi knew all that this implied. Unequal to the strain, the Commander-in-Chief of that day, then at Simla, allowed the rebels to pour into Delhi in such strength that a protracted and long doubtful siege became inevitable. John Lawrence could not give him the political and military genius required; but none the less he accepted the task of undoing the folly. He had to pacify his own province and take Delhi, all on his own responsibility, for communication with the rest of India was cut off. Happily for him, and for the Empire, or the Punjab might have had its Cawnpore! His whole plan and action may be summarised in two lines—"Disarm the Hindostanee regiments at once; raise loyal Punjabee levies

to take their place." Not only in his own subordinates, but in Queen's officers like Corbett and Cotton, he found noble support. Nor there alone. As if to prove that justice to the people does not mean wrong to the chiefs who, uncontrolled, would oppress them, the princes and nobles of the Punjab, with their feudal armies, flocked to his standard. The civilisation of all southern Asia, the prestige of all England, trembled in the balance. John Lawrence stamped his foot and every village sent forth the warriors of Runjeet Singh whom he had converted into grateful peasants. John Lawrence waved his hand, and from every native castle there came streaming the chivalry of Putiala, and Nabha, and Jheend, and fifty others. Forgetting the inexperience and the slow

intellect which misled Lord Canning at the first, men have praised him for his clemency as they reproached him then with equal wisdom. It was John Lawrence who, truly merciful, at once disarming to prevent striking, or smiting only to anticipate worse evil, needed no penal acts like the bloody statutes of Lord Canning's council, and arrested the sword of judgment the moment it had done the work, while others were still wildly wielding it at the dictation of panic or revenge. For all along this had been his confidence—"Human aid could avail us nothing in that crisis. It is owing to overruling Providence alone, that a single Englishman was left alive in the Punjab."

The beginning of 1859 saw profound peace all over India. Delhi was made over to the Punjab, converted into a lieutenant-governorship. Save in its battered walls and new-made graves, I saw no traces of the death struggle through which the province had passed. It was more prosperous than ever. The man who had done his work, as he thought, retired to rest in the slumberous shades of the new-made Council of the Secretary of State for India. There, as Mr. Cust has recently reminded us, he was sitting in 1863, when Sir Charles Wood looked into his room and said, "You are to go to India; wait till I come back from Windsor." So the seat of Warren Hastings was once more filled from the Bengal Civil Service. In Calcutta and at Simla Sir John Lawrence had to work a very different system from the splendid "non-regulation" autocracy of Delhi and Lahore. Councillors and Secretaries, Governors and Lieutenant-Governors, a Secretary of State and Parliament had all to be consulted or considered. The more was the pity, for both him and the Empire. But men like him come only once in a century, and centralised systems must be created for ordinary mortals. Of all that was Christian, philanthropic, and enlightened, Lord and Lady Lawrence were the leaders. Boldly carrying out his Punjab Christian policy, he did not hesitate to preside at the examination of Dr. Duff's College, going there in all the state of the Viceroy, as both he and his predecessors had gone to secular colleges. In all that concerned the education of the people, the good of the British soldier, his wife and children, the sanitary condition of the country and the towns, and the reasonable progress of railways and canals, he distanced every preceding Governor-General. A born financier as to instinct, he would have developed the wise and too-soon-forgotten policy

of James Wilson, if he had been allowed to do his own work. His reign is identified with two still disputed military and political schools—those who advocate the irregular system, with few officers, for the whole army in India; and those who were content with the old Peshawur frontier, whether Russia intrigued and advanced south or not. His feudatory policy was as gentle as his brother Henry's would have been. He was the first Viceroy who could address the assembled nobles of the Empire, in durbar, in their own tongue.

When (in 1869) he came home, leaving these as his last words in Calcutta—"Be kind to the natives;" and when, at last, he who had made and unmade many a baron was himself created Baron Lawrence of the Punjab and of Grately, did the veteran of sixty go to sleep? He was elected the first Chairman of the London School Board, and there he toiled till failing eyesight forbade. In his place in Parliament, and in correspondence in the press, he did not cease to warn the country against a course which, he believed, would create insolvency and political discontent in India and disaster on the border. John Lawrence was ever, from boyhood to old age, the true, the righteous, the wise Christian, feared by the idle and the dishonest, loved by all right-hearted men; and with a strain of humour in his nature, which lightened public burdens to himself and official relations to others. In family and friends, few were so happy as he. Ever honouring God, he was honoured by God. To the last day of his life he worked for and along with such philanthropic agencies as the Christian Vernacular Education Society for India and the Church Missionary Society. There it was his duty on one occasion to address farewell words of wisdom, which it would have been well if the Bishop of Colombo had remembered. On Caste, and on the recent action of the Governments in India in departing from the pledges of the Education Dispatch of 1854, he wrote valuable minutes, which should see the light. He was chairman of the Society's committee on the Victoria Nyanza Mission. In this also, as in all his career, John Lawrence was of the kindlier type of Cromwell, whom, of all great Englishmen, in public and in private, he most nearly resembled. His body has not lain three months in Westminster Abbey, when already the Empire, in East and West, sighs for an hour of his ripe experience and stout-hearted wisdom.

GEORGE SMITH.

## OUR NAMELESS BENEFACTORS.

EVERY one who has passed by water along the Thames from London Bridge seawards, must have seen, though he may not have noticed, a very unattractive bank, about nine or ten feet in height and thirty in width, which edges the river on either side, and extends some distance below Gravesend.

It is as uninteresting an object as can well be conceived, covered with black, fetid mud, and unclean refuse at low water, and presenting at high water nothing but a low, undulating line stretching as far as the eye can reach. It has no architecture, as we understand the word; it bears no houses, no trees, and, in the distance, merges imperceptibly into the river and the marsh.

Yet this bank, insignificant and almost repulsive as it looks, is not least of the wonders of our land, and in some respects the Pyramids themselves pale before it. Put all the Pyramids together, and they could scarcely supply material for this vast embankment. Moreover, the Pyramids were constructed as memorials of the past, the river banks as treasures of the future.

Nor are they without their mystery, and a deeper mystery than that which enshrouds the Pyramids. We do know who built the Pyramids, and the approximate date of their erection. But we do not know who built the river banks, when they were begun, or when they were finished. All our knowledge is negative. We know, from certain antiquated relics, that the bank could not have existed at the place when they were thrown ashore, but we cannot say whether or not the bank was in progress, or whether there may have been breaches made intentionally in it.

Firstly, we ask ourselves the question, "Who built it?" It has been said to have been the work of the Romans, but dates are clearly against that statement, as in that case Erith would have had no existence, and it must have been subsequent to the times of the Romans.

Some think that the architects, if not the actual workers, were the monks of the various monasteries and abbeys which were once planted thickly along the river.

For my own part, I think that either the Romans or the monks are the only people who could have planned and executed so gigantic a work, and believe that the latter ought to have the credit of it. As to the object of the bank, there is no doubt about it.

In the times of savage Britain the Thames

hardly deserved the name of a river. It was a mere tidal swamp, bounded on either side by ranges of hills to which the waves reached at high water, and shrinking at low water into a tortuous muddy ditch, with no particular banks, and having on either side an expanse of pestilential mud.

This vast area of land was not only useless, but absolutely harmful. No one could build a dwelling on it, and those who were obliged to live near it must have been miserable, ague-stricken shadows of humanity, if we may judge of the past by the present.

At some unknown epoch there arose some mighty genius who conceived the wonderful idea of shutting the water between massive banks, converting the Thames into an artificial river, and giving to agriculture the land which had for so many ages disseminated disease instead of producing grain. The man who conceived such a conquest must have been the Napoleon of the scriptural war, in which man is bound by his very manhood, not only to replenish the earth, but to subdue it.

He could not expect to see his work completed in his lifetime, for many generations must have passed before the last sods could have been laid. Moreover, it does not look like Roman work, neither were Roman remains discovered when the terrible breach in the bank was made in 1864 by the great explosion, which will presently be described.

But it does look like the work of the monks, who were just the people most capable of realising its value to their countrymen of future generations. Had it been of Roman origin, so grand a work could not have been omitted from their histories. Nor is it likely that no monument should have been raised to the inventor, or at least to the emperor in whose reign the work was either begun or completed. But history and archæology are alike silent, and we have scarcely any grounds even for conjecture.

Be this as it may, we do know that the Thames is studded on either side with the remains of monasteries and abbeys sufficient to produce the amount of hand labour required for such a gigantic task. Of nearly all of them enough is visible to give a clue as to their extent when in their perfection. Such, for example, was Lessness Abbey, so called from its position on the Lesser Ness, and which has given the name of Abbey Wood to the adjacent hamlet. So was the old abbey at Dartford. Both can be seen



from the present line of railway, and even the brief glance which is to be gained from a carriage window shows that the walls were so well built that they are still used for the growth of wall-fruit.

Whether or not the river walls were raised by the hands of the monks themselves, it seems evident that the monks superintended them, and that they are entitled to the credit of their structure. It must also be remembered that although the monks were the principal inhabitants of the abbeys and monasteries, each of these institutions was strengthened by large numbers of the laity, some ranking as lay brethren, and being to the monks what the Levites of old were to the priests. Others were men of no education, but capable of work, who gave their services to the abbey or monastery whose protection they enjoyed: no slight privilege in those times, when there was but little real law, and might was practically the only right.

There is, therefore, nothing to stand in the way of the theory that we owe the embankment, directly or indirectly, to the monks. That they were men of education and forethought, and that they worked not for themselves but for others, not for the present but for the future, is now acknowledged. And that they, supplying the brains, could find a sufficiency of hand labour, has already been shown.

The monks are dead, their monasteries have, for the most part, perished, but they have left behind them many works which they wrought for future generations, and among the most important of them we may claim the river wall, the very conception of which showed a boldness and grasp of thought that, considering the limited means at command, are not to be surpassed by the greatest engineering designs of the present day.

It was no ordinary mind that could view a vast swamp and conceive the idea of converting the pestilential morass into arable land, and at the same time rendering the then dangerous river safe for water traffic.

No matter who invented or built the wall. There it stands, and so rich is the soil which it has rescued from the water, that even at the present day scarcely any artificial manure is needed, and in most places none at all.

It has been said that he who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, is a greater man than he who wins a battle. What shall we say, then, of those men who turned a waste into fertile ground, and supplied grain for man and grass for beast in almost inexhaustible abundance?

There is one large field which for years has been sown alternately with potatoes, wheat, and lucerne, and the last-mentioned crop is so rich that the ground can scarcely be cleared, the lucerne absolutely beating the mowers in its abundant luxuriance, and producing something like three crops in one season. Perhaps this is owing to the countless thousands of dead fish, cats, and dogs, which have been deposited on the land for so many centuries, and which have been absorbed into the mother earth from whom we all came, and to whom, sooner or later, we all return.

How we return to our ancient mother signifies nothing. If we be buried, the earth (but not the worms) accepts the mortal bodies. If we be burned, the gases are taken up by vegetation, and so returned to the earth. If we be sunken in the sea, the mortal clothing from which we have escaped is incorporated within the bodies of innumerable marine creatures, and, sooner or later, in one form or another, returns to mother earth.

Even during life, earth claims us and earth receives us.

Every creature that draws the breath of life exhales with each breath a portion of itself. We receive air, we exhale a poisonous gas, which to inhale is instant death. What becomes of it? That which is death to animals is life to vegetables, and the plant inhales what the animal exhales. There are thousands of tiny mouths on every leaf, petal, and grass-blade, all open to receive the carbonic acid gas which is thrown off by animals, and we may safely say that when we are in the open air not half an hour elapses before our breath has been absorbed by plants, and so restored to earth. The familiar saying that "all flesh is grass" is not a mere metaphysical or poetical expression, but is a statement of a physical fact. Of course it has its symbolism, but it is no less a simple and actual truth.

While inspecting these ancient relics of our predecessors' energy, one or two points almost force themselves upon us.

One is, that the materials of the outer walls were laid by hands less skilful than those which raised the stately buildings within. There are but few distinctive characteristics about the former, while the latter abound in marks showing that they were the work of Freemasons, who in those days were operative, and not, as at the present time, merely speculative masons. Each of them, when admitted into full fellowship with his craft,

had his own distinctive "mark," which he placed on every stone which he worked, and by which it could be identified.

There are several ancient churches where successive coats of plaster and whitewash have been carefully removed, and the stones which they had concealed suffered to appear as they were laid. On almost every stone may be seen the mason's mark; and it is worthy of notice that they are never curved nor rounded, but are angular, so as to be easily formed by the edge of the chisel.

A relic of this custom is to be found in the cross used as a mark on documents by illiterate persons who cannot sign their names.

Another point is, that the stones are, as a rule, left rough, without any attempt at producing the smooth surface which is gained by the use of the "drag." Not many years ago it was the fashion to build churches that looked exactly as if they had been cut out of pasteboard. They were built of sound stone, but the modern architect seems to have done his best to make them look as if made of stucco, and to conceal any evidence of the junction of the stones.

Now the old architects took every pains to produce exactly the contrary effect. They had a horror of smooth and flat surfaces, and would often leave gaps of an inch or so in width, in order to destroy the uniformity. Inside the church the surfaces of the stones were tolerably smooth, but on the exterior were left as rough as possible, thus producing a richness of effect which could never be obtained by a smooth wall.

Then their utter disregard of conventionalities would frighten most modern architects. They were not in the least particular about right-angles, as I once found when building a fowl-house in a corner of an old convent garden. Do what I would, nothing would make my walls come right, and instead of four right angles, the building had two angles obtuse and two acute. The fact was, that I had taken for granted that the original walls formed a right-angle, and had calculated accordingly. One church in Kent—namely Adisham—is very remarkable in this respect, a plan of the edifice showing that there is scarcely a right-angle in the whole building. Neither from the exterior or the interior does the building give the least idea of this irregularity, but the compass and measuring tape prove it to be a fact.

The same church affords an excellent example of the boldness with which the old architects could dispense with conventionali-

ties. That a church should be built east and west was a necessity, and that the principal altar should be at the east. Conventionality demanded that the altar should be raised on the highest floor of the building, but the only site that ran east and west was on the side of a hill sloping rather sharply from west to east. Not discouraged by this obstacle, the architect met it by inverting the customary mode of construction, building the church on a succession of floors, that at the east being the lowest, so that when any one enters the western door he looks down upon the top of the altar; and this reversal of usual construction gives the altar quite as much prominence as if it had been as much above the western entrance as it is below it.

Any one with the least appreciation of art must have realised this theory of irregularity, even by means of a common brick wall. Let the wall be new, with straight and sharp angles, perfectly level, freshly "pointed," in order to conceal the bad quality of the material, forming part of a speculating builder's "villa residence," and nothing more mean and commonplace can be imagined.

Take the same wall some fifty or sixty years afterwards, when the surface has been weather-stained, spotted with lichens, and splashed with mud; when the angles have been chipped and lost their regularity, when the pigeons have pecked away the mortar between the bricks and even made havoc with the softer portions of the bricks themselves, when insects have taken possession of nail-holes, and spiders have woven their webs over the crevices. It then becomes picturesque, owing to the broken lights and shadows that flit over its irregular surface, and a painter will be glad of an opportunity of transferring it to his canvas.

We may be sure that the old architects understood the picturesque as well as the old painters, and intentionally broke up the surface as much as possible, for the sake of light and shade. They could have made the walls as smooth as cardboard if they desired to do so, but they instinctively knew that smoothness ought not to be a characteristic of building stone, and so never made use of that execrable instrument, the "drag." They impressed their own individuality upon each stone which they worked, and, so to speak, signed them with their own mark.

The value to the present generation of the sound work of these ancient architects is almost beyond calculation.

It has often been said, and with justness, that we take little heed of our best blessings,

and do not awake to a sense of their value until they are unexpectedly taken away. Such was the case with the river banks.

Thousands of people lived on the reclaimed lands, while crops and stock of uncalculated value occupied the ground which had been a marsh. Year after year the embankment was almost forgotten, except in consequence of a rate for keeping it in repair. It seemed to be as stable as the hills beyond, and few persons troubled themselves about its existence.

Suddenly they were shaken out of their torpor by the shock of a fearful explosion, swiftly followed by the news that at least fifty yards of the river bank had been blown away, and that if the coming tide should make its way through the breach, life would be endangered, cattle and crops be destroyed, and the land injured for many years, besides the certainty of an enormous outlay incurred for re-draining the whole country from Lambeth to Gravesend, and making good the breach in the wall.

As I lived at the time within less than a mile from the spot, and was one of the first on the ground, I will tell the story in my own words.

On October 1st, 1864, a little before 7 A.M., I happened, for a wonder, to be in bed, generally being at the desk at five. Suddenly the house seemed to be struck by lightning, accompanied by what appeared to be a crashing peal of thunder. A second and a third took place, the last smashing every window and door, and shaking all the ceilings to the floors of the different rooms. The dining-room door was broken into splinters, the piano was driven through the folding-doors from one room into the other, the whole of the glass and china was broken, and, as there was not a window or door left in the house, we were at the mercy of thieves. Added to which was a piercing, north-east wind blowing and tearing through the house in such a manner that we should have been more comfortable in a tent.

On going to the window there was seen a column of smoke many hundreds of feet in height, and resembling a vast pine-tree, spreading out at the top, and carrying with it beams and stones, bricks, and fragments of human bodies, as if they had been corks flung up by a Geyser. Many fragments were carried as far as Woolwich.

The fact was that a powder barge and two magazines, which were built just inside the embankment, had successively exploded, the last magazine containing about forty-five tons

of gunpowder. How the accident occurred I have no doubt. The proverbial recklessness of coal miners is well known, but it is surpassed by men employed on board of the gunpowder vessels. In both cases the men will have their pipes, and are so inured to danger that they forget its existence.

I have often, when yachting in the Thames and Medway, seen laden powder-barges with a fire on board, the crew smoking, and allowing their vessels to pass to leeward of steamers when coaling, so that they are covered with sparks.

Now, it is rather a peculiarity among powder casks that they are liable to the attacks of a tiny insect, popularly called the "worm," but being in reality the larval or grub state of a beetle not longer than this letter "l." It feeds upon the wood, but the hole which it makes is not larger than that which would be made by a "short-white" pin.

The men do not see these holes, but carry about the casks, allowing a small stream of mealed powder to dribble through the apertures. In this state the powder is of a grey colour, and almost invisible on the deck or platform, so that when a seaman wishes to smoke, and throws down his lighted match, or knocks the ashes out of his pipe, or when he allows sparks from a passing steamer to fall on the deck, there is a train ready laid, and the natural results follow. Evidence is out of the question, as no one involved is left alive, and we have to fall back on past experience.

The stokers of steamers are just as careless. They only think of their own special business, and look after their furnaces, putting in coal when needed. But, although they know that until they are clear of the river they will pass magazines and loaded powder-barges, they seldom look out to see if they are too close for safety. Every one knows that whenever coals are put into the furnaces, a shower of sparks flies out of the funnel, and, especially at night, may be seen floating in the air for a considerable distance before they are burned out. Any one of these sparks would be sufficient to ignite gunpowder, and the reader may therefore imagine how reckless must be the conduct of men who may, in a moment, not only destroy themselves, but hundreds of others.

There was a very excellent rule, which was strictly enforced on shore, namely, that no lighted pipes, nor cigars, nor loaded guns were allowed within a definite distance of the magazines, and, supposing a man to be shooting



in the marshes and smoking, he had to put out his pipe and draw the charge of his gun before he was allowed to proceed. Yet it was found practically impossible to check the danger from passing steamers. There was a third magazine, not very far from the others, and the man in charge of it said, at the inquiry which was made, that sparks had repeatedly fallen on his magazine, and that they always "brought his heart into his mouth."

This magazine, by the way, had a wonderfully narrow escape from the fate that befell its companions. It was so near the others that a large iron bar was driven through the roof, a number of the slates blown off, and yet it did not explode. This fact strengthens me in my belief that the explosion was caused by a train of spilt powder, extending from the barge along the jetty, to the magazine.

In this case the damage done was frightful. I had no idea that any other house except my own had suffered, but, on going out, found that Lessness Heath and Erith had suffered as from a bombardment, being simply wrecked, and that the calamity had extended to Dartford, Greenhithe, and Bexley, while many houses in Essex had been severely damaged. The population were nearly all in the roads, just as they had escaped from their beds, and many with bare and bleeding feet, the blood streaming from wounds caused by the broken glass on which they had been forced to tread. Even the very walls which divided rooms were shaken down, so that nothing remained except canvas and paper; and when I mention that the shock was felt at Cambridge, the reader may imagine what it was to those who lived within a mile.

Considering the magnitude of the disaster, there were very few lives lost, and, as if to show the capriciousness of such an explosion, a little child was found alive and unhurt in a corner of a bedroom on the first floor of a house which had stood within a few yards of the great magazine, and of which no relics were left except some shattered walls, a water-butt, a cat, and the child in question.

The immediate danger to human life was inconsiderable, but disaster impended which threatened the lives of thousands. The two magazines had entirely vanished, leaving nothing but two huge craters. Of the houses attached to the magazines, nothing was left except the ruins of the one already mentioned, and part of the ground flooring of another. Even the very bricks had disappeared, though fragments of them were afterwards found at wonderful distances.

But, the secondary damage was horrible to contemplate. At least fifty yards of the river bank had been wholly blown away, and not only that, but the shape of the wall was altered. There was an exceptionally high tide known to be coming, and a fierce wind not only aiding the tide, but driving the water against the gap in the embankment.

What was to be done? The tide was coming in fast, and there were neither men nor materials for the reparation of the breach. Did the salt water once make its way over or through the embankment, it would have been ruin to hundreds of farmers, not to mention the almost impossible task of draining such a vast submerged tract of land in time to avert the miasma, which would be the inevitable result of encroachment by brackish water.

The least gap, were it but a few inches in width, will suffice to cause an inundation, as may often be seen on a small scale when the Thames overflows its banks. Water *will* find its own level, and the narrow gap is soon converted into a channel for an inundation.

Those who were even the least experienced foresaw what the result of the explosion was likely to be, and many of the residents in the neighbourhood made up their minds to seek other houses.

Fortunately about four hundred men were at the time engaged upon the great main drainage works at Crossness, situated about a mile from the gap, and were sent off at once to try to repair the bank. They laboured as if every man were a Hercules, but the river was too much for them, and gained on them inch by inch. Suddenly, I saw a succession of trains drawing up opposite the path which led to the scene of the disaster, and, for a time, stopping the regular traffic. Never was I more strongly impressed with the value of discipline.

First came a field-officer, mounted, at full trot. Then came a strong body of soldiers at the "double," fixing their bayonets as they ran. As they reached the spot they cleared it, forming a line of sentries, so that no one could interfere. Then followed more officers and ambulances, and soldiers without number. The latter arranged themselves in the most methodical manner, each man, as he passed a sentry, taking off his coat, folding it, and piling it under guard.

Then the real business began. Some of the soldiers were told off to fill sand-bags, others to cut slabs of the stiff, black, tenacious clay, others to hand them along the lines, others to lay them, and others to ram them down.

The fact was, that the commanding officer at Woolwich had seen the disaster, and had sent every available man in the garrison, in order to avoid a national calamity. There was not a man too much, nor a minute to spare, as it was a fight of man *versus* tide. Man won at last, but only by a little.

Hour after hour the soldiers worked without cessation, relays continually coming and going, neither officers nor men sparing themselves, but, with all their trouble, only just succeeding in keeping ahead of the tide and strengthening any weak spot through which the enormous weight of water might have forced its way. It was therefore necessary to keep watch for several tides, until at last the new bank was pronounced to be safe. I saw the first sod laid by the navvies, and the last sand-bag laid by the soldiers, and never shall forget the volleys of cheering with which they greeted the end of their task.

As far as the soldiers were concerned, it was at first anything but a pleasant business, there being not a man among them who had not spoiled his uniform, the cost of replacing which would, in ordinary cases, fall upon himself. As, however, the work done was exceptional in character, and of such inestimable value, new uniforms were issued gratuitously, and each man received an addition to his pay.

Owing to the power of the explosion, the entire bank on either side of the gap was forced out of its position, so that the new bank, which is, in fact, a sand-bag battery, is quite different in shape to its predecessor. When I last visited the spot, the only vestiges of the two magazines were a few charred and blackened piles, the remnants of the former jetty, and a large pond, in which were swimming a few dabchicks. The birds seemed to be quite aware that guns might not be used, and swam about composedly, entirely regardless of passengers.

The state of the trains was almost inde-

scribable. Vast crowds of travellers thronged to the spot, but comparatively few who started for Belvedere or Erith reached their destination. Thousands were left crowded together on the platforms. The trains were completely invaded, each carriage containing as many persons as could pack themselves into it, and many even trying to seat themselves on the buffers. Some of the London passengers saw that if they once got out they would never get in again, and so went on to Maidstone and returned without ever leaving their seats.

Those who did succeed in reaching the spot were direfully disappointed. There was nothing to be seen but a piece of plank-flooring marking the site of one dwelling house, and a few fragments of walls showing where the other had been. As for the magazines, not a vestige of them was to be seen, except a great crater where they had stood. About the adjacent ploughed fields a few pieces of brick and splinters of wood might be found, but the chief relics were papers, mostly fragments of account-books, which were seen floating in the air at great heights, and were gradually deposited at distances of many miles from the scene of the explosion.

The amount of skilled labour and the mass of material which were required in order to fill up only fifty yards of an existing embankment, caused the spectator to appreciate the magnitude of the enterprise which called the bank into being, and imprisoned the river on both sides for so many miles. Even with all the advantages of modern science, aided by military discipline, it was a very hard task to erect this small portion of wall upon a dry and firm foundation. How much harder must it have been to form this wall through a clay marsh, submerged at every tide, and with nothing but manual labour to depend upon; and how deep a debt of gratitude do we not owe to our Nameless Benefactors who planned and built it!

J. G. WOOD.

## THE CLODBERRY.

NAY, touch it not; 'tis the cloudberry bloom

My friend, you and I have found,  
On this far height, 'mid the soft June winds,  
Pale-white on the mossy ground.

Ah! rarely 'tis seen by the eye of man;

By us let it be not soiled;  
The sprites linger long on the mists of the morn  
To watch it ope on the wild.

Up the hill we have climbed by dyke and burn,  
The heather was breaking in green,  
The blueberry flower was red on the brae—  
Now we kneel to the Mountain Queen!

High 'neath the clouds thou bloomest alone,

Last flower of the moorland free—  
Thy homage the circling peewit's cry,  
And the hum of the mountain bee.

No blacker waste hath the heights than thine,  
White star of the mossy lea!  
Face-turned to the dews and the light of morn,  
Thou winnest thy purity!

Bloom fairer than thee I ne'er have seen  
In dale or on hill I've climbed,  
And ne'er have I known a darker birth  
By the power of heaven sublimed!

J. VEITCH.

## THE BRIDE'S PASS.

By SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH," "LADY BELL," ETC.



CHAPTER XX.—THE PLEADING AND THE SENTENCE.

THE counsel for the Crown told his version of the story. He enlarged upon the circumstance that the prisoner, who had been the ringleader in the crime which had brought him and his abettor to that bar, had come a stranger to the Country, and had been treated with unsuspecting hospitality by the very man who was to prove his victim.

In spite of what was due to the outraged feelings of an estimable and innocent lady and of her relations who were involved in the painful affair, the speaker was forced to touch on the provocation to the crime—the imagined rivalry in the lady's affections, which had roused to a pitch of unreasoning fury the violent passions of a young man from whom the public had a right to expect self-control. But there had been, on the part of the prisoner, no sign of the slightest attempt at mastering himself. Instead of practising self-restraint, he had set himself to lead off others, winning over to his purpose two men of a class far inferior to his own, and entirely without his advantages of education and familiarity with the requirements of society.

It was impossible to deny that the prisoner Tempest throughout his acquaintance with the lady, who had been so unhappy as to attract his regard, had possessed a full knowledge that there existed a good and sufficient

reason to any gentleman and man of honour why he should at once withdraw. He chose, on the contrary, to follow the betrothed of another man with attentions, which, if she thought of them at all, she might well be excused for viewing as idle, and as bestowed at his own risk, since he had been distinctly informed of her engagement to the deceased.

At the same time it was easy to understand that these were circumstances in which the favoured suitor—however much in the confidence of the object of his suit and satisfied of her fidelity to the contract between them—would feel justified in hurrying on the marriage, were it only to free the lady from overtures implied or expressed, which no social importance of the audacious admirer could render acceptable, which forbearance had failed to prevent, and which savoured at once of unmanly persecution of a woman, and insolent interference with a man's dearest prerogative.

This was the line of conduct very naturally and properly adopted by the late Mr. Macdonald of Drumchatt, and there was no doubt he would have been perfectly successful in his object. No visitor in the Country, however arrogant his pretensions or wilful his fancies, would have dared to approach the wedded wife as he solicited the notice of the promised bride.

But Mr. Tempest's ill-regulated nature and unscrupulous system of retaliation had prevailed over all precautions, and brought about the deplorable sequel. The Crown would prove that after the date of the marriage had been fixed and was near at hand, Tempest, who was apprised of the arrangement, far from quitting the field, as common respect for the lady he professed to love would have compelled him to do, was spurred on by jealous rage till he was guilty of lawless violence in addition to presumptuous protest and unmanly importunity. He laid the ambush which was destined to prove fatal.

The gentlemen of the jury had heard from the first witness that this violence had taken a somewhat remarkable form. Mr. Tempest had planned to waylay the bridegroom on the morning of the marriage-day on the road to the manse of Fearnavoi, the residence of the bride's father, where the ceremony was to be performed.

What was the purpose of this waylaying? The witness he had referred to had given



them an explanation as singular as the performance itself. Aulay Macgregor, who along with his brother David—standing there a prisoner beside his tempter and employer—had been in Mr. Tempest's service. He told the court that they—the Macgregors—were hired to accompany their leader to a spot known as Craig Crottach in the Bride's Pass, with the design of intercepting and carrying off Mr. Macdonald of Drumchatt to a remote disused sheeling known to the conspirators. Macdonald was to be detained there for some days, till his captors, or captor—for there was only one moving spirit, as there was substantially but one interest in the transaction—acting after the fashion of a Sicilian brigand or an Algerine pirate, induced the captive, under fear of unknown penalties—a fear which, by the way, was totally out of keeping with Mr. Macdonald's character—to come to terms. These terms included the final relinquishment of the interrupted marriage. In short, Tempest was to use, or abuse, Drumchatt's absence, which in those days of order and peace must have been incomprehensible, unless under one insulting explanation—to induce Miss Macdonald, Fearnavoil, and her relations, for her, to renounce their obligation to their kinsman, and promote Tempest himself to the vacant place. For when bridegrooms have failed to appear on their wedding-days—and no doubt there have been such dastardly disappearances, brides and their relatives, in the first pang of wounded feeling and the intolerable sting of mortified self-respect, have been supposed willing in haste to accept substitutes, worthy or unworthy.

Could this have been Tempest's argument? Had there ever been the most distant chance of such an absurd, discreditable plot being crowned with success? Even then it would have been a case of conspiracy, an attempt to carry off a man by force, and must have rendered the perpetrators seriously amenable to the laws of the land; unless, indeed, poor Drumchatt had been won over—not merely to the relinquishment of his marriage, but also to a weak, immoral, and monstrous condoning of his betrayal, and a connivance at his enemy's escape. And such an unreasonable expectation, had it been entertained, must have existed in the face of the circumstance that the victim, though a young man in delicate health, was not without a reputation for firmness of purpose and soundness of judgment.

But the speaker would not put the jury's credulity to so severe a test. He would not ask them, or any moderately sane man, to

believe Aulay Macgregor's narrative further than to conclude that the man himself had been imposed upon; that the inducement presented to him had been insiduously framed to take the shape of a fit piece of revenge for an old clan grudge. An old tradition, which accounted for the name of the Bride's Pass, asserted that Gillies Macgregor, these two brothers' ancestor, had been stopped on his wedding morning at the rock of the Crottach by an ancestor of Donald Drumchatt's, and there had been an end to that marriage after its liveries had been "turned up with crimson."

But this wild and cruel tragedy had happened when the Country was half barbarous, hundreds of years before. Was it credible that a young Englishman of position, with many social advantages—including a university education—would propose to re-enact it in the mildest or the meanest form? Was it not far more probable that Tempest had only employed the tradition as an attractive bait, in addition to the money-bribe offered to the Macgregors? Or if the old story influenced him further, was it not simply a fantastic cloak for a more comprehensible, though not a more honourable or merciful intention?

The gentlemen of the jury would hear from his learned friend, the counsel for the prisoner, that Mr. Tempest was very young, very romantic, very foolish; that he had drunk deep of all the legends of the country till they had intoxicated his imagination and stupefied his reason, till he was driven, like another Don Quixote, to clothe them in grotesque deeds. But there were limits to the romance and folly of youth, even to its theatrical imitation of the false heroism of the past.

He would concede this much, that the legend of the Bride's Pass might have been in Mr. Tempest's distempered thoughts and permitted to colour his actions. But there was method in his madness, or, rather, the madness was a feint. For anything more, the speaker thought—no, he would not trouble the court with thoughts—his conviction was that, the days of duelling being over, the miserable young man, having sought in vain to fasten a quarrel on Drumchatt, had fallen on this device to secure a meeting and give vent to his rage. That either hatred or love should hold an unbridled pre-eminence over all wiser, juster, more humane considerations in this advanced age of the world's history, was in itself a marvel, and one which rendered the individual who could indulge in such license a source of peril, and, therefore, of authorized reprobation to society. But, at

least, it was a marvel not altogether without precedent or beyond belief.

There were other grave features in the case to which it was his duty to call their attention. He would point out that the attack had been of the most dastardly description—the surprise of an unprepared, defenceless man by three to one, the blow dealt with all the force which passion could lend to a muscular arm against a gentleman notoriously in a weak state of health—though the medical testimony had established the fact that the cause of Drumchatt's death was the breaking of his ribs and injury to his lungs by the blow, without which he might have lived for years, or even survived to a good old age.

The counsel alluded to the generous words which Drumchatt, in his dying deposition, had spoken for his slayer, that the stroke had not been directed with the deliberate intention of occasioning his death. To the advocate, as to most of his hearers, the magnanimity of the sufferer only added to the heinousness of the crime. Not content with this advantage, the pleader went on to insist—very gratuitously, as some persons present held—but then the stern integrity of the law must be vindicated—on another point which had to be taken into consideration. He reminded the jury that in most cases it would be hard to show that the guilty man had started on the commission of his crime with a perfect knowledge of what he was about to do. Was not blind fury a sufficient provocation to manslaughter? But even manslaughter implied, to his mind, an accidental encounter as well as a swift act on the impulse of the moment. Two of the most potent motives to crime were cupidity and the craving necessity for a man to remove a stumbling-block from his path. Did the thief who, to secure his spoil and prevent discovery, ruthlessly felled to the ground any creature who barred his progress, clearly conceive beforehand the double-dyed guilt and danger he would incur in his lawless course? Did the man who had some secret to conceal, which an enemy threatened to bring to light, or some antagonist whom he had grown to believe was the sole obstacle between him and success, distinctly apprehend, in his frantic effort to clear his way, that there was but one brutal means to attain his end? And the speaker put it to the jury, would it be right for the world at large, that a dead man's magnanimity, however fine it might be in the abstract, and however much they might be touched by it, should be allowed to interfere with the course of justice?

Throughout his speech the counsel for the prosecution had treated David Macgregor as a mere tool in the hands of his employer. And in the end the advocate contented himself with reminding the jury that though Macgregor had not struck the blow which had proved fatal to Macdonald of Drumchatt, the evidence left not the shadow of a doubt that the second prisoner had been art and part in the conspiracy which had enabled Tempest to carry out his revenge. It remained for the jury to decide how far complicity in the waylaying and assault on the murdered man involved Macgregor in the guilt of the murder.

The counsel concluded by reasserting and re-urging the presumption that the ambush was a bare-faced ruse of Tempest's, entered into with the sole purpose of enabling him to wreak his ungovernable rage on his victim. The prosecution relied on the jury's finding the prisoner guilty of the crime with which he stood charged.

Frank Tempest heard it all, sitting motionlessly in his place. All his old, free, restless gestures were gone. Sometimes he had the idea that he was listening to the story of a third person with whom he had nothing to do. Sometimes he got confused, and wondered if the lawyer fellow were right and he had really been half the insolent coxcomb, half the brutal bully he was so eloquently described. At the allegation of cowardice he coloured slightly, but his spirit was so broken that he felt no lively resentment at the charge. Perhaps it was as true as the other inferences; at least one assertion was very true, that Drumchatt's interposition in his behalf made an absolute villain of him.

Frank Tempest's counsel, in proportion to the largeness of his fee and the reputation which had won it, made the defence short. There was no room to dispute the committal of the crime on the prisoner's part, and so the speaker would not waste precious time, or try the patience and provoke the spleen of the jury by seeking with ill-spent ingenuity to fight every inch of the ground which he could not hope to conquer. Neither would he strive to show that black was white. He quietly took for granted that all had happened as they had been told. After his one unsuccessful essay to throw a share of the blame on Mrs. Macdonald, Drumchatt, he put out his whole strength in procuring a mild sentence on the prisoner, by his own moderation, and in virtue of certain principles in human nature which he had seldom found to fail. He depended a good deal on that dis-

arming of hostility which is produced by a man—or his counsel for him, throwing himself on his neighbour's mercy, particularly when he could add to his appeal the redeeming touches that belonged to Frank's youth and its rashness, and to the good character he had previously borne both at his university and in the world, to which his former tutor, and men like Lord Moydart, had gone readily into the witness-box to testify. The counsel could give a fine finish to this part of his pleading by making cautious and restrained use—so as not to offend the *esprit de corps* of any other class—of the glamour, which, let the world wax as democratic as it will, still waits on gentle birth, high connections, and great expectations. He hinted all the more impressively that his tone was a little mysterious in its guarded, respectful inference—of far-reaching interests bound up with the result of this trial. He adverted to the old and honourable name borne by a long line of noble and distinguished ancestors—a name which had flourished in very different courts from that in which, alas! it was now being dragged through the mire. He hazarded a delicate impressive allusion to the terrible reverses which are to be found in families, since the prisoner's father, who had been mercifully spared from living to witness his son's fate, had in his time worn her Majesty's ermine, and no worthier or more honoured judge had ever dispensed justice. He suggested sorrowfully that what had been might be again, that what was true of this once unsullied name and excellent family, might yet be the evil case of the most cherished name, and the happiest household among themselves. He did not hesitate, therefore, to appeal to the jury to do what their sense of right would permit them to do to hinder the ruin of name and fame being complete and beyond remedy.

Then the man, who was far too great in his own calling not to have a strong imagination and a vein of poetic feeling in his nature, availed himself admirably of the romance of the situation. He described the youthful enthusiasm carried away by the savage scenery, and the savage legends which were the spirit of the scenery, the passion of love further entralling and intoxicating the unfortunate young man, and the cross in love which came to him at the moment when he could least bear it, and rendered him beside himself. It drove him on any mad enterprise—suggested by the wild stories he had been listening to so long—that could stay the

end. The speaker would be the last man in the world to defend, or even palliate, the foolish and reckless scheme Mr. Tempest had been so far left to himself as to concoct. But he begged to be allowed to confute the counsel for the prosecution's matter-of-fact persuasion, that no such fantastic project could enter into the fevered brain of an educated young man of the nineteenth century.

Having done his best to withdraw Frank Tempest from the ranks of impostors and assassins, the orator proceeded to prove the truth of his assertion, commenting on the shock inflicted on the unhappy lad, recalling him at once to his senses, by the desperate injury done unwittingly to his rival, with Frank Tempest's instant remorse and futile effort at atonement. And when the ill-omened encounter was over—and here the advocate made another telling point of the few facts in his favour—Mr. Tempest, so far from being engrossed with making provision for his own safety, by taking measures, in case of the worst, to secure his escape, which he could easily have done, which even a comparatively innocent man might have been excused for doing, showed himself, on the contrary, only concerned for the condition of the injured man, and incapable of shirking the consequences of his own deed. What was the course pursued by this rash young man, whom the counsel for the prosecution had sought to represent as deliberately and deceitfully planning and bringing to pass a scheme of deadly vengeance on his victim? Mr. Tempest went to Castle Moydart to Lord Moydart, who was a justice of the peace, and of his own free will accompanied the magistrate to this town and gave himself up to the fiscal, to await the result of the disastrous accident to Mr. Macdonald of Drumchatt. The advocate could not say anything of more force on his client's behalf, than by repeating the candid, manly admission on the part of the lamented gentleman who was the first, but by no means the only, or even the greatest victim, of the tragedy—however lenient the jury might show themselves. Mr. Macdonald, Drumchatt, had stated with his dying breath that he did not believe his assailant intended to do him serious bodily harm by the blow which was struck in the heat and confusion of the scuffle.

The counsel craved leave to remind the jury that Frank Tempest had already undergone a lengthened term of imprisonment—no mean ordeal alike to the bodily and mental



constitution of a man brought up as he had been. But it was a trifle light as air compared to the peace of mind, the respect and regard of his fellow-men, miserably forfeited by a young man who had shown himself guiltless of all brutality, nay, who had been an honourable and kindly young fellow up to a certain date when he had yielded to the evil possession belonging to a few weeks at most.

No further punishment which the jury's verdict could serve to inflict on the prisoner—though it might very well extend and perpetuate indefinitely the distress Tempest was suffering, among innocent people—could equal the punishment he had already incurred and must make up his mind to endure, in the un-availing regret which would darken the whole term of a life that had been originally full of promise. He had full faith that the gentlemen of the jury would feel satisfied with the heavy retribution which had followed hard on a fit of folly and frenzy. They would hold it had already borne ample fruit in suffering to all concerned. They would be unwilling to stain indelibly an honourable name which had deserved well of the country, and which was already sufficiently tarnished. They would not see it to be their duty—they would act as men who tempered justice with mercy, and recoil from what would be virtually condemning a young man to ruin for a solitary misdeed however grave—and no one could regard the magnitude of his offence more bitterly than the prisoner himself now regarded it. No, the counsel was confident that the jury would see themselves justified in seeking to procure for the prisoner as mild a sentence as the law would allow.

When the learned counsel resumed his seat it was unmistakable that, however inflexibly the jury might retain their impassive faces, he had produced an impression on the court at large. Lady Jean shook hands eagerly with all around her. Laura Hopkins explained to her mother, in some perplexity, that Frank Tempest had not done anything much amiss after all, though to be sure Drumchatt was killed—Mr. Tempest would certainly be set at liberty. But whether or not it would be awkward to retain as an acquaintance a man who had been tried for murder, she must wait till she consulted Lady Jean to be able to decide. She dare say papa would object to the acquaintance, but they must admit that papa, though the best and dearest papa in the world, had many old-fashioned prejudices.

David Macgregor's counsel had his little say on his client's innocence of all, save the ignorant abetting of his master for the time.

The judge summed up the evidence and addressed the jury with that strict and sober impartiality that becomes the bench, which throws cold water on both sides alike, and tests to the utmost limit the self-control of the persons interested in the trial.

In this case the judge had not found in the evidence that the counsel for the prosecution had sufficient warrant for his assertion of a presumption that the prisoner Tempest had a more sinister motive for the ambuscade in the Pass, than that which he had alleged to his fellow-conspirators, namely the carrying off of the late Mr. Macdonald of Drumchatt. But carrying off a man with violence, ending as it had done in this instance fatally, was a grave crime. And the fact that the criminal was a young man of position and education who ought to have known better, served only in the judge's estimation to heighten his guilt. He could not sanction the plea of the prisoner's counsel that youth and rashness, excited passions and a distempered imagination afforded any excuse for a crime, the commission of which had been proven. As to holding that the prisoner was already sufficiently punished, and could safely be left to his own conscience, that course might be urged in any criminal case; with what detriment to the majesty of the law, and what evil consequences to society, since the millennium was not yet come, he need not point out. He hastened to put the leading features of the case in the possession of the jury. He pointed out to them in a few weighty sentences the gist of the matter, and impressed on them the distinction with regard to the second prisoner—that Macgregor, however concerned in a scheme against the liberty of the subject, had not been guilty of any overt act of violence further than what was implied in seizing the bridle of Mr. Macdonald of Drumchatt's pony. The judge wound up by charging the jury to return their verdict without prejudice or partiality, expressing his conviction that they would do their duty.

The jury retired, and the close attention on the part of the main body of the audience and the barristers who had flocked to listen to the case, relaxed. Now was the time for conversation, all the livelier on account of its long suppression, for the exchange of oracular opinions, the supplying of tit-bits of information, even the consumption of such refreshments as had been smuggled into the court. But to the prisoners and their friends this unemployed interval while the finding of the jury is delayed, is frequently the last straw that breaks the camel's back, an intolerable

strain on the nerves which no ostentatious show of ease or loud profession of indifference can conceal. But on the occasion of Frank Tempest's trial, there were four persons more or less interested, who however keenly they felt, did not find it necessary to assume an air of carelessness, or to assert their certainty of a speedy deliverance. One was the haggard young prisoner, and the others were the little group in mourning near the door. All these sat silent and quiet till—after not more than a quarter of an hour's absence—the jury returned, and announced by the foreman their unanimous verdict.

Amidst breathless silence once more the foreman announced their finding of the prisoner Tempest guilty of manslaughter, committed in an attempt to carry off by force the late Mr. Macdonald of Drumchatt.

They found David Macgregor not guilty in the first charge of murder—guilty in the second of conspiracy and an attempt to carry off with violence.

The judge delivered sentence. He expressed briefly his approval of the verdict of the jury. He was in his experience unable to see how they could have arrived at any other conclusion; at the same time he wished to take into account the extenuating circumstances. In consideration of the youth and previous good character of the first prisoner, and in view of the fact that the second had been simply accessory to the crime of which he had been found guilty, he sentenced Francis Delaval Tempest to seven years' penal servitude, and David Macgregor to one year's imprisonment with hard labour.

No cry, not even a murmur broke the absolute stillness, and the first sound heard was the prisoner's voice—speaking huskily and mechanically, but quite audibly. He had stood up with his companion to receive his sentence; and without much thought of court etiquette and decorum, he felt bound to respond to it, even while his lips whitened under a dim sense of the horror of his future. "I acknowledge the justice of the sentence," he said, and as he spoke his eyes strayed—not to the company of relatives and friends, among whom his aunt Lady Sophia was leaning back heavily on the arm which her husband had thrown round her, while Lady Moydart was bathing her friend's temples with *eaude Cologne*—but to the little group in mourning, sitting as if turned to stone, by the door. "I beg nobody will be sorry that I have got what I deserve."

An instantaneous effect, the reverse of what Frank Tempest intended, was produced in

the crowded court. The scale was turned in a twinkling. A sudden murmur of commiseration almost amounting to a tumultuous movement arose, and it was several minutes before the usher, with his emphatic reminder of the respect which was due to the dispensation of justice, could hush it. "Poor misguided young shentleman, what ruin, what degradation! Tavit Macgregor would be none the worse, and Aulay, the traitor, had got off, but for another smear on his character, which had been by no means very clean to begin with. But the poor young shentleman who had loved the Country, though he had killed Drumchatt by mistake—he was done for, and would never hold up his head again. O ay, it would be a hard sentence, a very hard sentence, of which the young shentleman had owned the fairness like a man. And it had been a very fine trial, and people could not expect to see the like again for many a year."

#### CHAPTER XXI.—RETRIBUTION FALLS ON ANOTHER OFFENDER.

THE minister never once reproached his wife with what had been her doing in the calamity which had come upon the family, unless, indeed, his silence, with his uncontrollable humiliation and grief, formed the most exquisite reproach he could have addressed to her. He had been even more tenderly considerate of her than before, in her share of their affliction, which was certainly heaping coals of fire on her head. And if the minister refrained from recrimination, Unah, carrying her own sense of ignorance and rashness, with the fatal wrong done to her, in her bleeding heart, never dreamt of blaming her mother. She had come back on Donald Drumchatt's death to the manse, though her late husband's heir made her welcome to stay on in the mansion-house, which he did not intend—could not, indeed, bring himself to occupy as a dwelling-place. Decay and premature death seemed in the very walls, and the moaning of the wind in the chimneys assumed a human voice. It was unlikely that poor Donald's additions and improvements would ever be finished, rather they would be let fall down, the saddest of all ruins—not those of homes that have been lived in, and where men and women have had their day, with its full tale of joys and sorrows, but the relics of shattered expectations which never knew fulfilment.

Unah had not been three months absent from the manse. The late chill spring of the north greeted her where every former spring had found her, waking up in the little room which she had thought to quit for good and

all on her marriage-day, still reading the grey face of Ben Voil, and seeing the evening star glitter on the brow of the Tuaidh. There was little outward difference in her lot, save what was implied in her widow's dress, her matronly title, and the jointure thenceforth secured to her from the estate of Drumchatt, though Donald Drumchatt lay in his grave, and Frank Tempest was enduring a living death. There were people not specially unfriendly—Jenny Reach was among them—who held not only that everything would soon be as it had been with the minister's daughter, but that she had clearly gained by the terrible drama in which she had borne her part. But down in the depths of Unah's heart there was an undying and incorruptible witness to a tragedy which would have no end for her; "she had lived, and she had loved," and her destiny was fulfilled; nevertheless, she was free from bearing a grudge against her mother. Her intelligence might have condemned Mrs. Macdonald; but what was Unah that she should sit in judgment on another, and that other her own mother—a mother who had excelled in devotion to her children? Unah, in her great sorrows, had yet this happiness, that she was still and always her mother's loving, dutiful daughter.

If neither Unah nor the minister called Mrs. Macdonald to account, nor once turned upon her with the bitter accusation that she had betrayed herself and them, who else could take it upon them to be her censor? Was she not safe from the lightest shade of obloquy? Might she not return to her old pre-eminence in righteousness and piety, and resume her religious exercises on her own account, and her ceaseless ministrations to the spiritual wants of her neighbours?

Mrs. Macdonald sought to do so, and struggled desperately for a time against the still small voice which told her, that instead of missing the accuser, he was where she could never miss him, never get rid of him, or silence him to purpose any more. Her mortal enemy (or was he her best friend in a dark disguise, which she could not penetrate?) was within her, in the heart of her heart and the soul of her soul, a part of her very self, crying out day and night against her, mocking and taunting her, and holding her up to her own condemnation; speaking all the more loudly and irresistibly, because outward voices with the right to speak forbore and spared her, and the inner conflict was so much worse, and became so intolerably hard, that it would have been a positive relief if her husband and child had

called her names, and morally lifted up stones to stone her.

The battle lasted till the bodily presence of the combatant became changed, as no former energy of action and unstinted fatigue, which were not even now relaxed, had been able to alter it. Mrs. Macdonald aged unspeakably within these few months. Her figure bent as under a burden; her face sharpened as if the hand of death were chiselling her features into the last meagre mask they would present when the spirit had fled. People said how much she had taken to heart her son-in-law's death, Unah's connection with the event, and her having been called upon to give evidence at Mr. Tempest's trial.

Mr. Macdonald looked anxiously at his wife, questioned her about her health, entreated her to have medical advice. But she persisted in saying she was perfectly well, and could afford no work for a doctor—doubtless holding with a great authority that no leech, ancient or modern, is sufficient to minister to a mind diseased. She went about as usual, and she was never absent from public preaching and prayers, till one spring Sunday, when the birch-trees were beginning to shake loose their green tresses and to breathe balm, and the call of the cuckoo was sounding constantly in the Pass, the worshippers in the little kirk of Fearnavoil were startled by a stifled cry, followed by the falling forward against the book-board of a figure in the manse pew.

There was no want of assistance from strong arms and commiserating hearts to support the sick woman out of church, though there was an objection made to Mr. Macdonald's bringing public worship to an immediate close for the day. God's service in united praise and prayer, and the sermon, which the congregation had a right to expect, came before all; and if the matter had rested with her who was the cause of the interruption, she would not have let private feeling interfere with public duty.

Mrs. Macdonald never entered the church again, though she walked abroad a little longer.

"I cannot," she said in explanation to her husband, "because of a face that is always looking into mine. It is not poor Donald's face, which I saw last, with all the weariness and pain gone out of it, when his head was laid in his coffin; it is that other face which I took such a liking for, when it was without a cloud—and now the bold, blithe blue eyes are for ever cast down on the floor, or raised hopelessly to the high barred window of a gaol cell.



And I cannot bear it, Farquhar; especially I cannot sit with it before me in God's house. Can you not do something for me, and get that face to leave me? I suppose it is, as scientific men would say, printed on the retina of my eye: but surely the impression might be effaced or superseded."

She was talking nonsense; it was as if a chord long strained had suddenly snapped, and the flood-gates which had been kept tightly closed were all at once thrown open. But at first there was no peculiar novelty in

the revelation. It began by taking the tone of the woman's temperament and race.

Mrs. Macdonald, with the impulsive passion and the leading vein of egotism which belonged to her, from that moment made no secret to all who were around her that she had been what she called a grievous backslider. She poured out her confessions of sin and wretchedness to any one who would listen. She spoke, in general terms certainly, of base ambition and grovelling worldliness; for that delicacy of good breeding which



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maintains a decent reserve on personal and family matters was ingrained in the gentlewoman. But she took care there should be no mistake in the grand facts that she had dishonoured her profession by a gross lapse into the unregenerate woman, and had thus imperilled her soul's refuge, so that she was threatened with its being cast adrift shelterless into the howling tempest of that spiritual wilderness which awaited the reprobate. She descended voluntarily to lower depths of humiliation than she had ever climbed to heights of exaltation; no sin had been like her sin, and she had a warning to utter to the whole world.

Unah stood aghast at the reversal of their natural positions—that the mother should thus abase herself in the child's sight, and should seek help where she might have been expected to give it.

The minister was abashed and distressed beyond measure before his wife, in the character of an inconsolable penitent. It was not by any means that he did not believe in repentance, but in his meek and manly Christianity, no less than in his sound Protestantism, confession of sin, save in the form of reparation, ought to be made to God, not to man. What was he, or any fellow-sinner—priest or layman, that his wife, or any other

human being, should lay herself in the dust at his feet? He declined the unwarrantable responsibility, and felt aggrieved by the process. Nay, what was his poor Marjory, much as he had prized her, that she should call everybody from their proper business to be electrified and edified by her fall? Was not this only another subtle phase of human weakness in its pride and vanity? But when Mrs. Macdonald's spiritual experience, under what was regarded as the hiding of her Master's face, got noised abroad, it excited strong sympathy not unmingled with admiration on the part of such professors as Malise Gow. "The mistress she is in the furnace; such as she get a double portion of the refiner's fire. The Lord He is dealing with her," said Malise in awed accents to Jenny Reach.

"Is the Lord not always dealing with His creatures?" protested Jenny; "and the mistress will be either sinning or repenting with a high hand. It is my belief that the head and front of this tirryvee is, that since she has failed to be the whitest of saints, she is bound to be the blackest of sinners. Is that a needful stage in the degree of saintship? I have read something like it in good books; and whiles I've thought—but I will be a worldly woman—it was very like a lad's sowing his wild oats that he might be a better man for ever afterwards. Is that your experience of such a crop, Malise Gow?"

But even Jenny, in her hardened incredulity and the levelling tendencies of her deadly matter-of-factness, was forced to see that there was something more than she fathomed in the life, and the actors in the life, now swelling and surging around her. Jenny said it was like "threeeping" down her throat that the lassie, who was naturally patient and silent like her father, and had made no loud outcry in the crisis of her anguish, was set apart from this time, and would never, so long as sun and moon shone for her, be like other lassies. She would not be able to begin a new story for herself, and bring it to a prosperous termination—regardless of the disastrous end of the former story. And what for should the lassie Unah not forget? What better would the lad in the "mools," or the other lad lodged in Millbank or Pentonville, be for her faithfully remembering? A long memory was not a gift to be desired or cherished in such circumstances. Was it not common sense and plainly for the best that Unah should resolutely turn her back on scenes and persons she had done with in this life, and the recalling of which could only cause her grief and pain?

Unah Macdonald was not going to kill herself in her despair, like some "heathen quean;" she was not going to pine away and die, like the heroine of "a fond fule sang." She was too godly and virtuous, both by nature, up-bringing and grace, for such catastrophes. She recognised, if any woman did, that life had a thousand calls upon her besides the one sweet call of love and mating, and many of these summonses to serve her Master and her brethren sounded to her with the trumpet voice of command, while the other had only come to her with tender solicitation. So what was there to hinder Unah Macdonald from throwing off the shadow of her trouble? Nothing, to Jenny Reach's half-affronted, half-angry conception; nothing truly, save that in doing so Unah would forfeit the use and gain of her loss; she would wantonly and profanely falsify and degrade her higher nature in rejecting such acquisitions of strength, and growth in wisdom, goodness, and all perfection, as are only possible through suffering and the acceptance of suffering in a Divine fellowship.

Mrs. Macdonald in her turn passed away beyond Jenny's comprehension, to the intense mortification of that shrewd and interested spectatress. As the fever of mind and body continued to rage and to waste the offender, it wasted, among other materials, all the lower and earthlier elements of what had been true and noble in her religion; for in religion, as in nature, only the better part survives:

"Only the sweet and virtuous soul,  
Like seasoned timber, never gives."

Gradually Mrs. Macdonald ceased to harangue her attendants and testify to them, pointing the moral by her own superior transgressions. The eloquent tongue which had babbled so freely of her sin and its finding her out, grew still. But the stillness was far from owing its origin to her being reconciled to herself. It arose from a sadness beyond expression, which had descended on her spirit.

Jenny, who loved her mistress in her own way—nay, perhaps in the peculiar idiosyncrasy of the woman, loved her all the better because Jenny, as she believed, saw through Mrs. Macdonald, and could reckon all the spots and flaws in her composition—was startled and disturbed by this mute misery. She tried her hand at dispersing it. She used the freedom of speech, granted to her long and intimate connection with the family, to remonstrate boldly and allude pretty plainly to the source of the wound which she would fain

have probed as a sure means to its speedy cure.

"What for should the like of you not have thought of taking Miss Unah—that is, Mrs. Macdonald, Drumchatt—into the best society of the country-side last summer, and bettering her prospects if that were possible, supposing that is what preys on your mind and keeps you from getting well and strong again? It was no more than what might have been looked for, from a lady like you. My Lady Moydart will do no less by her dochter. I trow if every mother were to be pulled up and made to answer for seeking the promotion of her bairn, there would be few even among the godliest who should escape. It is you, Mrs. Macdonald, who have often told me we are not to look for perfection here. Moreover—

'The best-laid schemes o' mice and men  
Gang aft a-gley,'

which is the lot of humanity, and so common that it has passed into a proverb and into two lines of Robbie Burns. So why should we hang our heads because we have dreed the ordinary weird? Rise up and mend, mem, and do what will better become you—pluck up a spirit and 'bring a stout heart to a stey brae,' which is another proverb, and if it is not among the Proverbs of King Solomon it deserves to be. Look out for another gudeman to comfort Miss Unah."

Mrs. Macdonald did not rebuke Jenny for her forwardness and irreverence, or say one of the words with which she would formerly have sought to silence the woman. She only turned and looked at her with such speechless upbraiding in her glowing, dark eyes, that Jenny, who had stood her ground under many a sharp reprimand, literally rose and fled from the response she had provoked.

It was only to the minister's stricken ear, and generally in the silence and secrecy of the night, that Mrs. Macdonald murmured her last plaint, in which the phrases were not so high-sounding, and there was less of convenient generalisation than of painful precision.

Long ago Unah had told her mother with shy pleasure—though the girl had received the comparison when it was made to her in an awkward silence—the verse of the psalm which foolish young Frank Tempest had, on scanty enough premises where he was concerned, applied to her father. This verse was often on Mrs. Macdonald's lips during these haunted night-watches.

"His hands are clean," she would say, half in mournful monologue, half in rueful

admission. "My hands are not clean. His heart is pure. My heart is not single, and I have sought to do what no man can do, what he is forbidden to attempt—I have tried to serve two masters.

'And unto vanity  
He hath not lifted up his soul,  
Nor sworn deceitfully.'

I lifted up my soul to vanity, and the natural end came. I swore deceitfully. In place of keeping unto the Lord my oath I broke it in letter and spirit. (And it is between you and me, Farquhar, that there is this great gulf fixed!) I was at the bottom of all the folly and madness which cost Donald his life, and Frank Tempest—not his liberty alone, but name and fame, and peace of mind, and which has left Unah broken-hearted. Think of that! my own child, my only daughter whom I prized so highly. I have broken her heart and spoilt her whole life, and then ask whether my punishment is not greater than I can bear."

Then she would quote a parallel passage of Scripture and comment on it. "'Do justly and love mercy, and walk humbly with the Lord your God,' that was the early summing up of the faith, and I did not comply with a single obligation. I did not act with even-handed justice to tradesmen or servants or neighbours. I always craved and exacted my own advantage in bargains, fees, and favours.

"There was old Ranald Glencorse—one of your own people, Farquhar—from whose wife I used to buy butter and cheese, and I always beat her down to the lowest price, though I knew they had difficulty in paying their rent. When he was dying, after they were turned out of the farm and his heart was broken—he had been a sturdy, independent old man, but it came to that—he refused to have you sent for, though in the old days he had never missed a sacrament season or been absent from church in the wildest weather. He said, at last he knew us; we did not practise what we preached; we were proud, hard-hearted gentlefolks like the rest.

"And there was Katie Avielynn, who was our table-maid once. She was only a thoughtless girl then, and she was so fond of her young mistress that Unah could turn the girl round her finger. Katie deserved a rise of wages, and she needed it, because she had to help to keep her bedridden mother. But I would not give it to her. And she went down to Kinghope and got into bad company and into trouble. Then she could not go home with her additional burden. You





"THE BRIDE'S PASS."



know the dismal end, Farquhar: how one grey October morning her body, with her drowned baby in her arms, was drawn out of the swollen Fearn.

"I did not love mercy but sacrifice. I was fain to break the bruised reed and quench the smoking flax. And when my own day of trouble is come, where shall I turn? So far from walking humbly and counting others better than myself—except in empty words—in the presence of my God, I stalked in arrogance like the Pharisee, and thought to make up for it by alternating the presumption with as ostentatious a prostration. I have not so much let go my title to the Kingdom of Heaven, as I have never taken hold of it. It has all been a mistake—a mistake."

"No, not all, Marjory: and I, too, have been greatly to blame. I was careless and confident. It has been hard to rouse my sluggishness," said the minister ruefully.

She did not take in his contradiction so as to derive comfort from it—either then or on several future occasions when similar scenes were enacted. But at last there came a night when she looked full at him as he spoke, and her eye lit up in answer with a softer light than the fire of remorse in a conscience awakened terribly from its drugged sleep, and made straight from its manifold warpings.

"Yes," she said, "there is something in which I have not been mistaken. The mistake has been in me and my work—the stubble I built on the sure foundation. The stubble is destroyed, but the foundation remains unshaken, and will stand after heaven and earth have passed away. Let people sing praises that He cannot fail, who is equal not only to the wants of a thief, but to the harder requirements of a Pharisee. It is fit that men, and you especially, Farquhar, should thank God, while it becomes me to be dumb. Though I may get well, I must go with my hand on my mouth for all the days that are left to me."

But she did not get well. The new growth of her nature was not put to the trial that might have been too much for it. She died—to the scandal, in different ways, of both Jenny Reach and Malise Gow. Yet surely, if there is joy among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth, there must also be joy over the poor, passionate, erring saint, who is nevertheless permitted in the end to vindicate a hope that rests no longer on her own creed and profession.

The minister and Unah mourned and missed the wife and mother long, in a sim-

plicity and sincerity that saw in her only what had endured the scathing of the storm she had passed through—the gold that had always mingled with the dross.

It has been said there is an aspect of every human face that is in fact its true aspect, which it might have had in happier circumstances, which in men and women who have come nearest to the Divine Man has actually appeared in their best moments, and which, please God, may yet be worn by the most scarred and distorted faces. It is the privilege of true love to see its object in this ideal light, and even when dark shadows have come between, to be able to look beyond the shadows and to recognise that they are but incidental and transitory. Who shall say this is to see incorrectly? May it not be the preferable view which pierces the slough of error and failure, and arrives at the clear depths reflecting God's light? Must we undervalue it in comparison with the cynical estimate of a Jenny Reach—to whom each sunbeam comes dim because of the dancing motes in its track? These motes are the first thing to catch the eye which has little liberality of vision in its keenness, and with regard to which it is the bane that it cannot give over the sorry task of counting the specks in the sun's rays.

The minister, in thinking of his wife, recalled the girl who had been his first love, in her high aspirations. Unah, in remembering her mother, dwelt on the tender, motherly regard which had not been wont to fail her. Both saw a life that had been so far crowned with good—in the reverence it had cherished for the source of all good, and in the wealth of gifts and strength of nature which, under whatever error, had been freely spent on the poor and weak. To them, as to most reverent and tender souls, the miracle was wrought that they no longer saw the woman they had loved—and loved still, in her soiled earthly garments. She stood before them fairer than they had ever been privileged to behold her—ravishingly fair in the white raiment of the heavenly state. She had come out of her great tribulation by the might of a conqueror whom no foe could resist.

The bereaved husband and daughter could forget the prostrate body and racked spirit they had looked upon in dismay and misery. The brief episode was effaced by the tide of the associations of a lifetime, bringing with it the reflection of her presence full of its old active humanity and unwearied ardour, until the absence of the woman caused them to feel as if they had lost their capable right hand



and the finer part of their brain. But there was sweetest consolation and pensive pride in that sense of loss ; for if man can say—

" 'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all,"

surely the most envenomed sting of loss to all nobler souls is to be conscious, under the solemn panoply of lamentation, that there has been no real loss, only a more or less admitted and welcomed deliverance.

## THE PROPHETIC ELEMENT IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

BEFORE I set before the reader the evidential value of the Old Testament Scriptures as a witness to Christ, it is necessary that I should endeavour to place before him a clear idea of what the prophetic elements which they contain really consist. This is rendered desirable by the wide-spread popular errors respecting the nature of prophecy, and the mode in which the writers of the New Testament affirm that it has been fulfilled in Jesus Christ. My subject will therefore naturally fall under two distinct heads. The first will treat of the nature of the prophetic elements in the Old Testament, and the second, of their evidential value. My observations will be confined exclusively to its Messianic prophecies, for if these do not prove the presence of a superhuman insight, underlying the entire scheme, we shall in vain seek for it in any other.

The time has arrived when the following questions must be boldly faced. Does the argument from prophecy, as it is set forth in our popular expositions of it, carry conviction to the thoughtful mind? If it does not—I fear that there can be no doubt that it fails to do so—it becomes an inquiry of deep importance, What is the reason of this failure? for it was habitually appealed to by our Lord and His apostles as evidential to His Divine mission.

The cause of its impotency is not far to seek. Nowhere has fancy in an equal degree so completely usurped the place of sound reasoning. An unlimited laxity has prevailed in the treatment of this subject in our popular expositions of it, especially with respect to the typology of the Old Testament. There is hardly anything in it which eager theologians have not at one time or another manufactured into a clear type of gospel truth. A particular theory of what prophecy ought to be has been adopted, instead of inquiring what it actually is ; and in consequence of this, expositors have first put their own imaginations into the Old Testament Scriptures, and then proclaimed that they have found them there. By means of this process they have not unfrequently metamorphosed them into a clearer revelation than that contained

in the Scriptures of the New. But this, instead of carrying conviction to reasonable men, has induced them to view the whole subject as little better than the mode adopted by the Romans in consulting the writings of the Sibyl.

But no one thing has more tended to throw discredit on the evidential value of prophecy than the wide-spread writings of a particular school, who have employed it for the purpose of prying into the future, especially in attempting to determine the time of the advent of our Lord, and the circumstances with which it will be attended. To these the books of Daniel and Revelation have furnished a mass of material, which have afforded an opportunity for an inexhaustible play of the imagination. Prophecy in their hands stands in much the same relation to sound exegesis, as historical novels do to genuine history. Again and again have the most confident predictions been put forth, fixing the date of the second advent ; but which have been falsified by the arrival of the appointed time. Even Napoleon III. has found a place in their lucubrations ; but instead of acting the part assigned to him, he is quietly sleeping in his grave. Nothing, however, daunts this class of writers. Let their predictions be falsified by facts never so often, yet they invariably rally their forces. When they fix a time for our Lord's second coming, and He comes not, they then discover that the prophetic Scriptures admit of its being deferred to some more distant period, when it is improbable that the writer will be alive to be convicted a second time of being a false prophet. Is it to be expected that doubters and unbelievers will attach weight to the evidence of prophecy, when the argument is persistently handled in popular literature in such a manner that it makes even devout believers shrink from the entire subject?

One of the fundamental errors in connection with this question has arisen from a misconception as to the real nature of the prophetic office. The idea which we usually associate with the word "prophet" is that of a predictor of the future. But the prophet of the Bible is "a spokesman in behalf of God,"

a preacher, who spoke under the inspiration of the Divine Spirit. This is the primary conception of his office. Thus our Lord affirms that the greatest of the prophets of the Old Testament dispensation was John the Baptist, yet he uttered no recorded prediction, was simply a preacher of repentance, and performed no miracle. His distinguishing office was to proclaim that the kingdom of God, which had been promised by former prophets, was going to be immediately set up, and to point out its king, the Lord Christ, as actually come. The special function of the prophet therefore was to convey Divine messages, warnings, and promises to those whom he addressed, and to urge them powerfully on the conscience. Of these promises the most important was the setting up among men of a future kingdom of God, and that of a Messiah to reign therein. Very generally the utterances respecting these subjects were made with an immediate reference to persons then existing, and to events then passing; yet they were impelled by the Divine influence to employ language so high and elevated that it was impossible that it could receive its full realisation in any event connected with the existing Jewish theocracy, but only in some future kingdom of God of an all-embracing character, and in the actions and teaching of Christ its king.

In considering this subject it is of the highest importance that the true character of the Hebrew prophet, as "a spokesman on behalf of God," uttering promises, warnings, and exhortations to the generation during which he lived, should be steadily kept in mind. He differed widely from the pagan vaticinator, with whom he is frequently confounded. The latter pretended to be a predictor of the future, pure and simple; his prediction was intended to cover the coming event, and nothing but it; he was no spokesman on behalf of God to convey either promises, threatenings, or exhortations. But this forms the very essence of the idea of the prophet of the Bible. Disclosures of coming events formed only a subordinate portion of his office. This being so, and as both our Lord and His apostles affirm not only that the prophets, but that the Old Testament generally, spoke of Him, it is evident that if we wish to form a correct estimate of the evidential value of prophecy, we must seek it over a very much larger range of matter than in pure and simple predictions of the future.

According to the views propounded by the writers of the New Testament on this subject, the chief Messianic elements of the Old

may be briefly summed up under the following heads, of each of which they affirm that Jesus Christ, and the Church which He has founded, is the perfect realisation. They consist—

1st. Of prophecies directly Messianic, independent of all reference to a human subject. These are comparatively rare.

2nd. Of prophecies which are indirectly Messianic. These were uttered with a primary reference to some particular person in his official character, but were clothed in such elevated language as to be incapable of being realised in any mere man. They are spoken of kings, prophets, and priests, viewed as officers of the theocracy, and assume that the holders of those offices would perfectly embody the conception involved in them. But the full idea which underlay the theocracy could only receive its perfect realisation in a Divine person. These offices, therefore, in the fulness of their conception were essentially Messianic, and consequently pointed to a Messiah, who was to realise in the ages of the future the idea which underlay them, of whom the best of their human holders could be only imperfect adumbrations. Prophecies of this description are far more numerous than those which are directly Messianic, and they are habitually referred to by the writers of the New Testament as meeting together and receiving their perfect realisation in Jesus Christ, and in Him alone.

3rd. Of prophecies which promise the future establishment of a kingdom of God on the grandest scale, and of a perfect character. The language in which it is depicted is invariably derived from the Jewish theocracy, which the prophet viewed as about to receive in this kingdom its perfect realisation. It is, therefore, described under the image of events passing before the prophet's eyes. Consequently the whole imagery is essentially Jewish, and in its literal acceptation promises a great triumph of the Hebrew nation over its enemies, and a subjugation of them to its control. It goes to the extent of representing the whole heathen world as ultimately embracing Judaism, and as even making constant visits to Jerusalem for the purpose of attending the feasts according to the requirements of the law. But while the language is thus national and local, the great conceptions which underlie it burst through all the bonds of nationality and locality. It was to be a universal kingdom; its king was to be King of peace, and, although described under the image of a conqueror, he was to make wars to cease

throughout the entire world and to inaugurate and finally establish a reign of righteousness. In it the Gentile nations were not to be the slaves of the Jewish race, but were to participate fully in its blessings. This last characteristic is alone sufficient to prove that the utterers of these predictions were impelled in their descriptions of it to use language of so elevated a character that it was impossible that it could receive its realisation in a system so national, ceremonial, and local as that of the Jewish theocracy, and consequently that the idea which underlay it would involve the abrogation of its outward forms, when the kingdom of God was actually set up. It is perfectly true that the prophetic imagery makes the earthly Jerusalem and its temple the centre of its worship, and the seat of its Messianic reign; even all the Jewish ordinances are described as still in force; but as this would have involved the attendance of all the male population of the globe three times a year at Jerusalem—a thing impossible, except by subverting the existing order of nature—it is evident that an influence superior to himself impelled the prophet to utter promises which the Jewish theocracy was incapable of realising. In a word, the idea which underlay the outward imagery in which his predictions were embodied, was the setting up of a spiritual and catholic, instead of a local and national kingdom of God. It is worthy of remark that a similar mode of description is adopted even in the Apocalypse. Its imagery is throughout Jewish; but when the seer was favoured with the vision of the New Jerusalem, his attention was particularly drawn to the fact that it was destitute of a temple and a local centre of worship. "I saw," says he, "no temple therein: for the Lord God omnipotent and the Lamb are the temple of it." From these considerations it follows that the position taken by the writers of the New Testament respecting the kingdom of God, which is promised in the Old, is, that the Church of Jesus Christ was not to be the exact counterpart of the local and national imagery in which the utterances of the prophets were clothed, but of the ideas which underlay it.

#### 4th. Of a great system of typology.

In order that we may understand the position which the writers of the New Testament take when they affirm that our Lord is the realisation of the entire typical system of the Old, it will be necessary to consider what is the true conception of a type. Nothing in fact has more tended to destroy the eviden-

tial value of the prophetic element of the Old Testament as testifying to Jesus Christ, than the extravagant manner in which its typology has been treated by numerous popular writers, who have handled it in such a manner that the old law, and its obscure symbolism, has been manufactured into a clearer revelation of gospel truth, than that which prophets and kings earnestly desired to see and saw not.

What then is a type? A type is an imperfect outline of a great idea, something in which the idea is shadowed forth but not realised. The Bible is not the only region of typology. Types abound in nature. In it God works in conformity with a fixed plan, or idea, which he is gradually realising through all the varied forms of life. He has begun with the lower, in which the idea is only imperfectly embodied, and has gradually realised it in the higher. These lower forms are therefore typical of the higher, *i.e.* they point to them as their ultimate realisation. Let me illustrate my meaning by the example of the human hand. It is an instrument marvellously adjusted to the requirement of the highest form of rational life. It is in fact the realisation of a great idea. This idea is, however, shadowed in outline in the front feet, and even in the rudimentary feet, of the lower animals. All the bones which form the human hand are there, but in a very rudimentary form. In the tribe of *Simiæ*, the idea is more adequately embodied, but still imperfectly. In man it is realised. Thus each lower form is a type of the higher, until the idea in all its completeness is realised in the highest. Of course I am aware that those who affirm that we have no evidence of the being of a God, or of intelligence in nature, will deny the typical character of these lower forms; but I am not writing for either Atheists, Pantheists, or Agnostics; I assume that the universe is the work of an intelligent creator. This being so, nature's lower forms are typical, and so far prophetic, of the higher, *i.e.* they are imperfect embodiments of the idea which is realised in the highest.

Precisely similar to this is the typology of Scripture. As in the case of nature, so a Scriptural type is a shadowing forth of an idea in imperfect outline. So far are types prophetic, but no farther. If we had the outline alone, whether in nature or in the Bible, it would have required a superhuman wisdom to have delineated that in which the imperfect outline would be ultimately realised. But when it is thus realised we can look back, and see that the type and the antitype mu-



tually correspond. It is in this correspondence that the evidential value of a type consists, proving that a plan or idea runs throughout the entire chain which connects the lowest form with the ultimate realisation of the idea. This then being the general idea of a type, we must beware of attempting to discover in the typology of the Old Testament a body of truth which it was never intended to contain.

The Epistle to the Hebrews treats this subject more fully than any book in the Bible. That the typology of the Old Testament was but an imperfect adumbration of gospel truth its author emphatically affirms. "The law," says he, "having a shadow of good things to come, and not the very image of the things." What is a shadow? A mere outline devoid of substance. What is an image? The idea embodied in a material form, but destitute both of function and of life. So far then is the typology of the Old Testament from being capable of being developed by the aid of the imagination into a veritable gospel, that it is not even the substantial image of it, but a mere shadowy and unsubstantial outline. Attention to this one assertion of the sacred writer would have preserved a numerous class of authors from adopting a system of interpreting it, which has gone far in the eyes of thoughtful men to deprive it of all force as a witness to Christ.

The position therefore which is taken by the writers of the New Testament respecting the typology of the Old is as follows. The Jewish dispensation was one which contained a mass of rites, ceremonies, ordinances, and official characters, which were underlaid by certain ideas which they shadowed forth in outline, but most imperfectly realised in fact. These shadowy outlines all pointed to deep wants felt by human nature, and were attempts to realise them. Of these, the writers of the New Testament affirm that Jesus Christ is "the filling up full" of the idea which underlay them, or, in other words, its perfect embodiment. It is in this sense that they affirm that the entire Old Testament is evidential to Christ's Divine mission.

5th. There is yet one other aspect of the Old Testament, the realisation of which our Lord Himself declares that it was one of the purposes of his coming to effect. While its system of moral teaching was based on the fundamental principles of moral truth, yet it only imperfectly realised the true ideal of morality. It was, in fact, a system accommodated to the condition of the times. Our Lord, as legislator of the kingdom of heaven,

freed it from these imperfections, by propounding a body of principles which realise our highest conceptions of moral obligation.

Such are the Messianic elements of the Old Testament Scriptures as they are conceived of by the writers of the New. It will be readily seen that they cover a far wider range of subject-matter than is embraced by mere prediction of the future. It is on this account, when I speak of the witness which they bear to Christ, that I have used the term "realisation," and not "fulfilment;" because this latter word in its popular acceptance suggests the idea of a specific prediction of an event to which another occurs in the future precisely corresponding, a sense which grievously misrepresents the real meaning of the prophetic element of the Old Testament.

Probably nothing has more contributed to the diffusion of erroneous views on this subject than the use in the Version of the ambiguous phrase, "That it might be fulfilled," and others closely resembling it, to denote this realisation. This has led the English reader to identify prophecy with prediction of the future pure and simple. Consequently, when he compares the passages in the Old Testament with their alleged fulfilment in the New, he is frequently involved in great perplexity, because he fails to perceive that the one is in a strict sense a prediction of the other; for many of these references, when read in their context in the Old Testament, bear not the smallest indication of having been intended as direct forecasts of future events. But if, instead of the word "fulfilled," he had read "fully realised," or some equivalent expression, the difficulty which suggests itself to the minds of large numbers of readers would not have arisen. My space will only allow me to refer to three passages in illustration of my meaning.

Speaking of our Lord's residence at Nazareth, St. Matthew writes, "And He came and dwelt at a city called Nazareth, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, He shall be called a Nazarene." Now the fact is, there is no passage in any prophet which affirms that the Messiah should be so called; but there are several which either affirm or imply that He would be a subject of contempt. How, then, stands the fact? The term Nazarene, when applied to our Lord or His disciples, was invariably used to express this feeling. The term "the Nazarene," therefore, realised the meaning of these prophetic utterances, but nowhere did the prophets expressly predict that our

Lord would be called by this title.\* So, again, in describing our Lord's arrest, St. Matthew observes, "Now all this was done that the Scriptures of the prophets might be fulfilled." What is the thing intended? Not that each separate event of the arrest was deliberately predicted in minute detail, but that those Scriptures which described the Messiah as a despised sufferer, such as Psalm xxii., and Isaiah liii., &c., were fully realised by the events in question. Again, the Evangelist describes our Lord on a particular occasion as curing large numbers of sick people and demoniacs. He then adds, "That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities and bore our sicknesses." The fact is, no such express words are found in the prophet, but the intended reference is to a verse in Isaiah liii., descriptive of the Man of Sorrows—"Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." These are not the exact words of the Evangelist, and even if they could be found in the Old Testament (which they cannot), we nowhere read in the New Testament that our Lord cured diseases by taking them on Himself. What the Evangelist intended was, that so great was the sympathy with human suffering He displayed, that while thus engaged He realised to the full the inner meaning of the prophetic delineation of the Messiah, when He affirmed that He should be a "bearer of human griefs, and a carrier of human sorrows."

It is important to observe that the Greek word *πληρωω*, by which the Evangelists usually express the realisation of the Scriptures of the Old Testament in our Lord's person and work, bears the exact meaning which I have assigned to it in these passages. Its primary signification is "to pour one thing into another until it is full." Hence, applied to an idea, it denotes a complete embodiment of its underlying conception. Similar to this is the primary meaning of the English word "fulfil," i.e. "to fill up full." Of this use of it we have a remarkable instance in the

Liturgy of the Church of England, where in its sacramental service the worshippers pray, after having received the symbols of bread and wine, that we "may be fulfilled with thy grace and heavenly benediction." Such is also its meaning in our Lord's well-known words, "Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. For until heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall by no means pass from the law until all be fulfilled." Fulfilment here evidently means, not prediction of the future, but full realisation of the true meaning of the law, and of the utterances of the prophets.

In bringing this portion of the subject to a conclusion, I will summarise the views of the writers of the New Testament respecting the Messianic elements of the Old, and the mode of their realisation in the person of our Lord.

When they affirm that He is the realisation of its two classes of Messianic prophecies, the thing intended is, that He is the complete embodiment of their true meaning; and that the lofty language in which the second class of them, to which I have referred, is clothed, while it failed to receive a complete realisation in the person to whom it was immediately applied, has been fully realised in the person, actions, and teaching of Jesus Christ. Similarly, when He is affirmed to be the antitype of its types, the meaning is that He is the embodiment of the ideal which they attempted imperfectly to realise. When the same affirmation is made with respect to its rites, ceremonies, and sacrificial worship, the thing intended is that the reality which underlay them, and the deep wants of human nature to which they pointed, have been fully satisfied in His Divine person. When, therefore, our Lord affirmed that the three recognised divisions of the Hebrew Scriptures, the law, the prophets, and the Psalms, spoke of Him, He did not mean that each reference to Him which they contain is an actual prediction of Him in the form of a vaticination, but that He was the realisation of the true ideal to which every portion of them pointed. "If," says He, "ye had believed Moses, ye would have believed me, for he wrote of me." Where? Not merely in the four or five Messianic predictions which are contained in the Pentateuch, but in the element which underlay its entire system, its Messianic prophecies, its types, its ritual worship, and in its political and moral legislation.

C. A. ROW.

\* Two other explanations have been offered of this passage, one connecting it with the Nazarite of the Old Testament. To this there is a conclusive answer—that our Lord's character was the opposite to the asceticism of the Nazarite. The other connecting it with a Hebrew word signifying a branch, from which the word "Nazareth" is said to have been derived, the two words being nearly similar in sound. That the Messiah is more than once designated "a branch" in the Old Testament is certain; but how this helps us to a better understanding of the words of St. Matthew, "that He came and dwelt at a city called Nazareth (i.e., Branch), that it might be fulfilled," &c., is to me incomprehensible. Both explanations are striking examples of the evasions to which commentators have not unfrequently had recourse. If they are satisfactory to themselves, they can hardly be to any one else.



## HARVEST.

## I.

FAR o'er the slopes the reaper's sickle plays,  
And coldly bares the earth, field after field;  
Still on the higher reach, like some great shield,  
One patch shines golden in the golden rays.

A gracious memory of my childish days  
Comes back, like flowers through hazy light re-  
vealed—

A memory that brings a chosen yield  
Of faith and hope and gratitude and praise.

A mother's hand that long has lain in dust  
Led me through fields like these, new-cut and bare,  
And whispers come of reverence and trust  
She taught me, as the leaves whirled through the  
air;

I muse on harvest and on autumn's gold,  
And dream of resurrections new and old.

XX—49

## II.

And while I sit, the silenced choir of birds  
That left the earlier harvest-field unsung  
Breaks forth in richer tones than ever rung  
Through hall or palace to gay festal words.

The soul of each sweet hope is in the chords  
That linger on the ear, and all unstrung  
The heart's quick pulses beat in fuller throng  
With subtler joy than Mendelssohn affords.

Ye prophet-warblers of a dying day,  
Ye hail a spring of hope as autumn fails,  
And bid the heart rejoice amid decay!  
Along yon hill the sunset's fiery ray  
Sets all on flame the ridge of fir that scales  
The summit, and your song with it bears sway.

E. CONDER GRAY.



## A PARTY OF TRAVELLERS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

## PART III.

IT was at the pretty little Dutch town of the Hague that the little story of my fellow-travellers came to an end.

We reached that place late on the evening of a chilly and wet day in August. The cold and the rain had already made us aware of the northern latitude whither our steps were tending, and it cannot be said that the Dutch landscape is cheering. The long swamp of damp green country stretching in one unbroken line to the horizon, bordered by ghostly windmills holding up their gaunt limbs in a sort of wooden appeal to all the points of the compass for the breezes necessary to them, with a grey sky above, equally flat, low, and unbroken, are not exhilarating. But whether it was from natural generosity, or from some other secret reason, a most benignant change came over one of the members of the party almost as soon as we had crossed upon the low long bridge which almost touches the water. That flat, broad, mud-coloured estuary is, though no one could recognise it (disguised under the muddy Dutch title of the Meuse), no other than the princely and historic Rhine. Thus do the finest things suffer a sort of (not sea but) mud-change in the country that draws thirty feet of water. But Helen, who had been up to this time the plague of the party, the cloud upon all its brightness, here threw off her gloom. She looked about her with quickened interest as if she expected to see some interesting figure under every cut poplar by the side of the ditches. The glimpses we had through the streets of the towns delighted her. And when we passed through Rotterdam, and looked down upon all the quays, her curiosity rose to excitement. She ran to the carriage windows entreating us all to look out. "This is really interesting," she said, "not like your musty old churches. Where do all those steamboats come from? and how strange they look, so big and so shiny among the red houses and the green trees!"

Mr. Kendal was delighted to give her all the information she could desire. "These are ocean steamboats, Helen. They come from all parts of the world. The Dutch have not lost their enterprise; they are still——"

"Is that one from Scotland? Is that one from London?" Helen said. She did not

care for information. She gazed at the masts and funnels with eyes that shone, and lips parted with eagerness. She had a colour on her cheeks which made the rainy day less dismal—it was a transformation. Miss Kendal, I do not know why, was that day less on the watch than usual. She was reading "The Cloister and the Hearth," and I don't wonder that she took less notice of what was going on round her; but I, who had no book, was free to make my observations, and for the first time the girl became my first interest. A butterfly producing itself out of its cocoon could scarcely have been a greater revelation. When she caught my eye, Helen blushed crimson; but not the angry flush of past days, and a little smile crept to the corners of her mouth. She thought I had found out her meaning before I was by any means sure that there was a meaning to be found out, and even while half-annoyed by the idea that her secret was divined, was glad to have some one to whom she could give an unexpected confidence. Her eyes kept seeking mine all the day after this. They were very pretty eyes when they had the light in them, "brown, and bright, and capable of dazzling the beholder. They kept glancing at me perpetually all the rest of the day, defying, coaxing, consulting, demanding my silence and my sympathy. Such a claim is always very attractive and attracting. It is like the unhesitating claim of a child. "You are quite mistaken," said Helen's eyes, "and impertinent. You are quite right, how could you be so clever as to find out? You are the only one that understands me. How dare you look at me as if you knew? You are my best friend, and you understand." All this she kept saying to me with her looks, adding many other side questions, as "Do you think?—What do you suppose?"—and so forth, to which my vague guesses at her secret could make no responses, and yet it seemed to me her secret was not very hard to divine.

We got rooms at the hotel with much difficulty, for the Hague was *en fête*, and there was a great deal going on which we had not anticipated. When he heard the name of the head of our party, the brisk and patronising porter brightened beyond even his usual professional acuteness. "Ah!" he

said, and laid his forefinger against his nose ; "that wass the nahem—Mr. Kendal—that wass the nahem." And then he explained that a gentleman had called to know if the party had arrived. A gentleman? what sort of gentleman? we all asked. Young, old, English? "Oh, yaas, English, very much." But that was all he could tell. No message had been left, no name given. The stranger had not explained what he wanted, or which of us he wanted. The brother and sister consulted in some surprise who it could be. But Helen turned her back to them, showing no interest in the question, and began to examine with great care a lithograph, radiant in blue and pink, of a Swiss hotel, surrounded by a circle of mountains. But as she turned round she gave me a glance. Red as a rose was she, and her eyes like two lamps ; but never were lamps, or even stars, that had the mingled delight and mischief in them that shone in those eyes ; they were dancing with eager happiness, yet there was something in them not unlike tears. When she had exhausted the Swiss hotel, she went on to another on the Lago Maggiore. The hall of the Bellevue at the Hague is hung with these masterpieces. "Did you ever see such lovely landscapes!" she said to me in the demurest voice, but she dared not show her conscious countenance to her aunt. She was transformed ; the glowing life in her was almost too much to be kept within decorous bounds. She would have liked to dance, to laugh, to weep all in a breath, and she could do nothing but cast further hurried glances at me.

That morning there was to be a royal entrance into the town, and the Hague, as I have said, was all *en fête*. From those hotel windows we saw Holland in little—at one side a canal with a row of tall houses bordering the line of water, with red and green barges moored by the quiet quays, on the other the trees and green turf of the park, all so green, so trim, so nicely kept. The houses were large and solid. The canal gave a long reflection of sky, a glimmer of light, and the barges had each a family party looking out with that air of semi-bewilderment and dreaminess which inland navigation seems to give, as if in the continued tranquil movement which fills their life there was always a silent question going on within them as to which was the shadow and which the substance. All Holland seemed to have poured itself forth into the streets of the Hague. Here and there the English-looking crowd was diversified by a peasant group,

the men in blue clothes, with large silver clasps to their belts, the women in short-sleeved gowns, their arms bare to the elbow. But the Dutch women's head-dress was the quaintest thing of all. This begins with a silver or gilt plate which encircles the back of the head from ear to ear. Over this is placed a loose cap, with two curious spiral pins projecting like horns from each temple, and over all in many cases—the metal plate, the loose cap and the horned pins—a bonnet, covered with a bristling wreath of flowers, and gay bows of ribbon. The scene would have been as gay and pretty as possible but for the threatening of the rain, which dashed over the whole bright crowd every half-hour or so, developing a sort of dingy Dutch efflorescence, a whole moving mass of umbrellas, but never awing or dispersing the steady, sober-minded, persistent crowd.

Helen had come to the window after a moment, though she professed not to care for the gay scene. We were leaning out from the balcony, looking at the people passing and re-passing below, and calculating with all the ease of personal safety how long it would be before the next downpour came. Suddenly I felt the rail on which we leaned quiver and vibrate, and looked round in amazement. Helen was standing by my side, looking straight across the crowded road. Her face had suddenly flushed with the rosiest colour, her eyes were shining, a smile lighting up her countenance. Some one was coming down the central walk of the little park, opposite to us. He was a well-looking young fellow enough, but nothing so remarkable that any one should have singled him out from all the rest. He was gazing eagerly at the big hotel opposite to him, inspecting all the windows, but, oddly enough, had not seen the group for which he was looking, though we were at one of the most conspicuous windows of all. He came on quite slowly, absorbed in his search, and Helen stood, her conscious face, her startled figure, the very lines of her gown behind her betraying her. At last he found her out! Was it well or ill? I wondered that Miss Kendal was looking the other way, and that Mr. Kendal behind was paying no attention. Only I saw this meeting. It was a meeting, though one of the parties was in the park under the trees, and the other high up at this window. The young man started, his countenance lighted up like Helen's, the flush on her pretty face had communicated itself to his; he put up his hand hastily to his hat, hesitated as if afraid of betraying himself, then,

mastered by the courteous and tender impulse, and (I thought) incapable of the deception, took it off, and stood for a minute bareheaded, with his youthful, blushing, radiant countenance full of happiness, under the damp and threatening skies. Helen did not move; and yet I think he could not have been disappointed with his reception—the blush, the tingle of happy excitement, one could see ran through and through her. The scene became fairyland, an enchanted country, though it was only a Dutch street, and the rain on the point of coming down, which it did the moment after in a vehement, vindictive torrent which sent the crowd swaying on all sides for a shelter. For my part, having been well disposed towards the lovers (for who could doubt that they were lovers?) beforehand, the fact of this salutation betraying a frank and generous mind which did not find itself capable even of this little bit of deception, which was necessary, won me over entirely. I forgave them all Helen's naughtiness and the trouble she had inflicted upon her relations, and at once became a violent partisan on the lovers' side.

"I surely saw some one take off his hat! Can there be any one here who knows us?" Miss Kendal said presently. "Ah! perhaps our mysterious inquirer——"

Mr. Kendal put away with some impatience the *Galignani* which he had picked up involuntarily. "Did you ever go anywhere, especially *abroad*, where there was not some one you knew?" he said testily. "If you want to meet all your idle acquaintances and the people you particularly don't want to see, my advice would be to come *abroad*."

Had he seen it too?—but he had not been looking out, and he made no further sign of consciousness. "I allow," said Miss Kendal, "that most people are *abroad*; still, a few must be left in England, for I heard to-day—ah! there it is again! Certainly some man among the crowd took off his hat."

"There are people at every window," said I—and with a glance Helen thanked me for my explanation—"or it might be an acquaintance of my own. I know a few people," I added, hoping to better my first interference. At this a new light came into Helen's eyes; a new idea had evidently struck her.

"Yes, yes," she cried; "of course you have acquaintances too," which was a self-evident fact. It seemed to give an animation and energy, however, quite out of proportion to the weight of the discovery. "We never thought of that!" she added with great simplicity.

Now how it happened I do not pretend to say, but whereas the elder pair had been my friends hitherto, and I had indeed found them a great deal more interesting than the girl who gave them so much trouble, now my mind turned entirely round, and I thought no more of Mr. or Miss Kendal, except, I fear, with a very improper idea of foiling and defeating those excellent people. They knew all the circumstances, and I knew nothing at all about them. I did not even know who the young man was who had evidently followed Helen here, and as evidently (I thought) had been previously separated from her by the express action of her uncle and aunt. They were far too reasonable to have done it for nothing, and I was in complete ignorance of the circumstances; yet, notwithstanding, I took upon me to judge, and without hesitation ranged myself on what I ought to call the wrong side. The sole ground that I had for this change of sentiment was a smile or two from Helen (whom I had so thoroughly disapproved of), and the evidence of honesty which was involved in the fact of her lover's recognition. He had paused and thought it was the best policy not to seem to know her; but after all he had not been able to refrain from greeting her. Was it good policy or not? Upon this slender foundation I immediately built up a theory of my own on the subject, and decided that the side to be taken was the side of the young people. I do not offer any apology for my inconsistency—I only say that so it was.

In the meantime the procession passed, and we all gazed at it. The Prince is dead since then and the bride a widow. But then the Prince was no young hero to start with, and the wedding no romantic business; and all the enthusiasm of the people was, we were told, caused by the fact that this was a sort of opposition prince, whom to celebrate was to utter tacit defiance to the reigning monarch, and all his immediate belongings—a laudable motive. When it had all past, and the people in the streets were moving about once more in every gleam of the troubled sunshine, Helen gave me a look, and then went up-stairs. I followed her, making elaborate excuses like a conspirator. I found her in my room waiting for me. We had not been very great friends up to this time, but like a foolish romantic woman as I was, I felt no surprise at this sudden intimacy now.

"Oh!" she said, clasping her hands the moment I had closed the door, "will you help us? He has come here after us. You saw him—and what am I to do?"



"Yes, I saw him; but, my dear, you must know that I don't know anything about him."

Whereupon she told me the most usual perpetual story—but the poor girl thought it something quite novel and original—how her uncle did not approve of him—how there was some one else Uncle William liked, but whom she could never more think of—how just when all had seemed so happy and they were all going together to Scotland, and everything was in a fair way of being settled, all at once Uncle William had suspected something and changed all their plans, and carried her off, tearing her hair, "to this nasty, wretched place," Helen said. Though afterwards she cast a glance out upon the trees all glistening in the rain, and the long perspective of the canal with a certain compunction; "Though it is not so ugly after all," she added: for had not he appeared there making Holland in general a better world, a Christian country?

"I see," said I; "the nephew Walter is the other—he is the one Uncle William likes best?"

"Oh! how clever you are," Helen cried, opening her pretty eyes, and then she kissed me (for the first time, this little hypocrite), and besought me to come to her aid. She said *our* aid, with a pathetic appeal which I did not know how to resist.

"But what can I do?" I said, and complications ran into my mind in respect to Walter, who was the old people's candidate. "Perhaps," I said, "most likely, Helen, as they are so much wiser and older than you, it is your aunt and uncle who know best—and that other poor young man—"

"He does not care a bit," said Helen; "he is far happier at the office, counting out his money. And besides, if I was to consent to him, there would be another—oh, far nicer!—you saw him—who would be a poor young man."

What could I say to this argument? I had no strength at all against her; and when I asked again what could I do, she had quite a little plan ready cut and dry. "You might ask me to go out and take a walk. You might say you wanted—to buy those pins. You know you said you wanted some of those pins."

So all the fibbing was to be put on me. But I was so foolish now that I actually consented and put on my bonnet, and went down with a demure countenance, telling Miss Kendal that I was going to look for some of the pins which the peasant women wore in their caps, and that I had asked

Helen to go with me. My friend was certainly surprised. She looked at me with a bewildered look, like one suddenly awakened. "Helen!" she said, then recovered herself in a moment, and looked from one to the other of us with that gleam of fun which was habitual to them in her eyes. She divined in a moment, though she knew none of the circumstances, that I had gone over to the other side. "Yes, certainly," she said, "a walk will do her good." But I saw her looking after us from the window with a little suspicion as well as amusement. She did not understand the turn that things were taking. "Your aunt has found us out," I said. "Helen, she is too clever for us—her eyes are so keen, she divines everything." "Aunt Mary clever!" Helen said, with the greatest surprise. She looked at me with a careless glance as much as to say, It shows how simple you are yourself when you think *her* clever! But presently she forgot all about Aunt Mary. We crossed the great stream of holiday folks and got into a narrow street, which was one long line of colours, flags hanging everywhere, festoons of lamps from one side to another, in preparation for the evening, the shop windows all gay with orange ribbons, the thronging passengers all in their holiday best. My companion, however, had much more serious matter in hand. She was pursuing an imaginary figure through all these groups. "I wonder if we shall meet him after all," she said. "How was he to know we were coming here? Perhaps he has gone to the hotel; perhaps he thinks we are more likely to go to the park, or to the front of the palace, or to the picture-gallery. But then the picture-gallery is not open to-day, only he might not know that. How was he to know that we should come precisely here into this narrow street to buy pins—pins? How could any reasonable person suppose that we should want pins to-day?" Then she grew disdainful of the errand which had seemed to her the most appropriate and probable half an hour before. But suddenly, as Helen uttered these discontented words, a sudden gleam of life came over her face. She drew in her breath with a quick movement of happiness and satisfaction, and in a moment more there was some one by her side holding her hand. The difference in their height, which made one look up and the other down, was delightful to them. These circumstances concerted and made possible that clasp of the two hands which was as tender and impassioned as any embrace.

They could not speak to each other for a moment, and I think there were tears in both their eyes.

Then something happened which confirmed my hastily formed judgment of the stranger. As soon as he found his voice, he turned to Helen's companion, taking off his hat, "You will be surprised, Miss Kendal—" Then he paused, and turning to Helen with a wondering look, "It is not your aunt," he said.

"No," she said, in a tone which did not please me, "thank heaven! it is a friend."

"Do not speak so. Miss Kendal was always my friend," he said, and then turned to me again. "I cannot tell why her uncle parted Helen and me," he said. "We had been allowed to see a great deal of each other up to that moment; but then all at once, as soon as we had understood each other, they carried her off, changing all their plans. If I only knew why it was, something might be done."

"Does Mr. Kendal know what is between you?" I said.

"He would not let me tell him. He stopped me—no, he did not stop me, which would have been his right—but he interrupted me, and talked about one thing and another, and would not let me speak. We were all going to Scotland together," said the young man pathetically. He gazed at me with honest eyes, in which shone a wistful anxiety. "He put a stop to it all at once. If I could only know the cause!"

"Yes; we were all going to Scotland together," said Helen, shaking her head mournfully; "and instead of *that* to come to *this*!" The power of language could go no farther. They went on through the crowd, both very plaintive, wondering at the cruelty of human life which had thus defeated all their intentions, holding each other's hands. I could have laughed, but I did not dare.

"Do you not know the cause?" I asked.

"Oh, how should I? how could I? My uncle was not likely to tell me." Then, after a pause, "Unless it was Walter," Helen said.

"Whatever it was," said the young man, "will you help us; will you intercede for us? If Mr. Kendal would not hear me then, it is not likely he will hear me now; and what is to become of us? Instead of seeing each other every day, to be forced to meet—in the street—in secret, like this; and then, at the end—What is to happen? If I only knew—if there was anything I could do to get over their objections. There must be something that could be done," he cried.

"It is nonsense to talk of parting us. We cannot be parted now; it is too late."

"We never could have been parted—in that way," said Helen.

All this time the crowds were streaming past, one way and another, crossing us, sometimes eddying round us, sometimes sweeping me apart from them for a moment, but never separating the two, who clung to each other. Then suddenly there came over us another blast of rain. The street was so narrow, the waving flags so many, that it seemed scarcely possible the shower should reach us; but it did, pouring straight down from the strip of cloudy sky, and we took shelter in the first shop, which was a silversmith's, full of old silver and curious old-fashioned trinkets and peasant ornaments. Here an old Jew, with a big forehead and glaring eyes, but without any language but Dutch, engaged my attention. I was almost glad of the difficult negotiation which ensued, and which permitted the lovers to say a few words to each other undisturbed. And it was all very well to ask me to intercede for them, but what was I to say? I did not even know the young fellow's name. While I was trying, with about six words of bad German, to find out the prices of various articles, and to ask for various others, the Kendals themselves, brother and sister, went past the window, with umbrellas, she following him with that air of comic resignation on her face which meant that she was bound upon an instructive expedition, and was about to have her mind improved. I drew back, feeling almost a traitor. What would my good friends have said had they seen me then, aiding and abetting their discontented child? I turned upon them in the heat of my penitence.

"Whatever is to be done eventually," I said, "you must part now. We must not be traitors. Your case must be laid before them properly; but whatever we do you must not—you *must* not deceive them, Helen. How would you feel now if we were to meet them? I think I should sink into the earth with shame."

"I should not sink into the earth," Helen said with her little note of despair; but the young man had evidently a great deal of right feeling.

"It is very hard to part, but I believe you are right; I don't want to deceive them or any one. But you will lay our case before them; you will tell them—"

"Oh yes," I said, looking at him and making secret notes to help me in that impromptu advocacy—fair hair, brown eyes—

always a pleasant combination—an honest, good expression—not much more to boast of. "No more of him I know," not even his name. How was it expected that I was to plead his cause? But I meant to do so, down hill and over dare.

"But how did you venture to come to the hotel to ask for us?" Helen said.

And hereupon a new complication became evident. It was not he who had asked for us at the hotel. This bewildered us all for a moment, and occupied our thoughts as we went home. What other young Englishman could have come to seek the party out? However, Helen, with youthful facility, soon satisfied herself that it could have been no Englishman at all, but an old Dutchman, her uncle's correspondent as he had divined.

When I went into the hotel to speak to the Kendals my limbs trembled under me. Who was I that I should take it upon me to interfere in their affairs? They had dismissed this suitor with full knowledge of all the facts, and I, forsooth, a mere stranger, allowed to join the party by a kind of hazard, I took it upon me to receive him back again! It was too preposterous; but yet I had pledged myself, and I could not draw back. They had come in from their walk, and Miss Kendal, evidently watchful and even anxious, looked up with curiosity when I came in. Her look went behind me expecting Helen, but when she saw that I was alone in a moment her quick mind jumped to a presumption of something new about to happen. She put down the book she had been pretending to read, and met me with a clear and straightforward look, in which, for the first time, there was a certain defiance. She divined all, though Helen could not understand how she could be supposed clever. What have you to do with it? she seemed to say. No suspicion, however, crossed her brother's placid mind. He glanced up over his newspaper. The *Times* had only just come in, and it needs something of an exciting character to rouse your famished Englishman, hungry for news, from his *Times* when it comes to him at last like water in the desert in a foreign country. He gave me a little friendly nod, acknowledging my return, over the top of his paper. I came forward into the middle of the room and stood there like a bashful orator. There was nothing for it but to make the plunge at once.

"I want to say something to you," I said hurriedly.

Mr. Kendal looked at me over the top of his paper. A mingled impatience and de-

spair came over his face. What could the woman have to say that was half as interesting as the *Times*? As for Miss Kendal, she could not have looked at me more closely, but the pointed smile (and there was a touch of contempt in it) came over her face.

"*Comme*," she said, with soft disdain, "you have come to intercede for Helen. Helen has got you on her side."

"Helen! on her side? What do you mean?" said Mr. Kendal testily. He let his paper drop on his knee. "What does Helen want with a 'side' between you and me, Mary?" he said.

"That is what I ask myself," said Miss Kendal gravely.

And they both looked at me wondering, and somewhat severely. They had a good right. So would I too have looked had a stranger interfered in my affairs.

"Forgive me," I said, "I have behaved badly. I have countenanced a meeting that I fear you will not approve, and now I have been sent in to speak for them. I see the presumption of it and the folly as well as you can. I yielded to the temptation of the moment. I have promised them to ask if nothing can be done; if you will not alter your resolution. Forgive me! but the two together——"

The Kendals started and looked at each other. "Two together!" Miss Kendal said with surprise.

"Yes, he has come," I said, trembling; "it was he who passed the window. We met him in the street, and—— they bewitched me. I have promised to speak to you, though I know nothing about it. All I know is that they love each other. It may be foolish, it may be wrong; it may be the most unsuitable connection in the world. And I have no right to interfere; but they love each other; that is all I will venture to say."

I was in so agitated a condition by the time I had completed this little speech that I scarcely saw the others, or the effect it had upon them, but sat down, trembling, glad to have fulfilled my disagreeable office. So long as I had got it off my mind, I did not for the moment seem to care for anything more; and what was said after seemed to come to me as through a mist, voices without any connection with the speakers. I don't suppose my friends paid half so much attention to what I said as I did myself. "Charley Graham here!" Mr. Kendal said; and "I felt sure of it," his sister replied. They spoke to each other, not to me, and thus I had the time to recover from my giddiness. When I saw



plainly once more, I found that Mr. Kendal had thrown aside his paper, and was standing with a puckered brow, with his hands under his coat-tails, before the chimney, in which, of course, there was no fire. "I will send her back to her mother," he was saying. "I will wash my hands of her. Let her take her own way, as Susan did; but if she thinks I am to be appealed to at any possible moment, to bolster up her husband and support her family——"

"Hush, William, hush!" his sister said; and he gave a glance at her, with a hump! of indignant self-repression. But though he stopped there, he broke out instantly on the other side.

"It is Susan's fault," he said; "the child knows no better. After all, she is only a child. It is all her mother's fault. What we ought to do would be to leave them to themselves—to let them have it their own way. I have a great mind to cut off the supplies, to wash my hands of the whole concern."

"Oh, hush, William, hush!"

"Why should I? Are we to be crossed, contradicted, and made game of at every turn? If you can put up with it, Mary, I shan't, I promise you. Hush? why should I hu——"

At this moment the door was thrown open. "The dgentlemann for Mr. Kendal," said a voice, and some one walked in. There was a simultaneous cry from the brother and sister. Miss Kendal got up and ran towards the new-comer. "Walter!" they said, with a tone of amazement which no words can express.

He was very like his uncle—a neat, rather small, perfectly composed and self-possessed young man. His dress had all Mr. Kendal's tidy formality. The hat in his hand was brushed to perfection. There was a little whisker upon each clean and healthful cheek. He shook hands with his relations cordially but quietly, and suffered Miss Kendal's kiss. "How do you do, Aunt Mary? How do you do, Uncle William?" he said. "Forgive me for taking you by surprise." Nothing could be more oddly out of harmony than the perfectly matter-of-fact ease of the new-comer, and the atmosphere of sentiment into which he had come; but, as was, perhaps, natural, he did not in the least perceive this. He felt himself the surprising apparition, the person whose appearance was likely to cause emotion, and began to explain it with the most frank certainty that this was the case.

"You see, uncle," he said, "though Paris

and the Exhibition will no doubt be very interesting, I have always taken a great interest in Holland. I don't know that I can read any book with more interest than I felt in Motley's 'Dutch Republic,' and I thought I had better take advantage of the opportunity. I arrived yesterday, but I suppose you were later than you expected. I hope you don't mind," he added, awakening to the fact that his relations were more pre-occupied than he expected. He put down his hat on the table, and looked round him with a little suspicion. Then, for the first time, he perceived me. "Oh, I beg your pardon! You were engaged," he said.

"No, Walter, oh no, we are very glad to see you," said Mr. Kendal, greatly disturbed, but endeavouring with all his might to conceal his perturbation. "On the contrary, I am delighted to have you. I wanted a companion; I wanted some one who would sympathise with me."

Mr. Walter Kendal took a seat. He did not allow himself to be disturbed, though he was evidently more or less curious and puzzled. "And how is Helen?" he said.

The introduction of this calm, interested, but quite indifferent spectator into the midst of all our agitation had the most strange effect imaginable. I was feeling that I had no business to be there, but Miss Kendal stopped me. "William," she said, "some answer must be given. We have been made miserable ever since we left England. I think you are deceiving yourself. Now that Walter is here, ask him. I know it is not the want of money or anything else that is in your mind, but this. Does he look as if he cared? Ask him, for heaven's sake, and let us come to some conclusion."

"Ask him what? To describe the state of his mind—to enter into his most sacred feelings before two—ladies?"

But for my presence Mr. Kendal, being exasperated, would have said women, but he could not, whatever happened, be other than polite.

"I will go away," I said, "I have no right to be here. Forgive me, nobody could be so unreasonable as to expect, your nephew having just arrived——"

"Stop!" Miss Kendal said. She looked at the new-comer—who had risen when I rose, and stood, calm and well-bred though surprised, waiting to open the door to me—with a faint glance of fun in her face. The contrast of his composure struck her so that she could not avoid that momentary merriment. "Walter," she said, "you ask for Helen; had

Helen anything to do with your coming? Don't hesitate to tell me the simple truth."

"Anything to do with my coming?" Helen looked very much surprised, then glanced at his uncle with a "What do these women mean?" sort of air. "Well, Aunt Mary, of course I knew she was here; we have always been very good friends. She is always a pleasant addition to the party. I don't know really what more you can mean."

"Did you mean nothing more? Walter, it is very serious; never mind my presence or my friend's. Was it for Helen you came?"

He looked at his uncle again. This time he shrugged his shoulders almost imperceptibly, protesting against feminine folly still more warmly than before.

"My dear Aunt Mary!" he said, with the slightest tone of impatience, "I hope I am fond of all my relations. I am sure they are all very good to me. But I can see Helen at home whenever I like. Why should I come to Holland for her? I came to see the country. I came to join you. I thought it would be a very pleasant party. By the way," he added, with a laugh, "though I did not come for Ellie, I rather think some one else did, if that will do as well. Charley Graham came over with me in the same boat, and a very disconsolate lover he looked," the excellent young man said. "What have you been doing to him? She has a great deal to answer for spoiling such a good fellow. He had not a word to throw at a dog."

We all stood looking at each other while the speech was being made. Mr. Kendal opened his eyes wide, then suddenly turned his back upon the speaker with a loud humph! of indignation. As for Miss Kendal she gave a sudden laugh. The ludicrousness of the whole situation struck her.

"This is exactly what I thought, William," Miss Kendal said.

"Pshaw!" cried her brother, disgusted with everything. He turned upon his heel, and walked to the window, shaking the whole room with his indignant tread; and what he saw there I cannot tell, but he retreated again instantly, turning his back upon the window as decidedly as he had turned it upon us before—"I wash my hands of it. I wash my hands of the whole business!"

This may be said to have been the conclusion of the conflict. Miss Kendal went upstairs to Helen, and I discreetly withdrew, glad to escape without drawing down upon myself any vials of wrath. There was a long, very long conference, and these ladies

did not appear till dinner, when they came in arm-in-arm with red eyes. Neither of them took the slightest notice of me, which was my just reward for my trouble. And after dinner Walter went out, and shortly came back again, bringing with him the anxious lover of the morning. "I found Graham loafing about" (this was the only word of slang I ever heard Walter Kendal use), "and I brought him in as he knows you all," the young man said with a grin. And then it was proposed that we should go out to see the illuminations. I am bound to say that young Walter Kendal made the most favourable impression upon me that evening. Though I am no longer young, he took the greatest care of me. We managed to lose ourselves in the crowd, with great discretion and effect, while Miss Kendal returned to the hotel with her brother. And as for the other two, who can tell where they went?—into a country shut to the rest of us, a land lit by something better than coloured lamps, but with which the coloured lamps and the popular joy, and the music and movement in the festal streets were no way out of harmony. All the world was rejoicing with them and for them. The clouds had floated all away and everything was well.

I need not enter into any description of our further wanderings. We went back, with many rambles here and there, to Paris and the Exhibition; Helen, who had been the ghost at our simple feast during the beginning of the journey, being now the light and joy of the party. She is not my child. I look on with unbiassed eyes at all her quips and jests and wreathed smiles, in which the others rejoice as in sunshine—and though she is a very pretty and a very charming young woman, I am just as well pleased that she does not belong to me. Her aunt, who showers a hundred gifts upon her and is so grateful to the girl for smiling and looking happy now that she has everything her own way, is to my mind a great deal more interesting than Helen; but then the world in general is not of my way of thinking, and prefers, as a matter of course, the young to the old.

The two Messieurs Kendal, uncle and nephew, have acquired an unparalleled amount of information in the Paris Exhibition. They have examined everything, tested everything, and know all about everything; and they have, in consequence, most thoroughly enjoyed it. In the summer Helen is to be married, with Walter's cordial consent; and I may add that all the party forgave my interference, even Helen, who asked for it.

## CAMPBELL'S REGISTERING SUN-DIAL.

AT some time in March or April, 1879, some gentlemen, and some ladies too, were very much amazed to find their writing-desks and tables smoking. They wrote to the papers about it. Under the heading, "An unsuspected danger," a series of letters appeared in the leading journals. Certain transparent glass balls, now commonly used as paper-weights, being set in sunshine, "acted like a burning-glass" on tables and table-covers, to the astonishment of their owners. They are burning-glasses. In daily life theory very seldom is practised; knowledge very seldom is used. Though "optics" are taught in schools and colleges, very few people realise that things polished and transparent, with surfaces shaped so as to condense light, are instruments which may set combustibles on fire.

"Burning-glass" was defined in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," in 1797, as "A convex glass, commonly spherical, which, being exposed directly to the sun, collects all the rays falling thereon into a very small space called the focus, where wood or any other combustible matter being put, will be set on fire." In the article quoted Sir David Brewster tells what had been done with burning-glasses. We have all been taught that Archimedes burned the Roman fleet at Syracuse with sunshine, about 2,090 years ago. The writer's family and Sir David Brewster were friends, and he had the great advantage of knowing that distinguished philosopher, and of learning curious knowledge from him in conversation. Some fifty years ago somebody gave a child an optical toy, a glass like the bulb and stem of a big thermometer filled with water. He then learned experimentally that a transparent ball is a magnifier, and burns fingers. Ever since that childish lesson was learned, as boy and man the writer has been striving to learn more about "burning-glasses." Nevertheless he too was caught unawares by sunshine. In April, 1879, an innocent egg-shaped water-bottle burned a hole in a toilet-table, which happened to be set in a new place where the sun happened to shine upon it at the hour when the focus of this burning-glass happened to be at the table on which the bottle stood. That particular combination may not happen again for a year, but every time such a combination does occur danger recurs, from the misuse of a bottle. The associate of this criminal found guilty of

arson being suspected, a tumbler was tried and convicted of the same offence. Dragged into light he too burned wood. A knot in a pane of glass is a "lens;" a finger-glass, a wine bottle, a tumbler, a wine glass, a globe for gold fish, a chemist's window ornaments, any glass or glass vessel full of clear fluid and properly shaped, may happen to be so placed as to concentrate sunshine at some hour of the day, on some day in a year, upon a combustible, when a breeze of wind may kindle a blaze, and burn a house or a ship unexpectedly and unsuspected. Knowing something of this, about 1853 the writer tried to use some of the small amount of knowledge which he had picked up. Amongst other contrivances, he then invented a very simple instrument founded upon two facts—(1) a transparent ball is a burning-glass; and (2) the world turns round. This paper is an attempt to describe the principle of the contrivance which a child of six years old understood some fifty years ago.

A billiard ball is a "sphere." Slices cut off it are bounded by circles. All sides of it are alike. On it, or any other "sphere," great or small, may be drawn the lines and scales which are drawn upon school globes. A transparent sphere placed where any sort of light shines upon it presents the same curves to the "rays," and bends them to corresponding places on the opposite side, where the rays cross at a "focus." Whether a sphere is turned end for end, or capsized, spun, or rolled, the focus for parallel rays always is opposite to the source of light, and at a certain distance from the surface. A spherical bottle is a lens; and so is the atmosphere. When a transparent sphere is set out of doors all the shining bodies that stud the visible sky shine through it to opposite foci. Each forms an image of itself and a cone of light, which may be cut by a surface placed in the cone. The lens of a photographic camera is founded upon the principle. The sensitive screen cuts cones of light. The writer has got images of the stars, the moon, and the sun, by photography. But the screen of a camera is flat, not spherical. Distances measured upon it are unequal, and drawings are out of perspective, and out of proportion. The stars and the moon draw, but the sun is so hot that the image "burns." For many years a lens has been set at Paris so as to focus the sun's rays upon gunpowder, at noon, and so fire a small cannon. Gun-



powder explodes at 700°, which is hot. But that sort of lens must be turned towards the source of light so as to get a focus. Telescopes and microscopes, and such like, are made with very small arcs of spherical surfaces, which must be aimed at the object whose rays are to be focussed. After some thought and sundry failures, a transparent globe was seen to be the thing needed for the purpose wanted. But in 1853 no glass globes were to be got in Paris. Hollow glass globes, blown for lampshades, were to be had in abundance. These spherical bottles were then commonly used in Parisian workshops to concentrate lamp light upon work, and to save working eyes from dazzling and from darkness. Through life the writer has been given to expedients. When he could not get what he wanted, he did the best he could without it. He wanted a spherical lens, and could not get anything better than a bottle-stopper made of solid glass. So he found out a maker of lampshades and fraternized with him in his workshop, where he lived with a wife, and a tame squirrel, and a canary, and some flowers, at the top of a high house where the sun shone cheerily. A capital water-lens was got for a franc. The diameter was six inches, the radius of the sphere three, and a cone of sunlight stretched three inches from the glass to the place where the sun's image burned. "My faith!" said the Frenchman, when he saw what his glass bottle could do in sunshine, "you do not sleep all night long." A London turner was set to make a bowl of hard wood;—a hollow half-sphere, with a radius of six inches, and a diameter of twelve. The lamp-glass was set upon a tumbler three inches high, in the bowl of wood, in a window facing the south, and this "sun-dial," in various shapes, has gone on working for the inventor ever since. Anybody can make it, or use it; anybody may, it is not a "patent." One added to one makes two. One fact added to another makes an "invention." It does not make the matter clearer to express it by figures,  $1+1=2$ , or by Algebra.

This contrivance is an astronomical engine, and the first of its kind. A graving tool is set to draw circles upon a sphere. It is a "pencil of rays" as thick as the diameter of the transparent lens, with a conical point about half a radius long, when the globe is of solid glass. The centre of the globe answers to the "rest" of a turning lathe; the earth's rotation is the machinery in motion. The long end of the lever reaches from the

sun to the centre of the lens; the short end is the hot cone, which burns wood like iron heated to 700°. The invention is a simple application of natural force and movement. Like the application of steam or water-power or the wind to move engines, there is nothing new in the invention, except the new combination of a transparent sphere, with a spherical surface so fitted that one concentrates a cone of sunshine which the other cuts at right angles, where it is hottest, whatever may be the sun's altitude or declination while it shines upon the glass sphere. All other dials work on the same principle: this one uses light instead of shade, and registers natural phenomena. As the world turns, the dial turns with it Eastwards. The hot sun appears to travel from east to west in the sky, the hot image of it travels from west to east, and engraves the path which the sun describes, measure for measure and rate for rate. If a cloud stops sunshine during four minutes of time, the circle drawn with the hot pencil is broken for a space of one degree on the circle. No matter what the radius may be, the angular space is measured by the world's movement. If the sun shines for an hour, the arc drawn is fifteen degrees, measured astronomically for time and for angular distance. If sunlight is hindered, the hot image is not so hot; the point of the pencil is shortened, the power to sink into wood is less, and the mark engraved is shallower. It has been found experimentally that the power is greater, and the mark deeper, the nearer the sun is to the zenith. The nearer the sun is to the horizon, the shallower is the mark. Apparently the reasons are that the lower air contains more matters which stop light, because there is more of the atmosphere in the way at sunrise and sunset and in winter, and because spaces between clouds are narrower when light strikes through layers horizontally, instead of vertically; level, instead of downwards. As the world goes round the sun, lines described on the dial are those which are expressed on some school globes between the tropics, and are measured upon the "Ecliptic." But these being drawn *astronomically*, are accurately engraved. If only the surfaces are made true, the engraving must be more accurate than anything drawn by hands, or by clockwork, or by dividing engines. No matter how minute the scale may be, the work done must be done exactly; because the world moves, the dial and sunlight engraves it.

I can think of nothing better for the purpose of registering sunshine than well-made

glass spheres, and well-turned bowls of hard wood. The bowl can be set level by filling it with water, which gives the plane of the geometrical horizon. So set, anywhere in sunshine, and left alone, the dial works for six months, while the sun travels forty-seven degrees, from one tropic to the other between the solstices. The register proves its own latitude by the angle which the planes of the circles described make with the plane of the horizon of the bowl, which is the edge of it. The record gives the *mean* result engraved upon wood. The wood is not set on fire. Portions of wood are destroyed instantaneously; and other portions are charred, as if by a hot wire. The air does not get at the place, so as to light the fire or keep it smouldering. No bowl tried since 1853 has burned or smouldered. Casts made with gutta-percha come out clear, sharp copies of the cones of light which engraved the intaglio. That being the principle of the contrivance, these are some of the uses to which it may be put.

In April, 1857, the contriver wrote a description of the invention for the Meteorological Society, who printed it. One of the writer's ideas then was to use the dial to map out the clear and cloudy regions of the world for the benefit of people in search of climates for the sake of health. The most important and least studied branch of Meteorology, the science of weather and climate, is sunshine. It works in the air, the ocean, and the earth to considerable depths, as a mechanical force, and otherwise. It reaches thermometers at Greenwich buried 25.6 feet. Concentrated with big instruments sunlight has fused the most refractory metals and minerals; it turns water and diamonds to vapour, it burns fingers, it boils an egg, cooks a steak, it would kill a man who should put his eye at the "focus." With part of a lighthouse apparatus the writer once kindled a blaze. As a matter of geological speculation a deeper clear atmosphere would concentrate more sunlight upon the solid world; as a matter of fact, the presence or absence of vapour in the atmosphere over a place alters the climate.

Sunshine is a system of waves. All waves need a shore to show their force, and their force is hindered by any impediment. The strongest burning focus does nothing perceptible to clear air. Atlantic billows do little to boats in a calm. But when waves in water or in light are stopped, then they work mechanically, in proportion to their size and swiftness. Light waves which are

hindered in the air and do work there, expend force before they reach the solid world. Chemical and other waves of light affect plants and animals, crops, and men. Where there is superabundance of sunshine, men have to shield their heads from a deadly stroke; there the earth is parched and plants are scorched. In Calcutta, even omnibus horses wear sun-shields, because without them they are often slain. It is important to know where the needful light waves reach the earth and its people. With some notion of the nature and power of sunshine, the writer wanted something to record and measure the work of it as a barometer weighs air, and a thermometer measures heat. So he contrived a dial twenty-six years ago. He told the Meteorological Society all he knew in 1857, and ever since he has been using a burning-glass as a test of climate.

Since 1857 he has travelled far, armed with divers instruments, always observing climate, while learning lessons which make travelling a pleasure and a gain instead of a grievous bore.

In January, 1878, the writer went to Egypt, where a cloud is a rarity. In the same season of 1879 he lived in London, where sunshine like that of Egypt never has been seen. In December, 1876, the sun was above the horizon of Greenwich for 242 hours and 40 minutes, but the dial used at the Observatory registered only six hours and a half of sunshine, which is patriotically styled "bright" in the report. In January, 1878, the light was so brilliant in Egypt that northern eyes could not endure it without a black shade. In the same season of 1879 the darkness at noonday in London often was like that miraculous Egyptian darkness which is recorded in Holy Writ as a plague and a punishment. The light in the sky about 2 P.M. was found experimentally on one day to be hardly so bright as a white marble bust placed some eighteen feet from a single bat's-wing gas light. The gas bill was enormous, because of the clouds, fogs, and vapours which stopped waves of light in our climate. The cause of the clouds is evaporation from the Western Atlantic, which is warmed by the sun. That sort of important difference in climate the dial records, and a burning-glass shows to a passing traveller. In Java the climate is that of the torrid zone, close to the equator. The sun always is near the zenith at noon, in the best position for shining through the estimated depth of forty miles of air. But that part of the atmosphere which is over Java and Singapore is

full of the vapour of an ocean which is heated at the surface to  $80^{\circ}$  or more, though cold as ice at the bottom. The light is so hindered by its own work that a burning-glass would hardly act at all. So it has been found experimentally elsewhere between the tropics, in damp, steamy, hot climates. In Japan, where the mountain air was cold and clear and dry in winter, because dried air is flowing from the Arctic regions of Asia, the traveller lit his pipe daily with a crystal ball about one inch in diameter, which was meant to be the eye of an idol. Generally it has been found experimentally, that where the air is clear the climate is dry. In California the sky is clear for months, and the land is dusty. In Oregon the sky generally is cloudy, and the land is chiefly mud. In the central regions of North America the air is clear, and the sun scorches the ground and dries it to make a desert. About the borders of Thibet the rainfall is slight, and the sun shines through clear, frosty air brilliantly. The purest and clearest air will be found about places marked "rainless" in a physical atlas, and there burning-glasses act best. There also eyes see best into space through the hollow sphere of the atmosphere, with and without optical aids, from spectacles up to astronomical telescopes. Probably the clearest and purest part of the earth's outer shell is over that great band of dry sandy deserts which extends from the Atlantic coast of Africa through Arabia, and nearly to the Indus. The Nile crosses that belt. The narrow strip of river mud which is kept damp and is watered by the river which brought it, is a strip of marvellous fertility, suited to the growth of that ancient civilisation which flourished in Egypt six thousand years ago, and would flourish there still if rulers would let it flourish. The damp land is not broad enough for vapours to rise in sufficient quantity to hinder sunshine, so Egypt is a land of brilliant light. There the ancients adored the sun, whose power for good they knew by daily experience. We might as well adore the fire, like our Aryan ancestors, who hymned Agni (the fire) and Indra (the sun). Their ancient country, in Central Asia, is near "a rainless district," and so the worship of the sun and of fire seems to belong to people who felt the sun's power through a clear part of the atmosphere. A burning-glass tests that clearness roughly; a registering dial measures it, and so it will map out clear and cloudy climates, when it comes to be used.

A description of the dial and some of the work done with it is in the report of the Commission on Warming and Ventilation, which was ordered by the House of Commons to be printed in 1857. The object then aimed at was to estimate the ill effects of wasting fuel in thick smoke. "The abolition of the smoke nuisance" was the desire of that Commission, but their end has not been attained. It never will be attained till coals are dear in England.

Dial observations were continued at the office of the General Board of Health long after the assistant-secretary left that department to serve the Lighthouse Commission as secretary. The records of London sunshine, engraved upon a series of wooden bowls, were handed over to the Meteorological department when it was instituted, in the year 1873. Mr. Scott, the head of the State Weather Office, which began to publish forecasts April 1st, 1879, handed over the London dial records of sunshine to Professor Roscoe, of Owen's College, Manchester, who is an authority in such investigations. In 1875 he compared the half-yearly mean results by weighing and measuring the work. He found (1) that more sunshine had reached the place of observation after the longest day in each year. That result is confirmed by means of a vast number of thermometer observations recorded at Greenwich Observatory.\* He found (2) that most dial work had been done during years when sun spots were most abundant. Thermometers at Greenwich also recorded more or less solar radiation as temperature (see Plate X., *op. cit.*) in years between 1847 and 1873. Upon facts ascertained, it is supposed that solar radiation varies periodically. Upon that theory, which is based upon facts, Mr. Jevons has founded his published theory of recurring periods of agricultural and commercial prosperity and depression.

When the sun radiates more than the average, lands everywhere on earth produce more. Because growers then are richer they buy more. Because of greater demand makers of goods make more, and trade prospers. When the sun radiates less, trade and prosperity decrease, and so wax and wane with sunshine. More dial records would help to settle the question of periodical increase and decrease in solar radiation.

On the 17th of June, 1875, a paper by Professors Roscoe and Balfour Stewart was

\* "Reduction of Greenwich Meteorological Observations, &c." London: Eyre and Spottiswoode, 1878. Published by order of the Board of Admiralty.



read at the Royal Society, about the dial and its work, and the results obtained from means engraved half-yearly at the office of the Board of Health. "There is a distinct connection between the sun's burning power and his maximum and minimum spot period," which the dial recorded. The paper is printed in the proceedings of the Royal Society.

The dial was again mentioned in the second volume of the report of the Lighthouse Commission, 1861, at page 629. It is important not to place a coast light where clouds are apt to condense. It has been done unawares, and a site has been changed from the top of a cliff to a rock at the base. The instrument would have given warning of the condensation, and would have saved the cost.

Some of the work done with a glass sphere is described and printed in a work called "Frost and Fire," vol. ii., page 480, 1865.

Some years ago Mr. Chance, of the Birmingham Glass Works, got a ball of good glass cast and polished for the inventor. He has never seen another like it. Sir William Armstrong got a metal bowl turned at his Newcastle workshops, to fit the glass. The object was to cut the cone of light where it is a fine point so as to make fine work. The instrument was tested and found to work well upon black Indian-rubber cloth fixed upon the metal surface, with a waterproof solution, and changed daily. The circles drawn were very clear and very fine. But such daily observations belong to an observatory, so the instrument, with the motto, "Horas non numero nisi serenas," engraved upon it, was handed over to the Astronomer Royal. Under his able superintendence it has worked at Greenwich since May, 1876, watched by Mr. Ellis and his assistants, with the rest of the family of contrivances over which they exercise careful supervision. When a paper was read before the Royal Society about the dial and its work, the dial was promoted, and the inventor was gratified. The results of the Greenwich observations are published in the yearly reports; by the Registrar-General in his reports; and by sundry newspapers. The authorities are content with the instrument, and it is seen by the visitors at their yearly visitation of Greenwich Observatory.

*A Slope.* The inventor of the dial, however, was not satisfied with the form of it, for the purpose of registering sunshine daily at an observatory. The surface of the bowl is spherical, but the surface turned by the point of a pencil of rays is not. When the

spherical surface is wood, the pencil point engraves it to considerable depths. The surface measures a cross section of the conical point, the depth measures the length of the point, which varies continually. A cast of a bowl exposed for six months gives some notion of the mean surface which would result from exposure for much longer times. The curve so turned I am not able to describe scientifically, but it would come out as a regular curve if there were no clouds in the way. Each circle is cut by the point at sunrise or soon after, and the curve drawn daily by the point cuts deeper towards noon, and fades away towards sunset. The curve drawn at the tropic which is opposite to the sun in winter at noon, grows deeper till the sun is at the summer tropic. The result is the rotation of an eccentric figure which is not a circle, upon a surface which results from the rotation of a circle, and is a sphere. When the surface of the bowl is metal, it is not engraved at all. It is necessary to line the bowl with something more fusible or combustible, to be marked by a pencil of rays. It is difficult to cut anything flat so as to make it fit a sphere. That any child will discover who puts a leathern cover upon a hand-ball made of worsted, wound round a cork. The thing wanted at an observatory is some plane surface, like this sheet of paper, to be taken out of the bowl and filed in a book daily. That is done by cutting cloth, leather, or cardboard, on the plan by which school globes are covered with paper, and fives-balls and golf-balls and hand-balls with leather. But the result is a drawing upon a spherical surface, and the curve which a cone of rays describes on wood has been found experimentally to be some other figure which seems to be part of a spheroid more flattened than the earth is by its rotation.

It has also been proved experimentally by many trials, that planes which are bounded by figures engraved as already described, are nearly parallel to the equatorial plane at all seasons. They must be so, because they result from the earth's daily rotation, modified by the earth's daily change in its yearly path round the sun. Vertical and horizontal planes are at right angles, like the covers of a book half open. The plane of the equator is somewhere between them, like a leaf in the half-open book. In latitude  $51\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  the plane of the equator makes an angle of  $51\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  with the vertical plane, and one of  $38\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  with the horizontal plane, which coincides with the surface of a glass of water practically. The two angles make up  $90^{\circ}$ , and four such angles make a

square. The object desired was to get a slope made and placed parallel to the plane of the equator. A beam of wood was squared by a carpenter, and then sawn off at an angle of  $38\frac{1}{2}$  or  $51\frac{1}{2}$  slantwise. Placed upon one side, the slope of the beam was parallel to the earth's axis. Placed on the other, it was parallel to the equatorial plane. Placed together, the surfaces make a right angle, whose sides are set to the horizontal plane at an angle which varies with the latitude. The block sawn out and roughly planed was set north and south in the plane of the meridian and levelled. The slope was then East and West, and parallel to the plane of the equator so far as could be done with the tools, materials, and aids available. "If you can't get what you want, try to do the best you can with anything handy," is a good maxim for inventors and travellers. A spherical lens was set upon the level top of the beam, so that the cone of light passed over the edge of the slope, where it described figures about the centre of the glass sphere. Anything flat laid parallel to the slope may be placed in this astronomical turning-lathe, so as to be in the burning point of a pencil of rays edgewise or otherwise. The setting of the engine is done by sliding the glass along the flat top of the squared and levelled beam, or by lifting or lowering it. At an observatory this should be made accurately of white stone, with screws for setting the work and the glass. Such is the mechanical force of sunlight, that a squared beam of wood bends, and curls, and splits, and throws everything out of gear.

A book with paper edges set in the cone as wood is set for a circular saw, or iron in a

turning-engine at an engine shop, is engraved in this solar turning-lathe edgewise. The work is seen by opening the book. A circular arc cut out of stiff cardboard at a given radius presents an edge to the graving tool, which edge corresponds to part of a spherical bowl. That also is engraved edgewise, and may be filed daily. In May, 1879, a few days of sunshine occurred in London. On the third, a wood-engraver's block, inked to blacken it, was set on the rude slope described, in the cone of a cast glass sphere, which cost three shillings, and was set to work in 1858. That lens was set upon the screw-stand of an old microscope, and moved till the black plane surface of boxwood cut the cone, so as to make an elliptical section of the point. That figure revolved about the lens upon the plane. As soon as the sun got out of the eastern haze, about half-past ten, the hot pencil began to engrave. As often as a cloud or any other obstruction got in the way, it either altered the length of the ellipse or cut the long lever end of the pencil of rays and stopped the engraving. When the hindrance or stoppage passed and the sun shone, the engraving began again farther on. Thus the sun's power at given moments was measured upon a surface fit for printing in GOOD WORDS, and for the first time on this new contrivance of a slope set equatorially. After four hours the sun had moved  $60^\circ$ , and the point went off the wood. The block was taken to a neighbouring printer, inked, and pressed. It was taken back and set to be engraved again later in the day. A neighbouring carpenter was got to saw off the engraved edge, and this woodcut is the result of that experiment in "THERMOGRAPHY."



Fig. 1.—3-inch lens. May 3, 1879. Four hours' exposure,  $60^\circ$ . Passing clouds and bright sunshine.

The work done in an hour on the 3rd of May with a lens of four inches diameter, and work done with the smaller lens on the 5th,

was sawn off the block on the 6th, and here is the result.



Fig. 2.—May 3 and May 5, 1879. 4-inch lens, 1 hour,  $15^\circ$ . 3-inch lens, 4 hours,  $60^\circ$ . Passing clouds and bright sunshine.

On the 5th of May the sun shone and seemed to shine with equal brilliancy. A block was set in the cone of a lens nearly six

inches in diameter. The result shows that the sun's power varied from moment to moment.

P.M.



A.M.

Fig. 3.—May 5, 1879. Two hours' exposure, 6-inch lens,  $30^\circ$ . Passing clouds. The slope being out of position the burning point got over the edge, and burned under the printing surface at the left side in the figure.

That night and next day the clouds condensed into heavy rain.

The blocks ought to be cut out in arcs of circles to show the whole work of a day. These are enough to show that the day's work of registering sunshine may be printed after sunset; and published next day in a newspaper, which was the object of this experiment. A book set with the side towards the cone is a plane set at a tangent to a sphere, and cuts the cone at varying angles. Accordingly the cone cuts through a varying number of pages. A block of wood set in the same position is pierced to varying depths, as shown in section on Figs. 1, 2, 3. As the sun moves, the section of the cone at the printing surface changes till the last point that is hot enough to mark goes off in a hair line. The depth is not shown in printing. This is the sort of work which a bottle or a paper weight makes upon a table.

P.M.



A.M.

Fig. 4.—June 4, 1879. A 4-inch lens standing upon a printer's block of boxwood. Depth of slot  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. to nothing.

Sheets of gutta-percha placed in the same positions are moulded by the conical point of the pencil of rays, but the shapes will not print. So are sheets of wax laid upon paper. By these and by other such expedients it is easy to get engravings, casts, and pictures of sections of a cone of light, so as to estimate the force of sunshine by shapes in substances marked by the waves, as waves mark a beach.

The cone of light formed by a sphere is a very complicated structure, which is not easy to understand or to explain. The central point on the surface of the ball opposite to the sun lets through a straight line of light, which goes straight on till it is stopped. It is like a ray of light shining through a pin-hole. Take a school globe for illustration, call that point the pole, and the line the axis. A ring of the glass surface close to the point bends the waves of light into a cone which crosses the axis at a distant point.

Larger outer rings, comparable to parallels of latitude, bend "rays" or waves to points upon the axis nearer and nearer to the glass, and the outermost rings, which refract, or bend rays or waves, bring them together close to the glass. A whole series of circular discs, images of the sun, or "foci," are strung upon the central line like buttons on a string. All these images which together answer to the lead in a pointed drawing pencil are hot, and the hottest are those which are formed by the largest rings, which are the farthest from the pole. The ring between latitude  $45^\circ$  and  $50^\circ$  is far larger than between  $85^\circ$  and  $90^\circ$ . In a cone an inch and a half long, and about an inch wide at the glass which has a diameter of nearly six inches, that part which answers to the lead in a pencil, and is hot enough to burn blackened cardboard, was found experimentally to be nearly an inch long about noon, on a clear London day at the end of April. On the 29th a hot point pierced twenty-two sheets of a notebook. It scorched the first sheet to a width of six-tenths of an inch. On the 17th the cone pierced fourteen sheets and scorched the fifteenth. That is a measure "of longitudinal spherical aberration," which is explained scientifically in works on Optics, and was proved experimentally in April, 1879. But there is a further complication in the cone. Waves of light of different measured lengths, which are detailed in scientific works, give different colours, and meet upon the axis at distances proportioned to their "refrangibility." The red rays, or the rays which seem red to human eyes, cross farther from the glass than the rest of the visible rays. But invisible hot rays cross still farther away. That "chromatic aberration" belongs to each focus in the series of images which result from "spherical aberration," that is from the shape of a glass which is a sphere, or part of a sphere. I have found that within a conical figure, an inch and a half long and an inch wide at the base, heat varies from  $110^\circ$  to  $700^\circ$  at least. By wearing black spectacles a good deal of this may be seen upon paper screens in safety. By casting shadows with pins stuck into paper set to cut the cone lengthwise, the direction taken by the light in the cone, before and after the waves have



crossed, may be seen also. Mathematicians may be able to explain the whole. That I cannot do. But I have set the point of a pencil of light to engrave, to model, and to make pictures of itself, and to teach me a lesson practically. It seems now that the jostling of light waves where they meet is the power which works in a cone of light by separating particles. The rays seem to do little work when they diverge after they have crossed the axis.

"What are you trying to find out?" said a friend one day. "If I knew everything, I would not try any more." I don't know what more I may happen to find in the focus of a burning-glass! A good many people have found things there which they did not know till they had tried experiments. They found the spectrum, and lines in it, and part of their meaning; they found out how to make spectacles, and telescopes, and microscopes, and lighthouse apparatus, "dioptric and catadioptric;" they found out Daguerreotypes, and photography, and other arts. Like other seekers after knowledge I have been seeking

light; and haply, by perseverance, anybody may discover something besides danger even in a paper-weight. Let me add one word of warning. It is very dangerous to "play with fire," and still more dangerous to play with sunshine or bright lights. The writer damaged his own eyes seventeen years ago by looking at the electric light with a lens, to see what was going on between the carbon points. To look at the sun through a burning-glass would destroy an eye in a moment, or possibly kill a seeker after knowledge, devoid of caution. A hot poker thrust into an eye would be "dangerous," and the focus of a big lens is as hot as red iron. The focus of a big lighthouse apparatus will now do all the work that was detailed in Sir David Brewster's article on "Burning instruments." Part of that work was to fuse platinum, which melts at  $3280^{\circ}$ , according to a table constructed by Dr. Alfred S. Taylor in 1845. Therefore take warning from a burnt child who dreads fire, that good servant, who is a bad master and a worse divinity, RA,



Fig. 5.—Block engraved by the sun upon an equatorial slope, with a sphere 48 inches in diameter, June 4, 1870. Set at 10 A.M.; moved; P.M.; proved and sent to the Editor of GOOD WORDS at 5 P.M. Niddry Lodge, Kensington, London, W. Blue sky; passing clouds; fresh breeze N.W.; the first fine day in the year.—J. F. CAMPBELL.

## IN THE BRAES OF BALQUHIDDER.

"YES. Skye is ferry fine and Mull too; but if you would see good country for sheeps and cattle it's to the Braes of Balquhiddier you should go and no here. There's hills there that will easily keep three widders to the acre, and not any need to send them to the low country for the winter; and if you take a peast from the Lews out yonder he will soon be as fat as John Macracken's wife in no time. Maybe you never heard of her, shentlemen? Well, you see, she stayed at Pabbay, on the west coast, where they live greatly on the oil of the fulmar, and so on, and a ferry clever man made a song upon her

in the Gaelic; so fat as she was they had to make the door of the house bigger for her to go out and in. Ay, Balquhiddier is a fine place!" Years ago, passing up Kyle Rhea in the Stornoway boat, we heard an old drover friend thus discourse on the capabilities of Balquhiddier, and his words came back upon us as if we had only heard them a week or two before when, walking up the Canongate of Edinburgh, we listened to a poor Highland woman singing in the street the praises of the district he extolled:—

"Let us go, lassie, go  
To the Braes of Balquhiddier,

Where the blaeberricks grow  
 'Mang the bonny Fhèilant' heather;  
 Where the deer and the roe,  
 Lightly bounding together,  
 Sport the lang simmer day  
 On the Braes of Balquhiddier."

'Tis a fine song this of Tannahill the Paisley weaver. It makes us hear the whirr of the blackcock and feel the scent of the heather, and look over the long brown moor.

"Now the simmer is in prime,  
 Wi' the flowers richly blooming,  
 Wi' the wild mountain thyme  
 A' the moorlands perfuming,  
 To our dear native scenes  
 Let us journey together,  
 Where glad innocence reigns  
 'Mang the Braes of Balquhiddier."

Yes, Balquhiddier is a fine place! Where is it? It is very accessible to the southerner, though its Gaelic name indicates that it was once considered remote enough from civilisation. Balquhiddier means "the town or territory at the back of the country,"\* corresponding to the "back of beyant" in Irish. In three hours, however, it can now be reached by rail from Glasgow or Edinburgh; and going by the Callander and Oban Railway a traveller can be put down at a siding within three miles of the little clachan which is the capital of the district; or he may reach it by crossing by a pathway a steep hill from the Trossachs; or he may branch off in a northerly direction from the head of Loch Lomond till he strikes the dark waters of Loch Doine, and keep by the track along its shore till he meets the road; or he can find his way by a pass from Luib; or he can climb up Ben Ledi or Ben Vourlich, that stand sentinels to the district of the Braes, and look into the narrow valley and upon an almost unparalleled expanse of wood and water and moorland. Balquhiddier is a triangular bit of the wild Highlands let into southern regions—a bright tartan patch upon Lowland broadcloth. All around you can hear the Saxon tongue: it is on the steamboat on Loch Lomond, it is on the coach in the Trossachs, it is on the streets of Callander; but Balquhiddier is Gaelic. "This," said a native, "is Blackie's country," and he could not express the character of the district more distinctly than when he connected it with the founder of the Celtic Chair. The "Braes" proper are the brown slopes that border Loch Voil and Loch Doine. They are great wastes given up almost entirely to heather. There is a road that leads part of the way to the "Braes" from the foresaid clachan, and after that there is "a track," and you had better not be on it when there is any mist flying about. Kindly people dwell

on the Braes. There are warm hearts and cultured minds, too, in the lonely farm-houses that break the solitude, housewives who will "invite the wanderer to the gate and spread the couch of rest," and bright cheery lassies who can sing a good Gaelic song. In the shepherd's cottage there is always a potato pot over the fire, and a jug of milk in the cupboard, and maybe a bit of braxy ham in the rafters. Ah! how good it is when you are hungry. And perhaps there is even a drop of the *vin du pays* forthcoming, with the stories it suggests of the old smuggling days when there was a still "just up the burn," and little casks found their way on the backs of ponies to Callander; and these tales of "glorious lawlessness" lead on to Rob Roy and his wild gillies; and when having smoked your pipe you go out on "the hull," the wild black-faced sheep, that look at you fiercely and then whisk themselves away, seem as if they were tenanted by the spirits of fierce cattle-lifters, levyers of black-mail, and murdered excisemen! Balquhiddier has always been famed for its sheep, and many a good stone of black-faced wool goes from there to the southern markets. "Do you see those two farm-houses?" said a shepherd, on Loch Doine side. "It was there the two cousins lived who quarrelled and went to Edinburgh to try the law. One went to a great lawyer and asked him to take up his case, which he agreed to do. When he had left the lawyer's house his cousin came and wanted to engage the lawyer on his side. 'I am sorry,' said the lawyer, 'I am engaged with other business; but I will give you a letter to a friend of mine, who will do what he can for you.' Well, the man took the letter, but faith! he suspected something, and took a look into it as he went along the street, and in it were written these words:—

"Two fat widders from Balquhiddier,  
 You shear the one,  
 I'll shear the other."

"They made up their difference over a tumbler of toddy in an hotel in Edinburgh, and that is a cheaper way of settling differences than the Court of Session I'm thinking"—so said the shepherd.

There is good fishing in the Braes, and trout abound in the little burns that run into Loch Voil. There are lochs among the uplands where a good basket can be filled; and a salmon can sometimes be got in the Balvaig, a good broad stream that runs down from the Braes to Loch Lubnaig. Poor salmon! He has to travel many a weary

\* Baillie chiel tìr.

mile from the Firth of Forth and run many a risk ere he can disport himself in these inland waters. There was an east wind blowing when we were there, and fish do not like that; but we met a red-whiskered pedlar who managed to coax the pretty spotted darlings to the surface—notwithstanding his rod and line and flies were of very homely make, his superior skill made them very effective. He was a curious character—all his wares were in a small deal box, which he wheeled from one end of Scotland to the other. He showed us his license-book endorsed by the authorities of all the counties from Berwick to Caithness. His most precious possession was a fly-book, which he produced with great pride. In it were flies suited, he said, to every river in Scotland. This was for the Tweed, this was for the Conon, and this for the Brora. Over one large fly, with a good deal of golden pheasant in it, he lingered lovingly, and told how with it he had killed his biggest salmon near Loch Torridon.

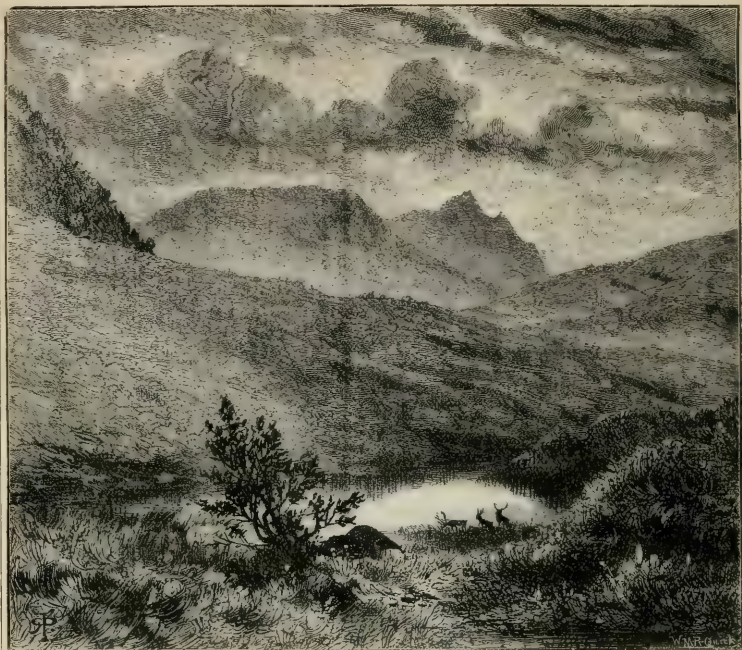
Here is a sturdy beggar, a stout able-bodied man with a long beard matted like that of Robinson Crusoe, begirt with a broad leathern girdle like John the Baptist! Indeed, he might have stood for a picture of the prophet of the desert. In his hand he carried a bundle of tall hazel rods by way of a staff, and on his back a wallet, on which sat perched a cat. The rods formed the framework of a tent formed by stretching over them a piece of cotton. His companions were his daughters, two bright-looking children. He had plenty to say for himself. He was a native of Ballyshannon, had served in the Inniskillens, was wounded by a piece of a shell in the Crimea, discharged on a short pension, and now he was begging, and working, and perhaps thieving his way. He had been in Lochaber in the deep snow of last winter, and he and his two girls and the cat had weathered the storm under their tent. Poor lassies, they had never been to school! He had offered them, he said, to the authorities at Perth and Edinburgh, but they would not take them. They wouldn't want while he lived, and "then God would look after them." Thus he expressed his rough faith in "One who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." He always got a bit of bread from a poor man, and sometimes a "gentleman, like your honour," gave him sixpence. Notwithstanding our horror of indiscriminate charity, that small coin was duly forthcoming.

There are some tidy little hills in Bal-

quhidder. Not to speak of Ben Ledi and Ben Vourlich, there are good stiff braes which, though a member of the Alpine Club might make light of them, "take it out" of ordinary mortals pretty well. There are Craig-Na-Cailleach and Binnean (the mountain of birds), and Ben Chroan and Stobduin and Ben Choan, and it's a good walk to Loch Drunkie; but if you want a good pull and a long pull and a strong pull, go up Stuchachroin that lords it over Loch Earn, and from which you can look right down into Balquhidder and see far away towards the Blackmount, and catch the outline of the sharp peaks of Glencoe. Given a day in August with a hot sun and no wind, and the result will be a tolerably pumped-out specimen of humanity wending his way at eventide to the shelter of the snug inn at Lochearnhead. There he can recuperate with considerable success. He can look out on the beautiful loch and watch the evening shadows, and smoke the pipe of peace, and if it be not the tourist season the honest landlord will perhaps take him into his snug little den and tell him of all the "big fishes" that have lately been caught, and regale him with tales of the noble house of Breadalbane, of which he is a devoted retainer, from Black John of Glenorchy down to the Peer of to-day. Here also he can read the masterly description of the beauties and traditions of the neighbourhood by the late Angus Macdonald,\* a most refreshing literary production by a native celebrity. It is the work of one who thought in Gaelic, though he wrote in English, and its unadorned simplicity may convey to the Sassenach some idea of the beauty of the language spoken in Paradise. Surely this description of the "famosity cataract" at Glen Beich is unrivalled in its way. "The potent stream goes down off Ferine rock to wild hollow of great length downward, of which hollow its mouth's circle, consisting of a large extent each way, coming in gradually to narrow compass, ascending to the bottom, the easter wing of said hollow advancing from the bottom to the top in a slope obliquely existence; its northward articulate part a high wild rock of perpendicular face; its westward side a deep brae face abounds in wood by declivity rising from the bottom upward, hanging over in the most curious existence, that the phenomenon appearance of its bottom, existing incomparatively to wild dungeon or subterraneous concavity;

\* "A Description of the Beauties of Edinample and Lochearnhead." By Angus Macdonald. 1835.





that part of the water within the compass of its bottom forms the fall of water from on high effected so emphatically by the cascade that it emitted a candid exhalation, particularly in the humid season, overflowing the said compass of the water from the one side to the other, that the visible effluvium might gratify the desire of the beholders, those that giving tendence to object of asperity aspect. To conclude the above cascade's state of being exhibition to the sight mightily exceeds sundry hermits in higher renown at the interim than its existence." This is an extract from this excellent work. Perhaps it is right to say that it is difficult to give in an English translation the full meaning of the language of the Gael.

The traditional associations of the Braes centre in the ruined Kirk of Balquhiddier and in its ancient kirkyard. The latter is beautifully kept. No nettles grow within the enclosure, and the old stones, with their sculptured crosses and swords and ploughshares

and shears and effigies of kilted warriors, are seen to great advantage. Only the walls of the old Catholic church are standing, but the bell still hangs in its little belfry. Close beside it is a modern Gothic church, almost overshadowed by a mighty tree, under which the parishioners can recline in sultry weather, and hold what in common with all Scotchmen they dearly love, the "kirkyard crack." In summer-time there is a great gathering of all sorts and conditions of men in this churchyard, "waiting for the English"—tourists from Lochearnhead, sportsmen from the shooting lodges, the laird and his household, farmers from the Braes, shepherds in homespun, long-legged gamekeepers in knickerbockers, gillies in kilts. It is difficult to carry one's thoughts away from this peaceful assemblage to the Sunday long ago,\* when this same place was filled with excited Macgregors, and the head of the murdered King's

forester of Glenartney lay on the altar of this old church covered with the banner of the Clan Gregor, each of whom, as "he laid his hands upon the pow"—so runs the minute of the Privy Council—swore to defend the authors of the deed of blood. Very pleasant is the half-hour in the fresh summer air before the service. The view is magnificent. The church is on a knoll, and you look down through a wooded glade on the gleaming waters of Loch Voil. To sit on an old tombstone in the sunshine, and listen to the drone of the Gaelic psalm through the open windows of the kirk, and "lift your eyes to the hills," is to have a foregleam of higher life. Even were there no sermon to follow, it is good to have been here. Come and have a look round the old place before the service begins. Here, within the walls of the ruins, embedded in the closely-mown turf, is a stone that is very old. This is the grave of St. Angus, the patron-saint of the parish. Probably you never heard of him, but his name is revered in Balquhiddier. He belonged to that band whose names are still sainted in the memory of the Scottish people, though few of them are to be found in the Roman Calendar. He was of the same brave company as St. Columba and St. Mungo and St. Mirin and St. Modan and St. Rowan and St. Fillan. Most of these early apostles were great wanderers, and roamed over a wide district, but Angus confined his ministration to the Braes. Not far away is the hillock called "Beannachd Aenais," "the blessing of Angus," where his savage auditory gathered round him for his benediction. Down through the Catholic ages; through the iconoclasm of the reformation and the struggles of the Covenant and the reign of the Presbytery, the memory of the saint has kept green as the grass round his grave. Until comparatively modern times, those who were to be married desired to plight their troth standing on his tombstone. Fathers liked to stand upon it when they held up their children for baptism, and though this custom has ceased, there is no child in Balquhiddier who does not know the grave of Angus, "the good man." There is a very different person from the Culdee apostle, who, after a wild life, lies in this churchyard. The famous Rob Roy closed his days in Balquhiddier, and was buried here. A curious sculptured stone, with a sword, an outline of a man, many nondescript animals, and a Greek cross within a circle, is said to mark his grave. Antiquarians say that it is much older than the period of Rob Roy, and has probably been "lifted" from some other

place, but a stolen tombstone is quite in keeping with the antecedents of Rob the Reiver. Another stone, with an incised sword, is said to cover the grave of his wife, Helen Macgregor; and one rich in armorial bearings, that of a son who died before him. He is regarded as no robber by the dwellers on the Braes—rather as a grand specimen of a Highland patriot, a Gaelic Wallace or William Tell. Perhaps the memory of the freebooter holds its own with that of the Culdee. He was the friend of the oppressed, the widow, and the orphan. "Many's the story my grandfather had of him," says a venerable man with whom, through the medium of a snuff-mull, we held friendly converse. "He was just what you call a radical, and stood up for the rights of the people. It would be good for the Highlanders if there were more like him in our day;" and then followed the story of Rob's quarrel with the Duke of Montrose, all of which, as we know, has had an immortal narrator. In the west end of the graveyard we come upon a very touching epitaph to the wife of the Rev. Robert Kirke, once minister of Balquhiddier. It is touching, notwithstanding its mixed metaphors—

"Stones weep though eyes were dry,  
Choiceest flowers soonest die,  
Their sun oft sets at noon  
Whose fruit is ripe in June.  
Then tears of joy be thine  
Since earth must soon resign  
To God what is divine,  
Nasci est aegrotare  
Vivere est Saepè mori  
Et mori est vivere."

The minister of Balquhiddier who thus expressed himself was a famous man in his day, and a great authority in the Irish language. He superintended the printing of the Irish translation of the Bible by Bishop Bedell, and published a Gaelic version of the Psalms; but none of his literary efforts contributed so much to his fame as his account of the underground inhabitants of his parish. Coming to this wild district in 1664, and giving credence to the stories of the people among whom he had been settled, he became possessed of the idea that the knolls and hillsides around him were peopled by a race of spiritual beings, and he wrote a long and most minute account of them. His "Essay of the Nature and Actions of the Subterranean and (for the most part) invisible People going under the names of Faeries and the like," is very rare, but certainly most curious. It is entitled the "Secret Commonwealth," and was written "to suppress the impudent and growing atheism of this age."

Good pastor of Balquhiddier! We imagine him walking in the evening round this very

place, revolving his blow to atheism and meditating on the strange beings who he believed were all round him. How minutely he describes them! "Of intelligent studious spirits and light changeable bodies (like those called astral), somewhat of the nature of a condensed cloud, and best seen in the twilight. Their bodies are so pliable, through the subtlety of the spirits which agitate them, that they can make them appear or disappear at pleasure. Some have bodies so thin and defective that they are fed by only sucking into them some fine spirituous liquors, that pierce like pure air and oil." After telling that they live in cells underground, which they enter through any "crannie" or cleft of the earth, he describes their apparel and speech. The former is like that of the people and country under which they live; and as to language, "They speak but little, and that by way of whistling, neither clear nor rough." Their women are said to spin very fine, but "whether it be a manual operation with apt and solid instruments, or only curious cobwebs in palpable rainbows and a fantastic imitation of the actions of more terrestrial mortals, I leave to conjecture, as I find it." So the good minister maunders on about their government, their employments, their many "pleasant toyish books, their paroxisms of antique Corybantic jollity, and their tricks upon mortals." Whether his studies were in any way effective in suppressing atheism is more than doubtful, but if we

believe the popular tradition in the Braes, they gave great offence to the subterranean people, who disliked exceedingly the publicity given to their "commonwealth." Mr. Kirkeleft Balquhider for the parish of Aberfoyle, where he is supposed to have died, and where his epitaph describes him as "*Lingue Hiberniæ Lumen*;" but by many he is believed to be still living in fairyland. Shortly after his death he is said to have appeared to a friend, whom he sent to his cousin Duchray, to tell him that he was in the hands of his subterranean friends. He would appear, he said, at the baptism of his child, when Duchray was "to throw a knife over his head." This would break the spell that held him, and restore him to his friends. At the baptism accordingly Mr. Kirke appeared, but Duchray forgot to throw the knife. The minister "walked out by another door and was never again seen!" "I tell you," says my old friend of the snuff-mull very solemnly, "there were such things, and there are such things now. I'm the man myself that has seen them. I saw lights more nor once on the Balvaig before men were drowned, and there was a woman in yon house was stolen by the fairies, and when she appeared they threw horsedung over her head, and——"

But here is the little bell of the old kirk beginning to ring. "The Gaelic is out," and our half hour in the fresh air is over—but Balquhider is a fine place!

## THOUGHTS FOR QUIET HOURS.

X.—CHRIST TEACHING FROM THE LILIES OF THE FIELD AND THE FOWLS OF THE AIR.

WHEN our Lord commanded His disciples to consider the loveliness of the wild flowers of Galilee, telling them that in His eyes the splendour of Solomon was not worthy to be compared to the garniture with which God adorned the common fields; or when He directs us to behold the birds, which serve no seeming purpose but to pour forth sweet melody and to out rival with their shining plumage the gayest trappings of imperial state, He would have us learn, not only that God sustains them while they neither sow nor reap, but that He sustains them for the gracious ministry of beauty. The direct exhortation which He gives, to have confidence in God, is founded on a no less obvious vindication of the beautiful.

There are some people whose practical habits, and others whose religious principles,

make them regard as idle waste any expenditure of time or thought upon the merely beautiful in nature or in art. There is much, for example, connected with the pursuit of wealth which tends to create a habit of mind or to produce conditions of life which disassociate themselves from such influences of the lovely and the graceful. Even the outward aspect of what are called the "great centres of industry" forcibly illustrates this tendency. Any one who is doomed to the murky air and the monotonous ugliness of "the East-end" of a great commercial city, or any one who has ever gazed on the hideous mounds of debris which desolate a mineral country, and imagines what are the conditions of existence for those who live from childhood to age amid the reek of furnaces and the dreary scenery of moun-



tains of refuse, must feel that if the beautiful is intended by God to exercise a blessed influence on human education, there is little room left for its display among many of the conditions which are necessary for commercial prosperity. The habit of mind, also, which is the product of these conditions, naturally contemns whatever does not minister to the practical. The busy man may find in honourable labour a noble stimulus to all that is intelligent and enterprising, but the demands of toil are frequently such that he has no time to pause in order to drink in, as he may once have done, the glory of sea and sky. And thus it is that all that belongs to art is so often identified with what is useless, as something for the idle and sentimental, but on which no man of business, no strong wrestler in his arena of public life should bestow time or attention. The ledger or share-list, the politics of Church or State, these are substantial matters; why pause to contemplate the lilies of the field or the birds of the air?

There are others, again, who justify their indifference to the beautiful on religious grounds. They say that life is too solemn for the indulgence of such sentiments; that when souls are perishing, and we have to fight against the stern forces of vice and ignorance, that when men and women are cold and hungry, and we are surrounded by sorrow and pain and death, this surely is not the time to cultivate the tastes. This world is not our home; we must not waste precious hours on matters which belong to the ornamental rather than the necessary. What have lilies of the field and fowls of the air to do with the salvation of the soul or the advancement of the gospel? Only one thing is needful—why lose a moment on aught else?

Those who regard the function of the beautiful from either of the two positions I have indicated, may derive benefit by considering the light which our Lord's words throw upon the world and life.

For He shows that there is a place kept for the beautiful in the system of God. It is the reverse of religious to speak of this world as cursed and blighted of the Father, for "the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein." That dismal tone of mistaken pietism in which good people sometimes describe this planet as a scene of banishment, and bewail their lot so long as they are doomed to take part in a system which God has constituted as best for human education,

is really irreligious and God-dishonouring. These men fail to see the Divine purpose in things secular as well as in matters which conventionalism has stamped with the seal of an exclusive sanctity. According to their creed, as practically held, God is revealed in the Scriptures alone, for what we see in nature is not "revelation."

But our blessed Lord does send us to nature, and tells us that God's tenderness is taught in the lilies of the field as well as in grace, and that His character is to be learned from His treatment of the birds of the air as well as from His dealings with Abraham or St. Paul.

Now, one of the lessons which these things teach is, how God creates the beautiful and intends it for a gracious purpose. We can trace no conceivable purpose in the lavish hand with which He fills the earth with loveliness beyond the delight which such loveliness affords. When Christ spoke of the lilies of the field, the plain of Gennesaret, the hillsides of Galilee, the rocks and crannies around the shore of Tiberias, presented then, as they now do at the same season, a carpet of glorious beauty. Here the scarlet anemone spread in sheets of fire; there the gay ranunculus and graceful pheasant's-eye formed clusters of startling brilliancy. What purpose did they all serve? They could not be turned into food, nor did they represent any money value for the utilitarian. In like manner the fowls of the air to which Christ alluded, were wondrous in their loveliness. The tropical beauty of the feathered denizens of the Jordan Valley, the glittering plumage of the tiny sun-bird or the splendid hoopoe, presented unrivalled specimens of colour and form, while larks filled the air with full-throated music, and bulbuls startled the evening stillness with bursts of liquid melody. Now Christ calls them all God's own birds, and as His Father sustains them to give this delight to eye and ear, He would teach us that the beautiful is a Divine gift. And it certainly is intended to serve a blessed purpose in human education. For there is a spiritual influence and a culture of the finer sympathies given those who are willing to receive the impressions which "come from sense or outer things" that is of incalculable value, especially in an age when labour is at high pressure, and when there is so much to vulgarize life from the importance attached to material prosperity. If then the beautiful has a place in the Divine system it becomes a religious duty to give room for its culture, and to preserve

that fresh simplicity of heart which can perceive "a splendour in the grass or a glory in the flowers." For the same reason ought children to be trained to value the common sights and sounds of nature; to understand that man does not live by bread alone; that money and success are not the all in all of life; but that purity of soul and the eye to see and the heart to feel the unsearchable beauties of this universe of God's is an heritage far outweighing the rewards of which the mere drudge can boast who has gathered his riches and impoverished his humanity.

But we must not overlook the direct teaching which our Lord gives regarding confidence in God. He uses a similar method elsewhere. "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not therefore: ye are of more value than many sparrows."

Such a conception of the care of God extending to the least of His creatures seems to some minds to be derogatory to the Divine Majesty. They fancy that an acquaintance with the magnitude of the universe makes it possible in modern times to retain such a belief, and ask, with a certain jaunty smartness—as of persons who knowing the immensity of the starry system have learned to rate the present world at its proper value—of what importance can the sparrow be that falleth to the ground to that ineffable Being "which alone spreadeth out the heavens and maketh Arcturus, Orion, and the Pleiades?"

But if the greatness of God is to be measured by goodness as well as power, then it is only when our vision ranges from the highest to the lowest, and we trace the depths to which His all-perfecting skill can descend, that we can form any true idea of His Majesty. We then can understand the force of Christ's teaching when He says that God clothes the lilies and feeds the fowls of the air. We then learn that in the sight of Deity no creature is trivial or forgotten, that it is the littleness of man which makes him fancy that God is too great to care. The opposite is the truth, for God is so great that He does care for the very least.

And it is surely a touching lesson when from the flowers of the field and the birds of the air Christ exhorts man to have confidence in the Father. As year by year, in spite of storm, and hail, and snow, we see the fragile

flowers raise their heads once more and spread anew their fragrance amid the same woodland scenery or by the same stream as may have beheld their annual growth and decay since the flood was upon the earth; or when we consider how these fowls of the air survive the winter's frost, finding their food we know not where, but ever ready to herald spring with the same pure melody as fell upon the ear of Christ when He taught in Galilee, when we see in them an unfailling testimony to the faithfulness of God, we may well ask, why should we be over-anxious amid the mysteries and vicissitudes of our own existence? Why do we burden ourselves with a needless solicitude, as if all depended on our own contriving, or on the extent to which we are able to peer into the inscrutable or guard against the inevitable? Let us trust in God! We are in the midst of a system in which flower and bird and insect find a place and experience a needful protection—let us be at peace! In all our perplexities let us fall back on the simple but comforting fact—"The Lord reigneth," and He is wise and good.

There may be times in our experience when, in spite of us, doubts fall upon many a precious belief, when the mists of uncertainty shroud the old landmarks, and the whence and whither of our being become curtained with unpenetrable gloom. We cannot tell what is true or what is false, and we are miserable. In such hours a gospel may come to us from the flowers at our feet, or from the bird which soars in song above us, that may have more power than all the disputings of the schools. One note rung from the eternal harmony of the Divine goodness, though it be but the note of a little bird singing in careless joy above the clouds, may reach a heart that would turn away in weariness from the disquisitions of priest or presbyter. And what do these voices say to us? "Be not over-anxious; we toil not, we spin not, we neither sow nor reap, nor gather into barns, and yet our Father feedeth us, our Father clotheth us."

In sorrow or in doubt we may indeed learn much from simple things like these. For they teach us the blessedness of being dependent on God as they are, and the wisdom of being willing to be no more than children, leaving all else in His wise hands who careth for us far more than for what "to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven."

## YOUNG MRS. JARDINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

## CHAPTER XIV.

W

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still—never knew what idleness was till she had done everything for everybody.

"That wife of yours makes me so comfortable," said Bella benignly. "And she is so clever, so inventive, really quite a treasure in a small household. In mine now, I never could do anything myself, as she does. It must be very pleasant."

"Only, perhaps, rather fatiguing. My wife, come here and rest, just for five minutes." And as he kissed the tired face, he felt sure that the "comfort" which Bella so enjoyed had cost Silence something.

Dinner passed, and the half-hour afterwards, during which Roderick tried hard to admire his new niece, and to make things as easy and cheerful as possible with his sister. When Silence—always Silence—had put baby to bed, the three gathered round the cosy fire, listening to the howl of the wind and the patter of the rain outside, which only made more peaceful the deep peace within.

"What a quiet, pleasant life you must have here, you two!" said Bella, with a sigh.

They looked at one another and smiled.

"And are you so very poor? What do you live upon?"

"First, there is Blackhall. Then, my wife has her income which cousin Silence left her, and I earn mine. We put the two together—marriage should be a fair partnership."

"But it is not," broke in Bella; "it is mere slavery, unbearable slavery. Oh, that mine was ended! Oh, that I were free!"

Roderick took a hand of wife and sister. "Let us have a little talk together, and face our position, which is not an easy one. Bella, what do you mean to do?"

"I don't know."

"Then, what do you wish me to do?"

"I haven't the slightest idea. But oh, Rody, why bother me, when I am so comfortable?"

Just the old Bella—easy, pleasure-loving—dwelling only in the present moment, acting entirely on her impulses, of which both the good and the bad ones were equally shallow, equally transitory. There are many such women, who please a great many men—as she had done; who generally find someone or other to bear their burdens for them, and go through life, as she expressed it, quite

the household settled into surprising peace.

In the first place baby was not crying but asleep, Janet's young sister being installed as temporary nurse-maid, and a very clever one; and baby's mother, her grand silk dress replaced by a soft woollen one of Silence's—the two women were nearly the same height—sat by the parlour fire. Idle certainly—Roderick remembered how Bella would sit for an hour at a time "toasting her toes," with her hands before her—but apparently quiet and content. He went up and kissed her with brotherly affection, saying something about his pleasure in having her in his house.

"Then you'll not send me back to mine? You did not telegraph to mamma as you said you would?"

"No."

"Nor write?"

"How could I write to my mother?" said Roderick with a mixture of pride and sadness. "No; whatever is done, you must do it, not I. We will talk of it after dinner." For he saw that Silence had given herself the unwonted trouble of late dinner, just to make Bella feel things "more like her own ways." It was a little matter, but it touched the young husband's heart. While he sat talking to his sister his eyes were perpetually following the flitting figure of one who never sat



"comfortably." But, as Roderick looked from one to the other of the two beside him, he thought—no, he loyally refused to think—but he instinctively clasped his wife's hand tighter in his own. Small as it was, and tender, that was the hand for a man to cling to—ay, and lean on—as, soon or late, men must lean on women when trouble comes.

"Bella," he said earnestly, "do you at all understand——?"

"I understand that I am henceforth what is called a 'grass widow,'" interrupted she with her reckless laugh. "Mamma must keep me, or give me my money and let me keep myself. My husband will never give me a halfpenny. And, Silence says, I ought not to ask him. She has the very oddest notions, that wife of yours."

Roderick pressed the hand he held. "Have you two been talking together?"

"A little."

"And you have told her everything?"

"Everything—made a clean breast of it. A pretty story—isn't it, Silence? But it's at an end now, thank God!" said Bella, setting her teeth together. "Even a worm will turn at last."

"Shall you not go back to your husband—that is, if he will take you back?"

"Trust him for that! He knows on which side his bread is buttered; all the Thomsons do. They were glad enough to catch me, a bright, clever, pretty girl—yes, I was both clever and pretty once, my dear—to be a sort of care-taker or keeper over him; he needs a keeper when he is drunk. And a wife is the best sort of one—saves appearances. Thomsons as well as Jardines would do anything in the world to save appearances."

Roderick made no answer. He knew it was true. The sight of his sister had brought back the memory of many a boyish struggle, Quixotic as vain, against the predominant spirit of the family; a family in which the first question that arose was never "Is it right?" or "Is it wrong?" but only "Is it expedient?"

This law of expediency, not righteous prudence, but petty, worldly wisdom, had been at the root of Bella's marriage. Those who had had the making of it, would they not on the same principle do their best to prevent its being unmade? He felt sure his mother would. Anything, everything, she would sacrifice rather than be "talked about;" as the world would talk, if there was a public separation between Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Thomson—two people

who, in their own opinion and that of their respective families, held such a very important place in society.

He knew his mother and the rest would view this catastrophe, as they had viewed the marriage which resulted in it, solely from the stand-point of society. No higher law that what the world would think, and say, ever actuated or guided them. In old times, he had dimly guessed this—secondarily, and chiefly by its effect on his silent, patient father; but now, when he himself came to man's estate, and viewed things with his own eyes, he saw it clearly.

Still, this affair was, as all such cases are, most complicated and difficult; and in it Roderick's own position was not the least painful. To act a brother's part towards his poor sister, he did not shrink from; but to aid and abet a runaway wife in concealing herself from her husband was most galling, not only to his pride, but to his sense of honour. Yet, to thrust her from him into hopeless misery was worse than cruel, dangerous: knowing her temperament, which was to escape from present pain as foolishly as a child does, at any future risk and cost. The medium course, to come boldly forward and insist upon the separation she desired, was equally difficult and responsible for any brother being himself a man and a husband.

Roderick looked at his own wife, growing closer to him every day, in the mutual dependence which so gently and naturally replaces passion, and gives to both that sense of ineffable rest, of unseparated joys, and divided cares.

"Bella," he said, in a moved voice, "do you know, my dear, exactly what you are doing, or wishing to do? Remember what your Bible says, 'What God hath joined, let no man put asunder.'"

"But God did not join us, it was the devil, I think," she answered with a bitter laugh. "And if all other help fails, the devil shall help me to get rid of him."

"What do you mean?"

"Never mind. Wait till I'm driven desperate. I am nearly, already. If only I could tear off this." She took hold of her marriage-ring and made as though she would throw it into the fire. "If at any price, at any cost, I could be Bella Jardine again, and never more set eyes upon that brute, that fool, that——"

"Hush!" said Silence. "He is baby's father."

"Ah, that's it—that's the misery. I don't hate my child. I did at first, but not

now; it's nature, I suppose. Besides, she is my child, all I have of my own; and even that is half his, if he chose to claim her. Oh, Rody, what must I do? what can I do?"

It was, indeed, a piteous strait. The one false step, marriage unconsecrated by love, almost as great a sin as love unconsecrated by marriage, had brought its own punishment with it. The young pair, to whom these things appeared as a ghastly nightmare, scarcely comprehensible as a daylight reality, instinctively drew closer together, while they regarded the hapless woman, who had, as she truly said, no future. A loathing wife, an unthankful mother, what future could she have, either in herself or in "the world," for which she had sacrificed so much and gained so little?

What could she do? As she put the question, her despairing eyes supplied the answer: Nothing!

"I know very little about these things," said Roderick sadly; "but I believe there are two ways of parting man and wife—by divorce, enabling both to marry again; and by judicial separation. But oh, the pain, the scandal of it! Think of your child! think, too, of your mother!"

While using this argument he knew its futility. Whether from disposition or circumstances, Bella had always been that rare character among women, a woman who thinks only of herself. With a perplexed longing for help, for counsel, her brother turned to the other woman beside him.

"What does my wife say?"

"I don't care what she says—what anybody says," cried Bella violently. "I will get rid of my husband somehow. I have no love for him; I never had. It is a simple question of money. If I run away, how am I to keep myself and the child? She says—that voice of wisdom there—that if I leave him, I ought not to accept a halfpenny from him. Very well, get mamma to maintain me, or else I'll maintain myself."

"How?"

"I don't know or care. It may not be for long. He will drink himself to death one of these days."

Roderick turned away in horror, but Silence laid a firm, stern hand on her sister-in-law's arm.

"One word more such as that, and we will neither of us help you."

Bella shrank into submission, even a little shame, then burst into piteous entreaties.

"Oh, Rody, do not be hard upon me! I have nobody in the world to come to but

you. How am I to get rid of my husband? Not harming him—I'll not harm him—only let me escape from him. I will do it, and I'm right; your wife says so."

Roderick started.

"Yes, she is quite right," said Silence, not lifting her eyes, but speaking, as her husband knew she could speak sometimes, with unmistakable decision.

"My wife is a daring woman to say such a thing."

"Am I?"

She looked up a minute with a quivering lip, and did not attempt to put back her hand which he had let go; but folded her fingers together, after a way she had, as if to give herself strength, when she had any difficult or painful thing to do.

"This is very strange advice for my wife—I hope, a happy wife—to give to my sister. Your reasons?"

"They are not easy to explain, but I will try." She stopped, then with a firm, clear voice went on again. "If Bella had only herself to sacrifice she might do it, though I am not sure. It is a sin against heaven to condone sin, even in one's own husband. But in this and similar cases, a woman does not sacrifice herself alone. There are others upon whom the sins of the father may descend, generation after generation. She must think of them. She is responsible to God for them. If I were in Bella's place," her voice sank almost to a whisper—she turned deadly pale and then flushed crimson all over her face—"if I were in your sister's place, I would die rather than be mother to a drunkard's children."

There was a total silence. Bella, accustomed to make self the stand-point of all her opinions and acts, perhaps could scarcely understand; but Roderick did. Startled he might be, yet there was something in his wife's stern righteousness which he could not gainsay. As he looked on that small sweet face, so sweet yet so strong, he saw in her, for the first time, not merely his wife, but the woman, the conjoint and yet separate existence, intrusted by God and nature with far more than her own petty life, inheriting—and conscious that she inherited—the destiny which came to her from sacred Eve, "the mother of all living."

Man as he was, with a man's natural leaning to the masculine side, with a man's natural blindness to much that women see by instinct, still his wife's words smote him with a certain respect, even awe. That she had strength to say them at all, she so

timid, so shy, so reticent, proved how deeply she must have thought and felt on the matter.

"Dear," he said, holding out his hand, "if all women were like you—especially if all sons had mothers like you—there would be fewer bad men in this world."

She answered nothing; but her whole face brightened in recognition of what is to women like her as sweet as being loved—honoured. And so without more arguments, all three seemed tacitly to accept the position which poor Bella had so fiercely insisted upon, that, for her, married life—or rather that unholy travesty of marriage which had been her self-inflicted doom—was over and done for ever.

"Let her live as a widow," Silence said. "Her life is lost, I know that; but let the sacrifice end here. Let her not submit to be the ruin of other lives."

"But she may be the ruin of her husband's, whom she took 'for better for worse.' How do you answer that?"

Silence shrank back, full of pain. "Oh, it is difficult, so difficult, to see the right; worse, perhaps, to do it. Still, still—no," and again the strong, clear Abdiel look came into her eyes. "No, there can be but one right and one wrong, alike for men and for women. She must leave him. Think, Roderick, if the case was reversed—if you, or any other husband, were expected to keep as mistress of your house, as mother of your children, a drunken woman."

"God forbid!"

"Then men ought to forbid it too. Drunkenness, dissoluteness, anything by which a man degrades himself and destroys his children, gives his wife the right to save them and herself from him, to cut him adrift like a burning ship, and be free. Poverty, contumely, loneliness, let her endure all. Pity her lot, if you will, but to ignore it, to accept it and submit to it, above all, to let the innocent suffer from it—never! Bella tells me that the law gives her possession of her child for seven years. My advice is, let her take it in her arms and fly—anywhere, so that her husband cannot get her back, or make the law follow her. Nay, if I were she, I would defy the law; I would hide myself at the world's end, change my name, earn my bread as a common working-woman, but I would save my child, and go."

As Silence stood, holding close to her breast the poor babe—she had fetched it and was walking up and down the room with it, for no one else seemed to have patience with the miserable, sickly, wailing creature—

she looked the very incarnation of womanhood in its highest form, motherhood; absolutely calm, absolutely fearless, as mothers ought to be.

Roderick, touched with many new thoughts which come crowding to a man when he has ceased to be merely a young man absorbed in himself alone, and begun to look into the far future, the future of those that may yet bless or curse him for his part therein—Roderick caught her arm as she passed, and drew her to his side.

"Perhaps you are right—I do not quite know. We must take time to think. But just at this moment you must give baby to its own mother, and come and sit down by me. Remember, you are mine!"

"Yes."

She obeyed, apparently without a thought of disobeying, for the authority was that of love, and the voice, though decisive, was thrilled with unspeakable tenderness. "Mine!" Ay, she acknowledged the possession, the subjection. You could see by her look that she would have served him like a slave; but only him, her just and righteous lord. Never for one moment would she have submitted to unrighteousness, or to tyranny.

"What a fierce little woman this is!" he whispered with a smile. "I never could have believed it of her."

"Oh, forgive me! It is because I am so happy—so happy! that I can understand what it must be to be miserable."

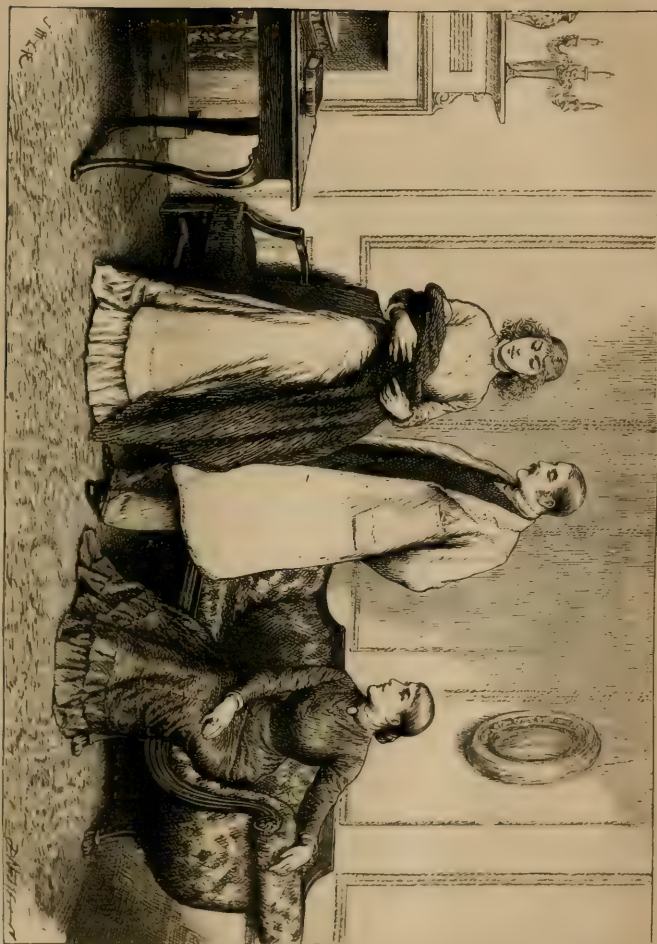
But Bella's misery, however deeply it had moved her sister-in-law, did not seem to have overwhelmed herself. She began talking over all her affairs, volubly and freely; silent endurance was not her gift. Once having got her brother to agree with her in the opinion which, at any rate, she held to-day, though it might change to-morrow, she became quite cheerful, and planned her future life as a "widow bewitched" with an eagerness that a little astonished Silence.

"If mamma would only give me some money, I could spend the summer in Switzerland—the winter in Paris. I always wanted to travel abroad for awhile; and to be travelling without him, able to go where I liked, and do what I wanted—Oh!"—a sigh of intense relief—"Rody, you must try and persuade mamma to give me plenty of money."

"You forget—" he began gravely.

"Dear me, yes! I had forgotten all about it. But never mind, Rody dear," in a coaxing tone: "can't you put your wrongs in your pocket and write to her for me? You always wrote such capital letters; and she would





"YOUNG MRS. JARDINE."



listen to you when she listened to nobody else. Her only son—worth all her daughters put together—at least, she thought so. Come—do it! This morning I objected to her being told where I was, but now I see it must be. You'll save me the trouble of it by writing to her yourself?"

Poor Bella! she was always ready to lay her burdens upon anybody who was willing to bear them. He knew that, and yet when he looked at her and heard her familiar caressing voice, the good brother felt again like the little boy who had carried his big sister's parcels, flowers, garden tools, even her doll sometimes, when she got tired of it.

"I cannot write to my mother," he said with a sad earnestness, "but I will telegraph to her in your name, saying where you are, and that you wish to stay with me—you really do wish it?—till something can be settled between you and your husband—reconciliation; or, if it must be, separation."

"Separation—only that—*she* says so," cried Bella, always ready (another peculiarity—how strangely, cruelly clear they all came out now!)—ready and eager to lay the responsibility of her doings and opinions upon somebody else.

"What I say is," Silence answered, "that if your husband is as bad as you aver, and if you have that hatred to him which you profess to have, there is no righteous course for you but separation. But you must not wander about the world as you propose. Live simply and quietly. Be a real mother and take care of your child. You can never be quite desolate with a child."

Bella shrugged her shoulders. "You have the most extraordinary ideas! But you are a good woman—a very good woman. I shall tell mamma so. It shall not be the worse for you to have been kind to me, my dear," she added with a certain touch of feeling, and then plunged back into her own affairs, which absorbed her so entirely, and which she expected every one else to be absorbed in too.

Far into the night they talked, for Mrs. Alexander Thomson, who never rose early, was accustomed to sit up late; and, besides, she seemed to take a certain satisfaction in discussing her misfortunes. It was like a person with an ugly wound, or a remarkably severe illness, who at last comes even to take a sort of pride in the same. The self-respect, the reticence, the silence of a broken heart was not hers at all, though unquestionably she had been a cruelly wronged woman. Taking advantage of her folly, worldliness,

and love of wealth and position, her husband's family had married him to her, just to shift from themselves the burden of him—a man who, as she truly said, "wanted a keeper" rather than a wife. She had walked into the snare open-eyed, but it had been a snare nevertheless; and Roderick, as he heard her revelations, felt his blood boil with that righteous indignation, that instinctive chivalry in defence of the injured and the weak, which, if every strong man felt as he ought to feel, there would be no need for feeble women to vex the world with clamours about their rights or their wrongs. The truly noble of either sex never care to put forward either the one or the other.

While Bella talked, Roderick and his wife were almost entirely silent; and when, afterwards, day after day passed by, and no answer came to the telegram, or to a second, which, weary of waiting, she sent after it, still they made as few comments as possible on what now began seriously to perplex them both.

Mrs. Thomson did not seem in the least perplexed. She made herself extremely comfortable without much regarding the comfort of other people, exacted a great deal of attendance, and amused herself with suggesting many luxuries hitherto unknown at Blackhall.

"No, there's no fear of my husband's coming to fetch me," she said one day in answer to a question of Roderick's. "He is a Richerden man all over—hates the country—would never face a Highland pass in winter; and if he came he would run away again. You haven't big enough rooms, or grand enough dinners for him. By-the-bye, Blackhall is a rather cold house, Silence; and a little gloomy, you'll allow. You ought to keep up good fires; and, I think, if I were you, I would have entirely new curtains and carpets before next winter."

Silence smiled. It was one of the numerous little remarks which she had already learned quietly to smile at without showing offence, even if she felt any. As days sped on, the constant presence of an idle woman in a busy house, a luxurious woman in a not-rich house, had, to say the least, its difficulties. The master did not feel them—his wife took care of that; but the mistress did. Many a time would Roderick notice how tired she looked; and why was it so? Had she not Bella to help her? women were always company for one another at home while the men were away. His wife's only answer was that silent smile. The fact that her guest was his sister tied her tongue, even with her own husband.



"It is not for very long," she said every morning to herself, and went through the day's work as well as she could. At night she would often creep away, leaving the brother and sister together, and mount to the attic, (which Bella had insisted should be made into a nursery, "because there one can't hear the little wretch crying") to sit with the child on her lap—the ugly, elfish, troublesome child, doomed to disease and weakness from its cradle—and wonder with an agony of pity how it would fight through life, or whether, after all, God's mercy might not be best shown by taking it back again out of a world where nobody wanted it, and into which it had never asked to be born. A great mystery—which none can solve.

She and Bella were always friendly, even affectionate, in a sort of way; but, nevertheless, she often felt weary, so weary; like a person who had to speak all day long in a foreign tongue. At least, such was the moral effect of her sister's companionship. The two women might have been brought up in two hemispheres. Their views of life were so altogether different that they could not understand one another's language at all. Still, this must be borne; and it was borne. Things might have been a great deal worse.

Only when she heard her husband's restless call for her all over the house, and noticed a nervous irritation in him whenever he was left long alone with his sister, Silence began to wish for some sign of their suspense being over. Evidently, both mother and husband had discarded the runaway wife, either on her own account, or that of the brother with whom she had taken refuge.

"We row in the same boat now, Rody," Bella said one morning, when the seventh day's post had gone by. "I don't care; do you? Clearly you will have to adopt us as waifs and strays, both me and the child. I'll call it after you, 'Roderica,' or perhaps 'Silence!'"

"No, not Silence," he answered hastily. "I beg your pardon, but there can be only one Silence in the world for me," taking lovingly his wife's hand. "Advise with her, Bella; she will be sure to suggest the wisest and best thing."

But when the sisters-in-law talked things over, which they had full opportunity of doing, for a deep fall of Christmas snow shut them in, and made Blackhall impregnable even to more courageous and less luxurious folk than Mr. Alexander Thomson, they came to no satisfactory conclusions. Though strong on the question of her wrongs, and

her corresponding rights, Mrs. Thomson seemed to have a very feeble idea of her duties. To any course which involved the slightest trouble, or exertion, or self-denial, she always offered innumerable mild but insurmountable objections.

"It's all very fine to tell me that if I cut my husband adrift, and refuse to live with him, I can't expect him to maintain me, and must maintain myself—how can I maintain myself? It isn't genteel for women to work, and it isn't pleasant either. You talk of independence and all that, and the comfort my child will be to me; but I don't like children; and I'm sure, Silence, I shall never enjoy being poor. You know,"—she glanced round the old-fashioned room, and helped herself with an air of exemplary condescension to the best dish of that meal which had been considered dinner, but which she always called lunch—"you, my dear, who have always been accustomed to that sort of thing, may find it easy, but I should not."

"No," said Silence absently. She was thinking, not of herself, but of her husband—of his long hard-working days spent at the mill, amidst surroundings not too pleasant, and with the perpetual whirr of machinery in his ears; and to sensitive organizations incessant noise is of itself a torment almost indescribable, though unexplainable to those who do not understand this. He did, and felt it too, yet he never complained. Even now, as Silence watched him come up the brae, with somewhat lagging steps, she knew he would enter with a cheerful face, and when he had "put off the mechanic and put on the gentleman," as he said laughing one day to Bella, be his own tender self to both of them. For the common notion, that a man may justifiably vent all his business worries on his womankind at home, did not seem as yet to have occurred to Roderick Jardine. Whatever vexed him out-of-doors, indoors he was always the kind, pleasant master and husband—always, under all circumstances, the gentleman.

"Yes, I like my work," he answered when his sister inquired about it, which she rarely did, evidently considering it a topic which had better be ignored. "And I like working. Once, Bell, I was a great idler; but *she* has cured me of that. If I had ten thousand a year even, I could never be idle any more."

Sitting down beside his wife, he leaned his head against her—a tired head it was; and laid on hers one of his brown hands, not such handsome hands as they used to be when they did nothing. She clasped it

fondly, though she said not a word; she too was not given to complaining. Besides, hard as things were both for him and for her, to see him thus, doing cheerfully what he did not like (through all his tender fictions she knew he could not like the mill very much); fighting with hardships, submitting to poverty, and proudly conquering any false shame about either; taking up his daily burden and carrying it, without a murmur or reproach—she felt—yes, amidst all her pain, she felt something as the mediæval women must have done—the noble ladies who buckled on their good knights' armour and sent them forth to battle—to live or die, as God willed, but never to be conquered, never ceasing to fight like true knights, to their last breath.

But Bella could not understand this sort of thing at all. She shrugged her shoulders and raised her brows.

"It's an odd taste, Rody; but you always were so odd. To be out at work all day, and come home, tired and dirty, hungry and cold, and then say you 'like' it!—I wouldn't be you for the world, nor Silence either—shut up in this lonely place all the year round. No wonder mamma would not come to Blackhall; it would never have suited her at all," and Bella laughed at the bare idea. "But I ought not to find fault with the poor old house, for I may have to come down to it after all. No telegram or letter?"

"Nothing."

"Well, don't look so grave about it. Plainly they have all cut me, left me to fall back upon you. Will you take me in, Rody? I'll sell my jewels—I brought a lot with me, you know—and pay you for my keep. When it's all gone, you can turn me out to starve, only it wouldn't be creditable to either Thomsons or Jardines if Mrs. Alexander Thomson and her baby had to starve."

"What nonsense you talk!" said Roderick, turning away and changing the conversation at once.

But that night, when the household was all gone to bed, and they three sat over the fire, listening to the wind howling and the sleet pattering against the panes, he resumed the subject, and, somewhat to Silence's surprise, began, very tenderly, but with unmistakable decision, to arrange what his sister should do. His arrangement it was—not his wife's—as he plainly said, thereby taking from her the weight of a difficult and painful thing.

"I will not promise to keep you always, Bella, for I think husband and wife are

better left alone together; but we shall not turn you out, my poor girl, whatever comes," said he, laying a brotherly hand on Bella's shoulder. "The little we have—you see how little it is!—you shall share, till something can be arranged between you and your husband. Then, with what you have of your own—my mother will surely pay it over to you!—we will find you a home close by us, in the manse, perhaps, where I heard to-day there are two vacant rooms."

"What! to be shut up in a miserable country lodging, with only baby and nurse! Dreadful!"

"Not quite so dreadful as your other alternative—starving. And, Bella, we must look things in the face. If you have no marriage settlement, and my mother keeps her money in her own hands during her lifetime, and both she and your husband cast you off, you have only your brother to fall back upon. I am not rich now, you know that; but you know also that, rich or poor, I should never let my sister 'starve!'"

"No, a thousand times no!" cried Silence, taking her hand—for Bella, seeing this was no joking matter, had suddenly taken fright, and, as usual, burst into tears. "It may not come to that; but if it does, believe me, poverty is not so bad as it seems. You shall never want for love. You will live close beside us; our home will be open to you; and the child—the children" (in a timid whisper) "shall grow up together. Oh, we shall be very happy, never fear."

"No, no; I should be miserable!" And she sobbed and moaned, and talked of "cruelty," "hard usage," wished she was "dead and out of the way;" the usual bitter outcries against fate of those who, having made their own fate what it is, have not the strength to bear it.

Deeply grieved, and not a little wounded, Roderick sat beside his sister, his wife not interfering—who could interfere?—till her misery had a little subsided, and then said quietly—

"Now, we will speak no more to-night; but to-morrow I will consult a lawyer and find out the right and wrong of the case, and your exact position with regard to your husband. Will that do?"

"No, no," she said. "Don't be in such a hurry. Wait till I make up my mind. It's so difficult to make up one's mind always. Money isn't everything, as Silence says, but I never had her enthusiasm for poverty. And the drink—which to her is such a horror—why, Alexander Thomson isn't the

only drunkard in Scotland. If I could but put up with him a little longer!"

Both Roderick and his wife looked exceedingly surprised. They made no remark—they always had carefully avoided making any remarks to Bella about her husband. But when she was gone, and they stood alone together over the dying fire, they spoke of her with a pity deeper than either had ever yet expressed.

"Mark my words: she will go back to him yet. Do you think, my wife, she would be right or wrong?"

"Wrong!" was the answer, clear and firm.

"Why?"

"Because she will do it neither for love, nor duty, nor even pity, but only for expediency. Think! the horror of a married life, begun and continued for the sake of expediency!"

Silence looked up in her husband's face—her husband whom she was ready to live for, however hard a life, ready to die for, and he knew it.

"You are right," he said. "And yet both erred—both ought to suffer."

"But not more than they. And the sins of the parents shall be visited on the children even unto the third and fourth generation." She spoke in a low, solemn voice. "I told her once, and I shall tell her again if she asks me, that she who makes a bad man the father of her children is little better than a murderess."

"Poor Bella, poor Bella!" said the brother mournfully, but he did not gainsay a single word.

Bella, however, did not seem at all to deserve, or to desire, the epithet "poor." She appeared at breakfast next morning in the best of spirits, nor did she fall into her usual half-hour of despondency after the post went by. She watched the weather with a slight anxiety, but that was all. She even began to take an interest in Blackhall affairs, and especially in an invitation for New Year's Eve at Symington, which her brother and sister were discussing together.

"Of course you will go, and take me with you? I had no idea, Silence, that you had such grand friends! Do you often see them?"

"Not very often. It is a good way to walk, and besides——"

"Walk! You don't mean to say your husband lets you walk?"

A sharp quiver of pain passed over Roderick's face. "I let her, as I am obliged to let her do many things which cut me to the heart; but we bear them. Bella, when you

and I were children, we had no need to think of money, now we have; at least I have. If I hired a carriage and took my wife and you to Symington, it would cost me fifteen shillings, and my earnings are just two pounds a week. Now, you see? Let us say no more."

They did not, for Bella afterwards owned to being "quite frightened" by her brother's manner; but several times that morning she fell into brown studies, as if something were secretly vexing her, and in the afternoon was suddenly missing for an hour, having gone herself—"for the good of her health," she said—to the village, and, as by mere chance they afterwards discovered, to the post-office.

Had she, after refusing so often, at last written to her mother? They did not like to ask, and she did not tell; but, being not at all of a reticent nature, she soon betrayed that something was on her mind. For three days after that she was in a restless, slightly irritable condition, very difficult to please in trifles, and noticing more than ever, in that annoyingly condescending way she had, the weak points of the establishment.

"And so Cousin Silence left you the house just as it stands, my dear? as it must have been in papa's time, of course? Well, no wonder mamma did not care for it. Such poky rooms, such shabby old furniture! In your place I would have turned out every stick of it, and refurnished it from top to bottom. But you can do this by-and-by, if you stay here."

"I have no wish to go."

"Probably not, a quiet soul like you; it suits you exactly. But my brother, you surely would not keep him shut up all his days at Blackhall, he who would be an ornament in any society? Do think better of it. Poke him up, make him push himself forward in the world and get rich—there's nothing like money, after all. If mamma saw him well off, so that he could come back to Richerden, and live in good Richerden style, such as we have all of us been brought up to, she might forgive him; who knows?"

"Who knows?" repeated Silence, assenting. She would have been amused, but for the sting which Bella's most good-natured words often carried. She did not mean it—it was simply that she could not understand.

"Just think of what I say," continued Mrs. Thomson, as she gazed lazily out of the window down the winding glen, at the end of which curled upwards, in a fairy-like pillar, the smoke of the mill. "I wonder you can endure the sight of it—that horrid place where



Rody works all day, Rody that used to be such a gentleman."

"He is a gentleman!" said the young wife with a flash of the eye. "And I do not dislike—I like the mill. It has helped to make him what he is, and show him what he could do; and he does it, does it cheerfully, for me. Bella, if I die—and I may die, who can tell? this spring"—with a sudden appeal

in her eyes to this woman, so unlike herself, but yet a woman—"if I die, remember we were perfectly happy, my husband and I. We never have regretted anything, never shall regret anything, except perhaps that his mother—— I always feel so for mothers."

Her voice broke with emotion, but it was an emotion quite thrown away. Bella scarcely heard what her sister-in-law was saying. She



sat listening, as she had listened a good many times the last few days, to any sound outside.

"Hark! What is that? Carriage-wheels?"

"Possibly. We do have visitors sometimes, even here," said Silence with a smile.

But Bella heeded her not. She ran to the window and watched, in a tremor of anxiety, the arrival: a large, handsome carriage, with

post-horses and postillion, and two liveried footmen behind, coming slowly up to the door.

"It is! it is our carriage! Perhaps she has come herself, poor dear mamma! I did not tell you, my dear, but I wrote to mamma and said, if she thought it best, I would come home. And I suppose she has sent for me. Look there! look there! No, it is not

mamma—oh, God help me! it is my husband."

Horror, disgust, despair, were written on every feature of her face, as she watched Mr. Alexander Thomson descend, leaning on his two footmen, and in a loud, imperious voice inquire, "if Mrs. Thomson were here?" How she shuddered, the miserable woman who had not had strength to free herself from her misery. But this was its last outcry. In another minute her worldly upbringing, her love of ease and luxury, and a certain pride to preserve appearances, asserted their sway.

"Yes, that is our carriage; isn't it a nice one? And he has brought it to fetch me. Well, he is not so bad, after all. I suppose he wants to get me back in time for the New Year—the Thomsons always have a grand family gathering at the New Year. They are a highly respectable family, and in an exceedingly good position, I assure you, my dear," added she, with a mixture of haughtiness and deprecation, as if she thought her sister would blame her. But Silence merely said—  
"Shall I go and receive your husband, or will you?"

"You. No! perhaps I had better do it myself. Send him in here; I'll manage my own affairs."

And she did manage them—how was never accurately known. But half an hour afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Thomson were seen sitting together on the drawing-room sofa, as comfortable as if they had never been separated.

And most likely half the world would say the wife was quite right in thus fulfilling to the letter her marriage-vow, condoning everything, shutting her eyes to everything, making believe that wrong was right, and going back in the most respectable manner to her husband's house, there to sustain the character of a blameless British matron. She did it "for the best," as many women would argue, or "for the sake of the child," which is the argument of hundreds more, who deliberately continue in wealthy dishonour; for what dishonour can be worse than marriage without respect and without love?

But, as the proverb says, Bella had "made her bed and must lie on it." Nobody had a right to interfere or advise. Silence never attempted to do either. She sat with the child on her lap, the poor, pitiful little creature whom she had grown fond of and was almost sorry to lose, till she was sent for into the drawing-room, and then, to make things less difficult, she entered with baby in her arms.

Its father civilly noticed it and her, and there was a slight gleam of pleasure in his dull, fishy eyes, as if he were proud, after a fashion, of his good-looking, clever wife, and of his new paternal dignity.

"Nice little thing! And Mrs. Thomson tells me you have been so kind to it and to her, Mrs. Jardine. Accept my thanks, my very best thanks. It was quite a good idea of my wife's, this—this coming to you for change of air."

"Yes, Blackhall is an exceedingly healthy place," said Bella with a laugh, her old careless laugh. If there was a ring of mockery, even contempt in it, the man was too dull to find it out. He eyed her with extreme respect, nay, admiration; and put his arm round her waist with a pompous demonstrativeness, as if to prove to all the world what an exceedingly happy couple they were.

The tragedy had melted into genteel comedy, nay, almost into broad farce, were it not for the slender line that so often is drawn between the ludicrous and the ghastly.

"I suppose we had better leave at once. By changing horses, we shall post fast enough to reach home to-night, and go to your father's on New Year's Eve," said Bella hurriedly. "So, my dear Silence, we won't wait till my brother comes home. Mr. Thomson is decent enough now," she added in a whisper, "but by-and-by, after dinner—I don't want Rody to see him after dinner. We shall post all the way," she said aloud, "and by midnight we shall be at home."

"Where I hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Jardine," continued Mr. Thomson, with ponderous politeness. "Assure your husband that he will be always welcome at our place, and I'll give him the best glass of wine, or whisky if he likes it, to be found in all Scotland. And—and——"

"Come away, Silence. I'll get my things ready, and the child's, in ten minutes. Make haste!"

But even when the two sisters were alone together, both carefully avoided any confidential word. Bella made no explanation, and never named her husband but once, when Silence proposed to go down and give him some refreshment.

"Oh, he has taken care of himself already, trust him for that. He always takes care of himself. Why, my dear, if there is one creature in the world whom that man never forgets, it is Alexander Thomson."

No answer. None was possible. And Bella kept up her hard, gay, reckless manner, neither shedding a tear nor uttering one grate-

ful or regretful word, all the time Silence was dressing baby. Only at the very last minute, when she saw its aunt press a last tender kiss on the poor little pinched-up face, the woman in her could not help showing itself, even through the "grand air" which had now wholly returned to Mrs. Alexander Thomson.

"God bless you, and give you one of your own!" said she, pressing her sister's hand. "You have been very kind to me and mine, and always would have been; I know that. But it's better as it is. I couldn't stand poverty. I always did enjoy life, and I always must. He is in very good circumstances, and he promises me I shall have everything I can wish for. So good-bye, Silence; I suppose nobody is ever very happy, except you!"

Bella went down-stairs, the other following and accepting mutely her voluminous public thanks for the "great kindness" she had received, and how she hoped to come again soon to Blackhall.

"And, my dear, mind you clear out by then all Cousin Silence's old sticks, and have the house thoroughly done up, modern fashion. There is a man at Richerden who will do it well; Rody knows him. By-the-bye, tell Rody"—she turned a shade paler, and her lip quivered for a moment. "No; tell him nothing, he won't care! He will be

only too glad to find his house empty and have his wife all to himself—some husbands are. Come, Mr. Thomson"—she always called him Mr. Thomson—"if we don't make haste we shall be benighted, and you will have to dine in some horrid roadside inn, which you know you couldn't stand upon any account. Good-bye, Silence; a thousand thanks, and a happy New Year! It's close at hand now. I suppose I shall dance the old year out and the new year in, as usual, at the Thomsons' house. Ta-ta! good-bye!"

She kissed her hand out of the carriage-window, and thus, in the most commonplace and cheerful manner, departed with her husband, as if there had never come a cloud between them, and as if he were the best husband in the world.

Not a poetical or dramatic *dénouement*, certainly, but scarcely unnatural—to her. She was one of those who have, and must have, their good things in this life. She found them once more about her, and possibly they satisfied her; at any rate she could not do without them.

But young Mrs. Jardine, poor all her days, a poor man's wife this day, with little prospect of ever being anything else, as she saw that splendid carriage drive away, felt almost as sad at heart as if she had been watching her sister-in-law's funeral.



## STREET ARABS.

BY ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF "POEMS FOR A CHILD."

TWO little children at play in the street,  
Raggedly drest, and with nothing to eat,  
Sent out to beg through the long summer day—  
Life so strong in them, they *must* stop to play.

Something of God in their heaven-blue eyes;  
Each with a soul that we *know* never dies;  
Reared amid wretchedness, squalor, and din:  
Were their souls given them only to sin?

No one to welcome their advent to shame;  
Scenes that I dare not portray when they came;  
No one to love them or give them a kiss:  
Why were they born to such sorrow as this?

Never to know that their Father is God;  
Never to hear of the path Jesus trod;  
Never to feel that His Spirit is love;  
Never to learn of His kingdom above.

If they are doomed to despair from their birth,  
Why are they sent to this beautiful earth?  
If life *must* come to them (why, who can tell?),  
Better at once make them demons in hell!

Wild are my words as the waves of the sea;  
Jesus died for them as much as for me.  
We who are cherished, enlightened, and taught,  
*We* must assist the redemption He wrought!





## A FRANCISCAN MONK WHO FOUGHT THE INQUISITION.\*

M. LAURENS has sent a wonderfully effective picture to this year's *Salon*. A group of excited men stand in front of a high brick building, which stretches more than halfway across the canvas. To the right is a large doorway walled up; on the left the building ends, but a high wall fills up the rest of the near background, over which, in the left-hand corner, there is a glimpse of buildings with windows, suggestive of dwellings that are not prisons. In the centre of the picture stands an inquisitor, clothed in the crimson and scarlet of his office, but powerless. To the right strong men, with pick and crowbar, hew at the solid masonry. Jean de Picquigny and the yellow-robed consuls of Carcassonne look on at the work of destruction, while a brown-frocked Franciscan, evidently the master-spirit in the scene, standing on the broad step in front of the building, endeavours to restrain an excited crowd, whose presence is more suggested than seen. An inquisitor helpless, a Franciscan who has urged the destruction of the Inquisition, magistrates passively siding against the dreaded power of the Holy Office, and a mob attacking the walls of its prison—that is the picture. It is an imaginative rendering of a scene which actually took place in Languedoc, on a warm August day, in one of the earliest years of the fourteenth century, when the people of Albi and Carcassonne, stirred by the preaching of Brother Bernard, broke into the dungeons of the Inquisition.

The painter has made the scene more picturesquely violent than it really was. All day long Jean de Picquigny, Vidame (vice-dominus) of Amiens, and his clerical colleague, Archdeacon Richard Leneveu, had sat in the Franciscan convent in grave deliberation. There had been before this numerous petitions, vehement urging, even riot; but on this day matters had come to a head. In the morning a number of women, wives of victims of the Inquisition, had thrown themselves before the King's delegates, the "Réformateurs de Languedoc," beseeching them to free the prisoners. Brother Bernard, who accompanied them and restrained them, had urged the commissioners not to delay justice any longer. Four-and-twenty men of Albi had sworn to wait no longer, and with pick and crowbar were bidding their time near the

Franciscan church. At last, about mid-day, the Vidame made up his mind, and went forth at the head of the people to the Inquisition. When he got to the door he found the iron gate closed, behind it the Dominican Gahlard de Blumac, who warned him that the King's rule ended at the threshold. The King's officer ordered the gaolers to open the doors, and they obeyed him. He went into the prison, followed by Bernard and the magistrates of the town. The mob burst in after them. The dungeons were explored, and the prisoners were transferred to the charge of the town officers of Carcassonne.

Who was the Brother Bernard who appears so prominently in this successful struggle of the people of Languedoc with the Inquisition? He was a Franciscan monk—Bernardus Delitiosi in the old Latin legal documents which record the case, Bernard Délicieux in modern French,—who fought a good fight against the Inquisition for twenty long years, and was beaten at last, abandoned by a bad king and a worse pope.

Bernard was a native of Languedoc, and had entered the Franciscan Order at Montpellier in 1284. He was a man known outside of his convent and district. He corresponded with the learned and eccentric Raymond Lully, and with Arnold of Villanova, the most celebrated physician of his age. He was in sympathy with the new sciences. In the end of the thirteenth century he was settled in the convent of his Order at Carcassonne, where he was the reader, or instructor of the novices. In the old records we see him a wonderfully eloquent preacher, and a most persuasive man in private. He seems to have had the marvellous power of sympathy which was the great gift of the founder of his Order, Francis of Assisi, and which enabled him, like Francis, to sway the hearts of almost all with whom he came in contact—a subtle tact which gave him almost a mesmeric power over steely-hearted casual acquaintances. Even that handsome blackguard, Philip the Fair, the most coolly selfish man of his age, was won over to his views, so long as Bernard was with him to expound them; and later on, when the King had determined to do nothing to help him, it is pathetically amusing to see how Philip took pains to avoid an interview. The King seemed to know that if Bernard only got speech with him he would talk him over. Like other Franciscans, too, in the early

\*J'ernard Délicieux et l'Inquisition Albigeoise. Par B. Hauréau.

days of the Order, Bernard was a man of the people, and was passionately attached to his neighbours and his surroundings. The battle he fought was not for the faith, but for the poor people of Carcassonne and Albi. It was the people against the Inquisition, Languedoc against France, the poor saints against the Church. There is no word of great religious principles; they were all good Catholics, all held the same faith, all revered the same things, only his neighbours were in trouble, and Bernard must help them out. Here, as elsewhere, however, we see that to love our neighbour is the nearest path to the love of God, and Bernard's struggle was not the less religious that the word was not used.

Languedoc, and especially that part of it which lay round the towns of Carcassonne and Albi, had been the centre of the Albigensian war. Albi, indeed, was the town which gave name to the Albigenses. Shall we ever know who these Albigenses really were? Were they mediæval Baptists with strong prejudices in favour of total abstinence, vegetarianism, civic freedom, satirical verses, and equally strong prejudices against kings on the throne and ordained ministers in the Church; or were they over and above "enemies of society," as the modern phrase is, uniting in one system the sentiments of Oneida Creek and the Paris Commune? We know that their nearest neighbour and liege lord, the Count of Thoulouse, while he did not share their opinions, thought them quiet, peaceable people. The last Raymond, Count of Thoulouse, died at their head, the great mediæval martyr for toleration—died fighting that his people might hold and teach opinions which he did not believe. The Roman Church, however, thought otherwise, and St. Dominic, the King of France, Simon de Montfort, and Pope Innocent III. combined to kill off the heretics; and in case the heresy sprang from the soil, or was in the air of the country, they planted the Inquisition in Languedoc, and put the Dominicans in charge of it, with strict injunctions to keep heresy down; and to urge them on in their duty, it was agreed that the Inquisition and the Church together should divide between them the property of unbelievers.

This provision about property kept the Inquisition in life during the quiet times which preceded the period when Bernard began his struggle with it. There was really no heresy in the country. Some of the people certainly preferred not to eat butcher-meat, eggs, cheese, and would not drink beer;

while most believed that the real way to appropriate the benefits of Christ's death was to live in the state of poverty in which our Lord was believed to have spent His three years' ministry. But these beliefs could scarcely be called heresy; the doctrine of evangelical poverty was the doctrinal basis of the Mendicant Orders of monks, and almost every good Christian in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries believed in it very strongly. The Inquisition in Bernard's time had become simply a money-making concern, and the inquisitors treated the district of Albi as a Turkish official does his pashalik, or a Roman proconsul did his province. The records show us that the good fathers found heresy more flourishing among rich people than among the poor, and they were often considerate enough to delay denunciation till the heretic died and had no further use for his money. It was a dead heretic that brought the Inquisition and Bernard face to face. He must have brooded over the tyranny of the inquisitors long before he attacked them, but the most outspoken men get used to iniquitous practices if they are old customs. It so happened, however, that an intimate friend of Bernard's, Castel Fabri, a rich citizen of Carcassonne and a warm admirer of the Franciscans, had—probably because he loved the Franciscans—been reported to the Pope, and the Pope had told the inquisitor to look after him. He died, attended on his death-bed by Franciscan brothers, and was buried in their cemetery. The inquisitor denounced him after his death, ordered his body to be cast out of consecrated ground, and proceeded to rob the widow and orphans by confiscating his property. This was more than Bernard could stand. He stepped forward to defend his dead friend, and the country, having at last got a man to lead them, rallied behind him. They had endured for a century and a half; now there seemed hope of relief.

The time was favourable for a revolt against ecclesiastical abuses. Languedoc had become part of the French kingdom only thirty years before. It had not lost its old love of civic freedom, and still cherished the memory of its ancient heroic counts. A turn of the tide might easily have sent it off from France into Arragon. The King of France, Philip the Fair, was bent on keeping all the provinces he had, and did not care then whether he quarrelled with the Pope or not. He had had more than one dispute with his Holiness, and the Franciscans had helped him. Bernard and the people hoped

great things from the King. Philip, knowing that matters were not going very smoothly, was just then sending two trusty councillors to settle the affairs of the province—Jean de Picquigny, Vidame of Amiens, and Richard Leneveu, an archdeacon in Lisieux. They both came from the north of France, were entirely unconnected with the province, and were called “Réformateurs de Languedoc.” They were charged to set right what was wrong in State and Church.

This was the opportunity for Bernard and the oppressed people, and so they organized a deputation. The Consul of Albi, a near relation of the persecuting bishop, one or two eminent jurists, the principal citizens of Carcassonne, accompanied some of the relatives of the victims of the Inquisition; and to show the character of the men whose conduct they were denouncing, they carried with them a poor woman who had been seduced and then abandoned by Foulques de St. Georges, the chief inquisitor. Philip received the deputation. Bernard stated their grievances; the King promised redress. Orders were sent down to Languedoc, and the Bishop of Albi, who had been tyrannical, was fined and warned. The King could not proceed so vigorously, however, against the Dominicans and the Inquisition. Still Bernard induced him to do something. At last, after fruitless negotiations with the heads of the order, the King flew into a passion, as his wont was when checked by overweening ecclesiastics, and ordered his seneschals in Thoulouse, Carcassonne, and Albi to seize the prisoners and interdict the inquisitors. This was done, and the Dominicans felt it safer to come to terms. The obnoxious inquisitors were deposed, new ones were appointed, and it was ordained that no new case of heresy should be prosecuted unless the bishop of the diocese permitted the inquisitors to proceed; if the bishop and the inquisitors disagreed, the matter was to be referred to a commission, consisting of two representatives from the Dominicans and two from the Franciscans. Thus Bernard won his battle. The Inquisition was not abolished, it is true, but its power was greatly limited, and Bernard himself was an ex-officio member of the commission appointed to watch it.

The people were not satisfied, however, nor was Bernard. These regulations belonged to the future, and there were men of Albi and Carcassonne still shut up in the dungeons of the Dominicans, and nothing had been done for them. There were women in Albi whose husbands had been taken from them,

mothers whose sons had disappeared, sons and brothers who looked daily at the walls of the Inquisition and longed to release the captives inside, if they were still alive. The whole people wished to see the walls razed, the Dominicans banished, vengeance taken on their persecutors. The King was on their side, they thought, and they could not rest with what they had got. The country was in a ferment, and the result of it all was the scene which M. Laurens has selected for his picture in this year's *Salon*.

The powerful Order of the Dominicans were not to be braved even by the King's “Réformateur.” Jean de Picquigny was excommunicated, and the King was informed of the outrage done in his name. Bernard came to the Vidame's assistance. The King must be asked, he said, to support his deputy, and the Pope must be entreated to annul the excommunication. Money was needed for both, and Bernard went round the country making collections, and under his eloquent pleading subscriptions poured in. Then a second deputation to the King was organized, and again Bernard went at its head. This time it was not so easy to get access to Philip; but at length the persuasive Franciscan induced the King to go himself to Languedoc and see the misery of his subjects. This done, Bernard hastened back to prepare the country for the King's coming. Philip entered Thoulouse on Christmas-day; an immense crowd met him—magistrates, the chief citizens, women whose husbands were imprisoned, all asking justice against the Inquisition. But the accusations were not all from Bernard's side. The Dominicans came also to the King, and they had their reason for the disturbances. The turmoil was caused by Bernard. He, and he alone, they said, had broken the King's peace. He was the enemy of the Inquisition. Then Bernard burst in. “Yes, I am the enemy of the Inquisition. I have good right to be called so. I have not ceased to cry out against it for these years past. I am hoarse with accusing it. Yes, I have filled Thoulouse with witnesses against it from all parts of the country.” What could the King do? He was playing a big game with the Papacy, and the world was soon to be startled with the fact that Philip had secured a French pope; he was maturing his schemes, and he could not quarrel with the Dominicans. So he made promises to every one; but he would not abolish the Inquisition, and finally left the country, the people feeling that they need expect no further help from him.



To complete their dismay, a new pope ascended the throne, Benedict XI., a Dominican monk, and that powerful Order became more powerful than ever. Bernard preached patience and trust in Providence; but he worked on himself with a few devoted friends, and now came his great blunder.

The free Provençal blood of the people of Albi and Carcassonne had not been cooled by their troubles, and it occurred to some wilder spirits that if the French king would not help them against the Dominicans, they would get a king for themselves. This was an old scheme of the Provençals. The Lord of Montpellier was already a king—the King of Majorca. They proposed to offer, not to him but to his son, the throne of Languedoc. Bernard now plunged into a sea of intrigues, where we cannot follow him. He saw the prince; he went with a young Franciscan across the hills to an old castle in one of the gorges of the Pyrenees, and we read of him being so hard pressed there that he tore his credentials to pieces and buried the fragments in the bed of a mountain torrent. But the enterprise was hair-brained from the outset, and the end of it was that Bernard was rated soundly by the old king himself, that the young prince was seen one day to rush, bare-headed, out of the palace, escaping from his father, who had beaten him in the presence of the court, and that the King of France was told of the plot to wrest Languedoc from him. Bernard had to return discomfited, to find that his enemies were triumphant, and to be excommunicated. The excommunication was removed soon afterwards. Benedict XI. died, and his death awakened new hopes that the Inquisition might be abolished at last. Bernard went from town to town preaching, "The Pope is dead; let us take heart." The Vidame died also at the same time, still under excommunication, and the Franciscans honoured him as a martyr.

Clement V. was the new pope, a creature of Philip's, and Bernard and his friends soon felt the weight of the King's wrath. One by one all the Albigensian notables gave up the strife, and Bernard, wearied out, retired to the Franciscan convent at Beziers, to pass the rest of his days quiet and unknown.

But it was not to be; another and a last fight was before him. There was a division in the Franciscan Order; the more pious brethren wished to keep their founder's rule strictly, and live in absolute poverty. The more worldly quibbled about the difference between personal and common property; the

monk could hold no property, they said, but the Order could. Bernard, of course, took the side of the "spirituals," as they were called. His persuasive eloquence was known, and he was selected to plead the cause of his friends before Pope John XXII. at Avignon. Then came the last and tragic scene. His Franciscan opponents, afraid of his eloquence, got him arrested on the trumpety charges of having poisoned Pope Benedict and of being a friend of Arnold of Villanova. The Papal court sent him down to Thoulouse to be tried by the archbishop there, and so Bernard in his old age was delivered over to his enemies. We have glimpses of him on that last journey as he floated down the Garonne going to his death—for he knew that it must come to that sooner or later. We hear the brilliant, eloquent, fascinating Franciscan talking on calmly to his guards, speaking over the heads of his half-comprehending custodians, who only looked at his words as fresh proofs of heresy that they could repeat to his judges. He had no doubt, no fear, no thought for himself, only he was saddened by the death of four "spiritual" Franciscans who had just been burnt for heresy at Marseilles. Most of his talk was on impersonal subjects, on points of theology, on sacred history, and, coming nearer his own case, he began to speak of Abbot Joachim of Floris, who had been condemned for a heretic more than a century before. We can almost hear him—rather thinking aloud than conversing—"But if I had been pope I would have absolved him. He was a good theologian; he set Peter the Lombard right about the doctrine of the Trinity; that they admit. But what they could not forgive was his having the gift of prophecy. Have there not been other prophets, such as Isaiah? Did Isaiah prophesy things that were pleasant to hear?" And thus he muses on. His companions ask him about his past life.

"Was it not a mistake, that breaking into the prison and setting free the prisoners?"

"They were innocent," said Bernard; "I gave the proofs of it to the Vidame."

"No doubt," said the lawyer creature, "the notary Arnold," the prosecutors' attorney, as we should call him—"no doubt the best proof was the thousand lives you gave the Vidame."

The old fire flashed forth for a moment. "Thou liest in thy throat. The Vidame was an honourable man."

Then came the trial. He was charged with attacking the Inquisition, conspiring

against the King, poisoning the Pope. The last charge was absurd, and broke down at once ; but on the others there was interrogation, torture, witness-bearing against him by old friends, and though Bernard protested that he was a true Catholic, and offered, if wrong, to submit to Church discipline, he was condemned to degradation from the

priesthood and to perpetual imprisonment in the dungeons of the Inquisition. So he went to share the fate which he had fought his life long to free others from. Happily, the end soon came. He died in the dungeons a few months later—one more martyr from “sunny Languedoc.”

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.



## OFF TO “THE HOUSE.”

“Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.”—*Marriage Service.*

WE have sold the bits of things, Ben, and there's nothing more to do,

The little scores are settled, Ben, and none will lose by you :

'Twas hard to sell the cuckoo clock that counted such good hours,  
And sooner than I'd sell them too, I gave away the flowers,—  
I'd reared them up from shoots and seeds, and watched them day by day,  
And I know I'll have nought more my own that I may give away.

Set wide the little window, Ben, and let the breeze pass through,  
And blow away the memory of such as me and you :  
For it's no use to be spoken of, when speaking will breed pain,  
And from such an end as ours is none a helping thought can gain.  
But the sot who boozes hardest, the pot-house porch before,  
May mock, “Work finds the workhouse, and so sloth can do no more !”

My temper's not the sweetest, and it wasn't from the first,  
Yet you seemed to love me dearer but the more you knew its worst :  
Some might say my life had turned it ; but life does what each deserves,  
And the bitter things it pickles, and the sweet ones it preserves ;  
So the woes we've borne between us were my vinegar and brine,  
But they took effect on you, Ben, like spice and oil and wine.

Yet it's only women know how a woman can be tried—  
How the chimney always smoked, and the children always cried,—  
How their clothes were ever wearing—and when the bread gave out,  
'Twas but natural and proper that the mother went without,—  
And there was no time for worship, or I had no decent shawl,  
Yet one saw the ladies blamed one when they sometimes chose to call !

How my foolish tongue goes grumbling ! And it's but to while away  
The hunger longing in my heart to live one more such day,  
With the dead weans back again, Ben, though their rags might hang forlorn,  
And you coming home at gloaming, and you starting forth at morn !—  
Do you see the shadows falling, Ben, upon the church-yard grass ?  
O Ben, if Death would hear us, I would call him as we pass !



I've heard a lot of pretty rhymes, how old folks side by side  
 Sit down and wait for Death to come in life's grey eventide.  
 Yet all our days, Ben, you and I have laboured hand and heart,  
 But now we can't work any more, we've got to rest apart,  
 And I hear you say "God's will be done," as Christ said when He died,  
 But might not God's will be a curse on those who crucified?

And now, good-bye, poor little house: I know you're low and mean,  
 And the workhouse wards are big and white, and very cold and clean.  
 You, Ben, will wear the long day out the best way that you can,  
 While I must sit with empty hands and think of you, old man;  
 So, give your arm, and to "The House" we'll walk, a wedded pair—  
 I'd rather be us two, dear heart, than those who part us there!



## FILTHY LUCRE.

I HAVE chosen my title with reference to the nature of the materials from which the gain of which I have to speak is extracted—very fertile “farms of two acres,” some of our dingy dust-yards prove—not with the slightest to the character of the extractors. Through the courtesy of Messrs. W. Mead and Co. I have been allowed to pay a visit or two to a “contractor’s yard,” which claims to be the largest, at any rate to do the largest business, in London. It is one of several bordering the Paddington Basin, which from that circumstance might be called, by a trade pun, a “slop” basin.

Most of the London dust-yards are at the water-side, for the sake of the water carriage which the canal or river gives them for their dust and cinders to the country brick-makers.

In Messrs. Mead and Co.’s yard, the electric light is used after dusk in winter, to enable the men to go on with the loading of the barges. Wandering along the muddy North Wharf Road, with its dozens of empty tumbrils resting with their shafts up in the air, or crossing the canal and railway bridges in Bishop’s Road, you catch sight of an aurora in the sky, and on entering the yard you see a big meteor-star, pulsing white and bluish-white, suspended in solitary brightness over the black heaps from which the weary sifters have gone home to rest, weirdly lighting up the men plying pick and shovel down by the canal, and making part of the sluggish water seem to be phosphorescently afire. As far as the influence of the light extends, the separate stones can be distinguished on the gravel wharf, and within that circle the lamp-posts and the buildings of the yard stand out clear as by daylight, or rather clearer, since the mysterious brilliance seems to purge them of their grime. But all gas-jets are turned into mere faint bilious blotches, and outside the magic circle the darkness, both on land and water, is intensified into ebon gloom.

And now for the daylight aspect of the yard, or rather yards. An apology for untidiness on a contractor’s premises has a somewhat droll sound, but one is made for the “muddle” in which the “slop-yard” is found. The slop is just thawing after long frost. A wide mass of dark, very unappetising batter-pudding is pent up on the wharf, waiting for a barge to come alongside; when a trap will be opened, and the unsavoury mess cascade in a mudfall. This accumulation of

scavengering is indiscriminately called slop, but formerly street dirt used to be divided into mud and “mac,” the latter being the product of traffic friction on macadamised roads, and the more valuable for builders’ purposes because freer from manure than mud. When I asked my obliging guide at what rate the yard sold its slop, I was astonished to hear, “We get nothing, give it away to brick-makers fifteen or sixteen miles down the canal. Yes, the cost of the carriage falls on us too. We own twenty barges, with two men and a horse apiece, and we hire as well. The brick-makers know that we must get rid of the slop, and so they won’t give us anything for it. If,” he added, “the yard were close to a country district, so that farmers could come with their carts, they would be glad enough to pay us for it, it makes excellent manure.”

Separated from the slop wharf by the gravel wharf, which, from its contrast to its neighbours on both sides looks strangely clean and almost goldenly bright, is the dust-yard. Outside the gates empty dust and mud carts, so thickly furred with mud and dust that the owners’ names are often almost illegible, are congregated in the manner I have described. Other carts are rolling out empty and rolling in full. One of them unfortunately goes over a poor fellow, who is taken up tenderly by two brother dusties and lifted with care into a cab, backed into the yard to receive him, and in this he is carried off to hospital in charge of a clerk.

The firm owns a hundred and twenty horses, manifestly well fed, and they are well housed also. In their stables under the granary which contains their hay, straw, chaff, and crushed oats, hot as well as cold water is laid on for use at night. Their drivers look as if they would be all the better for similar accommodation. The dust that thickly covers the tracks in the yard is much like that one flounders through in iron-works. Here the foot sinks over the ankle in dry, black powder, and there sticks fast in viscous, blacking-like mud. Even on a winter afternoon, with the mercury dropping to freezing point, the perfumes floating, or rather brooding, in the atmosphere are not those of Araby the Blest. On a sweltering summer day, after a shower, what must be the odours steaming up from such a conglomeration of ashes, egg-shells, oyster-shells, herring-heads, greasy rags and bones, old

boots and shoes, and miscellaneous rubbish! And yet the people employed in the yard, both men and women—so far as their flesh can be made out through the dirt with which they have peppered and besmeared it—look healthy, some quite plump and ruddy; and the same may be said of the men who go out with the dust-carts and the scavengers. Dustmen are not remarkable for their knowledge of history, or, indeed, any kind of book-learning; but they have heard of the great Plague of London, and preserve a tradition that dustmen drove the dead-carts (which George Cruikshank, in his illustrations of Defoe, has made very much like dust-carts), and that not one of them died of the pestilence. In recent visitations of small-pox and other epidemics London dust-folk have continued healthy; and I have read, too, that when, thirty years ago, the cholera raged in Paris, its scavenger quarter, Belleville, escaped scot-free. It is rather odd that one of our dirt-colonies should be called, with equal irony, Belleisle. The dress of the dustman—fantal, frock, and knee-breeches—seems to have come down from generation to generation, and, although he no longer rings his bell, the lugubriousness of his "Dust hoy!" may be a relic of the solemnity with which his predecessors (ancestors, indeed, for the dustman's trade runs in families) chanted their "Bring out your dead!"

The general healthiness of dustmen, coupled with the fact that they are by no means the soberest folk in London, is a nut which I must leave the alcohol controversialists to crack. Of their wages, from 26s. to 30s. a week, a good sum goes in drink; and then there are their "sparrows" (beer or beer-money), given by householders when their dust-holes are emptied (2d. is the regulation amount), and then there are likewise their "tots" (purloined perquisites, in the way of specially fine bones, bits of old metal, &c.), popped into their "siders," or baskets, and disposed of on their private account *en route* to the yard, instead of being taken inside. The public are sometimes accused of encouraging dustmen in their drinking habits by giving "sparrows;" but since the contractors are aware that the men expect them almost as a right, and would resent any refusal to render them by incivility or intentional "accidents" unpleasant to the refuser, these perquisites, like postmen's Christmas boxes, may be looked upon as a portion of wages which wealthy masters force the public to pay.

Dustmen are generally husbands of women

working in the yards they supply. Although in too many instances there has been no proper marriage, the couples are said to be mutually faithful; but the dustwoman shares her lord's love of beer, and as a consequence not unfrequently has black eyes. These are, however, only visible for any length of time on Sunday, when both dust-women and dust-girls cleanse themselves, and dress up with a neatness or smartness which shames the squalor of their neighbours of other callings. They also give themselves a good wash when their day's work is done. As much cannot be said, I fear, of the male members of the pulverine profession. The children used to begin to do something in the yards almost as soon as they could toddle, and then as they grew up the girls became sifters, whilst the boys adopted either the in- or the out-gate branch of the dustman's trade; but probably the School Board has altered—at any rate, will alter—this state of things. At the yard I speak of I was informed by the employers that the men make, on an average, 15s., and the women 12s. a week.

The yard employs altogether about three hundred hands. The dust-yard's "bin-man" is the "filler-in" (of sieves), and the dust-yard's "bins" are round baskets, into which, and metal pails, the sifters sort the articles that will not pass through the wires of their sieves. Other bulkier ones the fillers-in remove before they fill the sieves. The sifters have their gown-sleeves tucked up, are begirt with aprons of leather and sacking, and, like the Welsh tip-girls, wear buskins and handkerchiefs tied over their crushed hats, bonnets, caps, or simply tousled hair. Some of them have little blue, brown, or plaid shawls like milkwomen's, but by no means suggestive of milk, tightly knotted about their busts. Dingy though they are, they are *panni purpurei* in this realm of sackcloth and ashes. It is almost needless to say that sifting cannot be done when there is anything like heavy rain falling, and, therefore, the employment is very precarious. At this yard the sifters are allowed to take as "perks" wood, corks, and a daily quantity of cinders, more than sufficient for their own consumption. The surplus they sell. It is a curious sight to see them staggering home at dusk with their bundles of fuel, hugged in both arms, like "black'ning trains o' craws to their repose." These perquisites swell their earnings to the weekly average I have quoted. If they find coin, of course they pocket it, and doubtless also any "valuable" easily

convertible into cash; but such finds probably, except so far as stray halfpennies are concerned, are very few. Sovereigns and bank-notes have, however, found their way to dust-heaps, and, stranger still, been restored to their rightful owners. Both men and women work hard for their money, but, compared with members of some other callings, a dustman and his "wife" are well paid. Clubbing their earnings—even if they confine themselves to honest perquisites—they make more than many curates, Dissenting ministers in villages, and clerks everywhere; and certainly, according to the respective styles of living required by custom, would be far better able to put away money were it not for their drinking habits. Everything beyond the perquisites I have mentioned goes to the contractor at the yard in question. There used to be, and perhaps there is still in some other yards, a middleman system.

In this yard there is no towering *Mont Noir* of dust, like that which in the golden age of the dust trade is said to have sold for £20,000; for, like other trades, the dust trade has, most probably always had, a golden age, when those engaged in it were made out to have been far more prosperous than its present practitioners. But here are carts laden with sifted "soil," so much like gunpowder that they seem very recklessly risked open ammunition tumbrils, there a mound of "breeze," and yonder piles of "hard core" and "soft core." At the wharf a barge is loading with a cargo of the "soil," and sluggishly through the semi-stagnant brownish-green water of the canal moves another lanky boat with once gaily painted bows, now appropriately dim, laden with "breeze" from another wharf hard by.

The fine dust or "soil" is used for manure. It is said to be specially useful for bringing marsh land into cultivation, and, so curious are the results of nature's chemistry, in stimulating the growth of the fragrant clover. At one time it was so much sought after by farmers that the London contractors could not supply their demands, and ship-loads of it were brought into the Thames from the northern ports of England. "Soil" is also mixed with clay for brickmaking, and so is "breeze," the cinder portion of the sifted ashes. The "breeze" is used in burning the bricks likewise. The clover-field and the brick-field are thus both fed from the dust-bin—what a difference in their odours!

"Hard core" consists of brickbats, broken tiles and slates, cracked crockery, oyster-shells—in short, the miscellany of mal-

odorous rubbish that may be seen and smelt from afar when a new road is to be made, or, in lieu of the cleanly gravel that has been carted away, a foundation laid for a new row of suburban houses. Old hats and boots, sodden rags, and rusty, battered hardware may sometimes be seen in these foundations, which will puzzle future explorers when dug through in the course of their excavations; but such articles are generally eliminated at the dust-yard for other purposes, which will be mentioned presently.

The "soft core" is vegetable refuse, sent down the canal gratis to farmers, who use it for manure. "They know we must get rid of it," I am told; "and so they won't give us a penny for it. Farmers are wide-awake enough."

Outside cabbage-leaves and other vegetable waste from the markets, the streets, and dust-bins filled by careless, slovenly servants with unvigilant mistresses, are the chief constituents of this soft core. The other afternoon, in Covent Garden, I saw a poor old woman stooping in the midst of the day's litter there, in order to pick out a few leaves of greens that she could boil. I wish the sight could have been seen and heeded by those wasteful kitchen-maids—many of them the children of pinched homes—who fling good bread and cheese and plump legs of fowls into the dust-bin. When such articles are sifted out at the dust-yard in an eatable condition they become the perquisites of the finders; otherwise they go to swell the pile of soft core. Amongst the condemned herrings which find their way to the dust-yards from Billingsgate good ones may occasionally be picked out, and these too are appropriated by the sifters.

We mount by a ladder into the "rag-loft," the building in which the rags, &c., are stored, and the old metal, when small, sorted into different pails according to its kind. Here is a bucket full of scrubbing-brushes rescued from the dust, and cleansed for reappearance in domestic life. And here is yet another proof of servants' carelessness: two days' siftings-out of squandered coal, making a heap that would last a family of half-a-dozen for a month.

The rags and bones make a forcible demand through the nose to be noticed. "It would not pay us," my guide informs me, "to sort the rags. We sell them in a lump to a Jew, and he gets them sorted and makes his market of them."

Contemplating, but not too closely, the mountain of mixed rags, it is curious to speculate on their destiny. The linen and



cotton ones are not clean enough to rank as "fines," the aristocracy of papermaking rags, which are of many grades, running down from clean whites through dirty whites, blues, and checks, fustian, prints, corduroy, black cotton, bagging, common sheeting, and carpeting, to rag ropes. But perhaps they will do for "seconds," and be pulped in a mill thumping away beside some pleasant Kentish stream winding between woods, pastures, corn-fields, meadows, orchards, and hop-gardens, fertilised by some of the woollen rags with which they are now mixed; and then they may in their paper form be again and again repulped and mixed with fresh rag, each time sinking lower in the paper scale. What different things may have been written on the same materials—how they may have fallen from the position of creamy or delicately tinted scented superfine, worthy of letters of gold inscribed with a dove's quill, to that of wrappages for coarsest parcels!

Others of the woollen rags again will be boiled with pearlash, horns, hoofs and hoof-clippings, blood, old iron, including broken horse-shoes, and waste leather, and reappear in a metamorphosis which is like an apotheosis, glorified as clear crystals of prussiate of potass.

Before proceeding to speculate on the fate of the bones, a word or two on the old boots and shoes that find their way into the dust-yard. Glue can be made out of old boots and shoes; they are used in the manufacture of prussiate of potass, and some are sold for the sake of the nails in them. Others are bought by a class of cobblers who most do congregate in and about the Seven Dials, Drury Lane, Paddington, Petticoat Lane, Rosemary Lane, alias Royal Mint Street, and Bethnal Green, called "translators" or "clobberers," who by various vamping arts

"Gar auld shoos look amaise as weel's the new."

Even when the old boots or shoes cannot be rehabilitated *in toto* (no pun is intended), their uppers can be cut down and used for the covering of smaller feet than those they once enclosed; and by chemical treatment their leather, both upper and under, can be mixed with india-rubber and used for goloshes. It may also be made into ink rollers for type.

It is not a valley but a hill of bones on which the eye rests, nor are they all dry, but they are all destined for new stages of existence. You may meet them again at church as fans, in the streets as buttons on coster-

mongers' sleeved waistcoats, in the dressing-room as combs, tooth-brush handles and soap, at the breakfast table as egg-spoons, at the dinner-table as knife and fork handles, gelatine and jelly. The sugar that sweetens your tea may have been refined by their animal charcoal; the wheat of which your toast is made may have in it some of their dust, animal guano or superphosphate; and the match with which you light your bedroom candle, some of their phosphorus. A good many now you would not care to "touch with a pair of tongs," and yet some of these you may hereafter handle with complacency as paper knives, chessmen, and counters. Others you may have on your boots as blacking, in your scent-bottle as smelling-salts, in your silk dress as stiffening, and the gold of your watch and chain may have been assayed in cupels made of the ashes of yet others. After the fusty smell of the rags and bones, the druggy scent that broods over a motley collection of bottles, washed and awaiting washing, is a relief. A good many of them are medicine phials, blue lotion bottles, and so on, and when cleansed will resume their old functions, as will also the wine and ale, lemonade, soda-water and ginger-beer bottles. Not only the bottles, but the curiously cracked corks also of the ginger-beer sold in the suburbs to Sunday-walking Londoners before they reach the "bona-fide traveller" limit, probably come from the dust-yard. (Cork cuttings, I may remark parenthetically, are used in the manufacture of floor-cloth, and leather-parings are made into cement for iron tools.) The broken glass is sold to glass works to be remelted: more than a thousand tons of this "cullet" is thus used up in London alone every year.

As to the old metal, the scrap-iron is re-puddled and made into bars. A good deal of the scrap goes abroad as ballast—old kettles, fenders, fire-irons, pans, scuttles, hoops, corrugated roofs, "metallic various," as the Golden Dustman's friend, Mr. Venus, would have called it—to be forged again beyond the sea. Such articles used to be sent down to Cornwall to catch copper from the streams; but my guide tells me this is no longer the case. Gunsmiths buy up old horse-shoes and horse-shoe nails for their barrels—not, it seems, because the hammering such iron gets in use has toughened it, but because it was originally of first-rate quality. The popular notion is said to be on a par in logic with the vulgar error that bones are most brittle in frosty weather.

Old iron is also used in making ink and potash salts. Copper, pewter, brass, iron, is, I believe, the descending order of value in which old metal stands. The solder of old hardware is marketable at a higher rate than the ware.

A lad mounts the black wooden inclined plane, ribbed with battens, up which the horses stump to their stables, bearing on his head a case full of old tinware and fragments of the same. "Any one below there?" he cries, and then empties his load on a pile of similar material waiting to be taken away—without payment, I am told—by persons who will make a profit out of it.

It seems strange that they should not be asked some price for it, since the valuable tin can be separated from the iron by chemical means, and the iron, which is of a superior class, re-manufactured, or cut and varnished into clamps for the trunkmaker. Salts for dyeing can also be got from old tinware. One proprietor of old tinware works claims these as the products of his processes: tin, iron, ammoniac, prussian blue, stannate of sodium, steel, chloride of zinc, and chloride of iron.

When I ask about soot I am told that *that* is an entirely different branch of business, in a tone which shows me that Dust looks down on Soot. And yet soot is valuable enough to be adulterated. Chimney-sweeps say that the value of a bushel of soot and

the cost of the quartern loaf always tally. Just now this happens to be the case; but I am not sure about the "always."

Owing to the amount of sulphate of ammonia it contains, soot used to be exported in considerable quantities to the West Indian sugar plantations, and it is still a valued manure at home. Sheep and cattle feed greedily on pasture that soot has fertilised, and it imparts a markedly bright green to grass and grain. From it, moreover, bistre is manufactured, and colouring matter for paper-hangings. Like pyroligneous acid, it has been used for the curing of meat, and with a similar effect—the imparting to the preserved provision a taste as if it had been smoked. The best soot is said to be that swept from kitchen chimneys, well impregnated with hospitable fumes.

Everywhere the yard is crowded. Hard by the old tin heap another lad is feeding a bonfire of rubbish, out of which even the ingenuity of a contractor and his clients can get no good until it is reduced to ashes. And just above this, on a wooden bridge, stands a minister of the neighbourhood, his glossy black hat and broadcloth contrasting queerly with the dull, dead black of the heaps around, who has come in to take a bird's-eye view of the yard's curious sights. Methinks that bonfire might furnish him with morals for many sermons, which may be found in ashes as well as stones.

CHARLES CAMDEN.

## THE MISSION FIELDS OF INDIA, CHINA, AND JAPAN.

BY THE REV. W. FLEMING STEVENSON, AUTHOR OF "PRAYING AND WORKING."

### VIII.—MANDARINS AND TEMPLES.

WE had still to see the temples in Peking, and there was none about which I was so anxious as the Temple of Heaven. It shelters the most ancient form of worship in the country, and as the services are held only twice a year, when the Emperor officially takes part, a special sacredness and privacy are supposed to attach to the building. It is understood to be closed against foreigners, but foreigners have often gained admission, and the authorities have not thought it needful to interfere with the discretion of the gatekeepers, which is of a very erratic character, one day of stringent refusal, and the next of compliance. As ladies are especially obnoxious, and the wife of one of the foreign ministers had been denied admission the day before, it was decided that I should go alone,

under the guidance of one of the Secretaries of Legation, who knew the place.

Passing through a gate in the inner wall, and jolting over the gigantic ruts, we turned into a crowded street, then out into a plain that lay apparently beyond the city, though still within the outer lines. The wall of a vast enclosure stretched away on our left, and when we had got near it, the horses were put to a sharp pace, and jumping quickly down we pushed through a wicket gate that stood ajar. We were now on foot, and walked rapidly up a broad avenue arched with splendid trees; for though we were within the enclosure, there was still another wall, and we hoped to take the gate here also by surprise. They were too quick for us, however; the door was shut in our face,

and upon parley an extravagant sum was demanded for entrance. Some one, it seemed—some one denounced energetically as “a Globetrotter”—had given twenty-five dollars to get through the first gate, been then asked a hundred to pass the second, and on declining was compelled to leave the temple unvisited. The men’s heads were turned, and my companion therefore protested that in the interests of others we must make a stand, and refused to offer a cash more than had formerly satisfied the janitors. “If it comes to the worst,” he said, “we can scale the wall; but if we walk away they will be sure to capitulate.” We walked, but no one followed us. The sun was hot and the air was still, and the wall ran for miles, and we walked on. At long intervals a gaunt gateway was reached, but the gates had been carefully closed, and behind each an earthwork had been recently piled up inside, so that they were immovable. My companion occasionally renewed his suggestion of climbing the wall, to which he demonstrated there were no ethical objections; but the wall was fourteen feet high, without foothold, and on the top of it an overhanging eave of tiles. In the distance also there was the Mandarin in charge, making his periodical inspection of this inviolable park, for all the way we had come was through a broad belt of grass, dotted with trees.

At last we stood inside. The wooding was here more dense, but a few steps led us to a stately and lofty causeway that ran almost from end to end of the enclosure, and from which we overlooked the whole. It is along this causeway that the Emperor proceeds to sacrifice, and we walked on it until we came to the Altar of Heaven. This is simply an enormous circle of white marble, approached by a series of circular marble steps, arranged in geometrical order, but in odd numbers only, since “Heaven is odd, Earth is even; Heaven is round, Earth is square.” Stately incense-burners of bronze were placed at intervals, but only one was entire, the rest having had either one or both the handles ruthlessly broken off and sold by the keepers. Below there were some iron cauldrons with open bars, in which the Emperor annually burns the sentences of the prisoners condemned to capital punishment, thus rendering to heaven an account of his stewardship; but the most interesting object was a large furnace faced with brilliant green tiles and ascended by a green porcelain staircase. Bullocks selected with great care are fed in this sacred park; a male of two years

old and without blemish is chosen for the sacrifice; it is slain and placed as a whole burnt offering on a grating within the furnace, and shortly before sunrise on the 22nd December, as the Emperor approaches, the fire of the burnt sacrifice is kindled, and the smoke ascends to Heaven. We could see the charred bones of the last victim as we looked down. On the other side of the altar the view is marred by an ugly scaffolding from which three lofty poles rise into the air, so that when the lanterns are hung on these at the time of offering sacrifice, the light falls upon the kneeling Emperor. The top of the platform is flat and laid in nine concentric circles of marble stones. There are no idols, but tablets are placed on low pedestals, one by itself with the name of Heaven, the others with the names of the Emperor’s ancestors. Kneeling in the inner circle before the tablet to Heaven, “the Emperor seems to himself and his court to be in the centre of the universe, and turning to the north and assuming the attitude of a subject, he acknowledges in prayer and by his position that he is inferior to Heaven and Heaven alone.”\* The stately causeway and the magnificence and free design of this marble altar were like a dream of Solomon; and the incense-burners, the place of the burnt offering, the absence of any idol, and the antiquity and simplicity of the worship, produced an indescribable impression.

Turning in the opposite direction, a large circular building met the eye, the three triple roofs that ascend one above the other to a height of ninety-nine feet being made of blue porcelain tiles of an exquisite and almost dazzling shade. On entering, we found ourselves under a lofty and well-proportioned dome, supported on twelve gigantic and clumsy pillars of wood, and decorated up to the summit in green, blue, and gold; and in the middle there was a chair or throne. We now heard steps approaching, and presently one, two, then three attendants looked in with a scared expression at finding the door open and strangers inside. A trifling *douceur* moderated their alarm, and they allowed us to remain as long as we wished; but when, some way farther on, we came to a rectangular building where the sacred tablets are kept from view of men, their excitement returned. The door here was securely locked, both above and below. They said it had never been opened except when the tablets were brought out, and as the upper lock was

\* From a paper of curious interest and research, by the Rev. Dr. Edkins.



to be reached only by a high ladder, it certainly could not be opened without their consent. Remembering, however, how they had found the previous building open, and seeing us examine the door of this, they exchanged uneasy glances, withdrew for consultation, and then came forward with an offer to fetch a ladder and a priest. Concealing his delight at this unexpected concession, my companion assented, and the ladder was brought, as well as the man who had the key. "How much?" "We shall tell you when we get in." And the door was opened for a mere trifle.

Just facing the entrance there was a platform of marble about five feet high, carved all over the front, and divided in the middle by a flight of steps, which are continued above it in a flight of five or six, narrower, and of black polished wood. At the top of this second flight there was the tablet of *Shanti*. When the black cloth that overhung it was unpinned, there stood before us a large case, richly carved and gilt, about three feet long by two feet six broad. We tried to open it, but it would not yield. They assured us it was solid wood and could not open, so that there was no use trying; but fearing either that some accident would happen from our clumsiness, or that it would be opened without their aid, they compromised by saying it would open for three *tiaou*,\* and undid it themselves. At last the tablet was laid bare. It rested on a circular light-coloured pedestal, was about two feet five inches high, was painted a deep blue, and, carved upon it in raised gilt letters, both in Chinese and Manchu, there was *Shanti*, and nothing else. As soon as we came down, the men carefully removed our traces by sweeping the dust off the steps. There seemed to be four tablets ranged against the wall on either side, similarly covered and encased in cloth—tablets to the emperors of the dynasty. On one that we examined the inscription was somewhat long, running over more than one line and in a smaller text. The other buildings of this remarkable sanctuary were then inspected, including the peculiar covered ways that led to the sacrificial slaughter-houses, and we withdrew. Our companions had left us, and when we reached the door that had been so stubbornly closed against our admission, we found that it was equally prepared to resist our exit; nor was it without much pains and patience that we made our way through the clumsy gate. Even on this imperial temple decay has set

its mark, and the green and blue porcelain tiles that roof the enclosing walls of the park lie in fragments upon the ground, although more care is taken of the Tablet Hall than of any religious building that we saw in the country.

The Temple of Heaven is peculiarly for the ceremonial of State worship, but there are many religious forms under the broad shield of the Emperor's protection. There is a narrow sense in which China is not intolerant, but suffers other religions to dwell at peace within its borders. If they have established a prescriptive right by long residence, if they do not proselytise, and if they acknowledge the Emperor, little evil will befall them. The ancient Roman Catholic communities in the interior do not suffer from interference; a community of Jews worshipped in a synagogue at Kai-fung-foo for seven hundred years; and there, and in many parts of the empire, there are numerous mosques and a considerable Mohammedan population. It was on a Friday afternoon that, with Dr. Edkins of Peking and two of his brother missionaries, we visited the Mosque at Tientsin. The architecture of the building presented an exterior like that of any Chinese temple, with its curved roof and bright tiles, save that two tall poles did duty for minarets; but the interior was Saracenic, and the walls were inscribed with texts from the Koran and Chinese mottoes, such as "The Everlasting Lord," "The Upholder of all things." As service was just over, many of the worshippers lingered, and both they and the people of the small Mohammedan quarter close by wore the ordinary dress of the country, though frequently exhibiting a different type of feature. In the courtyard there are apartments for a number of students, who read with a *mollah*, and who showed us their books, beautifully written on vellum-like paper. The copy of the Koran was in thin manuscript volumes, the writing in a large but exquisite hand, and a complete set of the sacred books would cost, they said, about £75, though at the same time they declined to entertain the question of sale. The people were shrewd and well-to-do, and managed the affairs of their mosque (which was beautifully kept) by an elected committee, and chose their own priest. The Mohammedan population do not seem to add to their number, unless it be by the rare marriage of a Chinese wife, and their religion does not exclude them from holding offices of State. Some of them, as well as of the early Jews at Kai-fung-foo, have become viceroys; but in such cases, as they are com-

\* About 1s. 3d.

pelled to a certain amount of idolatrous observance, they are suspended from full membership, and not restored until the appointment ceases. Yet, notwithstanding this exercise of discipline, I had been shown the Emperor's tablet outside, so placed that every one who enters must pass it, and thus acknowledging a form of idolatry.

On reaching the opposite end of Peking from the Temple of Heaven we turned to the right where an irregular pile of pagoda-like roofs with yellow tiles gleamed in the sky, and entering by a rough and shabby wicket gate found ourselves in the great Lama monastery. We walked through a series of spacious courts, each surrounded by temple buildings. The courts were empty, but long lines of narrow monkish streets ran off from them and housed the inmates of the place. An ill-favoured monk or two were putting on their dirty yellow robes and their droll conical praying hats, and presently other monkish figures stole across the pavement, every man with a key to unlock some special treasure and make a squeeze on his own account, as the times were bad in the Emperor's treasury. Some of the side halls were neatly kept, seated with rows of low red benches on which the service books are rested, and with beautiful vessels of *cloisonné* before the altars. In the great temple there is a figure of Matreya, the coming Buddha, seventy feet high, and said to be carved out of one piece of wood. We have been decreasing in stature, the priest tells us, and will diminish further, "until men get so small that an eagle will carry them in its talons; then Matreya will appear," and we shall be restored to our original stature of seventy feet. Stairs run up at the back of this image, and on every gallery as we ascended we found the wall encrusted with rows of tiny porcelain Buddhas, so that there must have been thousands. From the highest gallery we turned into another chamber and found ourselves before the top of the great praying machine, a revolving structure that rises thus high from the ground. It is old and stiff like Pekingese Buddhism, and so crazy that one was afraid to do it violence; but it turns on festival days, laden with paper petitions, and whoever has his hand on it, or on the person of one who touches it, has a right to all the prayers that are offered. It was a relief to turn from the dusty mechanism and step out on the balcony and catch a charming view of the warm roof bathed in sunshine, the trees musical with innumerable pigeons and crows, and masses of green round the parti-coloured

buildings far away. As we came down we noticed that opposite Matreya there is a tablet inscribed "Emitting a great shining light," and spoke to the priest of that Word who is the life and light of men and who has already come. The ceiling of the temple was moulded in squares of green and gold, and the floor carpeted with some rich yellow stuff. The offerings were simple, rice and pure water among the rest; and our companion mentioned that he had seen among such gifts in Thibet a glass jar of Morton's confectionery.

We waited for the curious evening service, which was held an hour before sundown in a large hall seated for five hundred priests, a spacious, lofty, gloomy chamber, lighted entirely from the doors. At one end there was a pile of a hundred and twenty-eight volumes of the Buddhist canonical books, and at the other two hundred and twenty volumes of a commentary. The elder monks sat on the two front rows facing each other, behind them the young men and the boys, some of whom were not more than six years old (for children are devoted to this life from infancy), all in vestments, their tall hats on the low tables, which also supported the service books. The chant was a weary monotone; but four of the elder monks sustained a strange deep D that resounded like a hollow roar of water during all the service. At some points the chanting of the others stopped, but this continuous D would span the chasm like a bridge; the chanting rose and fell, murmured loud and low, but there was always this boom in the air, and, as it swelled, the chanting swelled above it. Years are spent in learning it, and the traveller may be startled by the booming sound of some practising monk among the Northern hills; but the faces of the men were empty and sensual, their foreheads retreating, and they kept at their work without a break while the younger laughed and pointed at us, and the chubby little urchins (sent by the older and lazy fellows to represent them) nudged each other and scarcely sang at all. There was a smaller group in a minor hall, apparently for practice, and a stern, keen-eyed dean walked up and down the stone platform outside to rebuke any indecorum of the younger singers, as we came near the outer court. The character of these monks is bad; they form a dangerous class, and as the monastery is a sanctuary they commit crimes with impunity. While our companion was explaining this, we had reached the outer court, and numerous figures silently advanced from unseen corners, yellow-robed, evil-eyed, and dirty; apparently from

courtesy, really for plunder, they gathered round; they grew clamorous for larger fees, thrust skinny hands upon us, and tried to dive into our pockets. "Of all things keep your temper," said our guide, and handed me his large stick lest they might think he would be tempted to use it; "button your coat, and move with the lady towards the gate." We pushed slowly out of the half-open doors, and, when he saw us safe, with a vigorous wrench he tore himself from his tormentors.

We were close by the Temple of Confucius, like the other temples a series of courts untidily kept and overrun with weeds, but shaded by ancient trees, and the tree sacred to Confucius, the cypress. The centre of it was a large hall with a lofty ceiling, supported on rich pillars and decorated in blue, green, and gold. There were no images, but the tablets of Confucius and his disciples were raised on pedestals, yellow and green. There were tables before them for offerings of rice, and another for haunches of raw meat. The Tsung matting on the floor was filthy, the panels of the ceiling hung down in patches, and the marble balustrades outside would have made a beautiful show but for neglect. It is a temple of literature, not a temple of religion; but decay is set upon it all the same. It is said that in the next reign all will be different, that there is no decay of the institutions, but only a shrinkage of the treasury; but one is struck by the absence of the people from these buildings as much as by their ill repair.

The honour of learning is a religion by itself in this country. Learning is the glory of the throne. There are splendid libraries in the palace, vast collections of books carefully catalogued, and selections for the Emperor's reference. One of his houses is a study where the young princes are educated; scholars annually explain the sacred books before him; he is the chief examiner for the doctor's degree, and confers his rank upon the senior wrangler. There is a printing office in his palace, and his poetry is sumptuously bound; and there is a hall in the "purple city" where sacrifice is offered to the tablets of learned men and to the Emperor's tutors. Learning is the key to the highest offices of state. In these temple grounds there is a sumptuous hall where the Emperor is said to explain the classics and expound the Sacred Edict, a series of ethical apothegms which the greatest of their modern monarchs wrote for his people. It must be a striking scene—the throne, the brilliant yellow and green arches opposite,

the maze of white marble balustrades, and all the dignitaries of the empire kneeling upon circular stone slabs that mark their position, and filling up the grassy court with their gorgeous dresses. On either side of this hall the Nine Classics, carved on tall slabs of black slate, are found under wooden roofs. The lettering is only on one side, and for the sake of easy reading is divided into pages, of which there are six rows on a slab and seven pages in a row, and as there are fifty characters on a page, the number of letters on one stone must be two thousand one hundred; and though nearly one hundred and fifty years old, the cutting is fresh and as legible as the print of a book. Books are more abundant and the printing-press is busier than in any other heathen country: it is a work of merit for a man to write and publish and circulate a book at his own expense; and the frequent receptacles for printed matter, so that none may be trampled in the mud, show almost a reverence for type: yet there is little inspiration in their literature; it has produced no great work of imagination, no epic, no poet. There are novels, but it is said that they are written at the rate of one in a dynasty; there are broadsheets and advertisements, for men will often place their wrongs before their fellow citizens in placards on the walls, as they paint their satire upon fans; but there are no living books of the present, unless such as are now induced by contact with the West. The newsman takes round the yellow-covered *Peking Gazette*, the oldest, smallest, most official, and yet one of the most amusing papers in the world;\* but there are only one or two and very recent newspapers in the proper sense of the word, and with an immense population capable of reading there is little read. It may be partly from the difficulty of a language which has over 40,000 characters, and keeps 15,000 in steady use, so that an artisan does not profess to know the technical words of any other calling than his own; it must be mainly from that want of power to create, and that want of stimulus to progress that mark the heathen religions of the East, and have imposed on the people long centuries of stagnation.

As we passed one of the porticos in another part of these buildings, some men were taking rubbings of the famous stone doors which were ranged there, five on each side, apparently black and meaningless, but which are claimed to be inscribed with

\* It is said to be more than 500 years old, and the matter is supplied by the Government clerks to a publisher for their own emolument, so that while not official it is a ministerial organ.—*Rennie*.



poetry in the ancient seal character, and cut two thousand five hundred years ago. Close by these are other tall tables covered with the names of those who have taken the highest degree at the triennial examination. The older names are scarcely decipherable, but there is the record of academic honours for five hundred years. This fashion of preserving literature otherwise than by books has taken a different form in the opposite end of the city. An hour beyond the gate, in the flat country with its arid-looking farms, there is the Bell Temple, a great cluster of buildings where the flame of the Virginia creeper burned up the walls, and stately trees flung their shadows on the courts. There are residences for the priests and halls for devotion, and curious paintings of Buddhist saints; there are vast drums to accompany the worship, though the priests are summoned to meals by striking a hollow beam of wood with a mallet; but the bell is the feature of the temple. Twelve feet high, and struck only when there is prayer for rain, it is covered within and without with ancient Buddhist classics in Chinese characters, and cast with astonishing clearness. Every part of the bell is covered, not only the handle, but the clasp of metal round the huge beam on which it is hung. Another huge drum rests here on the floor, fully five feet and a half in diameter and seven feet long. But just in front of the bell, on a little stand, there is a tiny doll about six inches high. "Might we examine it?" "With pleasure." It was wooden, dirty, ragged, and covered with dust. It was handled, patted, turned upside down. A broad smile spread over the faces of the priests. To this shrine the Emperor comes in straits to pray for rain.

When we reached the Bell Temple, we were on our way to the Summer Palace that our troops helped to destroy in 1860. Unhappily, it was an imperial road, which meant that it was flagged with the same atrocious pavement by which we had entered Peking. Before leaving the city, we had visited the Drum Tower—a large and stately structure, painted red, where a drum is beaten through the night watches—and the Bell Tower, a smaller building, white and decayed, where one of the five great bells of Peking is hung—the bell of which Marco Polo says: "It sounds at night three times, after which no man must leave the city." Close by it we had passed another of these bells, beside which even that of Moscow rings low, lying on its side, half buried in the ground. We had got out into the country, past temples,

where men were beating the summons to prayer on gong-stands outside; past brick walls, enclosing pleasure grounds; an uninteresting road, on which the cheeriest object was a new cemetery, where the owner had built himself a house for occasional residence. At last we saw before us the half-burnt park and hill of ruins which are all that remain of the park and temples of *Wan-shoo-shan*. The bronze lions still stand in the deserted, grass-grown courtyard; the avenue still runs by the broad and pleasant lake, and there is still the marble Bridge of the Camel's Back; but we constantly stumbled over broken fragments of marble pillars, and the marble pylows and pagodas, and the long, fair balustrades were lying prostrate among nettles. The hill had once been covered with wood, but what was spared by the soldiers has been cut down for fuel, so that from the base to the summit it is a melancholy and gigantic pile of bricks and marble and fragments of coloured tiles. The artificial grottoes have been blocked up, but the exquisite bronze temple is still intact, and in keeping with the place its doors have been built up with brick, and the avenues to it piled with thorns. On the very top there is a stately Buddhist temple, glistening with row upon row of little brown porcelain Buddhas, while the porcelain pagoda shines gaily in the sun. The view from the summit is full of character; for there are not only the ruins and the lake and (in the distance) the towers of Peking, but there is the next hill, with its tall marble pagoda, and the spurs of loftier hills beyond, where the Europeans migrate in the heat of summer; and on the dark slopes to the north, the long walls of the Emperor's hunting-grounds, and temples more like stout fortresses than houses of prayer, and here and there a village, and the blue mountains peering over the greyish brown of the foreground, and between the blue and the grey winds the road to Nankow, where the Great Wall crosses those far hills.

As we got into our carts again, it was with a little zest of adventure. The great Summer Palace of the *Yung min Yuen* (of which the *Wan-shoo-shan* was only an off-shoot) lay before us, the lofty wall reaching endlessly out and enclosing for miles masses of wood rich with the deep flush of autumn. This vast group of imperial pleasure-houses, where Coleridge's lovely vision was realised, has been closed to the barbarians these twenty years, since they sacked them. Some years ago a gap appeared in the wall, and adventurous spirits entered for a little season

till it was discovered, when the exclusion was made stricter than ever. But it was rumoured that a hole had once more appeared, and we were to try. We skirted the huge park for more than an hour, and it looked ill that masons were busily narrowing every drain's mouth by which it would be possible to creep in. We came nearer the reported breach, left our carts, crossed the muddy moat on foot, turned a quiet corner, and the breach was full in view, unrepaired. In a moment we had scrambled up and in. The buildings which were close by were those of European architecture, erected under the superintendence of the Jesuits, and we were divided by a long distance and another fence from the Chinese structures, which were even more completely ruined. Mounting over broken walls and among heaps of broken porcelain, we explored whatever was left of one stately palace after another. The buildings were of two lofty stories besides the basement, and seem to have been as extensive as the Tuileries. We could trace the curves of long colonnades, and the stately pillars and noble façades; and the colonnades and pillars and the houses were of pure white marble, every foot of which seems to have been carved, while traceries of the most brilliant flowers ran round the windows and doors, in exquisite porcelain. In many places not one stone was left upon another, and the ground is covered with carved marbles and bits of glorious porcelain enough to ornament a city. We saw only one ceiling remaining, and of that only the lath-work. At a distance we heard the sound of crowbars and of voices speaking in Chinese, and supposed that men were working out some demolition on their own account; for one of the reasons of the increasing ruin is said to be the desire to get the iron wire with which each piece of porcelain is fastened into the marble wall; but we saw no one and left in peace, with the new excitement before us, whether we should reach the city gate before it was closed at sunset—for these gates are closed, and the gatekeepers are inexorable.

The first half of the outer gate was already shut, but we got safely inside, and once more crept along the dreary streets between the yellow-tipped walls of the imperial city, and once more had occasion to notice the Chinaman in his most repulsive form. For there is a law which provides that every householder will water the intolerable dust before his own door; but as there is no law which provides him with water, he

deliberately takes what comes to hand, and, ladle in hand, empties the vile cesspools, and flings the stuff across the broad avenue by which emperors ride into the city. This imperial quarter may be very brilliant to those who live within it (though travellers, peeping through the gates, can see little difference between within and without), and is as large as, perhaps, all the parks in London thrown together, and with its soldiers and servants and women and eunuchs must form the population of a city; and at the point where the Beggars' Bridge crosses it, and divides the artificial water by its long rows of marble arches, the view on either side is very striking—temples, summer-houses, and monuments peeping out among the foliage of the shores and of the soft hills that witness to the landscape gardener; and from some points on the wall, and in some lights such as sunset, the glow of the curved and tiled roofs makes a gorgeous show, and even if the highest point of it should turn out to be the summit of a heap of coal, yet the Meshan is a rare bit of pleasure ground. But to the ordinary wayfarer, haunted by an appointed dining hour, I fear it is mainly a nuisance that compels him to go for miles out of his road. The English Embassy, however, maintains its superiority by keeping its clock three-quarters of an hour different from all the rest, and we did arrive, and heard at dinner that certain foreigners essaying to enter the *Yung min Yuen* the day before, were discovered, pursued, and their servants severely beaten, and we received meekly the congratulations on our escape.

The time came to leave. An hour or two before the mules started, I was walking up and down on the grass-grown wall, looking at the buildings of the "purple" city, near enough to allow their titles to be read, and the colour of their golden roofs showing well against the grey sky, while an old comrade of Bishop Burdon walked beside and pointed out the first house he had used as a Mission church, and urged once more with eager interest the well-worn points in the famous controversy of Tien *versus* Shanti. It was a characteristic parting. Then the bitter road was retraced, the hotels were prudently avoided by travelling all through the night, and in four-and-twenty hours we were toiling along the narrow and crowded streets of Tientsin, from which we had started ten days before. Here at least there seemed no sleep and no decay. The lines of shopmen stood out in front, holding the goods in their

hands, and setting out their quality and price in a loud sing-song, fifty voices perhaps on either side of the lane, for it was more lane than street, and all vigorous and within hearing at once. The primitive mint was still casting its "shoes" of solid silver, the Gunters of the place were still baking its confectionery, the furmen were selling cat-skins for sable, the shoe-shops were as overrun with shoes, the sing-song actors had reached the fourth act of the same play, and the bells jingled on innumerable donkeys.

When we sailed down the river from Tientsin we had a strange passenger on board. The table-boy of one of the English merchants had risen, with the self-helpful energy that characterizes the country, until he became a mandarin and commander of one of the Chinese gunboats stationed in the river. He, his two wives, and four children had died within one week about a year before, and the geomancers having only now settled the lucky day, the coffins were placed on board for burial at his native town, a thousand miles away. The *quondam* table-boy's was the largest of these structures, standing at least three feet high, and by way of honour it lay just outside the cabin door, and on the top there was, in a cage, a pure white cock with a magnificent comb, a grave and stately bird that was to be killed at the grave. As we steamed slowly down, three minute guns

boomed, and a strain of the most mournful and wild music floated into the night. We were passing the dead man's ship, and the band played its last adieu, for every honour was paid, and a powerful mandarin was to accompany the body all the way. We saw little of him; perhaps his withdrawal was from reserve—mainly, I fear, from sea-sickness. But even when our number was increased by another mandarin of equal rank, who came on board with a family of seven, a common nationality did not draw them together. Although one was an old gentleman of seventy, they spent their days in their respective state-rooms (and, alas! their nights also) fighting crickets. A supply of these insects travelled with them, trained as birds are trained for cock-fights; it is said that they have even what resemble spurs. The little wooden cages passed in every day; and as the creatures raise a wonderful chirp or war-whoop as they approach each other, a cry that grows shriller as the combat progresses, and is followed by quick, fierce notes of victory when one is slain; and as the men of office protested that the noise lulled them to sleep, we had the indescribable all-pervading smell of opium by day, and the never-ceasing cry of the cricket by night. These country gentlemen of the north must be at the height of enjoyment when they can own fighting crickets and fly a paper kite.

## A PICNIC UNDERGROUND.

EVERY one knows that chalk forms one of the characteristic strata of Kent. It varies much in depth, sometimes little exceeding a yard, while in many places it is so thick that it forms the white cliffs which fringe the coast of that part of England. It is thickest about Folkestone, where it has a depth of nearly six hundred and fifty feet, and in the neighbourhood of Bexley it may be found of very great thickness.

Between Erith and Bexley there is a little wood, such as in Wiltshire is called a "spinyey," and is named after the person to whom it belongs for the time. It is very small, and to the ordinary passenger presents no important points.

Yet it is one of the most noteworthy places in Kent. It is simply honeycombed with mines driven deeply into the chalk, and any one who wanders off the narrow path that runs through the wood does so at his peril.

I know the place well enough, but nothing would induce me to venture through that

wood at night without a lantern. The mouths of the mines are so covered with underwood, nettles, and various herbage, that it is almost impossible to see them, and even with a lantern I should feel rather nervous.

Putting aside their depth, if a man should fall down one of them, he is lost. It is useless to call for help, as he cannot be heard. He cannot ascend the shaft, which is as straight as a factory chimney; and, even if he escaped without broken limbs, which is very unlikely, he could not reach as high as the little steps which are cut in the chalk without the aid of a rope or pole. He must die, and the most merciful thing is that he should be killed by the fall, as happened to a man not long before these lines were written.

As to dogs, they perish wholesale in these dread pits. When the hounds are out, the fox invariably makes for this wood, he knowing its intricacies, and being perfectly aware that the hounds are ignorant of them. The huntsman always does his best to keep the



crafty animal out of the wood, but if he once gets into it, another fox must be found. One pit has lately been discovered which is more than a hundred feet in depth.

The form of these mines is most peculiar. They are sunk through sand and chalk, always ending in the latter, and vary from forty to one hundred feet in depth. The shaft is, on an average, one yard wide, and it goes down perpendicularly. On either side of the shaft there are small holes, arranged at regular intervals. Into these holes the toes can be thrust, and any one with good nerve can ascend or descend without aid, except a rope to assist him in reaching the first step and descending from the last.

N.B.—Ascending, in such cases, is always easier than descending, as, even if light be wanting, one hand can be spared to feel for the next step.

At the bottom of the shaft there is a globular chamber, so that the whole mine very much resembles an exaggerated claret bottle without the handle. By a curious coincidence, the shape of the Bexley mines is exactly that of a local beer measure, which is held in great estimation. In several houses may be seen an advertisement to the effect that "Beer is sold by the yard." And so it is, in accordance with the local custom. There is a glass vessel exactly three feet in length, with a very narrow stem slightly lipped at the mouth, and a globular bowl at the bottom, thus exactly resembling the pit, the lipped mouth representing the conical entrance to the shaft, and the bulb answering to the domed chamber. This is filled with beer, and any one who can drink it without spilling it may have the beer for nothing; but if he spills one drop he pays double.

It looks so easy, and it is so difficult, not to say impossible, to a novice. You take the vessel in both hands, apply the lip to your mouth, and gently tilt it. At first the beer flows quietly and slowly, and you think how admirably you are overcoming the difficulty. Suddenly, just when the vessel is tilted a little more, the air rushes up the stem into the bowl, and splashes about half a pint of beer into your face. The cheapest plan is to treat the barman to a yard of beer, and see how he does it. He will be too happy to oblige you, and the Bexley ale vanishes with a rapidity only equalled by that of the beer consumed at Heidelberg among the students. This custom has extended far beyond Bexley, and not only in the neighbouring villages, but even near Oxford, the yard of beer is advertised.

The chief of these pits lies somewhere about the middle of the wood, not many yards from the path, and on the right hand going towards Bexley. It is really a wonderful pit. Straight as a well, and not as wide as most wells, and going down into black darkness, like that of the terrible dark cell of a prison.

And, when you arrive at the bottom, it is not a simple globular chamber. In the first place, earth, sand, and chalk which have been washed down the shaft by multitudinous rains have made a high cone of débris in the centre. In the next place the excavators, whoever they may have been, have not been contented with the single globular chamber, but have cut out smaller cells all round, leaving walls and pillars of chalk to support the roof. Tertiary apartments have been planned from these secondary chambers, and have been partially executed, but, for some reason best known to the excavators, but not to us of later days, have not been completed.

Who were the excavators? What was their object? Where and how did they live? What tools did they use? What has become of the many tons of chalk which must have been taken out of the pits?

We can only say that we do not know. Conjectures are plentiful, but proofs are at present absolutely wanting.

That the excavations are very ancient is evident. That the pickaxes with which the ancient miners worked were made of deer-horn is clear enough to any one who has thoroughly examined the marks left by the tools which were employed in making these singular caves. Soft as is chalk, the grooves cut by the rude pickaxe are as fresh and sharp as if made yesterday. But their object is more than dubious.

Agriculture, as at present understood, was non-existent. Chalk is useful enough as a manure on gravelly soil, as I practically know. I made a croquet-lawn on gravel, and could do nothing with it until I took up all the turf and put a layer of six inches of chalk beneath it, knowing that chalk is a very sponge for the absorption and retention of water.

But the ancients who excavated these caves knew nothing more of agriculture than of croquet or lawn tennis, or cricket, or whist, so that the chalk could not have been excavated for agricultural purposes.

Were the pits made for concealment in case of being attacked by a victorious enemy? Here we are brought to face another difficulty. No human remains have been found

in any of these pits, except those of very recent date. I have examined the pits carefully, and did not even find a single flint weapon or tool, nor even the remains of the deer-horn pickaxes that have carved out these wonderful subterranean chambers.

Moreover, such pits would be the very worst places of refuge that could be chosen for such a purpose. No matter how carefully hidden and covered with foliage, they must be easily discoverable by eyes accustomed to follow the trail of the animal which they hunted. And, if discovered, the fate of those within was sealed. Nothing was easier for their enemies than to raise a pile of wood over the mouth of the pit, light it, and so to suffocate its inmates; a mode of warfare which has been employed within the recollection of all who know anything about the history of savage wars.

It has been suggested that there might have been communications between the pits, and that it would be possible to escape into another pit when one was too hot for them. But, in that case, smoke would ascend the mouths of the other pits, and so would betray their position to the enemy. Moreover, no indication has been found of such passages. So, although the theory of their use as places of refuge is a very tempting one, and is that which is popularly adopted in the neighbourhood, it must be rejected for the reasons above given.

Chalk caverns of many kinds are plentiful in the neighbourhood. Some very curious specimens are to be found on the edges of a wood which occupies the southern side of Bostol Common. They run horizontally, and not vertically, but are of great extent, and cannot be explored without the assistance of a lantern. None of these, however, are half as interesting as those near Bexley. *But now for our picnic underground.*

We got up a party of ladies and gentlemen and started for the pit, the former taking vehicles and carrying provisions, rope-ladder, cords, string, &c., and most of the latter walking. Suddenly, at Bexley Heath, it struck us that we had neither lamps, candles, candlesticks, nor matches. Accordingly, we laid in an abundant store of these necessities and proceeded on our way, every few yards recollecting something which we ought to have taken with us, but which we had forgotten, after the fashion of picnic makers. We did, however, have the forethought to send before us a rough derrick made of three scaffolding poles, a pulley, a stout rope, and an apology for a chair. This was principally

intended for the convenience of the ladies. For ourselves we had a rope ladder, assisted by a thin cord, which could either answer as a "guy" rope or be utilised in letting down anything that was needed, hauling up empty baskets, and so forth.

First the rope ladder was made fast to a tree-trunk, then the guy rope was fastened to the same tree, and then those who had sufficient nerve descended into the depths below. The last ten feet were the worst. The soil that had been washed down the shaft had eaten away the earth at the bottom of the pit, and there was nothing for it but to drop and take the chance of safe alighting. However, we did it, and in a few minutes had a vast number of lighted candles distributed all over the cave. The candles themselves were carefully hidden, and only their light was to be seen.

The provisions having been let down and arranged, we next had to lower the ladies by means of the derrick, one individual being told off above ground to see the lady safely into the chair, and two others to receive her when she descended, and to untie the bonds with which she was lashed for the sake of security. It was a curious fact, but really, as a rule, the ladies were much more courageous than the gentlemen, several of whom had to be lowered by the derrick, and then were so nervous that wine had to be administered.

Once having received her guests underground, the dark cavern was transformed into fairy land. Such astonishing transitions of light and shade! Such wonderful effects with inches of magnesium wire! bringing out cerulean and crimson ribbons, which were previously dull greys. Of all colours, crimson is the worst by candlelight. In a photograph it comes out beautifully as a soft, pale grey; but defend me from crimson by candlelight, in which it becomes a dull brown.

As to our picnic, nothing could be nicer. Everybody knew everybody else. Every one did as he or she chose, and we dressed ourselves in our worst apparel, as becomes a picnic underground among chalk.

Of course we laid traps for antiquarians, by previously putting old sous and centimes in the fire, battering them with a hammer, punching them with a cold-chisel, making indications of letters on them, and hiding them in places where they were sure to be found. Some of the intended victims suspected the trap, while others were taken in, and we all had a laugh over a practical joke, which was after all only borrowed from the celebrated A.D.L.L. of Scott's "Antiquary."

I have only tried one other practical joke of a similar character, and that was in Wiltshire. There is a cairn, broken and battered, on the summit of the hills near the Vale of White Horse, and visible from the railway. A very well-known author refers in a very well-known book to that cairn as a Danish monument, whereas I built it myself; and, by the same token, there is in the middle of it a flat-iron without a handle.

Jokes of this kind are very prevalent among scientific men. There is, for example, one of our best entomologists who prides himself on his skill in manufacturing insects. If they have wings, he discharges the colour by chemical means, and paints them afresh. He substitutes various parts of various beings for those of the creature which he manufactures, cutting out from an old champagne cork anything that may be found wanting. He once tried to palm off on me a most ingenious combination. The head was made of cork, the wings were real wings, only turned the wrong side upwards, and the body had been taken to pieces, painted, and varnished.

Unfortunately for himself, this very clever forger of entomological rarities had visited one of those houses where the celebrated Cardinal Spider lives, and had added the legs of a spider from Hampton Court to the body, wings, and antennæ of insects from all parts of the world. The spider's legs betrayed him, but the author of the entomological forgery was not in the least disconcerted at the discovery of the fraud. There are no schoolboys who enjoy a joke half as much as your celebrated scientific and literary men. Their reputation is too safe for cavil, and when they get together they are as playful as so many kittens. The museum of the late Charles Waterton was full of zoological jokes.

To proceed with our picnic. It came off with wonderful success, in spite of the invariable forgetfulness of salt, pepper, &c. Then the ladies were hoisted up on the derrick, and only two men were left below, I being one of them, and our duty being to put out and pack all the candles, clear away the débris of the picnic, place them in a basket, and tie the end of the small rope to the handle. The arrangement was that the ladder should be removed after everything was made straight below. Then I was to go up by the derrick, and my companion was to follow me by the same means. However, being rather nervous, he asked me to allow him to go first, and guide him safely up the first few feet, and I took the precaution of

lashing him to the rope of the derrick. Suddenly he vanished from my sight as if shot up like a sky-rocket, and his hat came tumbling down the shaft like the "pebble in Carisbrook Well."

The fact was that my friends on the upper ground had intended to play me a practical joke, and run me up as fast as they could. My companion being rather more than two stone lighter than myself, the result is intelligible. As for me, I contrived to climb up a part of the shaft by means of the rope, got my feet into the holes, ascended to the top, and swung myself on level ground without assistance.

Of course the day could not pass without accident. One of our number had a special pet in the form of a large bull-terrier. The dog and his master were inseparable as far as will went, but they were always being separated on the most frivolous pretexts; and I do not know which was the more miserable on such occasions. The dog got among deer, was very roughly treated, and horribly frightened. He got among sheep, and was butted about by the rams. He impaled himself on a spiked railing, tearing his flank completely open, and finished by falling down one of these pits. We at last heard him crying, and after taking to pieces and re-erecting the derrick, restored him safely to land.

He was a capital dog, but he certainly was occasionally a nuisance, especially when he was good enough to present himself in church during service, and, in an abased manner, try to find his master among the congregation.

A photograph of this remarkable pit has been successfully taken by a well-known archæologist living in the district. It was a most difficult task, but he accomplished it in a singularly ingenious way.

After getting his focus and making arrangements for a rapid exit, he put out all the lights in the cavern. Then he took the cap off the lens, lighted a slow match communicating with magnesium wire, and went up the rope ladder as fast as he could, in order to escape the suffocating fumes. The instantaneous process having been adopted, a really good photograph was secured, and will be most valuable in future cases, when the mysteries of these caves will be again investigated.

Since making this descent into the chalk caves, I have often wondered what the men of the Two Epochs would have thought of each other, could the one have been enabled to gaze forward into the future, and the latter to peer backwards into the past.

J. G. WOOD.



## THE BRIDE'S PASS.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.—THE KIRK OF FEARNAVOIL  
PREACHED VACANT.—OLD FACES.

SEED-time and harvest came and went in Fearnavoil as elsewhere. Again and again winter powdered white the venerable heads of Ben Voil and the 'Tuaidh, and hung with icicles the swift waters of the Fearn. Fearnavoil faces vanished from kirk and market, middle-aged people were growing old, and the boys and girls of the past were being promoted into the young men and women—standing where two roads met—ready to become the new actors in the constantly recurring life-drama which, though the curtain never falls on its scenes, is not always pregnant with passion and tumult, but has its calms succeeding its storms, its reigns of peace after its reigns of terror.

Such an interval of quiet succeeded the crisis in Unah Macdonald's history. The nine days—which were so many months'—wonder in Fearnavoil came naturally to an end. The public mind in the country was lulled by the serenity of every-day life, and diverted by the trifles which yet have their every-day importance. No doubt the circumstance of nothing remarkable taking place in the years which followed the famous year

of the fatal assault on poor Donald Drumchatt on his wedding morning, and the subsequent trial for murder of Lord Moydard's friend, Mrs. Macdonald's young English lover, caused Unah's story to stand out distinctly in the dearth of adventure which surrounded it. Still the story had drifted in some measure into the background of the popular imagination, and had acquired something of the dwindling but more correct proportions, the cooler grey tone and more tender grace of distance. Even the Hopkins' would no longer feel altogether shocked by being brought into social relations with the heroine of such a story.

These tranquil years had not been without their boon to Unah and her father. At first, certainly, the years dawned dimly on desolation. But the time and the conditions have never existed when light has not arisen for the righteous. It may be a pale light like that of moonlight; but moonlight has its transcendental charm. It may be life in the shade, but there are characters like plants, which contract no poison, only gather and diffuse the greater fragrance because of the gloom.

Unah and her father found their rest and in time their contentment, in their faith, their patience, their love of God's word, and works, and ways; of all the people in the parish they were the two who, in their retiring modesty, were most full of worship and duty. Next to their higher service, they were devoted to each other; and, though they withdrew, with one accord, after their troubles, from what might be called society in Fearnavoil, they remained always a kindly man and woman among their kind, with cordial interest in, and help for, their neighbours. They recovered their zest for the study of nature, and kept it to the end. How could they fail to find some glory and sweetness in life, long before the Kirk of Fearnavoil was preached vacant? That did not happen in any harsh or untimely manner. True, Farquhar Macdonald was not far advanced in years, but in his faithful visiting and ministrations in a northern parish containing a wide extent of mountain and moor, he had led, in addition to the life of the study and pulpit, the very different life, exposed and toilsome, of a country doctor. He was weather-worn and prematurely old as well as exhausted, when he caught the cold which so quickly and easily loosened the cords of life.

There was nothing violent in the process—he was a shock of corn fully ripe, and he regarded himself as mercifully dealt with, to be called away so gently. He was ready to die, as such simple, manly men generally are. He had done his best to have Ludovic Macdonald, Saonach, chosen as his successor. Ludovic had grace and goodness, he had also the Gaelic, and he knew and was known to the people. There might be those among them who would crave novelty, less substantial social claims than Ludovic's, and an absence of necessity on the part of the future minister, before he became a probationer, to take the harvest in order to enable him to get through with his studies. But Mr. Macdonald, either because he was himself a gentleman or in spite of it, according to the sense in which one regards that title, regarded the discipline in quite another light, and was inclined to hold it a fine beginning. He trusted that Ludovic Saonach's advantages would far counterbalance any objections to him as the presentee to the living.

Mr. Macdonald had been freed from anxiety with regard to a provision for Unah when she became Mrs. Macdonald of Drumchatt. He had even allowed her to employ part of the jointure, which at the best was in accordance with the old ideas of the limited requirements of the widow of a Highland laird, but which seemed an ample income in unworlly eyes, to relieve him and benefit her brothers. These young Macdonalds in the colonies had not been money-making men, and in place of acquiring fortunes they had needed assistance. This their father could only render them by burdening his little patrimony of Craigdbhu. The borrowed moneyate up the profits of the Highland farm, and weighed upon its owner's mind till there was some reluctant talk of his selling the place, which he had the power to do. Then Unah persuaded him to permit her to set apart an annual sum for the discharge of the debt and the preservation of the old inheritance to her brother. It might have been a weakness in both, but the Highland hearts clung to the native soil, and grudged its alienation from their kindred. Unah was unaffectedly grateful for the power of sparing her father the wrench to every instinct and association which would have been implied in the sale of the moorlands that maintained a herd or two of cattle and a flock of sheep, in addition to deer and grouse; where had stood in its day the long one-storied thatch house with suites of rooms opening the one from the other—French fashion—in which Highland

matrons had spun and sung, and Highland dhunniewassels had met to talk over the last foray or hunting expedition, with the politics of the chief in relation to the schemes of Mar or of Lovat. She was glad with a tremulous gladness that she had gratified even a wistful fancy of her father's, when the time, from which she had shrunk inexpressibly, arrived that the two friends must part, and Unah stand alone of all her family in Fearnavoil and the Country. She did stand alone of her house, in the strength that was given her, well-nigh impossible as the act had been in anticipation. She did not even sink down, passive and helpless, with the sense that her work was over and her world empty. Such had not been her father's teaching, which was still sounding in her ears and nerving her to endurance and exertion.

She was still a young woman whose life might have been in the midsummer of its beauty—a sheltered life, and one into the lap of which all womanly delights might have been cast in lavish abundance, when, like Naomi, she knew herself stripped bare of all natural protection and tie of blood. It was for her, and not an older woman, to close her father's eyes, to take her brother's place in granting interviews to servants and strangers in the piteous arrangements for the funeral and the dreary consideration of what was to be done in the future. She had to represent all who were far away, in appearing in the kirk in the old pew, where she had no companions save the servants in their group at the farther end, when the minister's pulpit was occupied by one of his brethren of the presbytery. She had to listen with a strange sense of the novelty of the discourse, though it was her own father's funeral sermon, containing the elaborate record of his ministry and a solemn testimony to his worth, which drew tears from many of the parishioners' eyes—some of them old eyes, rarely wet, but failed to bring moisture into the heavy eyes of the daughter.

Unah had to gather together her private possessions, and quit the manse with Jenny Reach, to repair to the nearest little Highland town, where she could find a house and a style of living suitable to her limited income. She was not a very enterprising young woman, though she was not reduced to the condition of half-ludicrous, half-pathetic middle-aged timidity and ignorance which her mother had once deprecated for her.

Jenny was the sole retainer left to Unah. Malise Gow had died some time before. He did not get over the shock of his mistress's death. He would never allow that she had

fallen from her high place among the saints, but he was intensely mortified that she had not delivered a conclusive testimony to her spiritual rank. Unah had scrupled to take Jenny from the position of comparative dignity and ease which she had filled in a country house like the manse, to sink into an elderly maid-of-all-work in a small house in Balvaid. But Jenny was changed, like so much besides. There were lines—that time did not altogether account for—in her smooth forehead, and she was much less fresh and buxom for her years. She, too, had never altogether recovered from the disturbance to her ideas caused by the conduct of her “family” under their troubles. Jenny’s very incapacity to fathom Mrs. Macdonald’s sorrow unto death, and Unah’s fidelity to sorrow of another kind, had made an impression on the woman which she could not entirely shake off. She was not the confident, comfortable, easy-tempered person she had been. She had learnt self-distrust, her self-content was shaken, and she was apt to be querulous, not knowing what to do with these new high-flown notions which haunted her. But she had also become capable of nobler impulses.

She now took it so completely as a matter of course that her lot should be linked with Unah’s humbler fortunes that Unah in the end acquiesced without a protest. Unah felt thankful to have an old home face by her still, though she was aware she must pay for the privilege in bearing what had become the uncertainty of Jenny’s mood and humour, added to her old freedom of speech and cool philosophy.

Unah was in mourning for her father when she became a householder in Balvaid—a town which was chiefly remarkable for the steepness of its streets, the primitive architecture of its houses, the magnificence of the views which its back windows furnished with the lateness in season, and the general smallness and prickliness of the produce of its gardens. But she soon ascertained that even in her mourning she could not, without serious offence, decline to enter into the little visiting circle hospitably thrown open to her, in the same manner that she and her father had been permitted to withdraw from all save parish visiting at Fearnavoil. Those neighbourly neighbours, with their old-fashioned punctiliousness and friendliness, consisted of the clergyman, the medical man, and the local agent for the neighbouring great laird, the widows and the “maiden daughters” of smaller lairds, and a retired officer or two with their families who had found their way back

to their native burgh town in the Highlands.

Unah made a virtue of necessity, and accepted all advances in the spirit in which they were offered. She had the wisdom to see that the time had come for another alteration in her mode of life, for the putting away of later habits with their surroundings, and the resuming of the ordinary customs of her years and condition, though she did not cease to wear black after the period of outward mourning for her father was at an end. In fact, she had worn black ever since she was a widow, though she had discarded the widow’s cap—ill-matched with golden instead of silver hair. But how could she walk abroad in bright colours when she knew very well she was still pointed out to strangers as the woman whose husband on their wedding morning had received his death-blow—dealt by the hand of her lover—that lover who was still suffering the penalty of his crime? How could she remember and pray for Frank Tempest, as she had never in all these years failed to remember and pray for him, and at the same time appear, even to herself, dressed like happy women who had never known care, who had not proved the bane of those who loved them?

A change of scene, in spite of the sadness of its cause, was good for Unah, and so was the renewal of common obligations. She wondered at herself for the interest which she began to take in her quaint little house and garden, for the pleasure with which she looked at the Balvaid range of mountains which did not include Ben Voil or the Tuaidh among their peaks, for the gratification with which she accepted the tender respect and the cordial consideration of the old gentlemen and ladies of the town, and the shy reverence of its young people. She asked herself if the spirits of her father and mother watched over her, making old men and women fatherly and motherly, and her own generation like younger brothers and sisters or elder nephews and nieces to her in her solitude—or was it simply that God tempered the wind to the shorn lamb?

There was something which marked out Unah from all other young women, to those who were acquainted with her at Balvaid, something that can best be expressed as a kind of halo investing its object. If such a halo had existed from the date of her widowhood, it must have proved injurious to the simplest, sincerest woman in the world, impairing her simplicity and affecting her with self-consciousness. If it continued long to



crown her, it could hardly fail—since mortals are fallible, to become hurtful. But the fact of a prophet's having no honour in his own country had saved Unah's extraordinary misfortunes from rendering her an extraordinary person in her father's parish, where she had grown up, even though in her girlhood there had been a foreshadowing of an exceptional destiny for her. And the subtle homage she received so soon as she went to Balvaid, might not last long enough to become an unwholesome atmosphere for her, while in its first delicate incense—which was too intangible for her to recognise and reject—it lent her an additional charm, all the more exquisite that it was in its nature transitory and attended with danger.

Time passed, till one day, just when spring was merging into early summer, Unah was standing at the front window of her sitting-room, looking down on a cart full of bark being driven leisurely up the narrow street, when she remarked a barouche with two ladies condemned ignominiously to follow the cart. Barouches were not so plentiful in Balvaid before August as not to furnish ground for idle speculation, and Unah had ample time to examine the occupants of the carriage before she suddenly turned round to Jenny, who happened to be in the room, moving about on her hands and knees smoothing out the carpet. "Look, Jenny!" cried Unah with a little natural excitement. "Why, it is Lady Jean, and I believe there is Laura Hopkins sitting beside her!"

"And what for no? The ladies—they were not too good for this world; and they may as well be showing off their bravery in Balvaid street"—Jenny went on to remark a little sourly, while she rose and looked out from behind her mistress—"as on Earnknapp or by the Loch of the Sealchie," naming two of the wildest, remotest spots in her recollection. The woman's nature was out of joint, and in its general disorder it offended her to see other women enjoy luxuries which her mistress could not command.

By this time Unah had drawn back with a quick overpowering realisation of all that had come to pass since those old faces appeared before her. For the Moydarts had not come to Castle Moydart the autumn after Frank Tempest's trial, and early in the following year Lady Jean had married. As for the Hopkins', they had sold the Frean when Mr. Hopkins was too infirm to avail himself of the restorative properties in the Highland air; and before then the ladies of the family had made no objection to the with-

drawal of the manse family from county society.

But Unah had been seen and recognised prior to her retreat from her post of observation. Lady Jean signalled her coachman to stop, alighted, made her companion get down also, and in three minutes was in the little drawing-room. "Unah Macdonald," Lady Jean said, "how could you think of escaping me? If I had known you were within ten miles of Balvaid Lodge, where we only arrived last night, and which Hugh has taken till we get our own place made a little more habitable and less picturesque, I should have considered the inducement worth double the rent, and more than equivalent for the deficient nurseries and pantries and limited stable accommodation which the maids and men have already found out. Here is Laura Hopkins dying to meet you again, only it is not as Laura Hopkins that she comes. You know, of course, that she has been Mrs. Lacy Sutton for an age; and she has been so good as to run away from London just now to visit us, because we have not gone to town this season, and she is to join Mr. Sutton in his yacht in the autumn."

Laura had in the end married, happily enough, a sprig of the aristocracy and a member of the Moydart set. But so inveterate proved the old aspiring middle-class woman's uncertainty of her footing, and dread of compromising it by committing herself to any decided course of action, that even in Lady Jean's company and fortified by her example, doubt checked any stirring of curiosity, and chilled all warmth of kindness and pity that might otherwise have been aroused in Laura Sutton's heart by an unexpected encounter with a companion of her girlhood. She was certainly not dying to meet Unah again, and she had no sympathy with Lady Jean's subsequent raptures over the establishment as well as over its mistress. "If it had been my fate to live 'a lone woman,' if that tiresome fellow Hugh had not come in my way and spoiled my vocation, I should have retired to a little town like Balvaid and set up in such a dear little house, just big enough to hold me and my maid—what does a reasonable woman want with more than one maid?—and taken my stand for dignity and consideration on my own merits. A refined simplicity is hardly possible now, which is a great pity. One great advantage which it has is, that it is safe from vulgar imitation. Soon there will be no refuge for us from the multitude who follow and parody us—render-





"THE BRIDE'S PASS."



ing us detestable in our own eyes—except in a little judicious austerity carried into our *ménages*."

It must be said for Lady Jean that though she was careless as ever in her freedom of speech, she had no intention of being impertinent. Neither was she consciously hypocritical when, as a prosperous woman in every respect, she leaned back in her well-appointed carriage, on her return to her country house, with its manifold life, its all-pervading luxury and perfection of service, and coveted Unah's lot in its destitution of family ties and what formed, even to the minister's daughter, the discipline and self-denial of her home. Lady Jean was as sincere as she had been in her æsthetic partiality for walking in boots studded with freuachens, and for eating oat-cakes, in the past.

"But Mrs. Macdonald is not old," objected Laura, not sharing the admiration and not knowing very well what to say.

"No, that is the best of it," said Lady Jean rather vaguely. "She is the most beautiful—that is not the right epithet—the loveliest woman I ever saw. No wonder that she turned poor Frank Tempest's head in the old days," and Lady Jean became silent and pensive. She had alluded to a subject generally avoided between the two ladies because of its hopeless painfulness, and since the one had never forgiven the other for her feelings or lack of feelings on the occasion of the trial.

But now the ice was broken, Laura had a question to put with some interest at last, though also with hesitation. "Is he out?" she asked with a little apprehension of the consequences of her inquiry, and not able to put it less abruptly or more euphemistically.

"Of course," answered Lady Jean coldly, "the term of his sentence is past. And you may be sure there was a modification of the original sentence in consideration of his unexceptionable behaviour," she explained a little more cordially; "he was such a nice fellow, poor dear Frank!" even chaplains and turnkeys must have found that out for themselves. But it was fortunate—to prevent any accusation of undue favour to him, either in the House or elsewhere—that he did not succeed to the Wiltshire estates till six months ago. Mr. Knightley-Delaval has been dead these four years. But Lady Sophia, who was the heiress, survived him till last October."

"And has Mr. Tempest come into the estates after all?" cried Laura with still livelier interest. "Will he be taken back into

society and exercise the influence of a great squire? You used to say his grandfather's or great-great-grandfather's title would berevived for him. Is it possible that a condemned criminal may live to become a peer?" The question was a most perplexing one to Laura.

"Why not?" demanded Lady Jean sharply. "You would not have him first punished and then called upon to forfeit his inheritance—that would indeed be punishing him twice over, which is not English law? Besides, all criminality is not infamy, which deprives a man of his rights of citizenship and titles of honour, and forbids him to hold a commission or fill a situation of trust. Yet even such forfeitures have been set aside in the offender's lifetime. Do you know, Laura Sutton, there was a gallant old peer in the last generation who, though he had covered his service and country with glory, was on scant evidence found guilty of plain roguery. He suffered imprisonment, was degraded from the service he had helped to render invincible, and his banner as a Knight of the Bath was torn from its place in St. George's Chapel; but he lived to receive what people called a pardon and to be restored to his rank as an officer, though in what spirit he took the compensation I cannot tell you. What is of more consequence to Frank than any revival of a title, he must assume the name of Delaval. There is no necessity for his bearing that of Tempest any longer; in fact, he cannot retain it alone and hold the estate."

"Then will he be just as he was before?" said Laura, still wonderingly, in spite of Lady Jean's confident assertions—the result of her familiarity with her side of the question.

"I should think not," exclaimed Lady Jean, turning round upon her examiner with all the inconsistency of a sudden collapse in her turn, and in high disdain at being brought to such a pass. "Do you know what you are saying, Laura, that you can suppose such a thing? Oh, dear, dear! he has never been down to the Priory since he came into possession. Some of his friends think he will never take his own. It will remain useless, or be made ducks-and-drakes of by agents. The fine old place will be occupied by strangers, or suffered to fall to ruin. He has not faced one of his friends. He stays abroad; and even there he leads the life of a recluse, a hypochondriac—he who was so frank and manly. But don't let us speak of it, for it is too sad. I am not able to bear it."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

"I saw my Jamie's wraith,  
For himself it couldna be."

UNAH had to undergo the frequent sight of these old faces and the resumption of her acquaintance with Lady Jean, who had been from the first too honest to fail to acknowledge that Unah was bearing her full share of the penalty she had helped to incur. In addition Lady Jean was too proud in every sense, to dream for a moment of deserting any friend she had ever owned, because that friend's means had become narrower than they were wont to be—even if there had not been a racy attraction in the narrowness, to an independent, speculative spirit.

An inevitable result of the reunion was the bringing back of the incidents of one eventful period of Unah's life, with startling freshness, to her mind.

But time had done its good physician's work in healing desperate wounds and withdrawing the poisoned sting from regret. Unah could bear to look back after seven years were past. She had not so much as heard of Frank Tempest in the interval; but she had believed devoutly her father's assurance that even after such a fall, and with whatever degraded associates, there must still be the chance afforded him, if he would but avail himself of it, of recovering some remnant of what he had lost. He had been so young and brave; and he had friends who were not condemned to leave him to his fate. She could trust that he had borne the brunt of his sentence, and that in the very courageous endurance of it, some of its horror had been dispelled, so that gradually the fierceness of the storm had abated, light had arisen in the darkness and hope returned to him also, even before he came back to the world. And now at last, it was a comfort to her, like the relief from an incubus which had been weighing her to the ground during all these woeful years, that by this time, undoubtedly, he was free and restored in a measure to his place and his people.

In these late spring and early summer days—broad in light, buoyant and exhilarating in air, as only the days of a northern summer can be, Unah could not be very sad; nay, she was glad, though it was with a subdued gladness, for the lover she should never see again, as he might not be glad for himself.

Another consequence of the time and the circumstances was that Unah felt a restless longing, to which she yielded at last, to revisit Fearnavoil, the scene of her story, and to stand again by her father and mother and

Donald Drumchatt's graves. The last was a pious token of remembrance of the dead which she would not only be warranted in showing, but which, in that primitive region, she would be fully expected to fulfil.

There was always a welcome for Unah at the manse of Fearnavoil, where Ludovic Saonach reigned in her father's stead. He was too true a man for his promotion to have impaired the sort of chivalrous respect with which he had been wont to view his minister and patron's daughter. He had married a little English governess, to whom such an establishment as he could offer was dignity and independence, who looked up loyally enough to him as her philosopher and guide in his own peculiar sphere, while she was his mirror of manners in her special department. Perhaps her behaviour to the old minister's daughter belonged rather to the latter than to the former side of her experience. Mrs. Ludovic was a little too commonplace, too like Laura Hopkins in her very virtues, not to have a certain distrust of a woman who though she had married the laird of Drumchatt, had yet contrived to do very badly for herself. But Ludovic was sufficiently master in his own manse, and possessed enough influence over his wife, to check the appearance of the incipient objections in any tangible form. So Mrs. Ludovic, though she did not hold the same exalted opinion of Mrs. Macdonald, Drumchatt, which her husband held, and did not believe that there could be nothing too good for the lady when she came as a guest to her old home, was still too womanly to draw down on her southern nurture the disastrous accusation of a failure in Highland hospitality. And Unah was grateful, and schooled herself not to think her mannerly little hostess a small person after Unah's mother.

Unah saw both Ben Voil and the Tuaidh in the green and brown, grey and white of their May sobriety of colouring, and the Fearn—as it happened with its waters shrunk in their channel and subdued in their song—before she went into the kirkyard of the hamlet, or had herself rowed to the island where Donald, the last of the direct line of Drumchatt, slept his long sleep among his clan. She walked as in her sleep down the straggling street of the hamlet, finding herself accosted at every door, and making slow progress. She visited the kirkyard and took her way over the turf—where only daisies blossomed—by the side of the kirk, to the row of graves and headstones known as the "Ministers' Lair." There the ministers of Fearnavoil kept

each other company. The only laity admitted to their ranks were their faithful wives and their children who had died in early life. Ludovic Saonach, and not Unah, would be buried near her father and mother. But she was glad they were together. "In death they are not divided," she said to herself, and there rose to her lips a verse of that sweetest song of wedded love—

"John Anderson, my jo, John,  
We clamb the hill together;  
And mony a canty day, John,  
We've had wi' aine another;  
Now we maun tetter down, John,  
But hand in hand we'll go;  
And sleep thegither at the foot,  
John Anderson, my jo."

Unah's experience would be blank in comparison, but the generous daughter could rejoice that whereas her lap was empty, her father and mother's had been full.

If the mountains only responded half sullenly to the season of birds and first flowers, and kept their royal robes for the fruitfulness of autumn, the Pass itself was young, sweet, and gay with the season. The green of birch, and oak, and ash showed still tender in tint, and there was a predominance of white blossoms contending with the green leaves which had something of the effect of the winter snow—yet lingering on the riven sides of the mountains; only there was all the difference between this snow of summer and the snow of winter, that there is between the whiteness of a wedding-gown and the whiteness of a shroud. The wild cherry-trees had not shaken off all their flakes, and already the hawthorns, rowans, and elder bushes were beginning to bud into a white canopy overhead, while the sloe still stretched a white carpet under foot. There were lilac-streaked white wood-sorrel, white anemones, and white flowers among the blue periwinkles and the last of the pale primroses, while there were white daisies innumerable starring the banks. The time of wild roses was not yet, but there were the long green buds, which ought to unfold—first into the crumpled-up, and then into the flat and saucer-like white and red dog-roses.

It was the jubilee of the birds. Mavis and merle, chaffinch and linnet were piping in full chorus, leaving no pause to be filled up with the melancholy refrain—

"Cha till, cha till, cha till Mhic Chruimmin!"  
("Mackrimmon shall never, shall never return!")

which Unah had half dreaded to hear again, as she had so often heard it before, wailing through the Pass.

Unah could even look at Craig Crottach without flinching. "It has all been atoned

for, the penalty is paid," she said, as she stood in her black gown, with her hands loosely clasped together, looking up at the rock. "The remembrance of our story may remain—like that other story—haunting stone and bush, but we are reconciled to its spectres; and who knows but that a peaceful afternoon and evening may be in store for the one who has suffered the most?"

It was significant that Unah thought only of the afternoon and evening of life; yet though the lightness of her heart had grown heavy, in the fierceness of the battle waged in the noon of her days, troubles had not deprived her of the outward personal youthfulness, more than was in due proportion to her years, which had always distinguished her fair pale face, her bright hair, and her slight and supple figure. There is a dew of the morning which hangs undispersed about some men and women, and which has its origin in one of two quite opposite causes, either it comes of a good and gentle heart which suffers long and is kind, or else it springs from a cold and hard nature which no furnace heat will warm, and no torture wring.

Unah sat again on the old tree-stump still in existence, with the decaying wood bound together and embroidered over by a thousand exquisite fibres of moss and lichens. It was there she had read of the brave young American girl fighting against desperate odds in the slave plantation amidst the cholera visitation. Years before on the same spot she had read, with a blending of girlish indignation and remorse, the "Neaghan Caird," the story of the young English girl who, caught by the romantic attributes of a Highland chief as they were contrasted with the tameness and artificiality of the figures moving in the London drawing-rooms of Aaron Hill's day, rashly linked her fate with that of the stranger. And she awoke shivering from her dream to find herself in a wild and stern region, subjected to the neglect of her haughty hero and the insults of his kindred and clan, who dubbed the rich goldsmith's heiress "the tinker's daughter"—till at last she perished under the barbarous ordeal inflicted to test the meek courage—the portion of the martyr. Times and people had changed, but still the north had its strange fascination and its deadly peril for the south.

There Unah had seen the fisher hovering on the brink of the Clerk's Pool and started up to warn him back from the treacherous river. But she had led him unwittingly into a maze from which there was no extrication, till the victim was bruised and racked, body and soul. As she roamed idly about the



familiar place, she went down among the hazels and alders to the edge of the Fearn, and looked into the water. She stood a few minutes perfectly still, contemplating, not the eddying pool itself, but a sheltered reach of the river which turned aside and rested in its headlong career before it plunged foaming into the depth beneath. She saw her own face and figure reflected in the clear brown mirror. Her heart was beating calmly in her bosom. After long struggles she had recovered serenity. There was no whirl in her brain, no mist before her eyes. What madness then came to her to make her heart

first bound wildly and next stand still, which nailed her feet to the ground?

She had been turning away with a half-formed plaintive jest at herself, as at a foolish old Narcissus who should know better than be caught by his own image in the flood, when it appeared to her that another face and figure—the pale ghost of one she had known and loved—was visible for an instant looking over her shoulder into the water. In another moment the vision had fled, but she remained riveted to the spot—she could not move, she could hardly breathe under the delusion which had taken possession of her.



When at length she summoned up all the firmness she could command and compelled herself to look round, there was no one within sight or sound. The slight stirring of the leaves and boughs might very well be caused by the wind. She would have paid no heed to the motion if she had perceived it before. She had not heard the approach or the retreat of footsteps, yet again their soft echo on the mossy path might easily have been lost to an inattentive ear filled with the rush of the water.

It was just possible that some ordinary fisher, whether he were a stranger to her or not, had come and gone without caring to

disturb her; and her excited fancy, as it caught involuntarily a trace of the passer-by, was capable of playing her a foolish trick. Such a prank is within the experience of most people when a preoccupied man or woman happens to cross before a mirror, and, half without knowing it, observes some common object thrown back from the polished surface; then the traitress fancy, with her magic, will convert in a moment the empty mantle hanging on the door into a cloaked burglar stealthily lurking there, or the picture on the wall which gives the lineaments of some worthy of another country and age, into the living presence of the next-door neighbour of to-day.

Or it might have been the merest day-dream without any conceivable origin. The return to old overwhelming associations had proved too much for Unah, even when her heart was at unison with itself, when she was in the open air and the sunshine. If so, there was danger which must be strenuously resisted in the illusion produced by the scene.

But reason as Unah strove to do, she was scared and agitated, and hurried back as precipitately as in the sweet trouble of her youth, to her refuge in the manse.

Unah had an appointment which she was forced to keep, later in the day, with the man in charge of the ferry to the Macdonalds' burial-place. When he left his work of cutting peats in the adjoining moss he was to row her to the island, which lay half a mile down the Fearn, after the river had been fed by tributaries and its waters had gathered in bulk until it could not, even in the driest summer, be crossed by stepping-stones, as the Fearn was sometimes crossed below the manse garden. Unah was acquainted with the process of ferrying, and she knew all about the ferryman, who had come from the most out-of-the-way nook in Fearnavoil to supply the place of a brother lately dead. The office was not lucrative in this instance, still its profits were not to be despised by a poverty-stricken household, and the post was by use and wont hereditary in the family. Andrew of the Ferry in his turn knew very well, both by sight and report, the lady passenger he was rowing down the water; and he was not slow to assure himself whether he were right in his conjecture as to what brought Drumchatt's widow to the Macdonalds' burial-place. He simply took time to arrange the words of his leading question in his defective English, since English was the language of the gentlefolks. Certainly Andrew had not the polite foreign tongue as he had his native Gaelic, but he was too proud and too well aware of what good manners required of him—a man with an official position—to address Mrs. Macdonald in the speech of every-day life.

"She will be going to look where her husband is lying," observed Andrew, insinuatingly; "maybe to choose her own place when her time comes and she is to be planted beside him; or perhaps, since she did not make out the year and the day as his wife, and since her good father—he was the minister of the parish and was bound to favour his own kirkyard—she will prefer to

be buried there with her own people? After all it does not matter much, for the kirkyard it will be within cry of the island at the last day."

It was strange to her, sitting there in the summer of the year and the summer of her life, in the body warm with health and strength and so susceptible to all human influences that a waking dream evolved from the recollections of the past had been sufficient to flutter it ever since the morning, to have the question thus put to her where she should appoint that body, now instinct with life and feeling, to moulder into dust. Unah was taken unawares in spite of her errand, and notwithstanding her knowledge that such a discussion must have been quite natural to a Highlander, even though he had not been the northern Charon to a northern Styx.

She could only return an unsatisfactory "I cannot tell you, Andrew," to his inquiry. After all, what did it matter, as he had said, when the kirkyard and the island were "within cry" of each other, and when she had no thought but that Ben Voil and the Tuaidh would watch over her grave as they had watched over her cradle?

There were not many burials at this date on the island. Even in the Highlands there were new fashions and more modern kirkyards contending successfully with older consecrations and remoter usages. The water-locked mound which might have been partly artificial, like the Tomb o' Chessachs and Tomb o' Chastels of ancient kings and saints on the mainland, was not half an acre in extent, and seen from a little distance looked more like a tangled bower of birch and rowan interlaced with sprays of wild roses and brambles, than a burial-place. But this wealth of vegetation in the beauty of early summer redeemed the scene from desolation, and supplied the total absence of culture or adornment. Indeed, the earlier sleepers—among them the Drumchatt who slew Treig, and that other Drumchatt who tore Gillies Macgregor from the arms of his bride, would have lain out of place among the flowers of a garden and the symbols of Christian art. They had found a fitter bed. The dwarfed and gnarled seedling pines hung a canopy over them; the shaggy bracken and heather served for their coverlet; the false Fearn sang or raved their requiem; the savage mountains folded in the horizon. The few headstones, with rude initials for the most part, were half concealed or falling down—only here and there they stood so thick that

it did not seem as if there could be room for an intruder. It was so where the memorials to Donald and his kindred rose on every side among the tedded grass.

Andrew had the discretion to leave Mrs. Macdonald alone here, while he repaired to the boat—there to await her return with a show of unconsciousness. But first he felt it incumbent upon him to clear a path for her through the straggling brambles and spreading thistles, and as he did so, he volunteered a piece of information. "This will be the second time myself will have been at the island this week, Mrs. Macdonald. A very pretty shentleman, he bid me carry him down, and point out the Drumchatts' corner, no farther gone than last Monday. Magnus of Granton Bothie, who was taking a cast across the water at the same time, he will say it was a shentlemans he has seen in the country when he was a dog-boy on the Frean shootings."

Unah stumbled as she walked—little wonder, when her heart died within her. What were the doubt and expectation which came to her twice in one day, and which followed her even to this spot—of all spots on earth, causing her to tremble in every limb? What was simpler or more comprehensible than a

step taken by a stranger to see one of the old clan burial-places? How many members of the clan had emigrated, and when they or their descendants strayed back to the Country, what act so natural, patriotic, filial, as the visiting of the last resting-place of their fathers? What question so likely to rise to the visitor's lips as in what direction were to be found the remains of this or that head of the clan? After the long strain was ended had her mind given way at last? Did the peace of these latter days—of this very morning, but indicate the false prelude to that ghastly struggle where the wrestler ceases to encounter realities, and strives in vain, labouring to overthrow the unsubstantial chimeras of a disordered brain? Or was the old superstition in course of fulfilment, that when the shedder of blood is left to himself he is dragged back by invisible chains to the scene of his crime? But Frank Tempest was no murderer in intention, and he had done what he could to atone for his sin. As Unah stood alone by Donald Drumchatt's grave, she wrung her hands in a piteous appeal—"You tried hard to forgive him, Don, while you were dying in pain and weakness. Are you not at perfect peace with him when you too are alive for evermore?"

## RAPIN, THE HUGUENOT.

### II.—CAMPAIGN IN IRELAND.

JAMES II. fled from England at the end of December, 1688. Louis XIV. received him courteously, and entertained him and his family at St. Germain and Versailles. But he could scarcely entertain much regard for the abdicated monarch. James had left his kingdom in an ignominious manner. Though he was at the head of a great fleet and army, he had not struck a single blow in defence of his kingly rights. And now he had come to the court of Louis XIV. to beg for the assistance of a French fleet and army to recover his throne.

Though England had rejected James, Ireland was still in his favour. The Lord-Deputy Tyrconnel was devoted to him; and the Irish people, excepting those of the north, were ready to fight for him. About a hundred thousand Irishmen were in arms. Half were soldiers; the rest were undrilled Rapparees. James was urged by messengers from Ireland to take advantage of this state of affairs. He accordingly begged Louis XIV. to send a French army with him into Ireland to help him to recover his kingdom.

But the French monarch, who saw before him the prospect of a continental war, was unwilling to send a large body of troops out of his kingdom. But he did what he could.

He ordered the Brest fleet to be ready. He put on board arms and ammunition for ten thousand men. He selected four hundred French officers for the purpose of disciplining the Irish levies. Count Rosen, a veteran warrior, was placed in command. Over a hundred thousand pounds of money was also put on board. When the fleet was ready to sail James took leave of his patron, Louis XIV. "The best thing that I can wish you," said the French king, "is that I may never see you again in this world."

The fleet sailed from Brest on the 7th of March, 1689, and reached Kinsale, in the south of Ireland, four days later. James II. was received with the greatest rejoicing. Next day he went on to Cork; he was received by the Earl of Tyrconnel, who caused one of the magistrates to be executed because he had declared for the Prince of Orange.

The news went abroad that the King had



landed. He entered Dublin on the 24th of March, and was received in a triumphant manner. All Roman Catholic Ireland was at his feet. The Protestants in the south were disarmed. There was some show of resistance in the north; but no doubt was entertained that Enniskillen and Derry, where the Protestants had taken refuge, would soon be captured and Protestantism crushed.

The Prince of Orange, who had now been proclaimed king at Westminster, found that he must fight for his throne, and that Ireland was to be the battle-field. Londonderry was crowded with Protestants, who held out for William III. James believed that the place would fall without a blow. Count Rosen was of the same opinion. The Irish army proceeded northwards without resistance. The country, as far as the walls of Derry, was found abandoned by the population. Everything valuable had been destroyed by bands of Rapparees. There was great want of food for the army.

Nevertheless, James proceeded as far as Derry. Confident of success, he approached within a hundred yards of the southern gate, when he was received with a shout of "No surrender!" The cannon were fired from the nearest bastion. One of James's officers was killed by his side. Then he fled. A few days later he was on his way to Dublin, accompanied by Count Rosen.

Londonderry, after a heroic contest, was at length relieved. A fleet from England, laden with food, broke the boom which had been thrown by the Irish army across the entrance to the harbour. The ships reached the quay at ten o'clock at night. The whole population were there to receive them. The food was unloaded, and the famished people were at length fed. Three days after, the Irish army burnt their huts, and left the long-beleaguered city. They retreated along the left bank of the Boyne to Strabane.

While the Irish forces were lying there, the news of another disaster reached them. The Duke of Berwick lay with a strong detachment of Irish troops before Enniskillen. He had already gained some advantage over the Protestant colonists, and the command reached him from Dublin that he was immediately to attack them. The Irish were five thousand in number; the Enniskilleners under three thousand.

An engagement took place at Newton Butler. The Enniskillen Horse swept the Irish troops before them. Fifteen hundred were put to the sword, and four hundred prisoners were taken. Seven pieces of cannon,

fourteen barrels of powder, and all the drums and colours were left in the hands of the victors. The Irish army were then at Strabane, on their retreat from Londonderry. They at once struck their tents, threw their military stores into the river, and set out in full retreat for the south.

In the meantime a French fleet had landed at Bantry Bay, with three thousand men on board, and a large convoy of ammunition and provisions. William III., on his part, determined, with the consent of the English Parliament, to send a force into Ireland, to encounter the French and Irish forces under King James.

William's troops consisted of English, Scotch, Dutch, and Danes, with a large admixture of French Huguenots. There was a regiment of Huguenot horse, of eight companies, commanded by the Duke of Schomberg, and three regiments of Huguenot foot, commanded by La Mellonière, Du Cambon, and La Caillemotte. Schomberg, the old Huguenot chief, was put in command of the entire force.

Rapin accompanied the expedition as a cadet. The army assembled at Highlake, about sixteen miles from Chester. About ninety vessels of all sorts were assembled near the mouth of the Dee. Part of the army was embarked on the 12th of August, and set sail for Ireland. About ten thousand men, horse and foot, were landed at Bangor, near the southern entrance to Belfast Lough. Parties were sent out to scour the adjacent country, and to feel for the enemy. This done, the army set out for Belfast—then a very small town.

James's forces had abandoned the place, and retired to Carrickfergus, some ten miles from Belfast, on the north coast of the Lough. Carrickfergus was a fortified town. The castle occupies a strong position on a rock overlooking the Lough. The place formed a dépôt for James's troops, and Schomberg therefore determined to besiege the fortress.

Rapin has written an account of William's campaigns in England and Ireland; but with becoming modesty, he says nothing about his own achievements. We must therefore supply the deficiency. Before the siege of Carrickfergus, he had been appointed ensign in Lord Kingston's regiment. He was helped to this office by his uncle Daniel, who accompanied the expedition. Several regiments of Schomberg's army were detached from Belfast to Carrickfergus, to commence the siege. Among these was Lord Kingston's regiment.

On their approach, the enemy beat a

parley. They desired to march out with arms and baggage. Schomberg refused, and the siege began. The trenches were opened, the batteries were raised, and the cannon thundered against the walls of the old town. Several breaches were made. The attacks were pursued with great vigour for four days ; when a general assault was made. The besieged hoisted the white flag. After a parley, it was arranged that the Irish should surrender the place, and march out with their arms, and as much baggage as they could carry on their backs.

Carrickfergus was not taken without considerable loss to the besiegers. Lieutenant Briset, of the Flemish Guards, was killed by the first shot fired from the castle. The Marquis de Venours was also killed while leading the Huguenot regiments to the breach. Rapin distinguished himself so much during the siege that he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant. He was at the same time transferred to another regiment, and served under Lieutenant-General Douglas during the rest of the campaign.

More troops having arrived from England, Schomberg marched with his augmented army to Lisburne, Drummore, and Loughbrickland. Here the Enniskillen Horse joined them, and offered to be the advanced guard of the army. The Enniskilleners were a body of irregular horsemen, of singularly wild and uncouth appearance. They rode together in a confused body, each man being attended by a mounted servant, bearing his baggage. The horsemen were each mounted and accoutred after their own fashion, without any regular dress, or arms, or mode of attack. They only assumed a hasty and confused line when about to rush into action. They fell on pell-mell. Yet they were the bravest of the brave, and were never deterred from attacking by inequality of numbers. They were attended by their favourite preachers, who urged them on to deeds of valour, and encouraged them "to purge the land of idolatry."

Thus reinforced, Schomberg pushed on to Newry. The Irish were in force there, under command of the Duke of Berwick. But although it was a very strong place, the Irish abandoned the town, first setting fire to it. This news having been brought to Schomberg, he sent a trumpet to the Duke of Berwick, acquainting him that if they went on to burn towns in that barbarous manner, he would give no quarter. This notice seems to have had a good effect, for on quitting Dundalk the retreating army did no harm to the town. Schomberg encamped about a mile

north of Dundalk, in a low, moist ground, where he entrenched his army. Count Rosen was then at Drogheda with about twenty thousand men, far outnumbering the forces under Schomberg.

About the end of September, King James's army approached the lines of Dundalk. They drew up in order of battle. The English officers were for attacking the enemy, but Schomberg advised them to refrain. A large party of horse appeared within cannon shot, but they made no further attempt. In a day or two after James drew off his army to Ardee, Count Rosen indignantly exclaiming, "If your Majesty had ten kingdoms, you would lose them all." In the meantime, Schomberg remained entrenched in his camp. The Enniskilleners nevertheless made various excursions, and routed a body of James's troops marching towards Sligo.

Great distress fell upon Schomberg's army. The marshy land on which they were encamped, the wet and drizzly weather, the scarcity and badness of the food, caused a raging sickness to break out. Great numbers were swept away by disease. Among the officers who died were Sir Edward Deering, of Kent ; Colonel Wharton, son of Lord Wharton ; Sir Thomas Gower and Colonel Hungerford, two young gentlemen of distinguished merit. Two thousand soldiers died in the camp. Many afterwards perished from cold and hunger. Schomberg at length left the camp at Dundalk, and the remains of his army went into winter quarters.

Rapin shared all the sufferings of the campaign. When the army retreated northward, Rapin was sent with a party of soldiers to occupy a fortified place between Stranorlar and Donegal. It commanded the Pass of Barnes Gap. This is perhaps the most magnificent defile in Ireland. It is about four miles long. Huge mountains rise on either side. The fortalice occupied by Rapin is now in ruins. It stands on a height overlooking the northern end of the pass. It is now called Barrack Hill. The Rapparees who lived at the lower end of the Gap were accustomed to come down upon the farming population of the lowland country on the banks of the rivers Finn and Mourne, and carry off all the cattle that they could seize. Rapin was accordingly sent with a body of troops to defend the lowland farmers from the Rapparees. Besides, it was found necessary to defend the pass against the forces of King James, who then occupied Sligo and the neighbouring towns, under the command of General Sarsfield.

Schomberg was very much blamed by the English Parliament for having effected nothing decisive in Ireland. But what could he do? He had to oppose an army more than three times stronger in numbers than his own. King William, Rapin says, wrote twice to him, "pressing him to put somewhat to the venture." But his army was wasted by disease, and had he volunteered an encounter and been defeated, his whole army, and consequently all Ireland, would have been lost, for he could not have made a regular retreat. "His sure way," says Rapin, "was to preserve his army, and that would save Ulster and keep matters entire for another year. And therefore, though this conduct of his was blamed by some, yet better judges thought that the managing of this campaign as he did was one of the greatest parts of his life."

Winter passed. Nothing decisive had been accomplished on either side. Part of Ulster was in the hands of William; the remainder of Ireland was in the hands of James. Schomberg's army was wasted by famine and disease. Count Rosen's army was four times more numerous. Any number of men might have been enlisted, but they wanted arms, and they especially wanted drilling. James made no use of his opportunity to convert his athletic peasants into good soldiers. On the contrary, Schomberg recruited his old regiments, drilled them constantly, and was ready to take the field at the approach of spring.

His first achievement was the capture of Charlemont, mid-way between Armagh and Dungannon. It was one of the strongest forts in the north of Ireland. It overlooked the Blackwater, and commanded an important pass. It was surrounded by a morass and approachable only by two narrow causeways. When Teague O'Regan, who commanded the fort, was summoned to surrender, he replied, "Schomberg is an old rogue, and shall not have this castle!" But Caillemotte, with his Huguenot regiments, sat down before the fortress, and starved the garrison into submission. Captain Francis Rapin, cousin of our hero, was killed during the siege.

The armies on both sides were now receiving reinforcements. Louis XIV. sent seven thousand two hundred and ninety men of all ranks to the help of James, under the command of Count Lauzun. They landed at Cork in March, 1689, and marched at once to Dublin. Lauzun described the country as a chaos such as he had read of in the Book of Genesis. On his arrival at

Dublin, Lauzun was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Irish army, and took up his residence in the castle.

On the other hand, Schomberg's forces were recruited by seven thousand Danes, under a treaty which William III. had entered into with the King of Denmark. New detachments of English and Scotch, of Huguenots, Dutch, Flemings, and Brandenburgers, were also added to the allied army.

William landed at Carrickfergus on the 14th of June. He passed on to Belfast, where he met Schomberg, the Prince of Wurtemberg, Major-General Kirk, and other general officers. He then pushed on to Lissburn, the headquarters of his army. He there declared that he would not let the grass grow under his feet, but would pursue the war with the utmost vigour. He ordered the whole army to assemble at Loughbrickland. He found them to consist of sixty-two squadrons of cavalry and fifty-two battalions of infantry—in all, thirty-six thousand English, Dutch, French, Danes, and Germans, well-appointed in every respect. Lieutenant-General Douglas commanded the advanced guard—to which Rapin belonged—and William III., Schomberg, and S. Gravenmore commanded the main body.

William III. had no hesitation in entering at once on the campaign. He had been kept too long in London by parliamentary turmoil, by intrigues between Whigs and Tories, and sometimes by treachery on both sides. But now that he was in the field his spirits returned, and he determined to lose not a day in measuring swords with his enemy. He had very little time to spare. He must lose or win his crown; though his determination was to win. Accordingly he marched southward without delay.

William had been in Ireland six days before James knew of his arrival. The passes between Newry and Dundalk had been left unguarded—passes where a small body of well-disciplined troops might easily have checked the advance of William's army. Dundalk was abandoned. Ardee was abandoned. The Irish army then crossed the Boyne, and were drawn up in a strong position to arrest the progress of the invading army. James had all the advantages that nature could give him. He had a deep river in front, a morass on his left, and the narrow bridge of Slane on his right. Behind was a rising ground stretching along the whole of the field. In the rear lay the church and village of Donore, and the Pass of Duleek. Drogheda lay towards the mouth of the river,



where the green and white flags of Ireland and France were flying, emblazoned with the harp and the lilies.

William never halted until he reached the summit of a rising ground overlooking the beautiful valley of the Boyne. It is about the most fertile ground in Ireland. As he looked from east to west, William said to one of his staff, "Behold a land worth fighting for!" Rapin was there, and has told the story of the crossing of the Boyne. He says that the forces of King James, lying on the other side of the river, amounted to about the same number as those under King William. They included more than seven thousand veteran French soldiers. There was a splendid body of Irish horse, and about twenty thousand Irish foot.

James's officers were opposed to a battle; they wished to wait for the large fleet and the additional forces promised by Louis XIV. But James resolved to maintain his position, and thought that he might have one fair battle for his crown. "But," says Rapin, "notwithstanding all his advantages—the deep river in front, the morass on his right, and the rising ground behind him—he ordered a ship to be prepared for him at Waterford, that in case of a defeat he might secure his retreat to France."

On the morning of the 30th of June, William ordered his whole army to move by break of day by three lines towards the river, about three miles distant. The King marched in front. By nine o'clock they were within two miles of Drogheda. Observing a hill north of the town, and east of the enemy, the King rode up to view the enemy's camp. He found it to lie all along the river in two lines. Here he had a long consultation with his leading officers. He then rode to the pass at Old Bridge, within musket-shot of the ford; next he rode westward, so as to take a full view of the enemy's camp. He fixed the place where his batteries were to be planted, and decided upon the spot where his army was to cross the river on the following day.

The Irish on the other side of the river had not been unobservant of the King's movements. They could see him riding up and down the banks, for they were not sixty yards apart. The Duke of Berwick, the Viceroy Tyrconnel, General Sarsfield, and other officers were carefully watching his movements. While the army was marching up the river-side, William dismounted, and sat down upon a rising ground to partake of some refreshment, for he had been on horseback since

early dawn. During this time a party of Irish horse on the other side brought forward two field-pieces through a ploughed field, and planted them behind a hedge. They took their sight and fired. The first shot killed a man and two horses close by the King. William immediately mounted his horse. The second gun was not so well aimed. The shot struck the water, but rising *en ricochet*, it slanted on the King's right shoulder, took a piece out of his coat, and tore the skin and the flesh. William rode away stooping in his saddle. The Earl of Coningsby put a handkerchief over the wound, but William said "there was no necessity, the bullet should have come nearer."

The enemy, seeing the discomfiture among the King's party, and that he rode away wounded, spread abroad the news that he was killed. "They immediately," says Rapin, "set up a shout all over their camp, and drew down several squadrons of their horse upon a plain towards the river, as if they meant to pass and pursue the English army. Nay, the report of the King's death flew presently to Dublin, and from thence spread as far as Paris, where the people were encouraged to express their joy by bonfires and illuminations." In the meantime William returned to his tent, where he had his wound dressed, and again mounted and showed himself to the whole army, in order to dissipate their apprehensions. He remained on horseback until nine at night, though he had been up since one o'clock in the morning.

William then called a council of war, and declared his resolution of forcing the river next day. Schomberg opposed this, but finding the King determined, he urged that a strong body of horse and foot should be sent to Slane bridge that night, so as to be able to cross the bridge and get between the enemy and the Pass of Duleek, which lay behind King James's army. This advice, if followed, might perhaps have ended the war in one campaign. Such is Rapin's opinion. The proposal was, however, rejected; and it was determined to cross the river in force on the following morning. William inspected the troops at midnight. He rode along the whole army by torchlight, and after giving out the password "Westminster," he returned to his tent for a few hours' sleep.

The shades of night lay still over that sleeping host. The stars looked down in peace on these sixty thousand brethren of the same human family, ready to rise with the sun and imbue their hands in each other's blood. Tyrannical factions and warring

creeds had set them at enmity to each other, and turned the sweetness and joy of their nature into gall and bitterness. The night was quiet. The murmur of the river fell faintly on the ear. A few trembling lights gleamed through the dark from the distant watch-towers of Drogheda. The only sounds that rose from the vast host that lay encamped in the valley of the Boyne, were the challenges of the sentinels to each other as they paced their midnight rounds.

The sun rose clear and beautiful. It was the first day of July—a day for ever memorable in the history of Ireland as well as England. The *général* was beat in the camp of William before daybreak, and as soon as the sun was up the battle began. Lieutenant-General Douglas marched towards the right with six battalions of foot, accompanied by Count Schomberg (son of the Marshal) with twenty-four squadrons of horse. They crossed the river below the bridge of Slane, and though opposed by the Irish they drove them back and pressed them on towards Duleek.

When it was supposed that the left wing had crossed the Boyne, the Dutch Blue Guards, beating a march till they reached the river's edge, went in eight or ten abreast, the water reaching above their girdles. When they had gained the centre of the stream they were saluted with a tremendous fire from the Irish foot protected by the breast-works, lanes, and hedges on the farther side of the river. Nevertheless they pushed on, formed in two lines, and drove the Irish before them. Several Irish battalions were brought to bear upon them, but without effect. Then a body of Irish cavalry assailed them, but still they held their ground.

William, seeing his troops hardly pressed, sent across two Huguenot regiments and one English regiment to their assistance. But a regiment of Irish dragoons, at the moment of their reaching the shore, fell upon their flank, broke their ranks, and put many of them to the sword. Colonel Caillemotte, leader of the Huguenots, received a mortal wound. He was laid on a litter and carried to the rear. As he met his men coming up to the help of their comrades he called out, "A la gloire, mes enfans! à la gloire!" A squadron of Danish horse forded the river, but the Irish dragoons, in one of their dashing charges, broke and defeated them, and drove them across the river in great confusion.

Duke Schomberg, who was in command of the centre, seeing that the day was going against King William, and that the French Huguenots were fighting without their leader,

crossed the river and put himself at their head. Pointing to the Frenchmen in James's ranks, he cried out to his men, "Allons, messieurs, voilà vos persécuteurs!" The words were scarcely out of his mouth when a troop of James's guards, returning full speed to their main body, fell furiously upon the Duke and inflicted two sword cuts upon his head. The regiment of Cambon began at once to fire upon the enemy, but by a miss shot they hit the Duke. "They shot the Duke," says Rapin, "through the neck, of which he instantly died, and M. Foubert, alighting to receive him, was shot in the arm."

The critical moment had arrived. The centre of William's army was in confusion. Their leaders, Schomberg and Caillemotte, were killed. The men were waiting for orders. They were exposed to the galling fire of the Irish infantry and cavalry. King James was in the rear on the hill of Dunmore, surrounded by his French body-guard. He was looking down upon the field of battle, viewing now here, now there. It is even said that when he saw the Irish dragoons routing the cavalry and riding down the broken infantry of William, he exclaimed, "Spare! oh, spare my English subjects!"

The firing had now lasted uninterruptedly for more than an hour, when William seized the opportunity of turning the tide of battle against his spiritless adversary. Putting himself at the head of the left wing, he crossed the Boyne by a dangerous and difficult ford a little lower down the river; his cavalry for the most part swimming across the tide. The ford had been left unguarded, and the whole soon reached the opposite bank in safety. But even there the horse which William rode sank in a bog, and he was forced to alight until the horse was got out. He was helped to remount, for the wound in his shoulder was very painful. So soon as the troops were got into sufficient order, William drew his sword, though his wound made it uneasy for him to wield it. He then marched on towards the enemy.

When the Irish saw themselves menaced by William's left wing, they halted, and retired to Dunmore. But gaining courage, they faced about and fell upon the English horse. They gave way. The King then rode up to the Enniskilleners, and asked "What they would do for him?" Not knowing him, the men were about to shoot him, thinking him to be one of the enemy. But when their chief officer told them that it was the King who wanted their help, they at once

declared their intention of following him. They marched forward and received the enemy's fire. The Dutch troops came up, at the head of whom William placed himself. "In this place," says Rapin, "Duke Schomberg's regiment of horse, composed of French Protestants, and strengthened by an unusual number of officers, behaved with undaunted resolution, like men who fought for a nation amongst whom themselves and their friends had found shelter against the persecution of France."

Ginckel's troops now arrived on the scene; but they were overpowered by the Irish horse, and forced to give way. Sir Albert Cunningham's and Colonel Levison's dragoons then came up, and enabled Ginckel's troops to rally; and the Irish were driven up the hill, after an hour's hard fighting. James's lieutenant-general, Hamilton, was taken prisoner and brought before the King. He was asked "Whether the Irish would fight any more?" "Yes," he answered; "upon my honour I believe they will." The Irish slowly gave way, their dragoons charging again and again, to cover the retreat of the foot. At Dunmore they made a gallant stand, driving back the troops of William several times. The farmstead of Sheephouse was taken and retaken again and again.

At last the Irish troops slowly retreated up hill. The French troops had scarcely been engaged. Sarsfield implored James to put himself at their head, and make a last fight for his crown. Six thousand fresh men coming into action, when the army of William was exhausted by fatigue, might have changed the fortune of the day. But James would not face the enemy. He put himself at the head of the French troops and Sarsfield's regiment—the first occasion on which he had led during the day—and set out for Dublin, leaving the rest of his army to shift for themselves.

The Irish army now poured through the Pass of Duleek. They were pursued by Count Schomberg at the head of the left wing of William's army. The pursuit lasted several miles beyond the village of Duleek, when the Count was recalled by express orders of the King. The Irish army retreated in good order, and they reached Dublin in safety. James was the first to carry thither the news of his defeat. On reaching Dublin Castle, he was received by Lady Tyrconnel, the wife of the Viceroy. "Madam," said he, "your countrymen can run well." "Not quite so well as your Majesty," was her retort, "for I see that you have won the race."

The opinion of the Irish soldiers may be understood from their saying, after their defeat, "Change generals, and we will fight the battle over again." "James had no royal quality about him," says an able Catholic historian; "nature had made him a coward, a monk, and a gourmand; and, in spite of the freak of fortune that had placed him on a throne, and seemed inclined to keep him there, she vindicated her authority, and dropped him ultimately in the niche that suited him—

'The meanest slave of France's despot lord.'

William halted on the field that James had occupied in the morning. The troops remained under arms all night. The loss of life was not so great as was expected. On William's side not more than four hundred men were killed; but amongst them were Duke Schomberg, Colonel Caillemotte, and Dr. George Walker, the defender of Derry. "King James's whole loss in this battle," says Rapin, "was generally computed at fifteen hundred men, amongst whom were the Lord Dungan, the Lord Carlingford, Sir Neil O'Neil, Colonel Fitzgerald, the Marquis D'Hocquincourt; and several prisoners, the chief of whom was Lieutenant-General Hamilton, who, to do him justice, behaved with great courage, and kept the victory doubtful, until he was taken prisoner."

On the following day Drogheda surrendered without resistance. The garrison laid down their arms, and departed for Athlone. James stayed at Dublin for a night, and on the following morning he started for Waterford, causing the bridges to be broken down behind him, for fear of being pursued by the allied forces. He then embarked on a ship of war, and was again conveyed to France.

William's army proceeded slowly to Dublin. The Duke of Ormond entered the city two days after the battle of the Boyne, at the head of nine troops of horse. On the next day the King, with his whole army, marched to Finglas, in the neighbourhood of Dublin; and on the 6th of July he entered the city, and proceeded to St. Patrick's Church, to return thanks for his victory.

The whole of the Irish army proceeded towards Athlone and Limerick, intending to carry on the war behind the Shannon. William sent a body of his troops, under Lieutenant-General Douglas, to Athlone; while he himself proceeded to reduce and occupy the towns of the South. Rapin followed his leader, and hence his next appearance at the siege of Athlone.

S. SMILES.





## EVENTIDE.

OH, sweet the calm of evening,  
 When shades fall on the lea ;  
 And, like a rose in beauty's lap,  
 The sun sinks in the sea.

When evening-songs have sounded  
 Through glade and grove and glen,  
 And birds are hastening homeward  
 In many an ordered train.

When streamlets sound more sweetly,  
 As the other voices die,  
 And the trees, that dream and waken,  
 Give forth their sigh for sigh.

When the pines, all ranged in order,  
 Stand black against the gold

Of the dying sunset's banners,  
 Like an army great and bold.

Ah, then the happy greeting,  
 As the toil-worn father hails  
 His boys and girls, whose welcome  
 O'er his weariness prevails.

The sweet repose of nature  
 Speaks softly to his heart ;  
 Though limbs are stiff and heavy,  
 He is eager to impart

His little store of knowledge,  
 And to hear their prattle gay ;  
 And thus come rest and gladness  
 At the closing of the day.

E. CONDER GRAY.

## THE UTILIZATION OF EVIL.

"Did this man sin or his parents, that he was born blind?"—JOHN ix. 2.

THE question proposed here is a distinctly metaphysical one; and as such the Great Teacher of the faith which worketh by love might well have waived it as idle and profitless; which, indeed, he did on a similar occasion, when he was asked by certain inquisitive and belike captious persons, whether they on whom the tower of Siloam fell were sinners above the rest of their brethren; to which question the answer then was: *I tell you, Nay; but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish;* words plainly intended to direct the speculative faculty of men away from the fruitless inquiry of why evil has happened to others, in order that it may settle fruitfully on the great interest of preventing evil that may happen to themselves. Here we see, in an eminently striking light, the practical character of Christianity set forth in opposition to that seductive itch for expending intellectual strength on insoluble problems, for which the ancient Greeks and the modern Germans have been so distinguished. The persons who put the deepest questions are not always the deepest thinkers; because, if they would only think a little deeper, they might find that the question is one which cannot be answered, and therefore should not be proposed; or, even if it can be answered, the answer is one which could do the questioner in his present position no good, or might even do him harm by distracting his attention from the duty that lies directly before him. Nevertheless, the imaginative tendency in the human mind was not created in vain: men are entitled to ask questions on the most difficult subjects, and to expect an answer to them, so far as the limit of the human faculties allows of the answer being understood. Children are constantly putting questions, to which they will often receive from an intelligent parent a perfectly satisfactory answer; but sometimes the father or the mother will say wisely—*That is a question which I cannot answer just now; the materials which supply the answer are not yet within the scope of your vision, or the grasp of your hands; when you are ten years older, I will tell you; or perhaps you will have found out the answer for yourself.* Just so with grown persons—who are all children in respect of the Infinite Father—in the domain of religion. God may answer our thoughtful questions about the method of His government of the world, or

He may not; but He never does forbid us absolutely to put questions, provided always they are proposed not in a pert and petulant spirit, but with an earnest love of truth, a humble sense of our limited capacities, a loving sympathy with what is beyond, and a sacred reverence for what is above ourselves. It is the spirit that makes the question good or bad, pleasing or displeasing to God; the answer is given according to the capacity, temper, and position of the questioner at the time when the question is put; or it may not be given at all. We are not entitled to have all questions answered, any more than we have a right to fly like eagles, to run like hounds, or to be all eyes like the cherubim.

The questions which an inquiring mind is led to make in reference to the many and complex phenomena of the material and moral world, that compose our environment, are, when analyzed, found to be of three kinds:—First, the question *how*, or through what instrumentality, any phenomenon is produced; Second, By *what* agency, by what force, or power; Third, For what purpose, and with what result, or, as we shortly say, *Why*. The two first of these questions, belonging partly to physical science as the science of external phenomena, partly to metaphysical science as the science of unseen, primary, and originating forces, are questions which concern methods of operation, or the doctrine of operating forces generally; the third question is a question of aim, object, and result, or, as Aristotle loved to call it, *τέλος*, the end or consummation of a thing. This last question is in its very nature always practical, while the other two may be put and answered for the mere gratification of a speculative curiosity. No doubt the knowledge that thunder is caused by the discharge of a subtle and fervid fluid dispersed through the world, of the same nature as that which any man may produce by the friction of certain dry bodies in connection with a certain simple machinery,—this knowledge, I say, may lead to important practical results, as we see in the manufacture of thunder rods, and other wisely calculated safeguards against the action of the electric matter. But this practical application of the knowledge obtained by the answer of the question *How?* is not necessarily connected therewith; stands, in fact, so widely apart from it that the discovery of a method of operation among natural

phenomena is often made by one person, and the practical application by another. But the question *For what purpose?* leads directly into the field of action, and comprises accordingly the whole important domain of personal and social morals, of politics, and that most important field of theology, always to be approached with reverence and sacred caution, which is called the theory of the Divine Government. What is the chief end of man? For what purpose do you and I walk the earth? For what purpose did God create the world? Why, above all things, proceeding as it does from so powerful and perfect an intelligence, is it so compassed about with misery everywhere, so blotted with vice, so marred with every sort of irregularity? These it will be observed are among the most serious, the most important, and also the most difficult questions that the human mind can propose; and questions which evidently go so deep into the whole scheme of the Divine Government, that if, in reference to some points, an answer were altogether withheld, we should wisely consider it as the most natural thing in the world. What we are entitled to know certainly, created as we are with reasonable faculties, is the object or purpose for which we ourselves exist, the good to which we must direct our steps, the model from which we must take our design. If we have no means of knowing this, we are indeed the most miserable of creatures; and a pig which asks no questions, or a worm which looks up to no stars, will be a much more happy, and in its way a more perfect creature than man. But beyond this sphere of our plain and well-marked life-work, if, in reference to the great complex whole of things, we ask the old question, What is the origin of evil? or, For what purpose does evil exist in the world? we have no right to expect a complete answer—which, indeed, from our point of view, may perhaps be impossible; we have no right to expect any answer at all. And yet God, who is always more lavish of His gifts than we are wise to use them, has given an answer to at least one of these questions. In the case of the man born blind the question is answered, not from what cause or by what agency, but for what object and with what result. "Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents; but that the works of God might be made manifest in him;" in other words, that Christ might be glorified before men, by removing the blindness; or more generally, *Evil exists that there may be a field for the manifestation of goodness.* Let us endeavour to throw light on

this great principle by showing its application in the wide field of cosmical phenomena and human life; and let us look upon it altogether practically, as the Great Teacher did. Men are the grand instruments whom God uses in the perpetual world-work of transmuting evil into good. This is our highest honour and privilege here,—always to be "fellow-workers with God." Work we must most certainly, in some fashion or other, so long as we live; and working with God as willing tools in His hands is our only guarantee, whether for comfort in our work or for permanency in its issues. To work in any other way is to dash our head against a granite wall, or to spill precious ointment on the ground, of which no man shall be able to give any account.

Let us look, first, at some obvious phenomena of evil in the physical world. What is more common in this land of flood and mountain than a storm? What is more terrible than the sudden black squall coming down from the top of a Highland gully, spreading a frown of savage iron-blue over the shimmering face of the loch, and lashing into a wild race of angry billows its lately placid breast? Contrast with this exhibition of the fierce and savage element in nature the serene beauty with which the purple shoulders of our Highland Bens are often clad for bright weeks together in the month of August or September, and the balmy breath, which easy mortals inhale for eight months in the year on the fertile banks of the Nile, or beneath the pillared shadows of the Athenian Acropolis; and you wish that this golden peace of physical nature were eternal, and that no such things as storms and squalls, and whirlwinds and waterspouts, thunder and lightning, and terrible fits of subterranean fever, were known in the world. This is natural. But let us suppose your wish granted, and all the stormy evil which you lament in the outward world instantly and forever abolished. You will have made a great gain, no doubt. But have you lost nothing by this banishing of the stormy form of evil from the physical world? One thing you certainly have lost—the variety which you at present enjoy in the change of the seasons, the wonderful charm of ever-recurring novelty amid deathless rejuvenescence. Is it possible that unvarying monotony of any kind, even of perfect peace, should be productive of as much happiness as the change of rest and commotion in nature which we now enjoy? Again, let us consider, that though light be the great good of the outer world—pre-eminently, indeed, the good—yet that mere light, without a certain



admixture of darkness, could not be productive of those striking effects of variously distributed light in which a great part of the beauty of the world consists. Let us remember that a picture is not possible by mere light. So far, therefore, as the luxury of the eye and the feast of the pictorial imagination is concerned, we may see certainly how that darkness, which is an evil, and one of the greatest, exists with this effect, that the works of light are thereby more effectively manifested. But to recur to the storm:—if there were no storms at sea, there would, of course, be no shipwrecks, but most certainly also there would be no seamanship. Remove storms, and currents, and sunk reefs—which are the evils which beset the path of the sailor through the briny depths—then skill is no more necessary to navigate the sea; then that grand admixture of adventure, and caution, and presence of mind which makes the naval hero, would no more be required; and any child who launches a paper boat might do the work of a Cook, a Franklin, and a M'Clintock. If there were not a constant expectation of sudden danger, it seems impossible that the watchfulness, the circumspection, and the promptitude of character necessary for the avoidance of danger should exist. The forms of danger, therefore, that constantly meet us in the external world, whether in the shape of storm or any other unexpected difficulty, though comprising some of the worst forms of evil, plainly exist to render a greater good possible; that is, to form the strength of character which grapples with and overcomes them; and in this way the works of God are made manifest amid the tumult of the tempest and the roar of wild winds, after a fashion which, in the cradled bosom of peace, were utterly impossible.

Let us now cast a glance on the intellectual world. The two great forms of evil here are ignorance and stupidity. How many enlightened statesmen, in every part of Europe, at the present moment are daily and hourly grappling valiantly with the first of these evils; and how many laborious schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, and learned professors, are lamenting vainly over the second! And not only teachers of youth, and ministers of education, and sharp-eyed inspectors, and writers of leading articles, and publishers of encyclopædias, but lawyers, and doctors, and engineers, and all sorts of persons, are engaged in a life-long battle with various forms of ignorance and stupidity. How many lawpleas arise, not from mere selfishness and a

desire to overreach, but from the want of clear-headedness and distinct definite ideas about what the parties concerned really meant—from some misty understanding out of which a misunderstanding is sure, on the first convenient opportunity, to emerge, and out of this misunderstanding again, a lawsuit? How much work of all kinds in the world is constantly going on, merely to remedy the evils which a want of calculation and foresight in the original designers had caused? A lamentable fact, you will say. Well, I allow it has a lamentable aspect; but, if you were to have your pious wish, and to abolish ignorance and stupidity altogether, I rather think it easy to show that you would produce a state of things much more lamentable. Only suppose a world from which ignorance was altogether banished, that is, a world in which everybody knew everything from the moment they were born. In such a world there would be neither teachers nor taught: no teachers where there were none that wanted teaching; no taught where all was already learned. Now only consider what this implies. The pursuit of truth is by universal admission one of the greatest pleasures of which a reasonable soul is capable. The commonest facts in education show this. In school and college, it is by no means the mere outward attractiveness of the subject that fixes the fluttering attention of the young student—not the piercing blaze from the oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe, or the gay coat of the humming-bird, or the various play of colour in the symmetrical crystal, but it is the pleasure which he feels in hunting out a principle, and ascending from the subject position of the scattered individual fact to the lordship of a general idea; that is to say, that which gives zest to his acquisition of knowledge is the fact that he is working his way out of ignorance. "If God," said Lessing, "were to offer me truth in one hand, and the search after truth in the other, I should prefer the latter without a moment's hesitation." Here, therefore, we have the key to the existence of this particular form of evil in the world. Ignorance exists that the works of God may be manifested in the search after truth and the creation of knowledge.

Let us now notice the operation of the same great principle in the moral world—that stage on which all of us must act our parts, in that fashion which makes our mortal lives either a harmony or a discord. For assuredly it is not intellect or reason merely, in its purely cognitive and speculative form, which makes a man a man and not a monkey

—a creature with a certain power of shaping his own destinies and realising his own self-projected ideal. Man is essentially a practical animal; he grows naturally up into a state and a church, and every variety of organized action; and to be practical he must be moral, for practice without morality is only another name for confusion, anarchy, and self-destruction. In this view the German poet sings well—

*"Das Leben ist der Güter höchstes nicht;  
Der Übel größtes aber ist die Schuld."*

*"The greatest earthly blessing is not LIFE;  
But of all human ills the worst is GUILT."*

This fearful nature of guilt, its mysterious power of rending, shattering, and ruining the soul, renders us much more prone to be startled and shocked by the existence of moral evil in the world, than by the contemplation of those physical and intellectual disturbances which we have just been considering. Nevertheless, it may be shown, as certainly as any demonstration in Euclid, that this most terrible of all evils is not permitted to exist in the world without a distinct view to a higher good. "God hath made all things for Himself, even the wicked for the day of His power." So spoke the great Old Testament preacher; and we shall not require to go beyond the most obvious experience of common life to have the observation forced upon us, that not a few of the highest forms of virtue in a world without evil would be simply impossible. Take temperance, for instance. There are persons in the present day who are accustomed to speak as if the only proper way to deal with all sins of excess were to make them impossible, by removing to an impracticable distance, or by altogether annihilating the stimulants to indulgence. I do not dispute the wisdom of this policy in a special class of cases, where the object proposed is to save weak characters from ruin. But if the object be to form strong characters, it is manifest that to remove the temptation is to destroy the virtue, to make this world no longer a school of noble self-training and manly self-control. If such virtues as moderation and temperance are to exist at all, they can only be found in a world where stimulus is strong and appetite unruly. In such a world God has placed us; and if we would act in happy accordance with that constitution of things which is His will, instead of yielding weakly to every twinkling seduction that may approach us, we should rejoice in the offered opportunity of proving that we are men and

not beasts, and that if in other respects certainly inferior, in the habit of resisting strong temptations we are to all appearance superior even to the angels. At least so Seneca, the wisest of Roman moralists, thought, when he uttered his often-quoted sentence, that the successful struggles of a truly virtuous man in this world are often such as the blessed gods, in their shining Olympian seats, must look upon with envy.

Again, let us look for a moment at the highest of all human virtues—*moral courage*, a virtue which is possible only when a sacred passion, a firm will, and a strong reason combine to give the world assurance of perfect manhood. In what atmosphere, I pray you consider, does this virtue flourish? The very idea of it certainly implies this, that at the time and place when its exercise is called for, the majority of men are wrong: *οἱ πολλοὶ κακοί*, according to the adage of the old Greek sage—"The majority are bad, or at least weak and cowardly." Plato, in his famous argument about the nature of justice in the Republic, fancies a case in which his pattern just man shall stand alone amid a world of slanderers and persecutors—a world in which he shall not even have the consolation of a single faithful bosom into which to pour the bitter stream of his sorrow for the degradation of the humanity to which he belongs. And he asks, as a testing question, whether justice, in such a world as this, will still be preferable to injustice, and holiness to sin. Such a case, so absolutely shorn of all elements of moral alleviation, has probably never occurred; for a Socrates, when he drinks the hemlock, has generally not only the good witness of his own soul, but the believing tears of a select band of disciples to fling a glory round the darkness of his last hour. But this unquestionably is a fact, that when the first great step is taken in any age of transition, when the whole mechanism of corrupt church and state requires to be remodelled, the man who takes it must generally do so alone; and those who march to victory on the path which his finger fore-shows, must often do so over his grave. There are various epochs, not unfrequently repeated in the history of the world, when, if you believe very strongly in God, you are sure, like that very Socrates, to be accused of atheism. There are unhappy epochs when fools, and brute beasts, and diabolical monsters, or—what for purposes of government is little better—mere lay-figures and inarticulate wooden forms of humanity are perched with the name of authority upon thrones,

while the wise and the good, and the noble and the brave—like the gallant Scottish Covenanters—are hunted over the moors by bloodhounds, and trampled under foot by savage dragoons. In such times whoever dares to be a man is sure to be called a traitor; and while stars, and honours, and places of power are lavished on the worthless and unprincipled, the prison, and the scaffold, and the bare sea rock are the appointed wages of the virtuous. No doubt, when circumstances are favourable, you may come out of such a perilous struggle, like Knox, stamping a whole people with the mould of Christian manliness, or, like Luther, with the cheers of a regenerated world in your ears; but the chances are as great that whosoever meddles boldly with the perilous business of putting new life into the ossified framework of some crazy but long-venerated social organism, will be cut off, like Huss, violently, in the vigour of manly years, with a shirt of flaming pitch about his breast, while his ashes shall be cast into the rolling river to find their way down to the billows of the restless ocean. Here, therefore, in the most distinct language, we read that the greatest virtue in the world is possible only when the world is possessed by a half-stupid, half-diabolical determination to have nothing to do with virtue. The most confounding spectacle in the world—the conspiracy of all the Mightys to crush the single little innocent Right—takes place that the works of God may be manifested in that strength of soul which can defy a world in the single consciousness of rectitude. Never, indeed, does innocence appear more innocent, never does strength appear more strong, than on such occasions. The flames that envelop but consume not preserve the manifest witness of the God-protected child; and the little seed which is watered by the martyr's blood grows up into rich luxuriance in places where the common dews of heaven would have been ineffective. Such is the mystery of evil, by Divine predestination constantly transmuted into good.

The practical conclusion to be drawn from the consideration of this subject is sufficiently obvious. All speculations about the origin of evil, which end in mere speculation, are idle, and receive no encouragement from the teaching of Christ as it is exhibited in the interesting history from which our text is taken. But the practical purpose which evil serves in this world under Divine superintendence, we are not only permitted, but invited, to consider, viz. that the works of God may be manifested in and through men,

by every variety of human agency exercised upon every variety of human condition. This, therefore, is our business. If we meet with difficulties in this world—as who does not?—we are not to inquire whence they come, unless that question, when answered, may help us to the practical solution of the only question which properly belongs to us: How may they be removed? We are to rejoice in all difficulties, as the grand training-school of a hardy and vigorous manhood. We have to deal with moral obstructions when they meet us in the course of life, just as engineers do when they are making a road and find a huge mountain in their way—either tunnel through it or wind round it. If we meet with opposition in our attempts to preach truth, or to do good in our particular sphere, we are not to let our hearts sink forthwith and our hands drop, saying, Nothing can be done; but we must say bravely, as the ancient Romans did, *What are our enemies but fuel to feed the flame of our victories?* If we fall heir to a field which is so thickly beset with thistles and stones that we with difficulty find a free spot for the dropping in of good seed, let us not sit down whimpering for some fat shining paradise in Buckinghamshire or Haddington, but let us rather, in the spirit of our text, remember that if evil in the shape of thistles and stones were not permitted, the works of God could not be manifested in the farmer's clod-subduing skill, and in the continuous inroads which the cultured land in all well-conditioned countries is taught to make on the waste. Are there many weeds in your garden? This text teaches that weeds are only a luxuriant device of nature to make a good gardener possible. A gardener who should puzzle his brain about the origin of weeds instead of taxing his muscle to pull them out, would justly be laughed at; but we are all gardeners, each in his several corner of the Lord's vineyard, and we have no right to indulge in fruitless speculation about the origin of what is bad so long as a single turn of a hoe or a spade can make it in any degree better.

To conclude: I am not averse that young gentlemen at college, and others at their time of life, should try their intellectual strength occasionally by attempting the solution of a metaphysical problem. But the experience of more than fifty years' continuous thinking on the different questions of human origin and destiny has taught me that the principal use of such exertitions is to teach us the very moderate limits within which



they can be healthily and innocently indulged. If we do not fall in love with some pretty crotchet of our own, and attribute to it imaginary virtues—as all fathers are fond to do with their own children—we shall not be long of coming to the conviction that action, not speculation, is the proper business of men on this earth, and that a man can no more gratify certain longings of the soul with regard to metaphysical truth than he can learn to leap out of his own skin, or drop a candle into the deep dark well whence his brightest thoughts often spring up. Puzzled and perplexed by the baffled attempt at the solution of what to us, under our present limitations, must ever remain insoluble, we shall be driven into action, as to the only field where intellectual energy, if combined with moral dignity, is sure, under the Divine blessing, to produce a double fruitage—the fruit of prosperous growth without and the fruit of pure satisfaction within. Regard this life as a brave soldier does a great campaign, determined to “do or die,” and you have the only sure guarantee at once for

happiness and victory. And remember that it is not in your power, any more than it is in that of a soldier on the eve of a battle, to alter the conditions under which you act. To run away you will find practically impossible, and to fight feebly is always more dangerous than to close hand-to-hand with the enemy. Life is a serious business, and you must learn to treat it seriously. “*Μέγας ὁ ἀγών*,” says Plato, in an often-quoted and noble sentence of old Greek wisdom, “*μέγας ὁ ἀγὼν ἢ χρηστὸν ἢ κακὸν γενέσθαι*.” “Noble is the struggle of which the issue is whether a man, in the life which he leads here below, is to be bad or good;” but it would not be noble if it were not a struggle; and it could not be a struggle did not such a power as evil exist against which good had to fight a battle and to achieve a victory. This is a great mystery; but it is also a great fact. Be it our business to deal with this fact wisely; for upon this depends the great issue whether our human life, under its present conditions, shall be a shameful blunder or a glorious success. J. S. BLACKIE.

## ST. TERESA.

THE traveller on his way from Bayonne to Madrid passes by the little town of Avila, situated on a wide plain bounded by the lofty sierra that marks the southern extremity of Old Castile. It is a high and somewhat bleak region, exposed alike to the keen blasts of winter and to the burning rays of a Castilian sun in summer. The whole land, wasted by the eternal flux of fierce extremes, stretches austere and bare to the foot of the wooded heights which form the lowest spur of the sierra. There the eye rests complacently on a mingled grace of oak, maple, and pine breaking the monotony of the scene; while among the windings of the hills may be traced the opening of many a fair valley, the delightful haunt of the solitary herdsman and his charges. Far off, a snowy line stands out against the sky, which is blue and clear amid winter rigours and through the long midsummer languor.

An old world seems still faintly alive behind the mediæval rampart which yet surrounds the few streets of which the town is formed. The houses, of weather-stained granite, cluster sombrely round a venerable cathedral, its crenelated dome and massive walls witnessing of days when they were the crowning strength of the most famous fortress of the province. Deader than all the rest

stand gloomy convent-piles: institutions mostly empty now, having perished of sheer inanition in the soil most congenial to them, and which they have drained for ages of its finest powers, till it lies at last desolate and unfertile for the needs of later times. And yet a peculiar interest clings to these sullen walls, for within them chiefly was spent the life of Teresa of Jesus, a woman notable to all time for her genius, her enthusiasm, her success, and her failure.

Teresa Sanchez Cepeda y Ahumada, or Teresa of Jesus, the name she bore in her “religious” life, was born at Avila on the 15th March, 1515. Her parents were of good rank; high-minded, pious people, who brought up their children in strict observance of the rules of the Roman Church, and were able, moreover, to inspire them with a great love for all that was holy and excellent. The little Teresa was soon inflamed with that passion for high achievement which characterized her throughout life. She was only eight years old when she persuaded one of her brothers to start with her for the country of the Moors, and snatch, as it were, a crown of glory, for which her childish soul was already on fire. Disappointed in this attempt, and ignominiously captured by an uncle, the children’s favourite recreation

henceforth was to build hermitages in their father's orchard, to which they might retire to be alone with God.

In a religious family of that day in Spain, the Church, with its fasts and feasts, its pascimes and penitences, at once exacted so much and granted so much, that the whole tenor of life and the whole range of thought and feeling was dependent on her for regulation and aliment. Educated in severe seclusion, it was natural for a bright and sensitive child to turn with delight to the beautiful mysteries of religion. Yet, even here, the "world" crept in at last, in the guise of those romances of chivalry which not all the censures of the Church could tear from the hands of reading Spain, till Cervantes arose, a mightier exorcist than the priest. The mother's death, when Teresa was twelve years old, left the girl exposed to such further moral peril as could reach her in her retired way of life. None but near kin were allowed to enter the house, yet even this restricted circle had its dangers, for among its members was a cousin whose idle talk and frivolous aims diverted the mind of the young Teresa into new and worldly channels. The elder sister, who now ruled the house, tried in vain to exclude the objectionable relative. Teresa began to be careful of her personal appearance, which is described as pleasing; she strove to be loved by her kindred and friends, rejoicing in her natural gifts, "of which," she says, "it seems I had many." For the entertainment of these guests she composed tales in the favourite style of chivalry, but her worst offence probably was to aid her giddy cousin in some flirtation, conducted in a fashion contrary to Spanish etiquette, though very much in consonance with Castilian practice.

Follies like these filled her austere father with dismay, yet so tender was his affection that even in that age of severity he would ask her no question and inflict on her no disgrace. In his perplexity he sent her for education to an Augustinian monastery, where she very soon found herself happy and at home. The nuns were good and devout, and the sight of their religious lives moved her to lively sympathy and a kind of holy envy. She turned afresh to religion as the one source of true joy, and this turning was the more real in that it was accompanied with conflict. The idea of becoming a nun naturally occurred to her, but she resisted it with all her might, shrinking affrighted from the prospect of life-long hardship and life-long separation from her beloved family.

At least, she thought, some other monastery would suit her better than the house in which she was then living, and with this kind of reprieve in her mind, but with the battle still hot within her, she returned to her father's house.

The question was in truth decided. Whenever any impulse to fine or self-sacrificing action struck upon this soul, it was constantly acted on with magnanimity. The unconscious influences of home, too, were on the side of the monastery, for the monastery there represented the highest form of that serious view of life with which the whole family was deeply penetrated. Yet Teresa wavered long before informing her father of her design; for this, to her, was a step hardly less decisive than the assumption of the religious habit itself. The poor man, when at length aware how matters stood, in deep distress, wholly refused his consent. Then Teresa, with that peculiar failure in primary duty which the Romish Church accounts a virtue, fled secretly to the Carmelite monastery of the Incarnation at Avila, having persuaded one of her brothers to leave the house at the same time with a like purpose. She was only eighteen, and an irrepressible pity arises as she tells us that the pain of dying could not be greater than the agony of that morning. To the last, when comparing her trials with that one, she found none that equalled it in bitterness; if Heaven must be bought with pain, here surely was a rich instalment. When her father learned her flight, though sorrowing, he was too thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his time and religion to enter into a sacrilegious contest respecting so Divine a vocation. Teresa took the habit on the following day with his sanction, being herself full of sorrow; though others, she says, discovered in her only alacrity and good-will.

After she made her profession in 1534, a season of rest set in. The pangs of that internal strife were over, and the natural gladness of youth asserted itself. She found favour in the eyes of all around her; she performed her duties with the scrupulous accuracy of one to whom slovenly, ineffectual work was impossible; her prayers bore with them a great serenity of soul. Nor was she, in the strictest sense of the word, shut out from intercourse with the world. The nuns of the Incarnation were constantly visited by their friends; it was even customary that, by permission of their superiors, they should pass weeks, and sometimes months, with their relatives or others who desired their

presence. Thus, three years after this, we find Teresa affectionately tended through a severe illness by her father and sister in her old home. Later still, the anguish of her father's deathbed was soothed by her devoted nursing, and his courage sustained by her pious exhortations. It must always be remembered that for the first eighteen years of her monastic life, she was frequently absent from her community—absences spent amongst people leading a normal social existence—and that, throughout that period, she had abundant opportunity for intercourse with persons whom she esteemed.

When the excitement connected with her religious profession and an abnormal sensibility of nerves, disordered by subsequent malady, had subsided, an apathy stole over her, by a common reaction, on that very point from which the overstrain of the emotional faculties had originated. She abandoned the habit of mental communion with God, which she always distinguishes as prayer from the vocal liturgies of her Church. Nor was she on this account a bad nun; she rigorously fulfilled the duties imposed by a religion of forms and of penance, and she was probably more popular among her companions than when urging a standard of spirituality which was at once a mystery and a reproach. She herself, however, knew only misery and humiliation. She had made converts to her method of prayer, among others her father; and when the good man related his simple, profitable experience, he pierced the heart of the young teacher, so quickly fallen from the height of her own doctrine. It was a comfortless thing, too, for her noble, hungering soul to feed on such chaff only as the rush of the great world-machine might send through the grating of a convent parlour. The outward life and renunciations of the monastery were not much better; there was futility everywhere, and the poignant regret of lost aspiration.

This dreary episode lasted more than a year; then we find her giving herself anew to that life of prayer which was henceforth her absorbing vocation. Her path was for long a thorny one. The sweetness of her early prayers failed her, as all sweetness of early days must fail us. For years she was at war with herself, now in despair, and then again rising to fulness of joy and hope. At times her life was the most painful that could be imagined, she tells us, because she had no joy in God and no pleasure in the world. Often, during the self-allotted time of prayer, she was more occupied in watching the hour-

glass than in good thoughts. Yet her resolution never faltered; she knew that he who can bravely lack all sweetness in pursuit of good, has already travelled a great part of the road. Her troubles were increased a thousandfold by the visits of her friends; she complained that their discourse overthrew the work of hours of prayer. It ruffled, doubtless, the abstracted and mystical mood she thought well-pleasing to God. One can believe, too, that the talk was often trivial, and jarred upon her high-strung earnestness. At length she was so hardly pressed from within and from without that she applied, though with trembling, to the Jesuit fathers, then newly arrived at Avila in the first fame of sanctity. Even these fathers had little experience of penitents like Teresa; her genius and ardour disconcerted all her directors. But they meant well by her, and they guided her in the highest way known to themselves. She was to redouble her penance and not relax her contemplation; it was advisable, too, to break off all friendship with persons living in the world. But, severe as her director was, he was staggered by the anguish with which she asked him, if she must indeed be disloyal and ungrateful to those who had always been true to her. Since the matter was so hard, he told her, she might wait and pray for enlightenment. Teresa obeyed, but the enlightenment came very much from her own repugnance to the course proposed, which, with the casuistry of a generous mind, she took as a monitor of what she must avoid. She concluded that gratitude and loyalty to man are accursed things in the service of God.

In our own day moral effort takes rather an external than an internal direction. A standard of active philanthropy is recognised by all Christian communities, and, perhaps more than any other, is sanctioned by the common approbation of elevated minds. This practical conception of virtue makes it hard to appreciate an excellence which consists in tearing asunder all the intelligible relations of man and nature, and projecting the mind violently into the infinite and inconceivable. Science, too, with new revelation of law has brought new apprehension of obedience, investing physical phenomena with a sanctity and inviolability hitherto unknown. Hence, to modern thought, the conditions of the ascetic life have in them something almost sacrilegious and extremely painful. Little need be said of Teresa's visions, ecstasies, and miracles under Jesuit management; they belong to pathology, and



not to the subject-matter of this paper. The most interesting point in connection with them is that although deluded as to their origin and authenticity, she was never for a moment deceived as to their importance. Virtue, she constantly urges, consists in serving God in justice, fortitude, and humility, rather than in incidents such as these.

In the sixteenth century religion was a system of rigidly defined doctrine on the one hand, and of prescribed discipline on the other; a religious-minded man was, according to his temperament, a theologian or an ascetic—a professor of scientific dogma, or inspired by what one may call the aesthetic sentiment of the spiritual life. Teresa belonged to the latter class. She was enamoured of an inner and mystic beauty, as some have been of that which is outward and sensuous. Dogma troubled her little, but she grasped at everything in her creed that promoted, or seemed to promote, that union of the soul to Divine perfection for which alone she was in pain. Her “way of prayer” was a kind of adoring contemplation, neither wholly prayer nor wholly meditation; it was a continual imaging within her of the holy and ineffable, a constant swooning of the intelligence in an element of vague and unearthly emotion. This state of mind may, perhaps, be best described as a morbid overflow of subjectivity. When the intelligence deals with the facts of the universe, as they have up to this time been wrested from nature and consciousness, it finds itself perforce humbled and well-nigh overwhelmed. But the personality of the mystic swells measurelessly with the infinity he presumptuously attempts to penetrate, mistaking the white heat of his own ardour for a heavenly effulgence. Thus it happens that mystics have so often been reputed heretics, the dogma they profess being ultimately submerged in a flood of subjective transcendentalism, though in them, of all men, reason is least rebellious.

There was henceforth, for Teresa and her friends, only one ideal aim in life, and one way of attaining it: a more complete retreat, wherein by stripes and hard usage they might compel the tyrant flesh to release the captive energies of the soul. This conception, floating in their minds, soon became, in Teresa, a rooted purpose. At the outset, taking her superiors by surprise, she obtained an easy permission to found a new and stricter house. But opposition was not long in declaring itself. It arose first in her own monastery, where offence was taken, not unnaturally, at the implied slur on the religious life as therein

practised. The sanction given to her undertaking was withdrawn, and for some time she was forbidden even to speak on the subject. Teresa, silenced but unshaken, was yet further confirmed in her resolution by the knowledge, which reached her now for the first time, of the primitive rule of the Carmelites—the rule which had been mitigated by a papal bull about the middle of the fifteenth century, and which appeared to be the embodiment of her dream of monastic discipline. A little later, the diligence of her friends procured a brief from Rome authorising the foundation of a reformed house at Avila.

Though the lawfulness of the new monastery was now fully established, the Carmelite superiors were violently opposed to its foundation, and Teresa could do nothing without their consent. It may appear strange that a nun who esteemed obedience so highly should have escaped its shackles with a free conscience. The question seems to have occurred to herself, for she reiterates vehemently that she would rather a thousand-fold have given up the monastery than have committed any sin in the matter. St. Peter of Alcantara, however, her friend and counsellor, and some others, soothed away her scruples. She was to work to the best of her ability while her superiors were still in ignorance of her actions, and consequently unable to prohibit them. Teresa's sister and her sick husband moved into a suitable house in Avila, and while Teresa was understood to be in attendance on the invalid, she was in reality preparing everything for the reception of novices. But when four poor orphans had taken the habit, the new monastery could no longer remain a secret, and Teresa was immediately summoned before her angry superiors. To an ordinary mind, uninstructed in the logic of St. Peter and the others, it certainly does appear that her conduct in this case was lacking in candour. Yet she bore herself with such address, that not only was the indignation of her superiors appeased, but, either by tact or importunity, she won permission to retire to the new foundation of St. Joseph even before the clamour against it, which was at one time as violent in the town of Avila as in the Incarnation itself, had fully subsided.

It is a rare fortune so to master circumstances as to bring them to the point we consider ideally desirable; it is a yet rarer happiness, falling perhaps to the lot of the wise and magnanimous alone, to realise the

anticipated fitness of the new ordering of life. Teresa tells us that these years of austere seclusion and penitential practice were years of peace and joy, and that the society of her fervent nuns seemed to her like the society of angels. She strikes the key-note of this life when she says, "The soul must never expose itself in any way whatsoever to any risks of sin." The monastery itself was regarded with suspicion; St. Teresa's confessor longed, he said, to see her in her grave, so strongly was he persuaded of the risks to which holiness was exposed within the very wall of St. Joseph.

For five years Teresa was almost solely occupied in the congenial task of guiding her nuns along the rugged path leading to perfection. No teacher ever knew more thoroughly the difficulties of the doctrine she professed, and none ever exacted from herself with a grander sincerity to the very uttermost of the standard held up for others. If, then, we find in her instructions a vein of perverted morality, it is but one more proof that the normal conditions of life cannot be trampled under foot without vital loss. It is startling to find in her categories of sins that lying, swearing, wrangling, uttering maledictions, are offences far less heinous than speaking to a stranger without leave, or at any time whatever, unless a witness distinctly hears every word spoken. These, almost the darkest crimes on her list, illustrate the extreme difficulty of subduing nature with even the best calculated machinery. Nature, in fact, was often altogether refractory. One of Teresa's greatest troubles was the number of her nuns who fell into melancholy. She perceived that the origin of this evil was physical; she was to some extent aware that it was nature's revolt against a too severe mode of life; but her remedies were strangely devised. The malady was to be conquered at any cost; where words were not sufficient, penance was to be employed; where light penance failed, heavy ones were to be tried; if one month's imprisonment had no effect, let the sufferer be shut up for four. Nuns less seriously afflicted were greatly preyed on by scruples, which she and many ecclesiastics of her day describe as a besetting snare in monasteries. Teresa herself was not exempt from a certain restlessness arising out of the solemn triviality of monastic routine. It is true her fine temper was incapable of discontent, and her faith in her vocation was an ennobling element in a life not itself nobly

ordered. But a large and loving nature must surely suffer, when the violence of aspiration can find no more adequate relief than the arrangement of an oratory, or the adornment of an altar.

It was towards the end of this period that a passing priest related to the recluses of St. Joseph the stirring tale of the labours and perils of the Spanish missionaries in the Indies. Teresa was moved to agonies of prayer, and longing for direct attack on heresy and heathendom. Helpless herself, her thoughts turned naturally to the friars of her own order, and thus the resolution from which resulted the general reform of the Carmelites, shaped itself in the solitude of her cell.

The project was bold and might well have seemed hopeless. Teresa was shut up, unknown or unfavourably known to those whose rule she had renounced; it was, moreover, an unheard-of thing for a woman to lay violent hands of reformation on an order of monks. Even when, in 1567, the general of the Carmelites authorised her, as an experiment, to found two monasteries for friars, she asked herself, with a feeling more nearly akin to despair than she knew at any other period of her life, where these friars were to be found. Yet, in fact, the deep religious feeling which lay at the root of the most vital crisis of that age was as strongly marked in Spain as in France or in Germany. Teresa only responded to the spiritual craving around her, when she proposed an ideal life so devoted as to fire men's imaginations, and so arduous as to engross their energies. Very soon she found herself rather occupied in moderating the impetuosity of her first disciples than in complaining of any lack of zeal. The first house for friars was founded in 1568, amid incredible hardships, in a squalid hovel at Duruelo, a hamlet near Avila. A second monastery was opened in the following year at Pastrana.

Teresa's history becomes henceforth a record of perpetual journeyings and ceaseless toils in behalf of her reform. When she died, in 1582, she had founded seventeen monasteries for women and fifteen for men. The work involved her in many troubles. Nothing can be more wearisome than the details of the strife that presently broke out between the friars of the Mitigation and the friars of Teresa's Reform—a strife marked by all the intrigue, cruelty, and fanaticism common to such contests. The nuncio himself took part at one time against Teresa: she was thrice delated to the Inquisition, her founda-

tions were interrupted, her friars dispersed, while the direction of her now numerous nunneries was her daily and weighty care. In the midst of all, squabbles, persecution, calumny, ruin threatening her work and peril overhanging herself, Teresa stands forth a noble, steadfast figure, as impressive, if less touching, than that of the fervent neophyte of bygone years. It was during this period that she wrote most of her mystical and devotional works, as well as her Constitutions and the history of her Foundations. As her reputation rose steadily in spite of all detraction, an enormous mass of correspondence grew with it. Bishops and archbishops, statesmen and authors, as well as countless persons in private life, trusted her with their secrets and appealed to her for counsel. Her answers, which now fill four volumes, though written in haste and without thought of correction, not only display, as might have been expected, profound religious sentiment, together with a ripe wisdom and aptitude for affairs, but remain to this day models of pure and graceful style. She died at Alba de Tormes, October 4th, 1582, having seen the storm which at one time menaced her Reform lull gradually till it dropped altogether about two years before her death, when Gregory XIII. issued bulls rendering the friars of the Reform independent of the friars of the Mitigation.

The interest of Teresa's story centres in her own spiritual struggle; it is marvellous to watch her wrestling with unshaken heroism through the long night of nearly twenty years. It is beautiful, too, and of good augury for others, to see how she comes out

of that warfare, not scatheless indeed, but a victor, her maturity as calm and strong as her youth was militant. All her talk in later times is of peace, infinite peace and assurance. She said of herself, amid the turmoil of these years, that her soul seemed no longer subject to the miseries of this world, that it dwelt, as it were, in a fortress with authority, in peace unassailable.

It is less pleasant to turn to the outcome of her external activity. There indeed was failure; the work she accomplished for the world was of dark and sad significance. It was her misfortune to rivet more firmly on the great and generous Spanish people the iron yoke of that Church which, for the noblest Spaniards, had but two fates to offer—the Inquisition or the monastery. A life of Carmelite asceticism, as devised by Teresa, is a life well meant indeed, yet which successfully unites the greatest injury to its subject with the least service to any one else. It is not asserted that a worthless and depraved life is not more injurious and equally useless; but the spectacle of good aspirations nullified and virtuous effort doomed to sterility has in it an element of pain—a harrowing sense of loss—which is not awakened by the contemplation of mere wickedness. Yet, however we may admit that Teresa's conception of the spiritual life was as the lisping of childhood compared to the sanctities that may be revealed to a more deeply taught age of mankind, we can still say that in courage and purity of soul, in unwearied labours and consummate self-sacrifice, no famished seeker after righteousness will probably ever surpass her.

## NIGHT BRINGETH LIGHT.

THE night doth hold within its shadowy hands  
The fair white light of morn;  
And winter hides within its icy bands  
The blossoms and the corn.

While all the glory of the noontide hour  
Must fade away in gloom,  
And all the dower of summer sun and flower  
Must pass as to the tomb.

So beauty, when most beautiful confest,  
Is tending to decay,  
And joy, alas! when joy is at its best,  
Is vanishing away.

But sorrow opens to our wondering eyes  
Fair visions not of earth,  
And pain revealeth the sweet hopes that rise,  
When courage hath its birth.

For darkness holds within its shadowy hands  
The fair white light of morn,  
And death and pain are but the icy bands  
Of joys as yet unborn!

HELEN K. WILSON.



## BUNDLE-WOOD WORK AND WORKERS.

BY THE RIVERSIDE VISITOR.

IN an outlying part of our district, where land is to be had for other than building purposes, there are to be seen, mingling with chemical works, bone-boiling establishments, tar factories, and the like, extensive yards filled with huge piles of wood. These, however, it is evident at a glance are not ordinary timber yards. The towering stacks, so deftly and firmly built up, uniformly consist of three- and four-foot lengths of roughly sawn, slabby-looking timber, the other dimensions of these short planks being nine inches broad by three thick. Any stranger noticing these stacks, and giving a second thought to them, would probably conclude that they constituted the raw material of some special industry; and such in fact is the case. These great yards are the storage ground of the "bundle" fire-wood trade; these colossal stacks, the material which, under the nimble hands of the operatives of the trade, are converted into those neat bundles wherewith most of the domestic fires of the metropolis are daily lighted.

The wood work, as it is familiarly called among those connected with it, is one of the staple industries of our district, and is particularly valued among the poor because it affords employment to large numbers of widows and children. The extent and systematic character of this trade are, we imagine, among the things not generally known; and we cannot but think that some account of it, and of what manner of men, women, and children they are who work at it, will be interesting to those who care to know something of the ways in which the poorer half of the world live. Attached to or in the neighbourhood of the storage yards already spoken of, are the workshops in which the actual bundle-making is carried on. They are long, narrow, low-roofed structures, a good deal in the style of covered rope-walks. They are of the rough-and-ready style of architecture, built of slab wood well tarred on the outside, and roofed with red, fluted tiles. Of windows proper they are destitute, but in place of them they have large square openings cut in the sides, and guarded by shutters which can be regulated at any required angle. In some the floors are boarded, in others not; in which latter case they are generally kept well piled with sawdust. These sheds are divided into compartments, technically styled berths, each berth being five or six feet wide,

and having the width of the shed for their length. The "gang" to a berth consists of a man, woman, and two children. The man as a rule is "boss" of the job, taking the work from the general employer, and making his own terms with his assistants. This man acts as sawyer and chopper; the woman bundles and ties; and the children, working shifts as half-timers, "pile" for the bundler. The tool equipment of a berth is made up of a sawing horse, which is so constructed as to be a measure for marking off six-inch lengths, a stout bow-saw, a chopper and chopping block, and a bundling machine. The latter is a simple affair, in appearance something like a stout, broad-topped trestle. This broad top is divided into two equal parts, what may be called the off-side being a simple ledge; while on the inner side—the side on which the bundler stands—the centre of the ledge is shaped out into the arc of a circle. Across this arc loosely lie two strands of stout rope, being the free parts of a band one end of which is securely fastened to the under side of the ledge. Though the bundling is the last process in the manufacture, it will, perhaps, be well to describe it while we are describing the machine. The sticks to form the bundle are laid within the rope-lined hollow, a turn and hitch of the rope is then taken around, and the part of the rope projecting after this is done forms a loop just large enough to admit of the easy insertion into it of a stoutish wooden lever. A turn of this lever tightens the bundle to the tying point, and then the tarred twine already cut into the exact length required is rapidly passed round and fastened, and the bundle, now ready for the market, is stacked. Any person who has sufficient curiosity to try the experiment for himself will find, if he measures the bundle wood coming into his own household, that the bundles will not vary at the utmost more than an eighth of an inch in size. Of late years, however, the standard of size has been growing smaller by degrees, and—from the housekeeping point of view—sorrowfully less. The trade size at present is twelve inches in circumference. In each berth a tape measure is hung up, and from time to time both masters and men test the bundles, as each has a direct personal interest in keeping them strictly to the regulation size. If they were being made over the standard the masters would be losing wood; if under, the

men would be losing money. An eighth of an inch is the degree within which variation must be kept. If, on measurement, it is found to exceed that, the "tie" of the machine is so altered as to correct the inaccuracy.

The wood employed in the bundle trade is, as a rule, fir, imported from what the English dealers call the Norway fir farms. It is admirably suited for the purpose, as, while it burns well, it also saws and splits easily. The first process in the bundle-making is to saw up the three- or four-foot planks into six-inch lengths. This can be, and often is, done by one man, but the bow-saws used are two-handed; and if the piler is ahead with his work, or is an ambitious boy desirous of "picking up the trade," he will take the second handle, and so enable his leading hand to get through his sawing more quickly than he could do unassisted. Or this plan may be varied by the young piler taking his master's place at the chopping block instead of assisting at the sawing. When he has sawn off a dozen lengths or so, the leading hand takes his place at the block, and if he is a practised workman uses the chopper with a rapidity and precision that seems wonderful, not to say alarming, seeing that it is calculated to conjure up visions of chopped off fingers flying about. We have already mentioned that the planks are nine inches broad by three thick. The sawn-off lengths are first chopped into three across this breadth, and these three pieces being firmly held together by the left hand, the chopper is applied with a machine-like swiftness and regularity in the direction of the six-inch length, three sticks falling at each blow. They are thrown from the block on to the floor, and as they fall the pilers pick them up and neatly pile them on the outer ledge of the machine, where they lie ready to the hand of the bundler. As the men cannot chop right up to their fingers, the last three sticks of each piece are thicker than the rest, and these and any knotted or crooked ones are used for the centres of the bundles, the straight sticks going to form the outside, not only for the look of the thing, but also because they fall into place and lend themselves more readily to the operation of the tie rope.

The stacks in the woodyards, if examined closely, will be found to be made up of squares, each square being technically known as a fathom. Each of these fathoms containing two hundred and sixteen cubic feet of timber, will make in round numbers seven thousand bundles of the present trade size. A first-rate chopper, if put on his metal and

with no sawing to take him from the block, can chop two thousand bundles in a day; and a first-rate tier, with a first-rate piler working up to her, could tie the same number. That, however, is only what *can* be done, and all hands must work at racing pace to accomplish it. With sawing included, a fair day's work for average hands working at a steady pace is from a thousand to twelve hundred bundles per berth; and taking one day with another, and one berth with another, a thousand bundles per berth may be taken as the average daily "output." The bundles are taken away in vans specially constructed with a view to this trade, and each capable of carrying six thousand bundles. The loading of these vans is by no means the least interesting feature of the bundle-wood business, affording as it does a rather striking example of the manual dexterity that can be acquired by practice. The van with the driver standing in it is drawn up in front of one of the openings in the side of the shed already mentioned. A little on the outside of the opening stands the driver's assistant, a little on the inside the chopper, next to him stands his piler, and by the stack of bundles to be dispatched the tier. The latter, taking the bundles two at a time, throws them to the piler, who throws them to the chopper, who throws them to the man outside, who throws them to the driver, who stacks them in the van; each one as he receives them keeping count aloud, and calling "tally" at every hundred. With such swiftness and precision is this done that the bundles are flying through the air in a continuous stream. A miscatch is an extremely rare occurrence, as rare as is, happily, any accident to the men in the work of chopping.

The winter is the busy season of the trade. In the depth of winter the hands generally work from eight in the morning till nine or ten at night, with an hour out for dinner, and half an hour for tea. During the rest of the season their hours are from seven in the morning till eight at night. The best time to see a shed in full work is in the evening, after tea; and with our reader's permission we will take him with us—so to speak—into a seven-berth shed, where we occasionally drop in to have a word with the proprietor. The shed is one of a number situated in a spot known as Penny Bundle Lane. Whether this title points to a time when bundles were retailed at a penny, instead of as now a halfpenny each, or is an abbreviation or corruption of Halfpenny Bundle Lane, we have never been able clearly to ascertain. Penny Bundle Lane, however, it has always

been since we have known it, and a right dismal and dreary and dirty lane it is. One side of it is made up of the woodsheds, the other of a row of small rickety-looking cottages standing well back from the road at the bottom of strips of ground originally intended to serve as gardens, but trampled hard and littered with every manner of rubbish, looking like miniature examples of a combination of desert and dustyard. The roadway being unpaved is thoroughly cut up by the traffic of the vans passing to and from the sheds. At the best of times it is decidedly rough walking ground, and in wet weather is quite ankle-deep in mud, with here and there knee-deep quagmires, so that an expedition to the woodsheds on a dark winter's night has just a flavour of excitement and adventure about it. The dirt and darkness without the shed, however, only serve to make the scene within appear the more bright and cheerful. Passing through the large gateway that shuts the establishment out from the road, you find a thick layer of sawdust laid before the door of the shed to serve as a mat, and wiping your boots on this you push the door open and enter. There is a woody flavour in the atmosphere of the place, and, considering that all hands are hard at work, a much greater stillness and quiet than an outsider would probably expect to find. Footfalls make no sound in the sawdust, the piling and bundling are noiseless operations, while, partly owing to the character of the wood, partly to the skilfulness of the hands, neither the sawing nor chopping, or both of them combined, make such a noise as to render it necessary to, in any degree, raise the voice or strain the hearing in order to carry on a conversation in the shed. The first berth is held by the proprietor of the shed. His desk is placed at the end of it, but he has also a bundling machine in it, and when not otherwise engaged fills up his time by making a few bundles; the youth who is with him in the berth acting indifferently as clerk, chopper, and piler. The berth at the other end of the shed is held by a man who has been thirty years at the business, mostly in the service of his present employer. He is a well-known man, not only in the trade, but also in connection with the total abstinence and other movements having for their object the moral elevation of the working classes; and he will tell you, with a commendable pride, that in this shed, at least, you will never hear an oath or a word of profane swearing. The old hands set their faces against bad language; and if new-comers attempt to use it

they are pointedly and firmly given to understand that it won't do there. This man's bundler is a much care-worn and more than middle-aged widow, and his full-time piler is the son of this widow. The next berth might aptly be described as a family one, seeing that the chopper and bundler are man and wife, and their two half-time pilers their children. The berth adjoining theirs is held by a man who bears the reputation of being one of the best hands in the trade, and it certainly is a sight to behold the manner in which he handles the chopper and makes the sticks fly. His bundler is a young woman of the "strapping" type, but though still in her teens, she is a practised hand of some years' standing, having commenced her working life as a piler at seven years of age. She is a good specimen of one class of the bundle-wood workers. She is hale and hearty, and moderately well-looking, but with a face that is more or less of a decided blank if you come to look for signs of intellectual cultivation—a circumstance, however, which is more her misfortune than her fault. More likely than not she has never been within the doors of a school, and in slang phrase cannot tell a big B from a barn door, and probably cares nought that it is so. She is disposed to regard herself as a fortunate individual; she is independent, is earning her own living, and—grand consideration to one of her way of life and thinking—is, after working hours, mistress of her own time. She is short skirted, stout booted, well aproned, bare armed; has a free and easy, self-possessed, self-satisfied air, and a somewhat masculine manner and gait. She can hold her own in a "give and take" chaffing match, and can and *does* take her half-pint of beer when, towards eleven o'clock each day, the hands knock off for a few minutes to enjoy a "snack" by way of luncheon. This is Miss Bundle as she appears in working raiment and working hours; but on Sundays and on week-day nights, when she is (say) going out for a walk with the young man with whom she is "keeping company," the same young lady "shows a different sight;" and, though she would not think so, by no means as pleasant a sight to behold. The cheap—very cheap—imitations of "fashionable attire" which she then assumes sits anything but easily upon her. Her ordinary garments are simple and not ungraceful, and she wears them with an ease that is so thorough as to be unconscious; but when she is arrayed in all the grotesqueness of her cheap and would be fashionable finery, she is certainly fear-



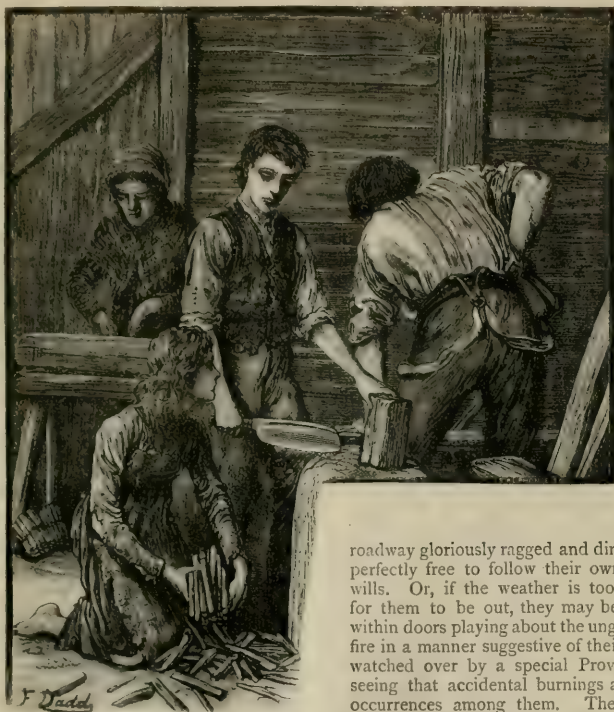
fully and wonderfully dressed. On the whole she is a coarse young woman, and an uncultivated young woman, but she is thoroughly moral and well principled. She generally marries into the trade, and makes as good a wife and mother as, all things considered, could be reasonably expected.

The pilers in this particular berth are also representative specimens of their class. As a matter of fact they are eleven years of age, but a premature gravity of expression and manner makes them look older. Their clothing is chiefly remarkable for its "loop'd and window'd raggedness," and their meagre appearance is suggestive of their being ill fed as well as ill clad. One of them is the son of a widow who makes out a scanty livelihood by the aid of a mangle; the other is the eldest of the five children of a family, the head whereof is a labourer in a government yard, at a wage of fifteen shillings, so that it would be a rather difficult matter to decide which of the boys was worse off—the one who has, or the one who has not a father living. These young pilers are called half-timers, but the term is a misnomer as regards their working life. It is as school children that they are half-timers. Save for the two hours a day which—being under thirteen years of age—they are bound to attend school under the provisions of the Workshops and Elementary Education Acts, they are full-timers. Those of them who go to school in the morning will have worked an hour or more before going; and on coming out of school at twelve they will have little more than just time to eat their dinners and get back to work again by one. Those who go to school in the afternoon, after having worked all the forenoon, have again to turn in to work in the evening. In short, instead of having to work only fifty per cent. of full time they work eighty per cent. of it; and the other twenty per cent. of it is occupied with school work, so that, poor little fellows, they fare very badly in the matter of rest and recreation. But hard as is the lot of the little pilers even now, it has been much ameliorated of late years. In the times when Workshop and Education Acts were not, the bundle trade was a terribly "Fee-fo-fumish" one in its operation upon children. The grim giants Poverty and Greed being then untrammelled wrought their will upon the helpless little ones in very ruthless fashion. Children were taken into the sheds almost as soon as they could walk, kept there hard at work for ten or twelve hours a day, and brought up in the direst ignorance. Now, however, under the

Factory and Workshop Acts, which apply to all woodsheds, no child can be taken on as a full-time piler who is under thirteen years of age, or as a half-timer who is under ten years of age. This is "so far so good," but we think the march of improvement on this point might well go farther. As we have shown, the children are rather nominally than practically half-timers. They are not half-timers in the same sense as are the factory children of Lancashire, though we cannot but think it was the intention of the Legislature that they should be. That, in the matter of their working hours, they are eighty instead of fifty per centers is a state of affairs that we would commend to the serious attention of those whom it may concern.

Like most other trades employing large numbers of hands the bundle-wood trade has its union, and this union has had frequent disputes with, and strikes against, the employers. Whether it is owing to this, as the men assert, or to the general rise in price of nearly every kind of labour, as others are disposed to hold, certain it is that the berthmen's prices have gone up rapidly of late years. Twenty years ago the price paid was sevenpence per hundred bundles, now thirteenspence per hundred is the price. Out of this the man has to pay threepence per hundred to his bundler, and about a shilling a day for piling; so that turning out a thousand bundles per day he clears seven shillings and fourpence a day, while if the bundler and pilers are his own wife and children their joint earnings will be ten shillings and tenpence per day.

After this statement it might be thought that those engaged in the bundle-wood trade were a well-to-do class, and there certainly are a number of comparatively well-to-do individuals and families among them. As a body, however, they are rather poverty-stricken than well-to-do—a state of things that is to a great measure explained by a variety of underlying circumstances. Theirs is essentially a "season" trade. During the summer months the great bulk of the hands have to "stand off," and are either idle or have to work at more poorly paid callings. Even the staff hands, who are kept on to supply the limited summer demand, work short time in the slack season, so that the average of the earnings for the whole year is considerably reduced. It might be thought that things could be equalised on this head by working for stock, but that plan has been tried, and found, as a matter of actual experience, not to pay. Bundles stacked for any length of time in hot weather dry and



shrink and come untied, and this puts "stock" work commercially out of the question. Again, many of the bundlers are widows with children dependent upon them, and the pilers are for the most part children belonging to very poor families. Moreover, it is to be remembered that the women engaged in the trade are in the shed all day, so that their homes are perforce neglected; and even when there is no absolute want in them they are generally utterly wretched and comfortless. Penny Bundle Lane, for example, is about as miserable and un-home-like as can well be imagined. The children of the lane—and they are a numerous body—who are too young to be either in the sheds or at school are to be seen toddling or tumbling about the

roadway gloriously ragged and dirty, and perfectly free to follow their own sweet wills. Or, if the weather is too severe for them to be out, they may be found within doors playing about the unguarded fire in a manner suggestive of their being watched over by a special Providence, seeing that accidental burnings are rare occurrences among them. The doors are usually left standing wide open, and it speaks well for the honesty of the neighbourhood that this can be done with impunity, even though there may not be anything in the houses that would, in a general way, be considered worth stealing. Altogether the home and social life of the Lane may be taken as a conclusive illustration of the truth of the adage that the woman's place is at home. But circumstances alter cases; and the circumstances in which most of the bundle women are placed are such as to leave them no choice. In excuse for their shortcomings in domestic matters they can plead that they must live, and no other or better way of living presents itself to them than that of going to the bundle-wood work, of which, and its workers, we have here attempted to give some description.

## THOUGHTS FOR QUIET HOURS.

BY THE EDITOR.

## XI.—THE LIBERTY OF PERFECT LAW.

THERE are two kinds of moral liberty—one common to all men, and the other belonging only to those who have been made free from the dominion of sin. Every man has the power of choice, and can either accept or reject the government of Divine law; but this gift may be so exercised as to lead to a self-imposed slavery. No refusal was given by the father to the desire of the prodigal to be his own master, and to do as he pleased; and there is no refusal on the part of God to those who, asserting the lawless principle of all sin, may attempt to be gods to themselves. For He forces no man to serve Him. But the man who chooses slavery is none the less a slave because he put his own hands into the shackles. The bondage of bad habits, with consequent moral degradation and confusion, is the inevitable result of the choice of evil instead of good, however freely that choice may have been made. There is, therefore, this kind of liberty common to all men, by which they may either do the right or the wrong; take their place as children of God, by submitting to His guidance, or be rebels whose only law is self-will.

But the other kind of liberty is in the fullest sense peculiar to those whom "the Son hath made free"—not the liberty of him who says, "I wish to do as I like," but the free state of heart which is longed for by the penitent who cries, "Oh, wretched man that I am! Who will deliver me from this body of death?" This condition, when attained, is spiritual liberty in the highest sense, for it is freedom through harmony with perfect law.

That Holy Scripture should describe man as in bondage while in sin suggests hopeful lessons, honouring instead of lowering to our humanity, for it thereby declares that evil is not man's nature, but its disease. It clearly exhibits the terrible contrast between the irrepressible aspirations he experiences in his better moods for the absolutely good and fair; and the consciousness of an opposing, nay, even conquering force, holding him bound to that which conscience condemns. This struggle of good with evil, of life with death, finds expression in numerous passages, besides the graphic verses in which St. Paul relates his own experience. There is not a psalm of penitence, not a longing for holiness, not a cry for God, which does not spring from a similar

"delight in the law of God after the inner man," met by "another law . . . warring against the law of the mind." And that to which Scripture gives such full utterance finds an echo in all literature, lending pathos to its tragedy, and lighting up even the grossness of its sensualism with uncontrollable outbursts of self-loathing.

The just conclusion to be drawn from these facts vindicates humanity, for they imply that there is something in us which is wronged when we are in sin, and which protests ceaselessly against the wrong. The very term captivity surely means that what is held bound by evil is alien to it. Its restlessness under the foul thralldom indicates a heritage of freedom. We are taught that in the very worst there is "a piece of divinity,"—

" . . . A something undefiled,  
The pledge and keepsake of a higher nature,  
Which, like the diamond in the dark, retains  
Some quenchless gleam of the celestial light."

Men ought to recollect this when they speak of the "total corruption" of human nature; lest they confound two things which are totally distinct. For just as it would be foolish to forget the dignity of reason when we lament the ravages of insanity, or to neglect the exquisiteness with which the human frame has been built for delight when we behold every nerve changed by disease into an instrument of torture, so is it a mistaken theology which would identify man, made after the image of God, with that foul leprosy of evil which has invaded but not destroyed the imperishable life. I say *imperishable*, for the very continuance of the struggle against wrong proves that the true man within us has not been slain. And thus our very moral wretchedness vindicates our true dignity, for it bespeaks the continued and indestructible presence of the Divine in every man.

Now it is this human spirit, properly so called, which is said to be in bondage while in sin, and it was to redeem it to freedom, by bringing it once more under the dominion of perfect law, that Jesus Christ came to earth.

At first sight the term liberty may seem inconsistent with law; yet it requires little reflection to see that it is only in conforming to its proper end that our being can find freedom for harmonious development.



As the flower has liberty to expand into ideal loveliness only when rooted in congenial soil, where the laws of its nature have free scope, so it is only when we are in concord with that which is truest to our nature as made for God, that our humanity is free to grow into godlike beauty, each capacity attaining its strength and satisfaction in proportion as it meets what is congruous to its proper character. Through perfect law we can alone reach perfect freedom.

When we analyze the elements out of which the experience of spiritual captivity springs, we find that it has two principal sources. There is, first of all, a sense of guilt, for the memory of sin so naturally connects us with the fault of evil that we are self-condemned, and cannot lift the unclothed brow of innocence to God or feel happy in His presence. The stainless purity and obedience of nature tell us that we are "out of the harmony of things," and conscience, when thus burdened, forbids liberty of access to the all-holy Father. The other cause is discovered in that depravity of will, already touched on, which, in spite of our approval of better things, ever tends to the pursuit of the lower. We do not require the authority of dogma to prove that we cannot by volition fix our affections inalterably on what is absolutely right. It needs but one earnest effort after perfect goodness to know how swiftly selfishness, pride, sensuality, passion drag us down from our ideals, tarnish our best endeavours, and produce a miserable schism between our aspirations and the stern facts of life. We then learn from bitter experience that the will is not free, but that, in the most dreadful sense, "when we would do good, evil is present with us."

Now the work of Christ had reference to both of these causes of spiritual bondage. By His declaration of the forgiveness of sins He creates the freedom of reconciliation, and, inspiring us also with a new range of motives, He enables us by the helpful Spirit of His grace to attain that life which makes obedience to Divine law a thing of liberty. In other words, Christ brings us under the blessed law of sonship, with its due dependence on God and confiding submission to His will; or, in a wider sense, it may be called the law of love, which, obliterating the schism once separating conscience and inclination, makes all service become freedom and joy.

A graphic illustration of these principles is given us in the narrative of our Lord's dealing

with the demoniac of Gadara. This man enjoyed in his madness a certain kind of freedom, for he had broken every tie which ought to have bound him. He cared neither for God or man. Although he had "his own house" and "his friends," he acknowledged no link of natural duty. With his maniac strength he did as he pleased, for "no man could bind him, no, not with chains." But this immunity from restraint was really the liberty of the wild beast, attained through the denial of every claim which his humanity ought to have confessed. The freedom of the demoniac was combined, however, with frightful slavery. "Night and day he was crying and cutting himself with stones." Alone in the solitude of the wilderness he became his own tormentor, and carried with him his self-made hell.

A frightful but thoroughly true picture this of the false freedom of lawlessness with which the devil tempts us all to be our own masters, and through the breach of duty to attain the license of self-will. But no sooner do we choose the liberty of the demoniac than we discover a similar misery. For every sin carries its own Nemesis, and the false freedom of lawlessness ends in the vengeance of self-torment. We see it in the drunkard, who, if he revels at one hour in the intoxicating joy of reckless abandonment, is at the next a craven wretch, conscious that he has been forging chains every link of which is branding itself in shame upon his soul. We hear it in the unsatisfied cry of the egotist and in the bitter confession of the sensual, and we can trace it in the appropriate consequences which inevitably follow all sins of vanity, ambition, covetousness, or dishonesty.

But a different scene is presented to us when Christ healed the demoniac, and "he sat at His feet, clothed, and in his right mind." By an act of Divine grace which He, who was the Divine Saviour, could alone exercise, a life was kindled which at once delivered the man from his misery. With the "right mind," which now was his, all things became possible. He became truly free, for the law of his humanity once more reigned supreme. He needed now no external restraint, no "chains or fetters," for he became bound by the sweet compulsion of love; and his prayer, "Lord, I will follow thee wherever thou goest," became the blessed expression of the perfect liberty of perfect law.

And it is only by a similar conformity to law that we can attain spiritual freedom. As we accept the life of faith, which is self-

surrender, take our place as children towards the Father, and confess the ties of love which ought to bind us to those around us, we discover the joy of that blessed liberty which is the truth of our humanity. All becomes harmonious when once the right key has been struck, mastering every note in the various ranges of duty. Once we yield self to God through Jesus Christ, all becomes con-

cordant. We are then one with nature, whose works acquire true grandeur and beauty, through the unquestioned reign of law, and we are joined to those mighty spirits whose whole life is in God, who are great because they are childlike, and never so majestic as when "they stoop their starry brows" before Him Whose righteous will is the source and end of all spiritual perfectness.

## IN THE HOP GARDENS OF KENT.

THE present writer once witnessed what was to him a strange exodus. Having occasion to pass through the City of London very early on a September morning, while the dawn was only stealing dimly through the streets and the air was still keen, he was much surprised, on coming to Cheapside, to find this thoroughfare, usually quiet almost as the grave at such an hour, alive with a motley crowd. Men, women, and children, all bearing burdens—half-filled canvas sacks, big parcels done up in half-dirty coloured cotton handkerchiefs, some of the stronger lads even with black pots and pans slung over their shoulders, and not a few of the women with the inevitable babies—made their way quickly and with no little noise and clatter towards one point. Inquiry brought the information that they were "hoppers," bound for the early "hoppers' train," which would convey them at reduced rates for their annual country outing to the leafy lands of Kent. In imagination he then followed these denizens of the dark courts and back lanes, of the slums and the mews and the stews of London, and wondered whether nature in its lovelier aspects produced upon them any benignant impression. Fresh air and new surroundings—the sight of green fields and trees and flowers—he fancied, could not but in some degree soften the feelings and brace up and strengthen the physical frame; and he was fain to believe that, for the little children at all events, this change must be highly beneficial. He had heard so much of the wretched condition in which many of these people were housed on the hop farms, of the orgies that celebrated the pay-nights, and the fighting and the vile language that accompanied them, that he had often wished to see for himself something of their industry and also of their way of life during their yearly Hegira. The opportunity for fully gratifying this wish was made possible to him this year through the kind-

ness of some friends; and now he will try to communicate to the readers of GOOD WORDS something of what he saw, and learned, and felt on his visit to the hop country.

One of the first impressions produced on him when he began to investigate the curiosities of the little village which stood as metropolis to the Kentish district in which he found himself, was the utter primitiveness of life that may be found, like some fossil in a later strata, subsisting in union with a whiff of the higher civilisation, within twenty or thirty miles of London. Finding himself under the necessity of telegraphing to a distance, he inquired for the post office, and on reaching it and opening the door, he found he had to walk through a dusty bakehouse, where two or three men, freely exposed to all comers, were busily engaged in "laying the sponge," before he could reach the desk to write out his telegram. Carillons sounded sweetly from the church tower as he passed outward, suggesting a hurried visit to the fine old structure recently restored. The inscriptions on the flat gravestones round the floor were of the quaintest, some of them recalling the days of Puritan and Cavalier, of Civil War, and Restoration. Past that inn door which soon comes into view when we emerge from the church, and where we see the pointers waiting impatiently, once dashed his Majesty's troopers, and yonder fell one of the bravest soldiers of his day, whose death is fitly chronicled on the spot. But our business is more with the present than with the past—the crops that lie ready to be reaped, rather than with the minutiae of historical reminiscence. We enter the inn, soon to hear from the lips of hearty farmers words that hardly sound so hearty as would seem to befit their round rubicund aspect. Their wheat is light—crop certainly much below average; the hops generally a poor yield, if not indeed a failure, hardly worth the picking. Some fields, we hear, will certainly not be picked

this year; and on ground which in happier times has yielded from twelve hundred-weight up almost to a ton, not more than a hundredweight and a half or two hundred-weight at the most will be forthcoming. This we soon discover affects different persons in different ways. The farmer with a crop much below average will be a great loser; the farmer with a fair crop will do pretty well. For the scarcity has already raised the prices, and instead of the £3 or £4 per hundred-weight in more plentiful seasons, good hops will bring some £12 or £16 per hundred-weight. As for the "hoppers," they too are serious losers by the scarcity. They are paid not by the amount of work they have in making up a bushel, or by the time spent over it; but for the bushel, however it may be made. A practised picker will clear a full bine in half the time needed for a poor one, and thus the "hoppers" have not this year had their usual harvest. Many, indeed, have gone to the hop districts to be miserably disappointed, and to tramp back to London empty-handed and disheartened—genuine objects of sympathy.

The hop, as our readers must be aware, is a perennial. The root having been planted in suitable soil (a rich clay which has been well prepared), it only needs now and then a dressing of rape dust, rabbits' flick, or woollen rags, which in a short time form a rich compost for it—another apt illustration of Lord Palmerston's forcible expression that "dirt is only matter in the wrong place." "Out of cast-off old clothes comes bitter beer" would sound somewhat of an extravagance, and yet it is not quite so foundationless as are many smart sayings. Old Tusser seizes this in his "Five Hundred Good Points of Husbandry":—

"Choose soil for the hop of the rottenest mould,  
We'll do-geoned and well-worked as a garden-plot should;  
Now dig it and leave it the sun for to burne,  
And afterwards fense it to serve for that turn.

"The hop for his profit I thus do exalt,  
It strengtheneth drink and it flavoureth malt;  
And being well brewed, long keep it will last,  
And drawing will bide it ye draw not too fast."

The hops are planted 6 feet by 6 apart in straight lines, which gives that regularity which mainly it is that makes a hop garden such a beautiful sight when the plants come to leaf and flower and begin gently to wave to and fro as the wind stirs them. Three slips are usually planted triangularly on each "mound" a few inches apart, one pole serving for all. When new planted from slips, or green shoots from the old plant, the hop yields little till the third year, and as the

preparation of the ground and the manuring are expensive, it will readily be understood that in certain conditions of tenure a farmer will rather work on with his old plants than adventure on introducing new and improved ones. But this would raise questions on which we must not enter here. There are various kinds of hops, some of which suit one land, and some another. One man holds by Bramble Goldings, another by Golden Grapes, a third by Jones's, and a fourth by Colgates. Of all of these there are several varieties. Experience only can arrive at the solution of which may be best for this or that land. The first two kinds named are mostly used for the finer beers—bitter beer especially; the latter two chiefly for ales and porter. There is an old saw to the effect that—

"Hops and turkeys, carp and beer,  
All came to England in one year."

But it is somewhat surprising to learn that the hops were not universally welcomed when they did come. Brewers were prohibited by law from using them, as they were said to spoil the taste of the *ale*; and the word *beer* came afterwards into common use when the introduction of the hop spread, to indicate the beverage in which hops played a part.

In the reign of Edward VI. certain privileges were granted to hop-growers, and lands were set apart for the culture of them. Since then hops have grown in credit and importance, till now they rank as a valuable agricultural product in Belgium, France, and the United States, as well as in England.

Certainly time and culture have done much for improvement, and to-day it might seem as though the common wild hop of the hedgerow and our finer varieties had nothing in common save the name. As, however, the hop is one of those growths which have so deeply interested Mr. Darwin, on account of the share that insects have in their fertilisation by carrying pollen from male to female plants, the cultivated hop is not wholly independent of his fellow of the hedgerow, when winds are propitious or insects favourably busy. Nature and art may be said still to go hand in hand to add a flavour to our beer, though the farmers nowadays are mostly careful to "set in" a certain proportion of male and female plants. In this way they make themselves more and more independent of Dame Nature's aid. Hops may fail for lack of insect helpers, as well as from "rot," or "fly," or unfavourable weather afterwards.

In England, between sixty and seventy



thousand acres are planted with hops, and of these nearly thirty thousand are in Kent. They are heavily taxed, a tithe-charge varying from 15s. to £1 per acre being levied on all hop-planted land. In scarcely any crop, however, does the out-turn vary more; in one year the entire crop has amounted to about seventy million pounds, while in another year it has fallen under a million and a half. In the present year, it will certainly fall far below even the "happy medium" between the two.

But our "hoppers" are already ranged in order, ready for work. Extended far up the field in regular line are a number (perhaps thirty) of long, barrow-like frames, though without wheels. These are called *binns*, to each of which two or three persons are attached, forming a party. Over the stilts are slipped the corner holds of an open canvas bag, into which the hops fall from the hands of the picker as she works. For every five or six binns a man is engaged to cut off the bines from the root and pull up the poles, which are laid one by one as required with their tops resting upon the binn, and the hops still fixed there. The merest children are seated round the binns, all as busy as they can be, on bits of sprays cut off and tossed to them, for here the truth of the adage is vividly felt—"Every little makes a mickle." The community is of the most mixed description. Apart from the ordinary farm-labourers' people and cottagers from the country round, the Londoners would afford a study in contrasts which it would exhaust the ingenuity of a Jacques Callot or a Rembrandt fully to represent. There is the virago of the court, blowsy, bold-faced, with hair unkempt and clothes ill put on, unabashed by new circumstances, joking loudly and jeering the children as well as the older folks; there clearly is broken-down respectability, in the shape of a quiet, grey-haired, patient-faced widow and her daughter, who have undoubtedly seen better days; and there again are two young orphan girls who have attached themselves to a neighbour to begin a new experience. Scarcely anywhere more vividly than in a hop garden in picking time must recur to a reflective mind the truth of the saying that "poverty makes men acquainted with strange bedfellows," and this with only too close an approach in many cases to a literal interpretation. Masters of arts and doctors of medicine have, through drink or misfortune, found themselves among the hop-pickers; and though one cannot but pity them, one must pity yet

more those who, once in better circumstances, are there through no fault of their own. In the district where we now are, happily the "hoppers" are for the most part old "visitors," the gentlemen mainly concerned making it a point to exercise over those who come for this purpose as strict a supervision as they can, quartering them, as far as is practicable, under their eye, having first made as prudent a choice of their company as was possible. They do not trust to chance, but endeavour to engage all the help they need by letters, which makes them independent of the purely tramp community. If all hop farmers would do the same, some scenes of disorder and debauch might be avoided, and much gained at little cost. To illustrate what has been said on this head, we may here give one or two of the "hoppers'" letters of application, which are in many ways contrasts to each other. First of all comes a widow who has seen better days, and who has clearly received a fair education. She writes:—

"BOW, LONDON, Aug. 5, 1879.

"Please Mr. ——— can I have two binns this year for hop-picking? if ever so little I shall be glad to come. An early answer will much oblige,

"Your's respectfully,  
"A—— H——."

Mrs. A—— W—— has been less acquainted with the schoolmaster in her young days, but does not on that account feel any the more restraint. She is guiltless of a date, and has no regard for capitals:—

"Dear sir Could you oblige me By leting me have 1 Bin as i should very Much like To Come Down This hoping give My love To all enquiring friends Dear sir Whould you Be Kind enuf To rite and let Me know Weather you Can let Me have The same."

Mrs. P——, the wife of a working man, is more precise, as she is perhaps somewhat more urgent:—

"September 1st, 1879.

"SIR,—Please to Excuse for Taking the Liberty of dropping a few more lines to you concerning the request of me Coming to your Ground hoping sence I rote to you last I have removed from the last Address & Sir as I fully Expect an Answer you will Please send to this Address and you will Grateley oblige your Humble Servant."

C——J—— is also dateless, but is full of good hopes :—

"SIR Will you oblige me with three bins hoping the hops are good and hoping yourself and family well I remain dear sir your humble servant,

"C——J——."

Mrs. J——E——, who hails, as she says, from "Bromley by Bow," is guiltless of grammar and spelling, but cannot, like some of her associates, be blamed for wasting words :—

"SIR Will you kindly Let me now by return of Poast when you start the hop Picking and if i can have 3 Bins answer will oblige

"Yours Respecfl  
"J——E——."

S——J—— is not less precise, and has complete confidence in the impression formerly made by her on her employers :—

"August 5th, 1879.

"SIR,—I wish to Come Hop Picking to you This year and we Want The Same as last year.

"S——J——."

On the whole the behaviour of the hoppers, so far as we saw it, was creditable. It would be too much to expect that a miscellaneous gathering of people, thrown suddenly into circumstances of such close association, should not now and then fall out over trifles, and speak occasionally in louder tones than are deemed quite proper in good society, and perhaps, too, use a phrase now and then more or less unfamiliar to the select. And certainly the temptations were not wanting. Drink was brought too near to them for their own peace. In each of the villages within the district—villages not averaging more than two or three hundred inhabitants—there are at an average no fewer than five beershops—a supply, doubtless, not beyond the demand, else some of them would soon cease to exist, but surely quite sufficient to justify the remark we have made. Any aim at radical improvement in our English village life must not fail to face the facts that are here presented. If the country had a Permissive Bill, we can almost confidently say that this institution would not long continue to sow its poison seeds abroad in a village

which needs only sobriety and providence to make it a kind of Arcadia.

But we moralise : and meanwhile the hops are being measured as they are taken from the bins. The picker is very careful, as we see, to shake up the hops each time before the bushel measure is filled ; for a very slight pressure would crush them down, and make a great difference in the result. The pay for picking is about 3d. a bushel. Quantities varying from eight to twenty bushels are found in each bin, all which having been duly recorded, the waggon with its load moves off the field to the oast, where we must follow it.

The round structures at a certain elevation, narrowing afterwards to a point, with a sort of wooden wind-vane (as at breweries), which usually appear in pairs in Kentish or Sussex homesteads, and form very characteristic objects in the landscape, are the *oasts*—a very necessary and valuable part of the machinery for hop-produce. Hither the hops are conveyed direct from the fields. In the lower portion a fire is kept up of coke or charcoal, sometimes with a proportion of sulphur. This is necessary to prevent all smoke or dirt ascending such as would darken or discolour : a nice yellow tint is given by the sulphur. About a height of ten feet from the level where the fire burns there is a floor of laths, closely set to each other, the interstices being filled by a network of horsehair, so thin that, on looking down while yet the oast is clear of hops, you can plainly see through it the fire burning. On this floor the hops are spread out at an equal thickness of about a foot all round, and at certain intervals they are either trodden or stirred by a big spade-shaped wooden implement in the hand of a workman, the purpose of which is to secure an equal exposure of all the contents to the heat. After ten or eleven hours they are withdrawn from the oast, now dry and crisp, and ready to be packed up tightly in large bags. The bags are passed through a round hole in the floor of the loft in the oast, fixed there by the mouth, filled by means of the big wooden spade, and the hops are then firmly trodden down. They are now ready to be sent off to the hop market or to the brewer. In spite of the dryness, the odour peculiar to hops is fuller and stronger than before ; and the colour which the hops now bear is a matter of great importance in view of the markets.

We were informed that recently, in America, a new piece of machinery had been brought into use which dispensed entirely

with the treading and turning over in the oast. The new American oast is square instead of round, and a machine works from each side by turns, completely turning over the hops and spreading them equally over the surface. But this invention has not yet found footing in England, and its general introduction would, of course, involve too great an expense.

In the hop garden, as elsewhere, the "later results" of scientific manufacture have les-

sened waste. The dried bines, under proper treatment, form one of the most valuable manures; while the shoots that have been left after cutting down are by-and-by pared off close to the "mound," bundled together, and sold to those paper-mills where the rougher kinds of grey and brown paper are made—forming, as we learn, the best strong fibre for the production of that particular article.

ALEX. H. JAPP.

## ALL THROUGH THE DAY.

"Be the day never so long,  
It ringeth at last unto even-song."  
*Queen Elizabeth's Book of Hours.*

ALL through the day, my love, watching thine eye,  
Holding thy hand in mine, I will be nigh;  
I cannot cheer thee, love, yet will I stay;  
I will be near thee, love, all through the day.

All through the day, my love, seeking in vain  
Wings for the hours that pass weighted with pain;  
All things are dearer to thee, nothing is gay;  
Yet I am dear to thee, so I will stay.

All through this day of ours, though it be long,  
Open for us no flowers, wakens no song;  
Reddens the autumn leaf, withers the rose,  
All through this way of ours, unto its close.

Worn is thy frame, my love, wan is thy cheek,  
Low are thine accents, and broken, and weak,  
Yet sweet is our silence, the words that we say  
Are sweet, as I sit by thee all through the day.

All through the day, my love, all through the day,  
Steals the swift shadow on, life flits away;  
Soft will our sleep be then, happy and light,  
All through the night, my love, all through the night.

DORA GREENWELL.









“IN ARCADIA.”

## YOUNG MRS. JARDINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

## CHAPTER XV.



H E N  
R o d e -  
rick  
found  
his  
sister  
had  
gone,  
gone  
without  
even  
waiting  
to say  
to him,  
"Good-  
bye, and  
thank  
you," he  
looked  
grieved,

but neither surprised nor angry. "We will not judge her," was all he said. "We ought not—we that are so happy."

"But there is something beyond both happiness and misery—the question of right and wrong."

"Nevertheless, I still say, 'Judge not that ye be not judged,' especially in a question of husband and wife. Each individual case has its different aspect, which no outsider can quite understand. My darling, let us say no more about it."

And she knew by his manner that he was determined to say no more about it; so, being a wise woman, she also held her tongue.

But all that evening they seemed to breathe freer—certainly he did—thoroughly enjoying the empty house and the quiet fireside, where there was no need to make conversation, but the two sat together in the sweet unreserve and complete rest of married life, as free as being alone, and yet without any of the dreariness of solitude.

"Nevertheless, I mean you to go out into 'the world' to-morrow night," said Silence. "Have you forgotten the dinner at Symington?"

This was the New Year's Eve party which they had discussed before Bella, and which Silence had urged him to accept, as it was

half pleasure, half business. A certain "man of letters" (good old-fashioned words, and very appropriate in this case, as contradistinguished from "man of genius") who had talked much with Roderick at the first dinner, had been rash enough to express a wish to see the rejected novel—now lying, forlorn and dust-enshrouded, on the top shelf of the old oaken press. Silence made her husband lift it down, and watched his eye brighten as he turned it over.

"Nothing venture nothing win," said she, as she rearranged it tenderly and tied it up afresh. "As you say in this very book, dear, 'Take the world at its best, and it will not give you its worst; believe in it, and it will believe in you.'"

"To convict me out of my own mouth, you traitor!" said he, laughing. He had been half inclined to hide his head at home, having grown very weary of late, in body and mind, but the light in his wife's eyes lit up his own courage once more—he consented to do as she wished. "But you, my darling?"

"I shall be glad to get rid of you—I have plenty to do at home."

"Only too much," said he, sighing. "Tell me honestly, was your visitor a trouble to you?"

"Yes; in some ways. But she could not help it, and I did not mind."

"Why did you not tell me?"

She smiled in his face, with that half-playful, half-tender, yet wholly determined look she had at times. "Roderick, if you think I shall inform you of all my little household affairs—you, a man with quite enough cares of your own—you are greatly mistaken; I never shall. We will have fair division of labour: you the bread-winner, I the bread-dispenser. Did you not once tell me 'lady' was a Saxon word, and meant 'loaf-giver'? which implies that the wife should manage the house and take care of the money. I intend to do it. I can't do your work, but I should be ashamed of myself if I could not do my own, without laying the burden of it upon you, who are—slightly incapable."

Roderick laughed outright. "My queen!—as I used to call you—you are beginning to govern in good earnest! But your husband is not afraid."



"He need not be," she said softly, taking his hand and kissing it. "He will always be stronger and wiser than I, in his own way. And now go to your grand dinner at Symington."

Though he had not liked going, when he really was there Roderick found he liked it very much. He had always been that best type of his sex—a man whom men appreciate, even as the woman whom women are fond of is certainly the noblest kind of woman. And now that his fate settled, his wife chosen, his home made, he took his place among men as a man and a citizen, ready to help on in the world's work, without doubts or drawbacks, he found his position both pleasant and honourable. Sure of it, and of himself, and finding himself among people who evidently neither knew nor cared how much he had a year, and whether he kept two servants or twenty, the young man's spirits rose, and he enjoyed himself heartily—so heartily that it was not until Lady Symington said something to him about a New Year's gift to his wife, that he remembered what night it was, and how Silence was sitting alone at home. All the party were to wait up together, Scotch fashion, to "see the old year out and the new year in," but he hastily made his adieux and walked off, rather vexed with himself, and yet not much, since he had good news to bring home. And he knew his wife was not one of those foolish women who exact endless outside observances: she was content to lie safe in his heart, knowing that she was as completely a part of himself as that true heart which went on silently beating, keeping fresh all the springs of life, whether he ever noticed it or not.

Walking rapidly through the star-lit night, strangely mild and still, as often happens on New Year's Eve, just as though nature took a pleasure in this motionless watch over the old year that "lies a-dying," Roderick felt a softness almost like spring in the air. It seemed to stir all his young blood—he, with life all before him to will and to do. And some of the talk that night had given him a renewed impulse both as to will and deed.

"I must tell her at once. I know she will approve of it," said he to himself.

"It" was an idea started by the kindly "man of letters"—that did Mr. Jardine's imaginative writing fail, there was a subject very popular just now, and likely to attract attention, which, with a little pains, he might examine, read up for, and write

about, so as to make an excellent quarterly article, sure of at least a moderate audience. The first step on the ladder which, if taken cautiously and firmly, might lead him either by literature or politics, or both, to the very top.

"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall."

Only she will never say to me—

'If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all.'

She would keep my heart up so that I could not fall. Bless her! I am sure of that."

So thinking, he came to his own door, stepping lightly across the grassy lawn, half in boyish mischief to look in at the parlour window—she liked to keep her light visible—and see what his wife was doing now the household had all gone to bed.

Sitting quietly and alone, beside her a pretty box of sandal-wood, which looked like a present, for it had a Christmas card on the top, she was emptying it, layer after layer, and spreading its contents on her lap. Only little clothes—the "little clothes" that women and mothers think the prettiest in all the world. One after the other she unfolded them, putting her fingers through the tiny empty sleeves, looking at them admiringly, smilingly, and yet again with a strange sadness. All at once Roderick called to mind what Lady Symington had said to him, and her tone of saying it; he had been full of his own affairs just then, and not noticed much else—but now, as he slipped quietly indoors, and kneeling down beside his wife, helped her to examine her New Year's gift—man as he was—it touched him deeply.

"And the little fellow only lived seven years, yet his mother has remembered him all this while! Poor Lady Symington!"

He said it with a curious awe, as with his slightly awkward fingers he helped his wife to re-fold the wonderful little garments, and replace them, as they had lain, untouched, for nearly forty years. Then they put the box away and sat down by the fire, hand in hand; and he told her of all his new hopes, new ambitions—the life that somehow seemed opening before him, if only he had strength to carry it out.

"I shall do nothing rashly. 'Authorship,' they say, 'is a capital staff, but a very bad crutch.' I shall stick to the mill at present. But you were right to send me away to-night. It does me good to have something beyond the mill, to mix with men and feel myself one of them, with life all before me, and power to do my work in it, with what poor old Tommy Moore calls, conceitedly—

'The mind that burns within me,  
And pure smiles from thee at home.'

—That quiet home smile, serene and pure, it beamed upon him now; and his whole heart was satisfied.

"This is the first new year we ever spent together, my wife. Shall we go outside and greet it in the open air, as is our Scotch fashion? My father always did so—and my mother too—my poor mother!" he sighed. "I wonder whether Bella's being with us will do good or harm—whether they will be thinking of me just now? We always had a grand family gathering at Hogmanay—my two elder sisters, their husbands and children. They never cared for me much; I was a mere boy when they married. Still, to have quite forsaken me! Well, well, I wish them all a happy new year—my 'ain folk,' as we say in Scotland."

Silence had no "ain folk"—only two far-away graves—but she had her husband. He and she walked up and down in front of the hall-door, talking of this and that, and especially of his work in the future, which seemed already to have taken a strong hold on his imagination, till in the dead stillness the distant stable-clock at Symington was heard beginning to strike twelve.

Until then there had not been a breath stirring, the night was so wonderfully calm and mild, and dusk rather than dark; the half-moon, slowly sloping westward behind the house, still showed faintly the belt of trees round the lawn, and even the dim outline of the distant hills. Above, the sky was *par-semé*—no English word expresses it—with myriads of stars. When the last stroke of the clock ceased, there seemed to descend from it, right down from these mysterious stars, a sigh of wind, equally mysterious. It rustled through the tree-tops, wandered round the house, and then passed away into stillness, almost like a living thing.

"Listen, listen, Roderick!"

"It is the sigh of the air—the old year's last breath. I have often noticed it, and heard other people notice it too. And now—our New Year is begun. May it be a very happy one to you—to us—my darling!"

He kissed her, and then seeing how mute and passive she was, made a little innocent joke about not being able to add the usual Scotch wish of "a happy new year, and a man afore the end on't"—because she had already got her "man," and must make the best of him, bad as he was, to the end of the chapter.

"Which is such a long way off, my love.

Quite alarming. Only to think that thirty, forty, even fifty years hence, you and I may be standing—two old people, old and grey-headed—under these very stars. I remember looking up at them this time last year, and thinking of you, and wondering if we should ever be married."

"You were 'in love' with me then; you love me now. And you will love me even when I am 'old and grey-headed' as you say. I shall love you, Roderick, even when you are an elderly gentleman and—not handsome at all! Nothing on earth could ever part us—nothing—nothing—"

"What is wrong, dear? Are you cold? We will go in."

"No—wait—just one minute."

He wrapped her closely in his plaid, and she nestled in his arms; but still kept gazing up, far up, into that mystic floor of heaven, which, though we see it every night of our lives, never loses its wonder, glory, and beauty.

"I should like to live to be an old woman—I should like us both to be old, and yet love one another as dearly as when we were young. It makes one feel immortal, this love: I should like, as you say, fifty years hence, to stand with you under these stars—feeling that *nothing* could kill our love—or us. But, if things were to be different; if, this time next year, I am—not here, but away—beyond the stars!"

"What do you mean?"

She turned upon him those eyes of hers—"heavenly eyes" he had called them since the day he first saw them on the Terrasse at Berne.

"I may die this spring. Sometimes, you know, women do."

He shivered, but violently controlled himself.

"Yes, I know that; but—you are not afraid?"

"No, I am afraid of nothing—neither life nor death—now. And I would have died, if I might have chosen—died gladly! to have been for this one year—this one happy year—my Roderick's wife and—his child's mother."

There was such a rapture in her face, that whatever dread her words might have aroused in him sank down. It was one of those supreme moments when two who are wholly united, as these were, feel that no real parting is possible, that "whatever happens" (as people say), they are one through all eternity.

"Hush!" Roderick said at last, in a

broken voice. "God knows best. Let us leave it all."

And then taking her in-doors, he declared that the first of January was no time for moonlight rambles, and that he should abolish them altogether till the summer nights came.

Which seemed a long way off—now; for, not unusual in the north—

"As the days lengthened,  
So the cold strengthened,"

and a long frost and snow shut up Silence entirely within her own peaceful home. A dull time to most people: but nothing ever seemed to make her dull. Not even when, for some weeks after Bella's departure, her husband was restless and troubled, evidently expecting some news which never came. One formal letter of thanks, announcing her safe arrival, a month after date, but explaining nothing further, was all Mrs. Alexander Thomson vouchsafed to her brother and sister. She never mentioned her mother at all.

"Evidently Blackhall is tabooed," said he, with a bitter laugh. "Never mind, my darling. Let us give it up, and not vex ourselves about the inevitable."

And by that she knew how, until this moment, he had not given it up: had never ceased to hope and crave for something—the one blessing which no man gets twice in a lifetime. He may have as many wives and children as fate allows; he never can have two mothers.

But—and some mothers would do well to remember this—when a man has his wife and his home, his interests and his work, he does not mourn eternally; as Roderick said, he "accepts the inevitable," and turns his mind to other things. Though the young Jardines had a shut-up and rather lonely life, it was anything but an idle one. The MS. novel came back once more;—alas! historical novels always do come back nowadays—but the "solid" article did not, until it had become transmuted into a bundle of those delightful proof-sheets which raise into the seventh heaven of happiness young authors, and which even old authors can hardly see without a certain thrill of pleasure, a faint reflection of the time when, as now with Roderick—

"The world was all before them, which to choose:  
Reason their guard, and Providence their guide."

And both reason and Providence seemed to have taken in charge this young author. Roderick had "no nonsense about him." He did not start in literature with a pic-

turesque and imaginative view of his own deservings, and how they were to be appreciated; he worked heartily at whatever came to his hand to do, and consequently he did good work. It might not have been the highest work, or the utmost he was capable of doing—Silence often thought so. But she copied his MSS., taught herself to criticize them fairly, to see all the faults she could, "in order to prevent the world from seeing them," as she one day said.

"You see, dear, if you had to be killed, I would much rather kill you myself than let another person do it."

At which he laughed heartily, and submitted to all fault-finding and subsequent correction with the best grace in the world.

"Who knows! Such a severe domestic critic ought to make me a celebrated author in no time. I think I will begin another *magnum opus*—not a novel though; and by working at all leisure moments I may finish it before the year is out."

"Before the year is out," repeated Silence softly. "Yes, yes; but, will you not begin it now?"

And she not only got him to begin it, but she kept him steadily at it, copying in the mornings what he wrote overnight, and arranging all that he had to "read up," according to his literary friend's orders, so as to give him the least trouble possible. It was hard work, but the mill-work happened to be slack just then; and Mr. Black was very kind and friendly—touchingly so. And thus, from day to day, Roderick's time was kept full, and his mind also.

He never spoke of his mother at all now; yet he was neither dull nor melancholy. It is a remarkable fact, which people who desire to punish other people, deservedly or undeservedly, would do well to remember, that the sharpest pain cannot last for ever, and that a young couple, thoroughly happy in each other, will remain happy in spite of all their affectionate relatives, who think they ought to be miserable. Ay, and in spite of many outside things, that might have been hard in later years; but youth is the time to fight with fate—youth, with its infinite courage, its eternal hope.

Working at the mill all day, writing his book at night, with little society, for the Symingtons had gone into Edinburgh, with no relaxation except the daily walk "between the lights," which his wife insisted upon, Roderick had yet, he declared, never spent a happier three months. And he looked so well too; for it is not work that kills, but



"worry;" foolish ambitions, unsatisfied cravings, jarring tempers, stinging remorse, or unrepented sin. Not mere sorrow—that can be borne. Both of these had known sorrow—she especially—but there was a holy serenity in her face now, even when one day she spoke of that grave at Neuchâtel.

"Sophie Reynier sent me these violets from it. She says they are having such a lovely spring. And so are we. Just look at those primroses, and the daffodils all in bud already. And only listen, Roderick, how that mavis is singing!"

They were walking up and down the sheltered kitchen garden—lovely, though it was a kitchen garden, with its walks all bordered by flowers, sweet old-fashioned perennials, which sprung up year by year, not disdaining the neighbourhood of the vegetables, but growing together, each after its kind, in happy union. "Like you and your poor folk," Roderick once said, noticing how everybody loved her, and did her honour; maid-servants, mill-girls, all the people about the place. "They are so kind! I have such a happy life!" was all the young mistress answered. And her fair pale face bent down over her flowers, and up again to her budding apple-blossoms, and her tall forest trees, now growing full of nest-building birds.

"That mavis, I have watched him this week past. I am sure he has a young family somewhere near. And he sings—how he does sing! in the top of that sycamore. He began the very day they planted out the hyacinths in my garden under my window."

This, too, was a labour of love, arranged surreptitiously between Mr. Black and his old gardener—a little mathematical diagram of beds, with grass lawn between, in the which had sprung up, as if by magic, successions of spring flowers, snow-drops, crocuses, hepaticas. Now, April being come, even in the dour Scotch climate, the sunshine was strengthening and the garden brightening, every week.

"I shall have a quite beautiful nosegay presently," she said; "just in time for my wedding-day."

He had almost forgotten it—the villain! He could hardly believe he had been married a year. And yet it felt sometimes as if they had been married all their lives, so completely had they grown into one another. It was only by an effort that either could recall their old selves, in the days when they were apart.

"That sunset" (they were watching it from a favourite seat she had—a summer-house,

warm and dry, facing the south-west, and looking down the winding glen, towards the mill which, hidden by trees, only presented a few chimney-tops, and that fairy-like column of white smoke, unobjectionable to even the most æsthetic eyes)—"that sunset," she said, "it makes the whole sky 'colorisé,' as we used to say in Switzerland. Do you remember the Jung-frau and the Wetterhorn that day at Berne? and the Alpes Bernoises from Lausanne? O my land! it is a heavenly land! I can never forget it. But this is my home."

She had been speaking French, for a wonder; they had dropped almost entirely into English now, even when together, but she said "home"—that one dear word which we Britons specially have—with an intonation inexpressible but unmistakable. All her heart had settled into her husband's country. "Thy people shall be my people; and thy God my God."

Never—though Roderick Jardine may live to see thousands of sunsets, will he forget this one, nor his wife's face as she looked at it, watching it till the very last glow had died away. Then she rose.

"Now let us go in, dear."

"Are you tired?"

"I think so." Leaning heavily on his arm she went in-doors; but she sat up sewing till her usual time, and rose as usual when, at a specially early hour—for he happened to have a long and busy day before him—he went off to the mill.

He was sitting in his little dingy office there, quite late in the afternoon, for he had some difficult accounts to make up, which he hated, poor fellow! not having been blessed by nature with a talent for arithmetic; but it was Roderick's peculiarity that what he did worst he always worked hardest at, and what he particularly hated he always forced himself to do at once. His head swam, and his eyes were dazed, yet still he stuck bravely to those mountains of figures, Alp after Alp arising before his troubled brains, when he was startled by a little knock, and old Black, who he thought had gone home two hours ago, presented himself with a beaming countenance.

"Busy? Ye're always busy! And so I thought, sir, I'd just come myself and be the first to give ye the good news. Laddie, laddie"—with a slap on the back which contrasted oddly with the respectful "sir"—"go your ways, man, and thank the Lord for all His mercies. Your wife's doing well; and ye've got a bairn."

"My wife!" Roderick sprang up like a shot.

"Ou, ay, she's fine; and it's a lad-bairn. She bade Janet come and tell ye. She wadna hae ye fashed about it till all was over. My certie! but she's a brave woman—a woman in a thousand, is young Mrs. Jardine."

The old fellow drew out his snuff-box, took several pinches, and blew his nose with great violence, deliberately turning his back upon the young man, as perhaps was best.

"Thank God!" Roderick said at last, quietly and gravely. "Have I a son or a daughter? I forget. I did not quite hear."

"A son, sir. Another Jardine of Blackhall. They tell me—I've been up at the house myself—that he's such a grand bairn, that his mother is so proud of him."

"His mother—my son—how strange it sounds!"

Roderick put his hand over his eyes, vainly trying to realise that great change in a young man's life, when he has actually "given hostages to fortune" and sees himself not merely as himself, but as the father of a race to come, who will carry down his name, laden with curses or blessings, to remote posterity. A certain momentary terror—or less terror than awe—came over him. Then, as if accepting the responsibility which no good man need fear, and which most men in their secret hearts are rather proud of, he shook hands with Mr. Black, put his account-books aside—luckily they were nearly finished—and prepared to go home at once.

It was a wet night, had been pelting with rain all day; truly the small Jardine of Blackhall got but a weeping welcome into this "wearisum" world. But the young father never noticed it. He was fully and overpoweringly happy. The fear which half unconsciously had hung over him like a cloud for weeks was now all changed into delicious hope and joy.

Bidding a cheery good-night to Mr. Black ("By-the-bye, I had a line from your wife yesterday, but that's no matter now," said he as they parted), Roderick walked rapidly up the brae—the familiar walk, with the light in the parlour window shining ahead all the way. It was dark now, but there was a faint glimmer from the room up-stairs, his wife's room. His heart swelled, almost to bursting, as he looked at it.

"My son, our son. Another Henry Jardine. If my father had only known! And my mother—shall I write to my mother? Perhaps? No!"

Choking down the pain that would rise,

turning resolutely from the ever-lurking shadow which no sunshine of joy could quite banish, the young man passed through the dark garden to the hall door.

Faithful Janet was there to open it; only she. All was safe now, but it had been an anxious day. The house felt quiet—painfully quiet, its master thought, as he went into the empty parlour. They would not let him speak to his wife, but only look at her as she lay asleep, like a marble image. Her eyes were closed, but a sweet smile flitted about her mouth; and her left hand was extended outside the coverlet, over a small heap, a little helpless something. What a slender, soft hand it seemed! with the wedding-ring shining upon it; and yet how strong it was!—strong and tender—essentially a mother's hand.

The young husband's eyes were dim, but he had self-control enough to obey orders and keep quietly down-stairs, not even asking to see his little son; in truth, just then he hardly thought of him at all as a human entity, but only of the mother, the precious life imperilled, and saved. And he had known nothing—nothing, all this time. With what silent courage had she sent him away at breakfast-time, and kept him ignorantly content at his work, all that long day—that terrible day!

"Just like her. She never thinks of herself—but of me. My darling—my only darling!"

By-and-by she awoke; and he was allowed to kiss her, without speaking; indeed, she made no attempt to speak, only smiled—her own ineffably peaceful smile. Then he settled himself in the parlour, which looked frightfully empty—all the more so that so many of her things were lying about—her garden shawl and hat, which she had taken off when she came in the evening before, her work-box, her desk—carefully left open, with a little heap of addressed envelopes placed on the top of it, so as to save him all possible trouble. There were even the foreign stamps ready affixed to the Neuchâtel letters. No one at home had been forgotten; neither Mrs. Grierson, nor Lady Symington—not even Mrs. Alexander Thomson. At which Roderick again muttered, "Just like her." But there was no letter—how could there be?—addressed to Mrs. Jardine.

"Best not," he said, with a thrill of anger, the sharpest he had ever yet felt; "we bore all our sorrows alone—we will not make her a sharer in our joy. It is nothing to her: and she is nothing to us now."

But even while he said it, Roderick's heart melted. It seemed as if, now he was a father himself, he felt all the more yearning towards his mother—the mother who bore him. Nothing could alter that fact.

With a great sigh, he sat down to his solitary supper, and prepared for an equally solitary evening.

He was slightly occupied, however, by the letters he had to write—in French or English—letters to those whom his wife loved, and who loved her, and would sympathize with her to the uttermost, he knew. Faithfully he fulfilled all her wishes—even writing a line to his sister Bella. But this, unlike the others, was brief and cold. As he did it, hot indignation, righteous indignation, flamed up in the young man's heart—he would not have been a true man else; a wrathful sense of all his darling had been made to endure—his innocent darling, whom his mother had never known, nor taken any pains to know—and whom his sisters, following her lead, had as completely ignored as if she were no wife at all. But the storm did not last long, he was of too gentle a nature; and then he was so happy, so very happy. From his calm height of content that night, he felt as if he could afford to look with placable and even compassionate eye on his whole family—on the whole world.

Until near morning he sat writing; and then, finding that all was well in the silent room up-stairs, he went to bed, just looking out first upon the dim dawn—only one long yellow streak in the horizon—and thinking, if to-morrow happened to be a fine day, how pleasant all would be in his wife's room, where the sun shone almost all day long; how the hyacinths would send up their fragrant breath from the garden below, and the mavis, her own particular mavis, would sing his incessant song “from morn till dewy eve” over his busy mate and newly-hatched young. All the world seemed full of life, and joy, and hope. He had to cover his ears ere he could get to sleep, for the birds were already awake and singing so loud.

An hour or two's rest and Roderick was up again—half dizzy with his unbelievable new joy, and trying hard to talk business with Mr. Black, who had come to Blackhall himself to get the earliest news; and persuade the young father to escape from the ignominious position of total neglect which befalls all fathers under these happy circumstances, and take refuge in “bachelors' hall.” Directly after, there drove up the Symington carriage, with Lady Sy-

ington in it, who straightway disappeared up-stairs.

When she came down, her round rosy face was pale, and her manner painfully quiet. She offered no congratulations, but laid her hand on Roderick's arm.

“I have been up seeing your wife. Have you seen her this morning?”

“Not yet. They would not let me.”

“Quite right. Stop! You must not go to her just now. Instead, take my carriage and fetch Dr. —.”

Roderick in his turn became ghastly pale—for this doctor was the most noted man in all the country-side, and he lived twelve miles off.

“Is there then such vital necessity? Is she in danger? Why did they not tell me? O my God! my God!”

“Hush! we must not waste time in talking. It may be nothing, my dear”—the old lady's soft “my dear” was more terrifying than aught else—“but we never know. The horses are fresh—they will go there and back without stopping. Bring the doctor with you—don't come without him. I will stay here till you return.”

She spoke briefly, almost sharply, but with the calm decision that reassures even while it alarms.

Without a word Roderick obeyed; allowed Mr. Black, who had listened in silence, to give him his hat and coat, and throw a plaid into the carriage after him.

“Will you not go too, Mr. Black? You had better. He is quite stunned, you see.”

“Yes, my lady; but I know him—he's a brave lad, he will bear up alone. And I must go elsewhere.”

The old man grasped the young man's hand with a sudden “God bless you!”—then Roderick sprang into the carriage and drove away.

Oh that awful drive! sitting like a stone, watching mechanically the trees and moors and hills slip by, his watch in one hand, counting the half-hours—no, the very minutes, as they crawled along; in the other hand clutching Lady Symington's note, ready to be given to the doctor as soon as he could be found.

And then the drive back, with the “celebrated” man—to whom “the case” was only a case, and who talked cleverly and cheerfully and indifferently of that and many other things, till he saw he was scarcely heard, and then, with a natural human sympathy for the white set face beside him, dropped into silence and a book—for years



Roderick never saw the title of that book without a shudder.

A "ray of hope" he learnt there was. Only a ray! and three hours before the whole world had seemed to him to be flooded with sunshine. He asked no questions—made no remarks. Mute and unappealing he sat, half-stunned, half-blind, like a man who has suddenly received sentence of death—death utterly undeserved and unexpected—death in the very midst of life, so that reason refuses to take it in as a reality, and the mind is conscious of neither terror nor pain, only a dull sense of something having happened, or being about to happen, which one can no more escape than one can escape from the falling rock or the advancing breaker, both of which will bring certain and instantaneous doom.

They reached Blackhall, and he heard at the front door the doctor's question, "Is she alive?" and Lady Symington's affirmative answer; then he staggered in, and Janet had to fetch her master a glass of water, and put him into the arm-chair, quite dizzy and blind.

But he soon recovered himself, and went back to listen at the foot of the staircase.

"It will be a hard fight—a hand-to-hand fight—but we'll beat, I trust," the doctor was saying, with a thoroughly professional look on his clever face, and a gleam of his keen eyes, often seen in men like him, when they brace up all their skill to do battle with the great enemy. Then he and Lady Symington both vanished, and Roderick was left alone.

Hour after hour he sat—no one coming near him. Once Janet knocked at the parlour-door, and asked if she might bring in baby, whose crying disturbed the mother. Roderick assented, but took no notice of his son; indeed, at the moment he almost felt as if he hated him. Kind Janet was the only person who paid the least attention to the young heir of Blackhall.

Never, never will little Henry's father forget that day—a lovely April day, half storm, half sunshine, towards evening wholly sunshine. But Roderick turned from it and hid his eyes. And that mad bird, that loud-voiced mavis, singing incessantly in the sycamore-tree—he covered his ears to deaden the sound. All the sound he cared to hear—and his very soul seemed concentrated in listening—was the moving of feet in that room up-stairs, where the terrible battle for life was going on, and during which he seemed himself to be dying a hundred deaths.

He did nothing, absolutely nothing, hour after hour—what was there for him to do? Once, catching sight of the pile of letters—those happy letters, which nobody had thought of posting—he rose mechanically, in order to put them away somewhere, and looking about found his wife's work-basket, just as she had left it, the needle still sticking into the unfinished frill. Would it ever be finished? With a gasp, and a wild stare round, as if to call to her, to appeal to her—she, who had never before forsaken him, thus, been missing when he wanted her, or silent when he called—he seized and kissed it. Then he put everything in its place again, including her garden-shawl, which he folded up with his helpless hands, as tenderly as if it had been a living thing, and sat down again in the same chair, with his head dropped on his hands.

Presently, he had to rouse himself and speak a few commonplace words to Sir John, who came to fetch Lady Symington home to dinner: people must dine—and the dear old lady looked quite exhausted. She went up to Roderick and kissed him—bade him hope still—while there was life there was hope; but nevertheless urged upon him that last solemn prayer, which often seems to bring back the very blessing it resigns—"Thy will be done."

"I can't say it—I can't!" he answered—the young man to whom anguish—such anguish as this—was utterly unknown. But after she had left, promising to come again before midnight, he fell down on his knees, and, in an agony such as he had not believed any man could pass through and live, he said it.

After that he seemed to grow quieter, and ready to accept everything.

By-and-by the doctor came down to him for a minute, with an anxious face but a cheery voice.

"Take heart, my dear fellow. As I said, while there's life there's hope. Do not go near her—quite useless, as she knows nobody. By-and-by I'll fetch you, should there come a change."

"A change? For the better?"

"Yes. Or what they call a lightening before death."

Death—and her! The two ideas seemed impossible, irreconcilable. Shuddering, Roderick turned away from the old man, who did not mean to be cruel, who even put his hand kindly on the young fellow's shoulder and again bade him "keep up," that all was being done which could be done, that he

had seen many a worse case ; and so on, and so on. But Roderick heard it all as one in a dream, and directly afterwards, hearing the sound of a carriage and believing it was only old Black—faithful old Black! who always meant well, but the sight of whom would almost madden him just then—he bolted out of the low window and went and hid himself in the darkest depths of the glen.

When he ventured back into the house the fire had died out—only a solitary candle was left burning on the table. He stole upstairs and listened at his wife's door. All was quiet. There was not even the sound of the doctor's quick, resolute voice : he must have gone away.

Then all hope died out of Roderick's heart. Groping his way back to the parlour,



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he sat down in his old seat, waiting in a sort of stupefaction for the final blow, and repeating to himself over and over again a line which seemed persistently to "beat time to nothing" in his overstrained brain, Othello's piteous moan—

"My wife! What wife! O God! I have no wife!"

Perhaps even now he, too, had no wife. All

the sweet days were over, her brief happiness was ended, her young life done. And he?

Such a loss is a common story. Many a young man had lived through it—lived long after it—perhaps won another wife, and had many other children, and been very happy apparently; but I question if he is ever quite the man he was before, and I think he would hardly be a true man if some little bit

of his heart was not for ever buried in his dead wife's grave.

The candle burnt itself out, and the moon-light, creeping in between the undrawn curtain, was beginning to fill the room with a pale, ghostly light, when Roderick heard the door open, and some one enter very gently and hesitatingly.

"Well?" he said, not lifting his head—not doubting it was the summons of doom.

No answer; but the intruder came close to him—touched him.

"Who's that?" he said almost fiercely; "who's that?"

"It's me, Rody! it's your mother."

"O mother, mother!"

For one moment her arms were round his neck and his head on her shoulder. Then he thrust her violently away.

"I don't want my mother; I want my wife. What of my wife! Is she alive?"

"Yes. And she will live. And I thought I'd be the first to come and tell you. Do you hear, Rody? she's safe—quite safe. Both doctors say so: Thank God! thank God! O Rody, my son, my son!"

Once more she opened to him those fond mother-arms which no man can resist—no man ought to resist, and let him sob his heart out there, patting him, kissing him, treating him almost as if he had been a little child, and sobbing herself the while, with undisguised, uncontrollable emotion.

"How did you come, mother? Since when have you been here?"

"Ever so long, my dear."

"I was never told."

"No; I went up straight to her. It did not matter, she knew nobody. The doctor is a friend of mine, he let me be with her. He knew I understood. I nearly died myself when you were born. Oh, Rody, what you must have suffered this day! Let me look at you, my boy—my dearest boy!"

It was a sorrowful gaze for both mother and son. Gradually Roderick's manner hardened, and he loosed himself from her clinging hands.

"Never mind me, it is my wife we must think about. I beg your pardon, mother, but I must go and see her, my wife whom you hate, whom you were so cruel to. But I love her. She is more to me than anything or anybody in this world. I don't know why you come here. I never asked you to come. Still, I thank you for coming. But there is not the least occasion for you to stay."

He rose up, with his cold, proud manner,

so like his father's. His mother, half-frightened, as if she thought he hardly knew what he was about—perhaps he did not, poor fellow!—stood before him, silently wringing her hands.

"I repeat, there is no need for you to trouble yourself about us in any way. If my wife lives—and you say she will live—she and I are quite sufficient to one another. Will you sit down? Can I get you anything? Or shall I order a carriage that you may go home at once?"

"O Rody, Rody! Me—your mother!"

She burst into tears, such tears as it is terrible to see an old woman shed.

And Mrs. Jardine was an old woman now. The struggle between her heart—and it was a good honest heart after all—and her fierce indomitable will had told upon her severely. Could her son have seen her face he might have traced there the wrinkles of many added years. As it was he felt that the hand which grasped him shook as with palsy.

"Rody, I wish just to say one word."

Could a son expect his mother to beg his pardon? Would he not have been an unworthy son to have let her do any such thing? Was it not far better for him, under the circumstances—under any circumstances—to have done—just what he did?

He dropped on his knees beside her, and laid his head in her lap, exactly as when he was her little boy.

"Mother, mother, forgive me! Let us forgive one another."

"Oh, yes—yes! Come back to me, my son—my only son!"

There was no other apology or explanation than this, neither now or at any future time, between them. Both avoided it, and so best. It is always safer not to touch a half-healed wound. Besides, we are none of us perfect, God knows; and some of us see our faults all the plainer when no one points them out, but they are left entirely between ourselves and Him.

"And now," said Roderick anxiously, "tell me about my wife!"

"Poor lamb—poor lamb! I have been with her these two hours. She thought it was her own mother, for she spoke a few words in French and called me 'mamma.' Tell her, Rody, that——"

Mrs. Jardine turned away, and again burst into honest, irrepressible tears.

"But still, mother, how did you come—how did you hear?"

She could not speak, but she put into his hand a little note, dated two days before,



written in pencil, and in a hand very feeble, very shaky, but neat and clear.

"DEAR MR. BLACK,—

"If you should hear I am likely to die, will you go at once to Richerden and fetch Mrs. Jardine? You know her. No one will comfort my husband like his mother.

"Yours truly,

"SILENCE JARDINE."

"And now," said Mrs. Jardine, smiling through her tears, the brightest, sweetest smile, Roderick thought, that he had ever seen on her face, "go you to your wife, and let me go to my grandson. My son will not now want his mother to comfort him—thank the Lord!"

#### CONCLUSION.

A WARM, honest heart and a generous nature will cover a multitude of sins—or let us say errors—especially in a grandmamma. Over that baby's cradle the hearts of the two women, young Mrs. Jardine and old Mrs. Jardine, soon came to meet in the most wonderful way; as they met, too, over another thing, or rather person—often an endless "bone of contention" between mother-in-law and daughter-in-law when they happen to be weak, selfish, or jealous women, which these were not—the man whom each loved best of all the world.

Roderick's wife and mother, however opposite their characters, had certain points in common, out of which grew an unmistakable sympathy—namely, strength of will and thoroughness of purpose, great sincerity and affectionateness, the power of self-devotion, and an entire absence of that petty egotism which is always on the watch to guard its own rights, and has no vision for anybody's rights except its own. Besides, meeting her son afresh, as it were, with that great gulf of sorrow between, which had sorely changed both him and her, and finding him now a man—a husband and a father—in many ways very different from the "boy" she had been accustomed to think him, Mrs. Jardine had the sense to accept the position and make the best of it.

For her son's wife—the "poor lamb," as she had called her, and whom, as Roderick afterwards found out, her good sense, firmness, and devoted care, coming in at the last ebb of hope, had greatly contributed to save from death—Mrs. Jardine took to loving her, as strong natures are prone to love those whom they have saved and who depend upon them, as for many days Silence had to

depend upon her practical and sensible mother-in-law, in that total, sweet helplessness which was the very best thing to win the old woman's heart.

She was an old woman now—no doubt about it; and years ripen and sweeten many women to an almost incredible degree. Besides, as Silence often whispered to her husband when little things jarred upon him and irritated him, she was his mother, and she loved him—in her own odd way, perhaps, but with a love of which there could be no doubt and no denial. Still, even love can work no miracles, nor blend together opposing natures, characters, and lives into sudden and everlasting harmony; and when, having nursed, her "child," as she called Silence, into comparative health, and given her grandchild his grandfather's name, Mrs. Jardine proposed to go home, earnestly begging her son to leave Blackhall and come and settle in Richerden, Roderick gently but steadily declined. He did not say so, even to his own wife, but he felt it would be far better that they two should continue to live at Blackhall and his mother and sisters at Richerden.

All, and especially Bella, were "quite well and happy," Mrs. Jardine said. How much she knew of the events of last Christmas, or the differences between Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Thomson, did not transpire. At all events, she never talked about these troubles: it was not "respectable."

But, despite their diverse way of viewing things, there was a straightforwardness and rightheartedness about Roderick's mother, which, when her son saw them with fresh, clear eyes, and especially through his wife's eyes, sufficed to blind him wholesomely to her faults. No fear of any more "difficulties" to the end of their days. And when, the last Sunday she was with him, he went, a little against his will, but just to please her, to the ugly Presbyterian church six miles off, and, sitting between his wife and his mother, listened to the singing, rather nasal and drawling, but not unsweet, of the Twenty-third Psalm—

"My table Thou hast furnished  
In presence of my foes;  
My head with oil Thou dost anoint,  
And my cup overflows."

his heart melted, for he felt his cup did indeed "overflow."

His "table," too, was likely to be "furnished"—better than he had once had any hope of. When his mother spoke of business matters, and insisted on his giving up his work at the mill and living as a "gentleman," he had refused point-blank, declaring

his determination to carve out his own fortune, and make his own independent way in the world. But when, on the day of baby's christening, he found that Mrs. Jardine, who never did things by halves, and was as generous in her loves as ungenerous in her dislikes, had settled upon baby's mother—not father—a sum of several thousand pounds—sufficient to remove all fear of the future from the parents' hearts, Roderick was deeply moved.

"She is a good woman, my mother! My father was right to respect her and love her—as he did, to the very last. God bless them! I have need to be proud of both my parents."

"Yes," said Silence gently, as she stooped and kissed her son, who lay fast asleep on her lap. But her own life taught her to understand other lives: what they were, and what they might have been.

And her life is all before her still, for she is yet comparatively a young woman, though her boys—and she has not one, but several—begin to measure heights with her, and to reckon how soon they will be "up to mother's shoulder." "Father" is a standard which none of them hope to arrive at, either physically, mentally, or morally. To be so tall, so clever, or so good as he—none of these lads could ever imagine such a thing. They do not merely love him, they adore him. And they are right; or at least two people, their mother and their grandmother, believe so.

Roderick Jardine lives still at Blackhall, keeping up the old family home in comfort, but yet in great simplicity, as is wisest, with his increasing family. Besides, his early experiences have given him a horror of luxury, of that wealth which is mere wealth and nothing more. The Jardines of Blackhall hold themselves to be truly "rich" people, because they always have a little more than they spend; they use their money without abusing it, and therefore enjoy it to the uttermost, and cause others beside themselves to enjoy it too. But their sons are all brought up to abhor extravagance, waste, or self-indulgence, aware that each will have to make his own way in the world, as is best for every man, and woman too, perhaps. Sometimes, Roderick says, if he had many girls he would bring them up, like the boys, to earn their own living—as their mother once did—so that they might taste the sweetness of independent bread, and never be tempted to marry for aught but love. But he has only one girl, his little "Tacita;" her

right name is Silence, but he will not have her called so—one of "papa's odd ways." Roderick will have a good many "odd ways" as he grows older.

He may never be, strictly speaking, a "great" man, but everybody recognises him as a cultivated man, of very considerable talent—"known in the gates," as his wife delightedly sees, every year more and more. But it is more by his pen than his personality, for he seldom goes from home, except once a year to Richerden to see his mother and the family—a not too attractive family; but he is very kind to them, even to Mrs. Alexander Thomson and her numerous brood of sickly, ill-tempered children, whom she brings with her sometimes to get a breath of wholesome life, within and without, in the happy atmosphere of Blackhall.

"Young Mrs. Jardine," as she continues to be called—for old Mrs. Jardine may live to be ninety—still looks so young, so fair! her peaceful, contented heart shining through her "heavenly" eyes. The world has never heard of her, never will hear, except through her husband and her sons. She does not greatly "shine in society," though she is well able to keep up the dignity of the family wherever she goes. But of her own dignity, her own praise, she thinks very little; having, indeed, far too many other and more important things to think about. As wife, as mother, as mistress, her burdens are often pretty heavy, but never more than she can bear. And he helps her, as she helps him—the husband of her youth; who will, please God, be the faithfullest, fondest lover of her old age.

That time is still a good way off, and they may yet have much to bear together. They will bear it, because it is borne together. And I think, if any one were to ask Roderick Jardine what has been—in plain English—the backbone of his life, his preservation from evil, his incentive to all good, he would say it was that strong first love and venturesome early marriage; because he had sense to see and to take hold of the blessing that heaven dropped in his path—that treasure "above rubies" which most men desire, and so few win, or deserve to win. But Roderick did. He says, sometimes, that he should like to have carved on his tombstone, as the root of all his happiness, all his success, that line written by one great and good man of another, perhaps the noblest man of this century—

"Who loved one woman, and who claved to her."

"But," he adds, "it was because my wife was Silence Jardine."

## EDUCATION BY POST.

IN old times in Scotland, before School Boards sent schoolmasters abroad in the present prodigal fashion, a few shepherd households living in some upland glen far apart from village or clachan, would sometimes hire a teacher for a few months, and then pass him on to another small community, whence he would go to a third and a fourth, and then return to begin the round again. In Australian colonies, too, where the settlers' houses are few and far between, and there are children to be taught, we have heard that a shrewd legislature, copying Methodist ecclesiastical organization, have instituted a system of itinerating teachers, whose duty it is to teach wherever the colonists have children to be taught. These devices for overtaking the odds and ends of educational work are by no means so complete and elastic as the scheme of teaching by correspondence lately devised by ladies who are working for the better education of their sex. The penny post goes everywhere—to shepherd's sheiling, far-off shooting lodge, remote country parsonage, or Highland manse. The omnipresence of the post has been laid hold on; by its means teachers can instruct pupils who are everywhere.

Most of our universities have done something for the education of girls, if only to institute middle-class or local examinations; but when once the examinations have been organized, the want of an adequate means of preparation is soon keenly felt. These examinations have all been established in order to guide schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, but a very slight acquaintance with the working of the scheme enables one to see that a large number of the girls who come up for examination have left school and are quietly working by themselves at home. Few know how large a number of English ladies are trying to educate themselves, and how eagerly they take advantage of any authoritative scheme for guiding and testing their studies.

It is difficult for girls home from school, who have finished their education, as the saying is, to keep up their studies. At first good resolutions and the force of habit keep them to their work. But interruptions come constantly, difficulties arise which they cannot solve, and there is no one to go to who can help them. The grammars and dictionaries get into corners and lie there undisturbed. History read for a task soon gets as monotonous as the daily walk which we call a

"constitutional." Arithmetic finds expression only in wondering calculations how the pocket money has fled so fast. The study of English is confined to the three-volumed novel from the nearest reading club. Insensibly all desire to improve the mind fades away, and too soon the monotony of life which seems to oppress so many girls, and which has to be overcome by dissipation, religious or social, makes itself painfully manifest. Home-education and self-training are really impossible for any save a very few with large self-control and energy. In order to insure regular study and increase in knowledge, there must be a definite plan of study, set times within which the work must be done, and some means of testing the work when it is done.

How many young mothers begin their lives with the fond idea that they will teach their children, or help them with their lessons, until the boys and girls are twelve years old at least! They will make the history lesson interesting, and the lesson in geography a pleasure, and smooth away the difficulties of arithmetic and grammar. But when the pleasant dream comes to be translated into the hard facts of life and experience, what is left to them of history but a confused recollection that dates have to be learnt, of geography but a blurred reminiscence of rows of names? And as for grammar and arithmetic, the rules are as puzzling to them as to their children. Perhaps they were never well taught; and if they have been their memory has played them false, and their children have to go through the same dull grind which they themselves remember only too well.

How helpless, too, is the position of many a poor girl who has become a governess, and wishes by private study to train herself for higher work. She cannot attend classes and listen to lectures, and, with all the will in the world to improve herself, she does not know how to begin, or, if she has begun, how to go on.

The university examinations for women, and the correspondence classes, whether lower or higher, offer assistance to all such, who find themselves so much in need of it. They help them just where they most lack assistance: they prescribe a regular course of study, with fixed limitations; they indicate how one or more lines of work may be taken together, so as to help each other; and above all, the examination questions both enable



students to test what they have tried to learn, and guide them in future work.

Most English and Scotch universities have instituted these examinations, and full information may easily be obtained by all who are anxious to make use of them on application to the university authorities, but in describing the working of the scheme I shall confine myself to the examinations of the University of Glasgow, not because they are any better than the others, but because I know more about them.

The University of Glasgow has instituted two different kinds of examinations for girls and women, by means of which all who are working away quietly by themselves can test their work. These are the local examinations and the higher examinations for women, the latter being simply an extension of the former. The local examinations are really meant to test the education given in the middle-class schools of the country, and to guide the teachers and scholars in their work. They are open to boys and girls. The higher examinations for women are meant to test the education of girls who have passed beyond a school education and are trying, either at ladies' colleges or by attending courses of lectures or tutorial classes, or in home study, to acquire some portion of that mental training which young men get, or are offered, at a university.

In the Glasgow local examinations the course prescribed is as follows:—

All candidates are first of all required to present themselves for an easy examination in English history, geography, arithmetic, and Scripture history. When this preliminary examination has been successfully gone through, the student has before her a somewhat extensive programme of studies, from which she is invited to select not fewer than two and not more than five, and to present herself for examination in these. The list includes English composition, English literature, English history, and geography; Latin, Greek, French, German; mathematics, natural philosophy, astronomy; chemistry, botany, zoology, physiology, geology, and physiography; while music and drawing are added as voluntary subjects. The studies are grouped under departments, and the subjects selected for examination must be taken from more than one department. This examination, when successfully passed, gains what is called a junior certificate. Girls who have gained a junior certificate are expected to go on with their studies and in due time try to get a senior certificate. Here also the

University presents a large list of subjects, from which not more than six and not less than four are to be selected:—English literature, history of Europe, political economy, logic; Latin, Greek, French, German; mathematics, natural philosophy, astronomy; and the usual scientific studies.\* These three examinations—the preliminary and the examinations for the junior and senior certificates—are meant in the first place for girls at school, but a great number of those who take advantage of them study for them privately. Besides these, the university has seen the want of examinations for girls who have got beyond the school course of instruction, and it has lately instituted a fourth examination.

Let us now suppose a girl far off from the ordinary means of education, anxious to improve herself, and determined to take advantage of these University examinations. The University scheme removes many difficulties. First of all it shows clearly where the beginning is. The common subjects have to be got through, and the first step taken before the second. It is a great matter to know how to begin. Then it is easy to select subjects from the programme, and the selection limits work and kills the worst enemy of self-improvement, aimless reading. The lists, too, give hints about the best books, and the old papers of questions show what the coming test is like. Still there are difficulties before the solitary student far away from all help. The University programme does not tell her everything about books; and when the right ones have been got at last, it does not tell her how to read them. Then difficulties are sure to arise: important points are missed, trifling things are magnified, and there is no one at hand to point all this out and give the needful explanation. Above all, there is no division of time and work, no pressing necessity to get through a certain amount of work in a given time, and so study goes on by fits and starts, and when the examination time comes with a rush at the end, the student too often finds herself quite unprepared.

It is here that the scheme for education by post steps in to help the solitary student. The ladies who manage the scheme have arranged classes for instruction in most of the studies which appear in the University's list, and have engaged competent tutors to conduct them. When the student joins one or more of the classes she receives a plan of

\* See "University of Glasgow Local Examinations Report." Published by Maclehose, 11, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. Price 6d.

study, drawn up with great care, and constructed with the design of distributing the work regularly over the whole session. Let me give an example of the way in which the work is done. The University prescribed in English literature for examination for senior certificates, "English literature of the seventeenth century, Shakespeare's *Tempest* and Milton's *Comus*, and Dowden's *Shakespeare Primer*." The tutor distributed the history of the century into thirteen subdivisions, and divided in the same way the two text-books which were prescribed for critical study. At the end of each fortnight examination papers based on this plan were sent to the students, who were expected to send written replies within a given period. The papers were then corrected by the tutor and returned to the correspondents, with notes and explanations. The whole of this correspondence is managed by the lady who acts as honorary secretary. She corresponds with the students, sends them the list of text-books, plan of study, and examination papers. She receives the answers, sends them on to the tutors, receives them back again corrected and annotated, and returns them to the students. The work prescribed for the eighth fortnight in the senior class of English literature was the literary history of Hobbes, Jeremy Taylor, Fuller, Baxter, Burnet, and Bunyan, and the *Tempest*, act. ii. scenes 1, 2. The students were expected to learn all that the prescribed text books told them about these writers during the eighth fortnight of the session, and to show how their work was tested I print in full the examination paper sent to them at the end of the fortnight:—

#### ENGLISH LITERATURE, VIII.

1. Give an account of Hobbes's "Leviathan." Compare it with the theory of Rousseau.
2. What objections could you advance against Hobbes's social theory in particular, and against social contract theories generally? Specially refer to the present German disturbances.
3. Compare and contrast any one or more of the writings of Taylor and Baxter. How would you generally characterize the religious aspect of this period of our history?
4. Give a critical account of any one of the works of Fuller.
5. Sketch briefly Burnet's Sacred Theory in his "World on Fire."
6. Give an account of the life of Bunyan.
7. Criticize Macaulay's account of Bunyan and his works, and show the excellencies of the "Pilgrim's Progress."
8. Summarize *The Tempest*, Act ii., and give a critical account of its excellencies and defects.
9. Explain the following words and phrases, Act ii. Sc. 1: "Our hint of woe" (line 3); "The masters of some merchant" (line 5); "When every grief," &c. (lines 16, 17, 18); "I will not adventure my

discretion so weakly" (line 180); "Although this lord of weak remembrance, As he that sleeps here swims" (lines 225—230); "If 'twere a bride, I would put me to my slipper" (line 269).

10. Pick out and give notes on the obsolete phrases and words in Sc. ii.

11. Give your opinion of the characters of Caliban, Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

12. Paraphrase lines 209—283.

#### SUBJECT OF PAPER IX.

Butler, Dryden, and Pope.

The same plan was followed in all the classes. In the Junior History Class the subject prescribed was: The History of England and Scotland from 1660 to 1745, and the following scheme of study was sent to the pupils of the correspondence classes:—

#### JUNIOR HISTORY, 1660—1745.

Text-book:—J. R. Green's "Short History of the English People"; Macaulay's History and Essays, so far as they relate to this period; and some of the "authorities" mentioned by Green, may also be read with advantage.

- I. Charles II., 1660—73.
- II. " " 1673—85.
- III. James II., 1685—8.
- IV. William and Mary, 1689—94.
- V. William, 1694—1702.
- VI. Revision, 1660—1702.
- VII. Anne, { 1702—7.
- VIII. " { 1708—14.
- IX. George I., 1714—1721.
- X. { George I., { 1721—37.
- { George II., {
- XI. George II., 1737—45.
- XII. Revision of whole period, with special reference to dates.

These examples show, better than any description, how education by post is carried on, and how easily it is worked. The success of the plan, the number of students, and the enthusiasm which most of them manifest in the work, are proofs that the ladies who manage it have supplied a very widely spread educational want. In Glasgow the secretary and committee have found no difficulty in securing the services of distinguished graduates of the University to act as tutors, and the classes have in this way been taught by men in every way fit for the work. The honorary secretary\* has found herself presiding over a work which is doing a great deal of good. She is constantly receiving thanks from girls at home who have long been anxious to study with thoroughness, but who have never before known how, from governesses who are now able to look forward to a time when they can fit themselves for better situations, and from young invalids who, condemned to the sick

\* Miss Jane S. Macarthur, 4, Buckingham Street, Hillhead, Glasgow.

room, have never before been able to join in those studies which have hitherto seemed to be denied to those in their condition.

The Glasgow committee, encouraged by their success in the classes meant to prepare for the local examinations, have made arrangements to extend their sphere of work. They were asked to prepare pupils who are

working in private for the bursaries given in connection with the Irish scheme for intermediate education, and they have done so. Next winter they propose to prepare students for the Irish Queen's College examinations, and for the higher examinations for women instituted by the University of Glasgow.

T. M. LINDSAY.

## LIFE IN A POND.

"NOTHING to do," you say. Well, the mental condition implied by these words is nearly if not quite as deplorable as that involved in the related statement, "Nothing to wear." True, it may be, as you point out, one cannot spend existence looking out of the window, in a perpetual survey of the meadow lands and fields, which we have heard of before in these pages. One tires also of running water, and your sketch-book has already acquired most of the choice "bits" of copse and field and well-nigh all the views of those tall poplars that you care to paint. The trout in the Thames are lazily inclined to-day, and even with ancient Izaak himself for good company, the art piscatorial might tempt you in vain. A sad disorder truly this *ennui*, which, I take it, is the fashionable name for the complaint affecting the nothing-to-do constitution and its subjects. What say you, then, to a stroll towards the copse by the pollard willows yonder? "For what purpose?" you ask. Come and see. I have an idea I shall pass a pleasant hour or two over the fruits of our journey. You agree? A moment, then, for preparation. There is a stowing of phials into empty pockets, and the placing of a pocket lens in a secure position. Then comes a linen "hand-net" mounted on a stick, such an apparatus as a fisherman would scoff at.

The pollard willows mark the terminus of our expedition, and these trees loom near enough at hand. Just beyond them is a pool—you know it well. For that pool we are bound, on a scientific mission bent. You look alarmed at the mention of the word "scientific," but there is no cause for fear. I have no intent to inflict a science lecture upon unwilling ears; but you asked me to invent an employment for an idle day; you besought me to relieve the tedium of an aimless hour in a country life; and I reply by conducting you to a favourite hunting-ground of mine, whence I gather the treasures that constitute the liberal "harvest of a quiet eye." Here we are at the spot in ques-

tion. You look around, but see nothing very attractive. Possibly not. But sit down on the bank. The willows behind will screen you from the sun. Permit me to introduce you to a rich pasture for the cultivation of an idle mind—a pond, and its "tenants at will."

The water in the warm days of summer has acquired a green hue of very decided kind, and here and there you see thick patches of the plant-life that will soon become—

"The green mantle of the stagnant pool."

This lower plant-life—the swarm of *Conservoid* species—flourishes apace beneath the kindly influences of the summer sun. Composed of minute cells, each containing its quota of *chlorophyll*—the green colouring matter that enchants and soothes your eye wherever you turn in living nature—the mass of lower plant-life extends its limits with a rapidity that almost defies calculation. Is it not curious to think that these lower plants begin life as active free-swimmers, so like animalcules, that the non-technical eye, regarding them through the microscope, would receive with legitimate doubt the assertion of their plant-nature? Could you glance with microscopic gaze beneath the green scum of the pond, you would find a teeming population of these moving seeds or "spores" of the lower plant-life that grows therein. And doubtless hereafter we may see the spores at home, as well as some other notable forms of plant-life that find in pools, ponds, and ditches a local habitation, as well as—from the botanist—a polysyllabic name. These lower plants of our ponds are technically called *Alga*. They are included in the family circle of the seaweeds and their kin. And thus we find included in the same family group, forms which may be of very large dimensions, like the great tangles of the Gulf-weed, occupying its acres upon acres of the Atlantic, and plants which, on the other hand, may descend to the extremes of minuteness, and which are known only to the microscopist, who has



sought out knowledge from the very confines of the world.

It is these *Algae* which—under other forms—occasionally perplex the simple-minded amongst us by suddenly dyeing our pools a deep-red hue, through the rapid multiplication of their red-coloured species.

But now let us “go a-fishing.” No thoughts of lazy pike or perch, or of the humbler roach, engage our mind. Our “fishes” are of humble grade, and such as the angler wots not of; whilst the fare I may offer you as the result of our operations is not physical but mental. With the improvised “bag net,” let us obtain

some of the green scum which lies just within reach, and then let us fill our phials with samples of the pond water, glancing here and there, as we travel round its banks, for samples of such rarer kind as may be represented in the miniature world before us. A wide-mouthed jar receives a portion of the pond’s “green mantle,” and phial after phial is duly filled with specimens of water, and of sundry living and moving things which disport themselves therein.

Now we are home again. Arranging our apparatus in convenient array, close by the window, with a fine southern exposure

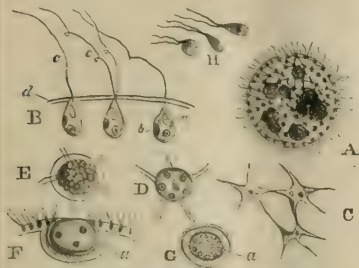


Fig. 1.—The *Volvox* and *Zooe-pore*.

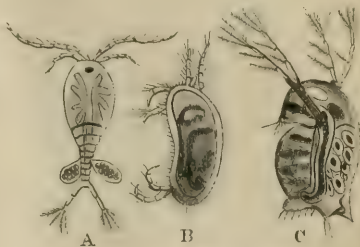


Fig. 2.—*Cyclops*, *Cypris*, and *Daphnia*.



Fig. 3.—*Infusoria*.

tending us a brilliant illumination for our microscope mirror, we proceed to the business of learning something regarding the teeming population of the waters we have just left. Dip the first into a phial of green water presents us with an object of interest. Rolling round and round upon itself in the field of vision, in company with several companions and with other forms of lower life, you perceive a living globe (Fig. 1 A) fringed, as you can see after attentively watching it, with a series of delicate filaments we name *cilia*. What are these curious living spheres, which exist by the hundred in the pond? Is each an animal, as

by its movements you might at first sight suppose; or is it a plant, as its green colour might lead you to believe? Can the botanist claim it as his own, or the zoologist adopt it as a foster-child? Had you asked these questions some years ago, you would have been told that the zoologist was its proper guardian. In this light it was regarded as an animal form, and was named the “Globe animalcule” (*Volvox globator*). But nowadays we have grown wiser, and knowing that *Volvox* is a true plant, despite its absolute freedom and motion, we hand it over to the botanist, who places it in that large family circle known as the *Algae*, to which group you have

already been introduced. Placed thus in the vegetable kingdom, and amidst its lowest members, the question still remains, What is this *Volvox*? In diameter it averages the one-fiftieth part of an inch—dimensions which may be considered gigantic when compared with many of the animalcules disporting themselves beside it. Imagine a clear globe, dotted with little green specks (Fig. 1, A) placed at tolerably regular intervals. When the light is skilfully disposed these green bodies are seen to be connected by delicate lines (c), the *Volvox* externally resembling a kind of network, with emeralds at the angles of the meshes.

But let us look more closely at these green bodies. Each, when examined separately, is pear-shaped (B), the stalk end of the pear abutting against the edge of the *Volvox*-globe, whilst attached to this end we find two delicate filaments resembling microscopic eye-lashes—the *cilia* (c). The cilia, by aid of which the *Volvox* swims, are therefore the belongings of these green bodies, each of which is called a *zoospore*. How cilia move, why they vibrate with unceasing regularity, why they continue to move for a longer or shorter period after the death of the being to which they belong; how they thus act in utter independence of a nervous system—are amongst the deep puzzles of modern physiology. But what of the green zoospores of which the *Volvox* appears to be composed? In the early days of the microscope, they were regarded as animals; a certain bright red spot (B b) occasionally seen in some of these green bodies was named an "eye;" and some hollowspaces (a) were credited with performing the function of stomachs. But the bright red spot is known to occur in many other lower forms of both plant and animal nature; and, whilst it is true its appearance seems compatible with the idea of its being a rudimentary "eye," its mere presence is no criterion of the animal nature of its possessor. The clear spaces—which are seen to "beat" as if they were little hearts—are likewise the common property of lower animals and plants, but their function is unknown. There are thus no grounds for supporting the animal nature of *Volvox*; whilst, on the other hand, when we survey the *Algæ* family at large, we find that the "zoospores" are very typical belongings of that group. The zoospores discharged from other fresh-water plants of lower kind, or from Seaweeds (H) exactly resemble those of *Volvox*, which may thus be regarded as a colony or collection of these green bodies. You must not

neglect to notice, however, that within the *Volvox* you may discern some half-dozen other small green spheres, which often revolve on their own account as their possessor rolls onwards in its course through the waters. When you gain a nearer glimpse of these little green spheres, you see that they resemble the *Volvox* in every respect, save in size. They are, in fact, the progeny of the plant, and have been facetiously named the *Volvox*' "daughters" by the botanical world. Occasionally, we may find that within the "daughter"-*Volvoxes* other progeny may in turn be discerned; three generations of these organisms being thus associated together in singular combination.

How has the process of multiplication been carried out? To answer the query we must study the emerald "zoospores" (B) once more. At certain periods, a zoospore may be seen to divide itself into two or more parts (D to G), and a series of new cells is formed by the division of one. Ultimately the green cells thus produced become zoospores, develop cilia, and assume their place as essential parts of the new *Volvox* which has thus been produced from a zoospore of its parent. When thus developed, the young *Volvox* is at first attached to the wall of the parent globe. Soon it detaches itself, and rolls about in the parental interior, whilst it will be ultimately liberated, and allowed to escape into the world of waters around, but not before it has itself given origin to "daughters" of its own.

So much for the "Globe animalcule," which belies its popular name in that it is a veritable plant. We shall dip into another phial close at hand, and with our "dipping-tube" we may secure one or two of the little specks you can see moving about so actively within the limits of the jar. This feat accomplished, and the objects in question safely transferred to our slide, you may enter upon an interesting study of animal life, and that of by no means the lowest grade. You now see a curious little being, which authority in matters zoological has compared to a split pear in shape. It certainly possesses a head which is pear-shaped, and a tail which is jointed; and you see that the head, moreover, is covered by a large shield. In front, you will be able to discern a single black speck placed in the middle of the head—this is the eye; and you may also see that the creature possesses two pairs of feelers, one pair being much larger than the other. A companion swiftly paddling its way in the neighbourhood of our prisoner is seen to propel itself by the long pair of feelers, like

a waterman pulling a pair of oars. The animal in external appearance is certainly a curious creature. You ask the nature and name of the animal you have been regarding, and I reply the *Cyclops quadricornis*, or in plain English, the four-horned "water-flea" with the one eye (Fig. 2, A).

There are few persons who have not heard of the "water-fleas," which despite their name are not insects, but poor relations of the crabs and shrimps. Indeed, looking at the Cyclops generally, there is to be perceived an indistinct resemblance to a shrimp. Interesting in many ways is the animal before us. It possesses neither heart nor breathing organs, but contrives, through adaptations of nature's own devising, to bustle through life—and water-fleas certainly spend their existence in a state of perpetual hurry—without these organs. Well provided in the matter of jaws and limbs is our Cyclopean friend. At least three pairs of jaws are represented, and the feet number five pairs.

I do not know whether the argument for "woman's rights" has ever been supported by comparative anatomy; but an enthusiastic advocate of the removal of the political disabilities of the weaker sex might find the facts of natural history to support his argument very materially, even admitting that opponents might deem his comparison transcendental and his premises vain. I refer to the fact that the superiority of the male sex is not universal in the world of animal life. Mrs. Cyclops is a magnificent creature as compared with the partner of her joys and sorrows. Mrs. Araneina, the representative of the spider family, is not merely much bigger than her mate, but is a fearful shrew, and sometimes goes the extreme length of eating and devouring her "puir man," as runs the Scottish familiarity for designating a hen-pecked husband. Lady Rotifer, of the Wheel-animalcule family—a branch of the animalcules of high repute in the social scale—is a very superior person as compared with Lord Rotifer. The latter is not only smaller than his partner, but if the wonderful and curious fact must be told, he is a deformed and insignificant person; possessing no internal anatomy to speak of, and presenting a living realisation of the old lady's comment on her minister's discourse, in respect of the said discourse lacking vigour and having "nae vitals." And last of all, to bring the facts nearer home and to the Vertebrates themselves, one may point to the female eagles and falcons as being larger and

more powerful than their lords and masters. To return to Mrs. Cyclops, we find that the gentler sex is readily recognisable by the presence of two curious pouches attached one on each side of the tail. As we peer into these receptacles we see that they contain numerous little round bodies, the future progeny of the Cyclopean family in the shape of eggs. Thus the mother Cyclops may actually count her progeny before they are hatched, since, during the process of development, they are carried about in the double cradle just mentioned. When hatched, Cyclops junior appears at first as a little three-jointed animal, possessing a pair of legs to each joint. Then the hinder portion of the body grows backwards, and becoming jointed forms the chest and tail. Moults after moults take place; and finally the third three pairs of legs which the young Cyclops possessed become the four feelers and the two large jaws of the adult water-flea, the eye, originally double, having meanwhile grown single.

Another application to our phials is found to result, after a careful scrutiny of their contents, in the discovery of certain other crustaceans which rejoice in the common title of "water-fleas," although indeed they belong, zoologically regarded, to very distinct and different families. Here, for example, is *Cypris* (Fig. 2, B), which, in point of its common occurrence, rivals its one-eyed neighbour—although, indeed, *Cypris* itself has but a single eye, or, at most, an imperfectly-divided one. But you see at once the marked difference between *Cypris* and Cyclops, since the former has its body enclosed in a double "shell" that, at first sight, reminds you of a miniature mussel. This "shell" of *Cypris* is really worth your study. You observe that it consists of two halves joined by a hinge along the back, and it can be opened and shut by the action of special muscles, the existence of which mechanism in such a small body is in itself a source of legitimate wonder. *Cypris* has but two pairs of really useful swimming-feet; but its jaws are complex, and, like Cyclops, it wants a heart. The eggs in the *Cypris* are carried within the shell; the outer egg-sacs of the Cyclops being unrepresented here. But *Cypris* development waxes in complexity over that of Cyclops. No less than nine different stages have been described, so that the nine stages of *Cypris* may parallel somewhat the seven ages of man. The *Cypris* tribe present us with an antiquity and descent of highly respectable kind. These little shelled tenants of our ponds must have literally



swarmed in certain fresh and salt waters of the past. As early as Silurian times we find near neighbours of Cypris represented as fossils through the preservation of their "shells"; and Cypris itself makes its appearance tolerably far back in the geological record.

One more example, and we may leave the further knowledge of the water-fleas as a matter for personal cultivation. This time the specimen is of larger size and more curious shape than before. You observe the branched feelers in front of the head. These organs enable you to pronounce the form before you to be the "Branched-horned Water-flea" (*Daphnia pulex*) (Fig. 2, c). Differing from its neighbours Cyclops and Cypris in the character of its feelers, by means of which it swims, we find it to possess a shell composed of two halves. Like Cyclops, it has a single eye, and the gills or breathing organs are borne on the five pairs of legs attached to the chest. The "Branched-horned" is also peculiar in other respects. Messieurs the Branched-horned are few in number and small in size, when compared with Mesdames, as in the neighbouring branches of the water-flea race. The young *Daphnia* are produced from eggs; but the study of their development reveals certain peculiarities worth notice. The ordinary eggs—called "summer eggs"—vary from ten to fifty in number, and are retained within the shell until the young "Branched-horns" are developed. The "winter-eggs," on the other hand, number two, and these ultimately pass into a chamber in the back of the shell, known, from its shape, as the "saddle." This saddle-shaped cavity is cast off at the succeeding moult of the animal, and sinks to the bottom of the water with its contained eggs. In the returning spring the eggs are hatched and the *Daphnia* are duly developed. Such a contrivance appears to exist for the purpose of continuing the *Daphnia* race during the cold of winter. Related to our water-fleas may be mentioned the curious Brine Shrimps (*Artemia*), which live in the salt pans at Lynton, in a briny solution of sufficient strength to pickle beef, and which also occur in the Great Salt Lake at Utah, and in other salt lakes in both hemispheres. The Fairy shrimps you may discover in the quiet of the mill-stream close by, and which, with their clear and transparent bodies seem to flit through the fresh waters they inhabit, are also related to our water-fleas, whose brief history may thus be concluded.

If our microscopic researches have interested you so far, let us look at the frag-

ments of pond-weed and Confervoid scum we have secured. No better field for microscopic inquiry exists than the weeds of a pond, or in the "green mantle" of its surface. Each leaf then becomes a veritable world of lower life, and teems with a varied population of both plant and animal life. We snip off a small fragment of this water-weed, adjust it amidst a few drops of its native element on the microscopic slide, and then behold a scene so busy and so full of bustle, that we are tempted for a moment to think that the noise and din of the miniature world before us should find its echo in our own existence. There, attached to one side of the fragment, you see a colony of Bell-animalcules, or *Vorticella* (Fig. 3, B). Each consists of a bell-shaped head supported on a stalk; the head being fringed with moving *cilia* similar to those you saw in Volvox. Very busy are the Bell-animalcules to-day. Everywhere around them there is stirrage of the particles which float in the water, and now and then some free-swimming animalcule coming within reach of the ciliary currents is whirled round and round in a veritable vortex until it collides with the bell-shaped head, which immediately seems to disappear as if by magic. The stalk is highly contractile, and coils itself into a spiral form (*b b*), whenever the head is irritated, releasing and straightening itself when the alarm is overpast—the action indeed reminding you most of all of the movement of the spirally-coiled wire that constitutes the chief mechanism of a "Jack-in-the-box." A tap on the glass slide causes the whole colony of bell-heads to disappear; but a moment later they sweep out again, their stalks uncoil, their cilia vibrate, and the busy work of sweeping food particles into the mouths is resumed. And you will please bear in mind that all this activity and sensation take place and occur without the vestiges of nerves. Sensation in lower life you observe to be performed in entire disregard of the fact that nerves are utterly wanting; a general sensitiveness of the body-substance doing duty in a perfect fashion for the defined sensory apparatus of higher forms. The presence of such a colony of active beings must be a sad aggravation to more peaceably inclined animalcules, which, as you may note, are swept hither and thither, not by "winds of doctrine," like certain unstable particles in your world and mine, but by veritable and strong currents excited and maintained by the ever active cilia that fringe the "bells."

A new form, however, looms across our view. Paddling its way once again by the ever-recurring cilia, like some large vessel

amongst small craft at anchor, comes a green, trumpet-shaped body, which now fixes itself by the lesser end of its frame, and then works its cilia like a steamer moored to a pier, but with its paddles in full swing. This is the *Stentor*, or "Trumpet animalcule" (Fig. 3, A), which can moor itself or detach its frame from fixed objects at will, as you have just seen. In reality it somewhat resembles a Bell-animalcule, minus a stalk, and as you note when it does attach itself, the cilia of its head-extremity begin to work at once, and create the currents which sweep the food-particles by the score into the mouth. For, like a wise animalcule, the *Stentor* rests that it may eat, and thus differs from hundreds of its smaller neighbours which are ever on the move, and which pass their existence, like some units of human kind, in one perpetual state of bustle. You see that *Stentor* is coloured green. The colour is imparted by the same matter—chlorophyll—that you saw in the plant *Volvox*, and that you discern in every green leaf. The animal may thus manufacture the substance of the plant, and defies chemistry to say where the animal world and animal powers end, or where the plant world and plant functions truly begin.

*Stentor* is off on its tour after a brief respite, and our Bell-animalcules for a time appear to have the field to themselves. Softly; here is another being which comes rapidly upon the scene. Now it appears in full view, and a moment later, with aggravating intent, has swiftly sped out of view. Again it comes into the microscopic circle of our acquaintance, and, fixing itself by its tail like *Stentor*, expands certain curious organs placed on its head, and, like the latter animalcule, creates a stir in its neighbourhood by the currents it excites. Watch those head-organs closely. You seem to see two revolving wheels. Well, "things are not what they seem" in the present case. The "wheels" are two round bodies which are absolutely stationary, and the revolving appearance is produced by the continuous and regular motion of the cilia with which they are provided. The illusion is produced much in the same way as, when looking at the golden grain of autumn, you appear to see the corn-stalks rushing in waves across the field when the light winds stir the stalks. Each stalk simply bends in its turn, just as each cilium moves in regular order and in its due sequence to produce the "wheel" before you. But the older naturalists called them "Wheel-animalcules," through a belief that the "wheels" did re-

volve, and by this name, as well as by that of the *Rotifera*, they are still known. The being you are looking at is the *Rotifer vulgaris*, or common "Wheel-animalcule" itself. And now and then you will see other species of the class flit like the ghosts of animalcules across the field of vision. You can see through and through their bodies, and if the animalcule will only remain passive for a minute, you can learn a lesson in comparative anatomy with the greatest ease. The "Wheel-animalcules" are always to be known by their cilia-fringed heads. Then you note that within their bodies are contained systems of organs which *Stentor* and the "Bell-animalcules" want. You can trace the movements of the jaws working like hammers on an anvil in the *Rotifer*, and now and then you see the general contraction of the body produced by muscular action, and curious movements of the internal organs as well. Altogether the Wheel-animalcules are beings of high structure. Your text-book of zoology will tell you that they possess a big nervous mass, certain sense-organs, eye-spots, a system of vessels for water-circulation, a complete digestive system, and a perfect providing of muscles. And if you care to pursue your study of them farther, I will promise you a rich harvest of intellectual delight.

Such study, however, must be left for another day. I may only at present tell you that they were first discovered by old Leeuwenhoek, a Dutch observer, and a famous grinder of microscope-glasses. It was Leeuwenhoek who, in 1675, first beheld the Bell-animalcules, and in 1702 he first saw the Wheel animalcules in some coloured water which had collected in a gutter of his house-roof. At the present day we know a good deal about the Rotifers; the list of species yearly increases, and the fascination of their study does not diminish on closer acquaintance with their life and habits. Within their family circle are tube-builders and house-constructors; the lady Rotifers exhibit the superiority to their partners already alluded to; and, last of all, they seem to possess a vitality past comprehension as to its limits, and beyond explanation as to its details. In nature, the Rotifers are dried up from their pools by the heat of the summer sun, and as mere mummified dust-specks they are blown about by the summer winds. You may dry them as they lie on your microscope-slide, till not a trace of motion remains, and you may keep them thus dried and parched for days, weeks, months, or even years; yet,

after such dessication and drying, if you but add a drop of water or place them amid moisture, the functions of life are renewed and renewed with vigour, as if no epoch of Rip van Winkleism, with its awakening to a new life, had taken place. In what condition the organs, systems, and tissues of the Wheel-animalcules exist during their mummy-like period, physiology does not yet explain; and how this suspended animation, simulating death, can persist for such lengthened periods with certainty of revival, zoologists do not profess to make clear.

The "green mantle" of the pool teems with both animal and plant life in its lower aspects, as a glance at a fragment of *Conferva* will show. But the shadows begin to gather and the light to fail, and what further study you feel inclined to pursue amidst weeds and water-fleas must be left for another day. I can promise you at least an over-abundance of material for many days to come. One more peep at the microscope-field and we shall put away our studies in pond-life for to-day. By the hundred, gathered on the margins of the delicate green cells that compose the *Conferva* of the pond's surface, you behold the *Diatomaceæ* and their neighbours—those lowest plants with the beautiful flinty envelopes, marked and sculptured in a thousand ways and forms. It is the study of a lifetime to figure and describe, and still more to understand, these lowest beings in their true nature, and forsooth we must pass them by to-day with a mere glance at their varied form and beauteous structure. You also see the *Amœba*—that speck of protoplasm, affording a text for many a valued lesson in your zoology class-room—gliding like Proteus of old from one form to another, ever shifting its shape, and well-nigh as unstable as the water in which it lives. A mere speck of protoplasm is this *Amœba*; but when you think you have mastered the problem of vitality let me recommend you to place your eye to the microscope, to watch the acts of an

*Amœba*, to look through and through the living speck, and then to say if, after all, the theory of the class-room places you mentally beyond the mere environs of the question, "What is life?"

The "Caddis-worms" are in the phial at your elbow, and they deserve a word in passing. That is the larva or grub of the Alder-fly—dear to the heart of the angler. You see, by aid of the lens, its jaws, its six feet, and its seven pairs of curious gill-plumes, adapting it for an aquatic type of breathing. Here are your true Caddis-worms, well known to Aristotle himself, and near relations of the big dragon-flies that sweep continually over the pond yonder. Glueing together bits of sticks, fragments of gravel, grains of sand, and other odds and ends to be picked up in its native waters, these baby-insects pass their time in the active pursuit of the water-fleas, and live merrily enough in the bed of the clear-running brooks around. When maturity and its cares dawn upon the Caddis-worms, the mouth of the case is closed by a silken grating, spun, as are the threads which bind its materials together, from a silken gland placed in the mouth. Then the case ruptures, and the winged insect, having passed through its chrysalis state in the silent retirement of its abode, appears on the scene, henceforth discarding the waters and leading the aerial life of its kind. To watch the Caddis-worms is, in truth, no uninteresting study for part of a summer holiday.

Now let us push our phials and microscope aside. You had no idea the time would pass so quickly, and you have been interested in a very superficial glance at the polity of the pond. It is always so in science studies, which a love of nature may tempt you to pursue. One glimpse of nature but leads to a deeper sight and to nearer looking; and your studies bring with them the delight in a world fair to see, but fairer still when more truly known.

A. WILSON.

## THOUGHTS FOR QUIET HOURS.

XII.—CHRISTMAS-DAY.

IT is comparatively of little importance whether the 25th December is or is not the exact date of the birth of our Lord. The evidence at the best can only be approximate. But that one day in the year should be consecrated by common consent to commemorate the Incarnation, ought to enlist the sympathies of all Christians. There is indeed

one country and one branch of the Church which has hitherto declined to give public recognition to Christmas. Occupying the ground of that uncompromising puritanism which admits of no sacred days being kept except such as possess direct scriptural warrant, Scotland and Scotch Presbyterians do not join in a festival which is acknowledged



by Christendom. In common with many Scottish churchmen, I deeply regret the continuance of a refusal which has quite lost the significance it once possessed. When there are so many points which divide Churches, it would be a good opportunity for expressing union on the 'fundamentals' to join all those who girdle the earth with the song heard long ago on the uplands of Bethlehem, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

There is something of almost sacramental value in the observance of such a day. For as amid the vicissitudes of opinion the sacraments have given visible embodiment to such primary truths as the doctrine of the Trinity or of the Atonement, so we may be thankful that, by ancient and universal usage, Christmas-day should perpetuate the memory of the Nativity. Its recurrence serves not only to fix, but to keep ever fresh, the glorious fact, "This day is born in Bethlehem a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."

Some persons find a certain incongruity between the religious associations which belong to Christmas and the festivity with which the day is commonly observed. They are shocked at the unseemliness of combining sacred services at one part of the day with the feasting or dancing which so frequently occupies the other. But while there may be often such a thoughtless or even excessive social indulgence as would be right at no time or season, yet one may rejoice that, by a common instinct, the day is characterized by festive gladness. For the Christian Church ought to have its festivals as well as its fasts. The Jewish Church had frequent festivals, and was taught to express its joy not only in acts of public worship but in the more common—some would say grosser—methods of social life. So it was that David, after the Ark was brought into Jerusalem, "dealt among all the people, even among the whole multitudes of Israel, as well to the women as men, to every one a cake of bread, and a good piece of flesh, and a flagon of wine." So too when the Temple was rebuilt and when the law of God was read aloud, and the people, deeply moved in consequence of their long neglect of its precepts, began to weep, Nehemiah said to them: "This day is holy unto the Lord your God, mourn not nor weep. Go your way, eat the fat and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared; for this day is holy unto our Lord; neither be ye sorry, for the joy of the Lord is your strength."

If then festival gladness ought to have any part in religious life, there is no season when it is more appropriate than Christmas: for the birth of Christ is wholly associated with joy. All the songs of the Gospels belong to the Nativity. It is garlanded with hymns of praise. Elizabeth and Mary, and Zacharias and the angels, and the aged Simeon, all burst into song as they announce "the glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all people." And it is therefore good to recognise in all innocent expressions of happiness, so widely shown at this season, some echo of that old joy which hailed the Advent. In this light the bright faces of children and the greetings of friends as they gather in the familiar home, the universal hospitality, the sending of gifts, the family feast, as well as the benevolence which remembers the poor, all acquire a new significance. The proverbial merriment of Christmas becomes sacred when thus made to harmonize with the memories it celebrates.

And yet, when we think of the immeasurable gladness of the Advent, and contrast the unbounded assurance then given, not merely of ultimate but immediate triumph, with the slow advance of the Church since, or with the condition of the world now, after the lapse of eighteen centuries, we are forced to pause. Viewed in the light of subsequent history, why should these anticipations have been so bright? There is no limit to the grandeur with which the coming of the Messiah was associated in Old Testament prophecy. The aspect of Judaism in reference to it was long one of eager expectancy, which gained in intensity as the time of fulfilment approached. And when Christ is born, the accomplishment of these hopes is announced as with a shout of victory. There is no room left for delay. The glad tidings seem already on the wing, carrying immediate peace and good will to all men.

But eighteen centuries have passed—wearied centuries, marked by war and suffering—and now, when the old song of the Nativity rings once more in our ears, and we look out on the actual condition of the world, we cannot help asking, "Where is the promise of His coming?" When we remember the present state of those lands where our faith had its origin; when we contemplate the public opinion of Europe at this hour in reference to all religion, while it stands armed to the teeth on the alert for war; or when we think of Asia and Africa, with their dense populations, not even explored as yet; or if, from so

wide a survey, we come back to our own country, and imagine the festering mass of poverty, vice, and misery that lies rotting beneath the surface of society, while Christians are meeting for their Christmas services or Christmas festivity, does not the familiar hymn of ancient triumph sound like irony? I have spoken of the seemliness of Christmas joy, but—God help us!—ought we not rather to mourn over disappointed hopes when we hear it said, "On earth peace, and good will toward men"?

But while we are startled by the terrible commentary which the history of eighteen centuries affords on the vivid anticipations which belonged to the Nativity, there are other lights in which they may be viewed that forbid discouragement.

There is a pledge of fruition in the commencement of all life which warrants such anticipations that we can impute to the germ, however feeble, the character it is destined to attain only in its maturity. The first shoot of the oak is as weak as that of the weed, but the value we attach to the former is borrowed not from the present, but the future. The true estimate of its worth lies in the kind of life which has begun, developing through the centuries into the giant strength of the mighty monarch of the forest. Now it was a similar measure of the greatness of the event which encircled the cradle of Bethlehem with a bright aureole of joy. The triumphant announcement of the immediate advent of the kingdom of God on earth, which received but little outward fulfilment in the lonely life and death of the Man of Sorrows, and after the lapse of eighteen centuries seems so far from accomplishment, must be taken as referring to the pledge of ultimate redemption given by the birth of Christ. A life there began in humanity which, however limited in its commencement, was boundless in the promise it afforded of a blessedness extending to "all the families of the earth." It may be that they who sang little dreamt how long would be the time of growth, but they saw the Christ in the infant of Bethlehem, and in Him the pledge of victory.

Again, there is no lesson which a study of the ways of God in nature or in grace teaches more emphatically than the apparent slowness with which all great results are attained. Arithmetic fails to express the length of time during which the earth's crust was built and the stores of mineral accumulated which are now opened for the use of man. The history of civilisation and the

growth of the Church is in like manner so slow, that periods which appear in our eyes enormously protracted are but trivial factors in the gradual advance. As long a time elapsed between Adam and Abraham as that which separates us from the birth of the Redeemer, and yet the age previous to the patriarch, when seen in the distance, seems even to our eyes a mere hand-breadth. And so, too, however slow the progress of the kingdom of Christ may appear to us, we may rest assured that it is only following the universal law. Were its growth even less perceptible, we must not dream that its ultimate fruition is uncertain.

But the growth is not imperceptible; we can already measure a mighty progression. The world is not what it was. The indirect effects of the Christian spirit are widely felt. Under the silent influence of the new atmosphere which it breathed into society, innumerable customs which were the disgrace of Paganism have vanished. Social life, once cursed with slavery, unspeakable impurities, and cruelty, has been revolutionised. Family life has not only been changed, but almost created by Christianity; while the countless charities which adorn European civilisation are the fruit of the new sympathies it inspired. And we may thank God for the direct results seen in the millions who, in all regions of the earth, recognise Jesus Christ as He who was born their Saviour, and who can catch up with intelligent joy the song of the angels—"Glory to God in the highest." The time may be yet far away when all "the kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdoms of the Lord and of His Christ," but already the first-fruits are being gathered in. "Let the joy of God be our strength," and as memory goes back to the cradle which once embraced the kingdom of God incarnate in a child, and we listen to the unflinching words of victory which greeted an event that, to the eye of flesh, was so utterly weak, let us so catch the fire of burning faith that our miserable hesitations may be consumed in the glow of Christian enthusiasm. Since "the glad tidings of great joy are to all people," let us be in sympathy with the purpose of God to bless the world, and by lives of loyalty and love to Jesus Christ, be fellow-workers with Him in the advance of that kingdom which is "righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." So will we make Christmas-tide a true festival, a time of good as well as joy, in which we receive renewed strength and encouragement for the conflicts and trials of the present.



## WINTER BY THE SEA-SHORE.

THE curving shore is fringed with ice and snow  
 Far as the eye can reach in frozen blocks ;  
 And wild, swift-wheeling sea-birds come and go  
 In countless flocks—

Some paddling on the icebergs, and some flying  
 In form triangular and number vast,  
 While the swift seabirds, all in speed outvying,  
 Go sweeping past.

But hark ! a shot with sharp reverberation  
 Re-echoes loudly from a fowler's boat,  
 And the shrill shrieks of fear and consternation  
 Alarm denote ;

For that one shot, with well-directed aim,  
 Swept lengthwise midst a hundred wings outspread,  
 And more than twenty of the ocean game  
 Fall maimed or dead.

But evening lours, and o'er the darkening skies,  
 In moving clouds, the affrighted birds retreat,  
 Just as the full moon's earliest beams arise  
 Scarcely sweet.

The rustling tide comes murmuring towards the beach,  
 Lifting the crisp ice with a measured flow :  
 Beautiful sea ! as far as eye can reach  
 Belted with snow.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.



## THE MISSION FIELDS OF INDIA, CHINA, AND JAPAN.

## IX.—OPIUM, FAMINE, AND THE MISSION.

AS we sat in the parlour of the German Mission House at Hong Kong, a strain of bright, sweet music entered the room. They were evidently girls who sang; but what girls could they be, to whom the melodies of English and German hymns, chorales from Bach, and part-songs from Mendelssohn were familiar? The pianos were soft, the fortes full of fire, the time and harmony were excellent, but the words were neither German nor English; and when, yielding to our curiosity, the door was opened, we found a company of Chinese girls educated at the Mission school, who sang without a teacher, and had planned this little serenade for the visitors from home. Hitherto, with but slight exceptions, the harshness of the hymnody among the Chinese Christians had been a continual disappointment. It was like nothing so much as a Hindoo definition of music—"the painfully acquired art of speaking very loud in a shrill voice"—and the more vigorous it was, the more hearty joy of the people, the dreary discord was the more appalling; it seemed as if a century must pass before there could be a genuine service of praise. As these happy girls sang in their Hakka tongue, with quaint soft sounds like Swabian (though one enthusiast went farther, and pronounced it Italian), and brightened all over as they sang, they undid many hasty conclusions. And as we sat among the missionaries gathered from half-a-dozen Societies, and looked down the steep hill upon the quiet sea, and through the brilliant moonlight saw the distant specks of ships moving northward up the long coast, it was natural to follow the fortunes of Christianity in this magnificent empire.

The Nestorian Missions advanced overland and crept westward towards the coastline, thinning out as they pressed on, and finding their strength in the interior, where at one time "the churches filled all the cities, and their families were rich, illustrious, and happy." Yet, after eight centuries, they began to fade away, and so completely that they have left no record, nor congregation, nor mention in any part of Chinese literature, nor any trace but the unique inscription on the monument erected in Shansi, eleven hundred years ago, and which remains the most ancient memorial of Christianity yet found in Asia.

As they were perishing, at the close of

the thirteenth century, the first Romish missionary made his way by the same route, passing from India to Tartary, and finally reaching Peking, where he built a church "which had a steeple and three bells," enriched "the Tartar literature" with the New Testament and the Psalms, and died after having baptized six thousand persons—the beginning of a Mission which only touched the fringe of China, and was driven back into Central Asia with the successors of Kublai Khan. The next Romish Mission made its way by the sea, when Ricci established himself in Canton in 1581; then pushed northwards, and established itself for a century and a half in Peking. "Few Missions in Pagan countries have been more favoured with zealous converts or more countenanced by rich and noble supporters."\* Few have excelled them in the zeal and self-denial and brilliant gifts of their missionaries. They extended their influence far into the interior, and founded a vast number of congregations, and used the press with extraordinary diligence; but their influence has passed away, and though they may be said to reckon half a million of adherents, these are hidden in remote places and represent, for the most part, a low type of Christian life and a Christian teaching overlaid with native superstitions. The acquisition of property is a principal aim of the Mission at present, and is a constant cause of irritation to the Chinese authorities; the shrewdest non-Christian observer sees nothing potential in these hundreds of thousands, and some say that taken together they only represent a unit, while every Protestant is a unit in himself.

It was only at the beginning of this century that the Churches of the Reformation sent their messengers to China, and it was with little hope or enthusiasm. India was the loadstar that drew them to the East, and China was only one department of an "Ultra-Ganges Mission." Like the missionaries of the sixteenth century, they began in the south and pushed their way slowly to the north, following the line of coast as successive treaties opened new ports to commerce, until at last they reached Peking. They hold fourteen chapels in Canton, and multiply their stations in the province where it lies, and then join their work with the outposts that have been pushed southward

\* Williams's "Middle Kingdom."

in the province of Fukien, where the Mission is spreading out its feelers everywhere, until it touches on the work begun from Ningpo; so that south of Shanghai, and not in one or two centres, but scattered over a vast number of towns and villages, it reckons many thousands of adherents. It has turned up the vast watercourses that flow here from the west, and planted its banners more than halfway towards Thibet; it is spreading through the next province and along the Yellow River, from which again it presses northward till its agents greet their brethren from the capital; it has crossed the Gulf of Pecheli, and carries the gospel among the Tartar tents of Mongolia, and up to the Russian boundary of the Amoor; its missionaries journey without hindrance and are protected by passports from the Government. Not long since one of them walked across the land till he entered Burmah, preaching as he went.

We had followed the line of their march, but beginning in the extreme north; we had seen their slender forces, met with their converts, attended their meetings, and listened to their preachers. Incident after incident had come before us that showed the tendency of their work to spread, and here and there some new link in the line of communication had been established when we were on the spot. We had heard the scholarship and fine qualities of the missionaries acknowledged the most warmly by those whose own scholarship and position in the country gave them the best right to speak; we had heard their work spoken of by men of every shade of opinion, criticized and blamed and praised. Again and again we had been impressed by the enormous magnitude of the population, so vast and so fixed by millenniums in its own paths of thought and conduct that it would often seem as if these Christian Missions must be lost like strangers in a crowd, and that however largely they might seem to grow to the Societies that founded them, the growth of all put together would make no perceptible show in the country itself. We had now reached the point where these Missions had been begun. What was likely to be the issue of them? What were they likely to effect? Did they represent any movement in the country that would gather strength until it overturned the old religion by a great Christian conquest?

These are questions that, in their broad issues, may fairly be left to be settled by the faith and zeal of the Christian Church. The Christian religion must inevitably prevail over China if its adherents give themselves to the

work of spreading it; and whether it may be a longer or a shorter time during which the conquest will be made will purely depend on the earnestness, and energy, and largeheartedness which the Churches will throw into their work. There are at least vigorous Christian Missions. I recall a Sunday that was spent in Tientsin.

It was still early when we set out for the first service of the day; there was no rest in the crowded streets through which we pushed our way for an hour and came to a Wesleyan chapel. It appeared that every three months there is an united service of all the native Christians, followed by the communion of the Lord's Supper, and the native pastors preside in turn. The building was filled by quiet and attentive people, none apparently of good social position, but on the whole with an air of substantial comfort; and the preacher was a young minister of the London Society, the son of a native clergyman of large gifts and known in some quarters as the Guthrie of North China. Though the sermon lasted for more than an hour there was no sign of flagging in attention; indeed, both the character of the thoughts and the skill with which the simple illustrations were introduced, the fervour of the speaker glowing with his message, and his perfect ease, would anywhere have marked a preacher far above the average. After a brief address from the foreign minister, Dr. Edkins, of Peking, ministered at the communion service. As we returned, worshippers were dropping into the temples, especially mothers to pray for children and sailors for a good voyage, and as soon as the worshipper's back was turned the priests unblushingly extinguished the sticks of incense that had been paid for and placed them in the bundle to be sold to the next customer. Then there was preaching in the street chapels, where a crowd flowed in at once, and it rested with the speaker what use he could make of his opportunity. In the afternoon there was an address in a hall of the London Mission House, which overflowed with the natives, not all Christians by any means, and various services filled up the time until evening, when there was one in English for the residents, who included a party of blue-jackets from the gunboats. Though it was now getting late, there was a missionary conference to follow, for which many of the congregation remained, and which was reluctantly broken up. One of the most striking statements made was by a Russian merchant, whose curious store and yard always reminded me of Freytag's vivid

description in "Soll und Haben"—the bustle of drivers, the camels and carts and mules, the bales of goods for everywhere, and the universal confusion out of which there always grew order. He said that on business tours he made a point of mixing with the Chinese, and that he was constantly being asked to explain the meaning of a tract that had been received or the sentence in a sermon that had been heard perhaps a thousand miles away.

A day or two before, a gentleman, whose warm hospitality had made us forget the bitter cold of the Peiho, had confided to me by the pleasant fire that "missions were a humbug: he had a great respect for the missionaries; they were excellent and self-denying men; but it was such a pity they had ever left home. They could make nothing of these Chinese. He was credibly informed that the only native Christians were a few fellows who imposed upon the unsuspecting clergymen." As he had been only a few weeks in the country, I suggested that perhaps his informants were mistaken, but that as we were both anxious to get at the truth, and I intended to visit the churches on Sunday and see for myself, he might accompany me. He had gladly consented, and though a little footsore, had held bravely on, his surprise deepening as one service followed another and as he looked eagerly round and scanned the faces of the people. Once or twice he had asked if there were many still to come, and had glanced pathetically at his feet, which were not without corns. We had commenced at eight in the morning, and had worked steadily on until it was near eleven at night. "We have not got through all the programme that was marked," I said, "there are still several services, and if you wish, another day——" His face lighted up with alarm. "I give in," he answered grimly: "I tell you I never was so tired in my life; but what I have seen to-day is worth it all. You were right; and the man who says that missions are a humbug is himself a humbug."

All along the line of the Christian centuries there are illustrations to confirm the enormous missionary force of Christianity, and such illustrations can be gathered abundantly from the Protestant missions in China of our own time. Though the native Churches are young, they have an evident pith about them, and some especially have that healthy national feeling that saves them from the weakness of exotics. They have been tried, and continue to be tried, with many bitter forms of persecution, and have shown no lack of constancy, but, on the other hand, have

acquired a richer experience and a depth of Christian thought, which is manifest in many. Wherever the people have been Christians for any length of time it would seem that they have the report of being better men than their neighbours. They are able to furnish already many Christian pastors, with some qualities that would be above the average in Christian countries; and the students in their theological colleges are often men of high promise. Scattered widely over the districts where they are found, and living among heathen neighbours, they are yet compact enough to exercise what will be a powerful influence upon some of the most rooted and deplorable customs of the country.

There are districts of China, for example, where infanticide prevails to an incredible extent—a murder of female children mainly. The higher estimate of women is the product of Christian teaching; and though women in China are comparatively free from seclusion, and have been regents of the empire, and eminent for literary accomplishments, and although a son pays profound regard to his mother, even the Emperor kneeling before her, yet the woman is despised, and female life is cheap. "When little girls die, alle same chicken," the Chinaman says; "when little boy die too bad;" and notwithstanding that the travelling vaccinator charges a shilling to vaccinate a boy and only sixpence for a girl, parents will rather let their girls run the risk than pay the lower fee. Women will confess to the number they have destroyed. An ayah where we stayed had killed two. A man will sometimes carry the child in a basket along the road with perfect unconcern, though his destination is the nearest pond; and the *Babies' pond* is sometimes a village institution, and "it is no uncommon thing to see the bodies floating upon its green slimy surface." Parents have been asked to take back a child that was exposed to die, and have absolutely declined. There are districts where only seven-tenths of the female children are kept alive, and others where, notwithstanding the immense emigration of men, there are not enough women to be wives for the men that are left. Of course a sin like this ceases in a Christian congregation; but the reformation is not stayed there, for in many neighbourhoods there is a growing repugnance to the practice, a weighing of it in quite other scales, and what the protest of many of the best men in China failed to do is being already silently done by the influences that spread from the Mission. There is another practice far more universal,



but which some suppose to be connected with infanticide, the barbarous fashion of binding the feet, so as to render them not only useless, but diseased; for girls thus treated are, of course, a useless burden to their parents if not married. The Chinese themselves have tried to deal with this habit. It is a huge tyranny of fashion and cannot even plead royalty in its favour, the present dynasty not binding the feet of their women; while one of the emperors even issued an ineffectual edict against it, and would have issued another weighted with heavy penalties, but that his throne would have been overturned. The native Churches are now taking the matter in hand, and are here and there forming "Anti-foot-binding Societies," and sometimes the matter is discussed in the Church Synod. "Mr. Z. can easily speak against it," said a native pastor, "for he has no daughters, but I am not so: it is in the hands of my wife, and I cannot prevent it;" and that really touches the root of the matter. It is for the native Christian mothers to take action as they are doing, and neither to torture their daughters nor "in selecting wives for our sons, if the girl is intelligent and in other respects suitable, should we reject her because she has large feet;" and the custom of a thousand years, a custom stronger than the throne, is already in some Christian centres yielding to the influence of Christian principle.

But the Mission is also making itself felt outside the area of its adherents. There is a steady growth of confidence in the missionaries, who were at one time regarded with universal suspicion, and against whom some silly story, if well circulated, will still produce a popular outcry; and curious proofs of this confidence were multiplied during the recent famines.

The famine was sore when we were in Tientsin and it spread over an area greater than Germany and Austria together. The Bund was piled with endless sacks of grain, the warehouses overflowed, and boats and carts were pressed into the service of carriage, for all these stores were on the way to Shansi, which was stricken with death. There were pitiable sights, even in this wealthy city, six hundred miles from the famine centre. A missionary showed me what the people in another district had lived on the year before, the refuse of cotton seeds after the oil had been pressed from them; but along the long line of quay gaunt creatures were carefully sweeping together whatever was on the roadway—coal-dust and common dust, and grains of millet and rice

—and carried it away to bake into a cake, of which only one part out of nine was food. A hundred thousand refugees had already poured in, and were placed in hovels in the suburbs, and the numbers rapidly increased, until they had to be housed in huge buildings, out of which there grew a great catastrophe, for one in which there were three thousand women caught fire, the officer in charge locked the door and ran away, and more than half of the unhappy creatures were burned to death within three hours. But death was far more busy in the smitten regions. The year before, millions of people had lived on the seeds of wild grasses; even the grasses had failed now. "There remain neither the bark of trees nor the roots of wild herbs; the land is filled with lamentations and corpses," was the plaintive memorial of the Governor. The road for traffic was crowded until there was nothing but confusion, while beggars, thieves, and fugitives, rendered desperate by hunger, watched their opportunity to kill and plunder; and children were daily sold in the bazaars for food, and the wail of hunger never ceased for a moment; and the roads were lined with bones, and the heads of murderers hung at short intervals all along the pass; and when the sick lay down, dogs and wolves soon ended their sufferings. Magpies, crows, and hawks were feasting on the dead, and would not deign to rise from their dismal banquet. The trees were few, but the bark had been stripped by the hungry; men ate soft stone powdered to dust and mixed with millet husks; the dogs that had stayed their hunger on their dead masters were themselves caught and devoured. Wild beasts grew so daring that they attacked the people in the village street. There were places where six out of ten had died; alas! there were others where numbers of the dead were eaten by the living. Towns and villages were empty, and there was no other sound in the desolate streets but the echo of the traveller's footsteps. "They were literally cities of the dead. I found a solitary man sitting dejected in the midst of his deserted enclosure; his face was almost black, and he had a wild and haggard look. He told me, with sobs, that there had been sixteen in his family, and that he alone was left."\*

During all this misery the best helpers were the missionaries, and when relief committees were formed in the towns of China it was to the missionaries that the foreign residents intrusted their gifts. But the Chinese merchants did the same, and on more than

\* Report of W. C. Hillier, Consular Service.

one occasion forwarded their help to the missionaries rather than to their own officials; and the heroism of these brave men, who went to the famine with their lives in their hands, and many of whom fell victims to their charity, produced so profound an impression that not only men like the enlightened Viceroy Li-hung-chang, but the ministry at Peking, affirmed that there must be something strangely noble in the religion of Jesus when it can produce such results. "It marks a distinct era in the history of our intercourse with China," Consul Forrest wrote, "when the most powerful mandarin in the empire is found acknowledging in this public way the indebtedness of his countrymen to Europeans." The Chinese Legation desired the Marquis of Salisbury to convey the thanks of the Government for the generous assistance afforded, mentioning especially "the various missionary societies that inaugurated the Chinese Famine Fund," and offering condolence to the families of those "who nobly fell in distributing it." "The officials," it was stated, "treat the missionaries now with the most marked cordiality; the gentry are confessing that their efforts have not only been an example, but the incentive which has produced Chinese action; and the work of the brave and judicious band of missionaries will do more really to open China to us than a dozen wars."<sup>2</sup>

It would be foolish, however, to imagine that the barriers which have hitherto resisted the gospel are being rapidly swept away, or that there are not many difficulties in the way of this Christian conquest. There are districts where years of teaching and self-sacrifice have not yielded a single convert. There are imperfections in the conduct of the native Christian communities full of embarrassment and hindrance to the gospel, for the spirit of class and the spirit of retaliation will betray themselves under a Christian garb, and a whole congregation will fall to loggerheads, if not to pieces, over a quarrel that began about a single duck. But the greatest difficulties are those we make for ourselves. If our own European people would live cleanly lives (and in this direction there has been a great improvement); if those who settle there from Christian lands would oftener carry with them Christian sympathies; if the merchants who trade to China would avoid the sharp practices which sap away the credit of a Christian trader and leave him inferior to the heathen, and which are already working out their natural result of with-

drawing the trade in Manchester goods from England to America;\* if we would enter on no more unjust wars; and if we would abandon all connection with opium, there would be a swifter spread of the kingdom of Christ.

While we were at Canton an intimation was received from the Anti-Opium Society that, if I could fix a time to meet them, it would be esteemed a great favour. This Society is, strictly speaking, only a department of a general Association which has been formed chiefly by the gentry and *litterati* to protect the faith and morals of the people. The activity of Christian Missions has called it into existence, and it has borrowed from them its mode of action. For some years it has maintained chapels in the city, and supported preachers who there expound the popular faiths and defend them from the new doctrine. The audiences are considerable, and I am told the addresses are often clever, and so full of gossip and droll stories that they can scarcely fail to be entertaining. A missionary who had gone to hear one was amused at the dexterity by which the speaker turned his presence into an admission that Confucianism was right: "Even the missionaries are coming over to us." The work of the Society (which is supported by voluntary contributions) covers a wide field, and allows of this anomaly, that while the members were drawn together by hostility to Missions, in the reform, or anti-opium section, the missionaries are honorary members.

As it was arranged that the meeting would be at the house of one of the members, we set out in good time, leaving the shops for a street of private dwellings of the wealthy citizens; and, finally, deserting the town, crossed a canal by a single-plank bridge, and, on a narrow causeway a foot wide, passed by ditches filled with lotus, and rice-fields deep in water; passed the once famous Garden, now in ruins, and finally reached a solitary house with narrow grounds about it; and entering by what seemed the back, saw rows of lovely chrysanthemums four or five deep, in front of a verandah where some Chinese gentlemen stood, wearing the mandarin's hat, and smiling, bowing, and chin-chinning. The introductions being over, we found about a dozen gentlemen, some of them members of the Christian Association that is established for the same purpose; and, as such as could not attend on a hasty summons sent their cards by way of apology, I was presented with a mighty bundle of these rosy slips of paper, some of

<sup>2</sup> Report by Mr. Forrest, Consul at Tientsin.

\* Customs' Reports, 18, 8.

them with good wishes written below the name, and some of them representing an entire Branch, and signed by its secretary. Cups of tea were handed round, the tiny saucers that covered them being sometimes used to dip into the tea and secure the absence of the leaves, and then the serious business began. At first the speakers launched into flowery rhetoric about the sins and duties of Great Britain, and what China would be without opium—rhetoric that never seemed to stop, and into which, perhaps, the answer to some question would be dropped, by accident, at the end. "India and China were both struck by famine because they gave to a drug the soil that was meant to bear food for man; England would have no immunity, they did not seek the English and could do without them," and so on, as if it was the Anti-Foreign Society that was speaking; while the chief speaker, evidently earnest, would talk, looking at no one, but with head slightly bent down and squinting out of the corners of his eyes, giving him the appearance of insincerity, and so doing him wrong. It was explained, with some trouble, that I had come for facts and not for rhetoric, and the facts that were then stated were such as these:—"They estimate the proportion of opium-smokers in their province at one in ten in the country, and three in ten in the town, or about one-fifth of the whole population; the practice has grown so rapidly that the officials in Peking now smoke unblushingly, and even offer a pipe to a visitor, and at Canton and other places the large firms offer pipes to their customers, a departure from custom hitherto unknown. On every side the consumption was largely on the increase, and the drug has now got hold of the people and requires a wider area than India for its cultivation; and thus the production of native opium, though illegal, will soon exceed the import. While the struggle with it is as enormous as that with intemperance in Britain, the public opinion of ninety-nine-hundredths of the people is against opium, and it is the public opinion which sustains the Association, and which it endeavours to deepen and direct. The Society, therefore, circulates tens of thousands of papers, and has issued a variety of publications, the drift of which is not so much to denounce opium, on which all are agreed, as to suggest means for reducing and suppressing the sale. Their efforts received a great stimulus by the Imperial proclamation issued early in 1877, and the Viceroy of Canton has helped them still further. Being him-

self an opium-smoker, but a conscientious man, he thought it his duty to give up the habit before he commended the edict, and applied for a medicine well known to make the struggle easier. When the cure was effected, as the fashion of his country is, he sent a tablet of gratitude to be hung up in the respectable druggist's from whom he purchased the medicine, and then issued the proclamation which I had seen on the blank walls, thus clearing his own soul. The Society is not a very large body, having eight or nine hundred members, but they are graduates and persons of position. In a district round Canton embracing more than a thousand towns and villages, the Elders have made it a rule that any young man who smokes opium shall be excluded from the clan, and half of these men have already obeyed. In a district of a hundred thousand people, the gentry of the place have entirely shut up the opium dens; in another of forty thousand they have had the same success. They are closed in the neighbourhood where we sat, a small district, however, with a population of only ten thousand. We are in earnest, and we can prevail if you will join us. If Great Britain will prohibit the export from India, China will stop the sale at home; until then we are only shutting the back door while the front is open. China would prohibit the import herself, but you know that that would only bring upon her another war with England."

I cannot tell how far this movement is reliable, nor what amount of earnest moral purpose is supporting it. Anti-opium movements in China have hitherto been feeble enough: edicts which there was no power to enforce, and vice-regal invitations to abstain, which were backed by no determination. Then the difficulties with which the agitation for temperance had to contend in this country must be enormously increased where a healthy public opinion has to be created over so vast a population as China, a population that is altogether heathen. But whether it be feeble or strong, no one can help feeling that it is right and deserves sympathy and support. If, as I have heard it said, there should be some dislike of Britain and British policy mixed up with it, it is little wonder. Whatever may be the result of opium-smoking in China, a large part of the blame must lie at our door. It is we who bolstered up the trade for the sake of our Indian revenue. Every step of our connection with it is discreditable. Begun as a bribe, carried on by smugglers, pro-



tected by English navies, compelled by English statesmen, forced by the strong upon the weak at the point of the bayonet, irritating and demoralising all the while, it has been fouling the English name through all the East, and casting dishonour upon the higher name of Christian. The enormous evil that it inflicts upon the country might have been kept within small proportions, had we not insisted on having a share in it; but we have not only wrung the consent of the country to admit what they believe destructive to their people and their interest, we have provided that stimulus to the consumption which is threatening to cover some of the fairest provinces of China with the red stain of the poppy. Those whose business it is to know, report that the mixing of the drugs of Indian and native origin (apparently for economical reasons) will gradually accustom the taste to the Chinese produce; that the area which belongs to rice, wheat, and corn is being steadily encroached upon; that there are districts with tens of thousands of acres of productive land where scarcely a spot is devoted to the yield of grain; and that in others the growth of opium has rendered even wealthy households unable to buy rice.\* It is possible that if our policy were now reversed, it would be too late to save China. The native growth of opium has increased to such an amount that it becomes almost dangerous to interfere with it, and the claim is impatiently made that if opium must be sold (and we fought until that was secured), it is better that the native should have the profit than the foreigner. There is a strong temptation to increase the native growth, even if Indian opium were withdrawn. But if it is too late to save China, we have ourselves to save from any farther complicity in a traffic that has meant ruin. The opportunity may pass out of our hands. China may become independent of the Indian supply, and the opium policy may compel us to look out for some other populations where we can repeat the evil we have already wrought.† It may seem a foolish thing for them to say: "Stop the foreign importation, and we will manage the home growth;" for the passion for the drug must diminish before the consumption is materially checked. But if there is any body of men that wishes to save their cities from being like Soo Chow, where the opium dens

have increased in thirty years from five or six to five or six thousand, that wishes to guard against opium-smoking as we guard against drunkenness, and still more, if they appeal to us to help them, there seems but one honourable course—that as far as we are concerned we shut off the traffic altogether.

As we took leave of the country, its peculiarities came vividly before us. We could not forget how curiously they place themselves in opposition to Western ways. We letter books on the back, they on the end; we keep birds to sing, they crickets; we put the address on the front of the visiting card, they on the back; we confine the feet in the stocks, they the head; portable articles we keep in our pockets, they carry them in pouches ostentatiously outside; when the sun is strong we put up shades and puggerees, they take off the head-dress and leave the skull clean-shaven out to the sun; we mourn in black, they in white; we wear the mourning badge upon the hat, they on the shoes; our needle points to the north, theirs to the south; our sun-dial is horizontal, has one face, and the pointer is flat and angular—theirs is at an angle of 45°, has one face for summer and another for winter, and the pointer is round; we laugh when we hear what is droll, they when they hear what is disagreeable; we have one pulse, they four hundred and one. We had found them so averse to change that they were busily pulling up their one railway at Woosung, though it was earning a handsome dividend; and the silk merchants in Shanghai had resolved to expel any member who would do business by telegraph. Here was a people so advanced that they were famous for industry at a time when not only Cicero, but Aristotle and Plato, held the manual arts in contempt; who irrigated their fields from the sixteenth century before Christ, and in the eleventh suspended the famous viaduct of Chansi; who discovered gas twelve hundred years ago, and had printed books before printing was known in Europe. And yet, though they invented the compass, they never made a maritime expedition; though they used powder, they would scarcely use carriages for their guns, and were content with the matchlock of the sixteenth century; though for nine centuries they had printed books, they made no progress in science. They had come to a point beyond which they could not advance. Christianity has touched them now. Its moving and liberating forces will be added to their steadfastness and solidity.

W. FLEMING STEVENSON.

\* Customs' Reports, 1878.

† Sixty years ago opium was strictly forbidden in what is now British Burmah and the opium consumer treated as an outcast; now, under our legalisation of the sale, opium is there brought from the Indian Government and the country is becoming demoralised.

## THE BRIDE'S PASS.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH," "LADY BELL," ETC.



CHAPTER XXIV.—LADY JEAN'S MISSION, WHEN THE DEAD STOOD BETWEEN.

LADY JEAN, whether girl or woman, had always been high-spirited, she had never shirked an undertaking, or drawn back from a responsibility; yet her courage failed her a little with regard to an embassy which she undertook this autumn, and she would have been fain to relinquish to another—could she have found a substitute—an obligation which she had rashly incurred. As it was, she drove her ponies very slowly between Balvaid Lodge and the High Street of the little town in which Mrs. Macdonald Drumchatt's house was situated.

Lady Jean had not been able to encounter Unah, except by seeking her in her own home, though Lady Jean had already made herself *en rapport* with every social movement in Balvaid. True, Sir Hugh had no territorial rights there, and the family were only tenants for the season at the Lodge; but Lady Jean had reigned too long as a chief's daughter and a chief's wife to be fit to understand how to fill a subordinate position. She at once appropriated the post which luckily was vacant at Balvaid; and she contrived to inspire the upper classes, who, if they were emphatic in anything, were rigid in insisting on the fact that they were gentlefolks themselves, with a mixture of gratitude and pique. She was not their liege lady, and yet she patronised them. Well, it was good of her to interest herself in all their doings, and there was no doubt she brought a great increase of life and fashion to the town; still

it was a little mortifying that she, who ought to have been no more than any other lady to them, should coolly assume, as if it were only her due, the leadership of the ladies and gentlemen of Balvaid. No doubt she had a title and was an earl's daughter, but were not they come of ancient kings and princes? Moreover, she was but a bird of passage, while they resided always at the place. The usurpation served to reduce them in their own estimation to an inferior rank; and what on earth could that bootless host of gracious high-born beggars hold on by, if they did not cleave to their gentility?

Unah, as an old acquaintance of Lady Jean's, and as herself comparatively a newcomer in the community, was relieved from settling this difficulty. She was at liberty to welcome and watch the old friendly dictatorship at work in the society around her. But since Unah had revisited Fearnavoil, though she succeeded in persuading herself that she had been the dupe of her fancy, she was inclined to withdraw from her little world and shrink back into herself with something of her old shyness and trepidation. The mountain would not come to Mahomet, therefore the prophet must go to the mountain. Lady Jean, in order to carry a message to Unah, had to penetrate into the sanctuary of her home, and beard the lioness in her den.

Unah, who remained loyal to the standards of her youth, felt some compunction for the trouble she had caused Lady Jean when the mistress of the house detected the unwonted lines of fatigue and discontent in the visitor's face, as she sank down on the little sofa in Unah's drawing-room.

Unquestionably Lady Jean did not view the room with her former satisfaction. On the contrary, though she said nothing, Unah felt that her friend, sitting with her chin in her hand conversing languidly, was really occupying herself casting depreciatory glances all around her, and was taking note of every want, and of the shabbiness, according to money value, of the whole, in a mood totally unusual with her.

Unah could not help following Lady Jean's examination and arriving at the same conclusions with vexation; which, however, was not for herself, but for Lady Jean Cameron.

The carpet was an adaptation of the manse drawing-room carpet, and was out of date in fashion, and out of proportion in pattern,

besides being faded and threadbare. The old grand piano was equally unsuitable, and doubtless as tuneless as it was lumbering. The chintz curtains were all very well for a summer day, but if they were not taken down in autumn and replaced by some more substantial defence, they would allow the bitter winter winds to whistle and blow through the slight protection before the exposed window-frames, furnishing a supply of rheumatism for any person who was so imprudent as to sit down in the room. The very look of the cotton rags in such circumstances would be enough to cause a cold to a sensitive constitution. There were no modern *chaises longues* or *prie-dieux*; the little sofa, as Lady Jean knew to her cost, was of the hardest, narrowest, and shortest; there was neither reading lamp, nor little table, nor screen. The room was as bare of all luxuries—comforts Lady Jean called them—as if it had been a nun's cell, while it was as stuffed with rubbishy relics of former days—old-fashioned work-table, writing-desk, and child's stool—as if it were a fifth-rate curiosity-shop. And its mistress sat there fagged, though she could not be blowsy, with her share of household or garden work. What Jenny Reach could not possibly accomplish all by herself, Unah must have been helping her maid to do. The young dowager of Drumchatt had been assisting this very morning in putting up or taking down, manufacturing or mending, what Lady Jean chose to regard as the scanty household furnishings. Unah had been pulling peas or currants. And even in her youth, though she had been brought up in no more aristocratic home than a manse, yet, thanks to her mother's pretensions to the style of living of a lady, Unah had been used to a staff of domestics; while, had Drumchatt not died, she would have been in the position of a Highland laird's wife with numerous devoted retainers. But who did her errands now? Who spared her every exertion that was not quite voluntary, and only made a play of work? Who kept her company and waited upon her when Jenny Reach was abroad at kirk or market? Had Unah Macdonald to "do" for herself at those times like any charwoman? What spare money could she command that she might gratify her generous heart in bounty and charity, as well as please her intelligent mind and good taste by self-cultivation and refinement? Dignified simplicity was one thing, but sordid poverty was another.

At last, Lady Jean delivered her hostess from the apprehension that her old friend had grown snobbish and vulgar-minded.

"Unah," said Lady Jean all at once, dropping her languor and speaking with animation that was not without emotion, "you know you are always Unah Macdonald of Fearnavon manse to me—will you allow me the privilege of a friend in asking whether it is true that you have sacrificed part of your jointure for family reasons?"

"She always liked to get at the bottom of things, but it was for the purpose of conferring benefits if she could," flashed across Unah's mind. "I dare say she is going to propose a suitable situation for me," was the next half-amused thought. "Well, if I had been in want of it, I should have been much obliged to her." "Yes, Lady Jean," answered Unah cheerfully, "and, believe me, I was happy to be able to relieve my father and assist my brother."

"Ah!" Lady Jean was not able to restrain a little groan of superior worldly wisdom; "I am well aware your father was a man in whom there was no guile, and no doubt his family are worthy of him; but forgive me if I grudge the cost to yourself."

"I am the best judge of that," said Unah with some displeased reserve. The next moment she added more cordially, as an acknowledgment of Lady Jean's excellent intentions, "I am well enough off in my circumstances, if you mean that. Indeed, I have enough income left. You must not measure my needs by yours, Lady Jean."

"Then are you quite content?" asked Lady Jean wistfully.

Unah was a little startled as well as amused by her companion's pertinacity. "Does any human being ever acknowledge to being quite content?" She parried the question with a half-nervous laugh. "You would not have me a marvel of perfection; only I know I ought to be thankful, and I am thankful. Jenny Reach and I manage very well. But I am afraid I could not convince you, Lady Jean, that there is an interest and excitement when one has just enough, in making the two ends meet, which you rich people cannot be expected to appreciate. For anything further, my neighbours are kind, and Balvaid is a little town which, in addition to low rents and few taxes, has fine scenery—I have been spoilt as to scenery—within reach. Don't you like Balvaid and the neighbourhood, Lady Jean?"

Lady Jean was not to be decoyed from pursuing her object. Even if her character had allowed her, she had given her promise, and could not go back from the attempt to which she had pledged herself. "Unah,"



she began again, so earnestly and even tremulously as to produce an instant impression on her hearer, "if you had ever wronged any living creature deeply, irreparably, would you not long, however idly and foolishly, to be permitted to make the least, the lowest reparation in your power? Would you not bless the magnanimity which granted you the opportunity you craved—a magnanimity which you might regard as an earnest of yet higher mercy?"

Unah sat silent, closing her lips instead of opening them, and pressing her two hands together. She knew what was coming, and she looked at Lady Jean with such a fire of anguish and reproach in her dark eyes as might have rebuked and burnt up the energy of the "go-between." She was, indeed, sufficiently scorched by it to resolve solemnly, on the spur of the moment, never again while memory was left to her to undertake a similar commission—which, to be sure, was not likely to come in a woman's way twice in a lifetime. But she could not draw back now, when she was in the thick of the difficulty, and all the dauntlessness and excess of compassion which had led her into it would be wasted if she did not persevere to the end.

"Frank Tempest is very rich, and he does not know what to do with his money, while he is a broken-down, hopeless man. I believe it would give him some comfort if you would suffer him to be of use to you, in any way, as a token of your forgiveness," stammered Lady Jean.

"Did he propose to buy my forgiveness?" cried Unah sharply in her pain. "Did he send you to me with a suggestion which was an insult to both of us? That was not like the Frank Tempest I thought I knew long ago."

Lady Jean was too much interested, and too doubtful of the part she was playing, to take offence on her own account. "Oh, have pity on him!" she said, weeping herself as she spoke. "If you knew how changed he is, how lost to himself and to the world, you would forgive the great wrong he did you."

"I have forgiven him during all these years," said Unah still quickly and indignantly. "He does not need to ask my forgiveness to-day,—far less to seek to buy it from me by anything which money can buy."

"That was not in the least what he meant. Don't do him such cruel injustice. Don't be so hard on me too, Unah, as to suffer me to convey a false and unworthy impression of his intention," pled Lady Jean. "It was only that he would fain have served

you and yours in the humblest way, as a miserable compensation. Does it not rather strike you how crushed he is, that he cannot receive your forgiveness freely as it is given, but must cling to the most distant chance of making amends?"

Unah had become more subdued, but she only shook her head. "It was not like him," she repeated, though in a lower tone.

"And how can you expect that anything he does now will be like what he once was?" remonstrated Lady Jean sharply in her turn. "It is you who are unreasonable as well as implacable, Unah Macdonald, else you would not, you could not, refuse Frank Tempest, whom neither man nor woman will delight more, and who does not care a straw for one of his many possessions, the single boon he implores of you—to render life endurable to him. He asks only that he may be permitted to help your brothers, your remotest kinsman or clansman, if you yourself will not relieve him of a farthing of the wealth which is a burden to him. He entreats to be allowed to be a friend to any of the Drumchatt tenants who require a friend. He does not dare to do it without your permission; he will not presume in any underhand way unless you will grant him the liberty. Think twice, Unah, before you refuse the last grace, before you close the only door that is left open to him."

"It cannot be," said Unah, but in sadness at last, not in anger. "Do not accuse me of harshness, and do not let him call me vindictive. It is not merely that I have enough for myself—that my brothers can work for themselves—that Ludovic Saonach, my father's successor—and John Macdougall, Donald Drumchatt's heir, look well after the old parishioners and the poor clansmen. Does he not see that the dead stands between us and any favour at his hands? Yes, I forgive him, as Donald forgave him, and pray that he may be restored to all he forfeited—but he must not come in my way, for our paths lie far apart."

Lady Jean was forced to be satisfied with an answer from which there could be no appeal. "I was a fool to go to her on such an errand." Lady Jean took herself to task with unwonted self-disgust, as she drove home. "But the truth is, I am such a goose I cannot refuse to try and get for Frank Tempest whatever he chooses to bid me seek for him in these days, however persuaded I may be that the end is unattainable, or that even if it could be had, it might not be the worst thing possible for him. It was

plain from the beginning that, gentle as she is, she would not consent to the faintest shadow of a benefit conferred by him on any creature connected with her in the remotest degree. I suppose if she could not take all she must take nothing. Such a cancelling could not be partial, it must be complete or not at all. He must not come in her way, for their paths lie far apart. I wonder what she would think if she knew that he is here at the Lodge with us, not a mile from her; and that but for the circumstance that he has never stirred abroad since she returned from Fearnvoil, she is liable to meet him any day! He must have seen her somewhere without her knowledge, from the single question he asked in his odd dazed way, poor Frank! as he forced himself to speak of her to me, when I consented to go on a fool's errand, 'Does she always wear black now? She used to be fond of white.' Heigho! how well he knew that white gown, and how much better it would have been for him if he had never seen it! What would happen if they did meet face to face after all? Could she remain firm when I, who never cared for him in that way, am reduced to being his humble servant, while she admitted that she had loved him, in his own hearing, and in the hearing of the whole crowded court on the terrible day of his trial? Would she still have the heart to tell him to keep out of her way, and to repeat that their paths lie far apart, when, in fact, their common misfortunes form a bond of union—let people say what they will? But, indeed, I believe nobody would be so barbarous as to say anything after all these two have suffered. Hers is the one image of his youth and his happy days which has not faded, or been stamped out of his consciousness. If that image were always with him, freed from the associations of remorse with which it has been invested, and which have, perhaps, helped to keep it fresh, the rest might come back in time, like writing which seems obliterated, till care and skill renew it. If he had her to spur him on, and support him in the efforts which he is too listless and dispirited to make for himself, he might still take his own, go to the Priory, and live down the past. He might yet be the good squire and worthy gentleman he once promised to be. Of course she was no match for him in his better days—such a marriage could not have been thought of then. But now poor Frank is by no means an unexceptionable *parti*—not even his advantages would make many girls, or their friends for them, forget his past, and agree to

share his future." Lady Jean whipped up her ponies, inspired as she was by a new forlorn hope ere she had well recovered from the discomfiture of her last enterprise.

#### CHAPTER XXV.—FACE TO FACE.

BUT, dauntless and daring as Lady Jean was, her mind misgave her with regard to the fresh scheme which had crossed her imagination. After concocting half-a-dozen elaborate plots, and writing three or four notes to be torn up as soon as read, she resigned in despair the idea of making any active movement in the affair. Happily for herself and everybody concerned, what of reverence, humility, and fairness she possessed were too much for her. "I cannot do it," she said. "If it were only myself who was to run the risk I might venture it; but to expose Frank and Unah—who ought to be sacred to anybody who has the name of a heart and knows their story—for a doubtful advantage, to force them into a position certain to cause them distress, after all they have gone through, to trick them into it, even for their own good—I cannot do it. I will not take any step to bring about their meeting, though they should never meet again in this world. Frank breaks his fits of silence to mutter about going back to Styria before the summer is ended; and if he had a shred of the energy which once marked his purposes, he would have been off long ago. But if they are to encounter each other before he sets out—and I do not see how it can be when she keeps at home, and he never stirs beyond the Lodge gates," reflected Lady Jean, feeling helpless and generally low about her friends' prospects—"it must be by chance or by the will of Providence."

So it happened that, in the recoil against showing herself resentful of Lady Jean's mistaken kindness to Frank Tempest, Unah compelled herself to quit the fastness of her own home, and pay a visit to Balvaid Lodge, little guessing who was among the dwellers there.

Unah walked the mile and a half, which was but a step compared to her former long expeditions over moss and moor, only she had got a little out of the way of such walks as she had been accustomed to take with her father. She followed an upland path where yellow silverweed, white heads of Dutch clover, and stunted lilac scabious—the widow's flower of France—soon lapsed into liverwort and heather, while pasture fields gave way before broken rushy ground and rocky knoves, the first spurs of mountain and deer forests.

The weather was hot for early summer in

the Highlands. The long-horned kylie stood against the dry stone dykes in search of shade, the bees hummed monotonously, the butterflies loitered and lingered in their flight from wild flower to wild flower. The road, in the absence of shepherd or caillach, carriage-driver or carter, had the human loneliness which is sometimes most keenly felt in summer weather and broad sunshine, when the lower animals which are abroad congregate together to bask in the brightness, taking their fill of ease and pleasure. Unah grew tired in the middle of her short spell of walking. She struggled without success against the melancholy mood which crept over her, and that appeared to her utterly out of harmony with the time and place. She would be glad to reach the Lodge, to sit and rest in the great cool drawing-room, and to learn that Lady Jean, although she had been the aggressor in the late altercation, bore no malice for her repulse. At the same time Unah expected to find that Lord Moydart's daughter and Sir Hugh Cameron's wife had still a high-handed way of taking life with its crosses, which was not without its charm to her neighbours in their fits of despondency.

Sir Hugh had probably gone out after luncheon, but whether the mistress of the house were at home or not Unah would be sure to be shown the children; and even in the recent revival of her troubles, the childless widow had spared a thought for the little feet that pattered on Lady Jean's floors, and the young voices which rang under her roof-tree.

Unah found Lady Jean sitting alone at work, and was received by her with a friendliness almost pathetic in its warmth, since it could not conceal a flurry of nerves and spirits.

"How much she must have taken to heart what we spoke of," thought Unah, touched and wondering; "I had no idea her feelings were so keen and deep."

So far from Lady Jean recovering her composure, she got more agitated and less mistress of herself every moment, till, on the plea of summoning the children, in place of ringing for a servant she rose and quitted the room, leaving Unah sitting alone and inclined to become infected, in her ignorance, by that mysterious thrill of expectation in the air.

Opening from the drawing-room was a small old-fashioned greenhouse, in which some person, whom Unah supposed to be a gardener, was walking about. But a few moments after Lady Jean was gone, a gentleman, not a working man, came to the conservatory door, turned the lock, and

entered the drawing-room. He advanced a few paces, unconscious that a stranger was there, and discovering his mistake, stopped short, awkward and embarrassed, with a slight mechanical acknowledgment of the presence of a lady, but as if uncertain whether to pass on or to retreat. Then his wavering glance grew fixed, his dull eyes lit up with a gleam of recognition, while he hung his head in the overwhelming shame and misery into which his hesitation was converted.

She was more unprepared than he should have been, aware as he was that she resided in the immediate neighbourhood, but she knew Frank Tempest in a moment, even while the change in him cut her to the heart, and filled her with anguish and dismay.

It was not that his brown hair had become white in a night, or in a year, or in seven years, or that his stalwart proportions had shrunk and wasted like those of an ailing or aged man. Neither of those changes had come to pass in a man who was not yet thirty years of age.

But, as it struck Unah, there was a transformation more piteous still. Here was the goodly framework little injured. Even the slouch in the gait and the wanness and haggardness of the face which he had brought into court on the day of his trial, were replaced by restored firmness of muscle and brownness and healthiness of complexion. For a considerable interval had passed since he had recovered his freedom, returned to the world, and resumed the habits of his rank, including the indulgence which a discharged prisoner craves most passionately, and yet hardly knows how to take at first, that of wandering far and wide, and leading an unfettered open-air life.

The outward presence of Frank Tempest had been spared; but what of the spirit which had once filled it and looked out of it? Certainly there were no traces of his being indelibly stained and fatally brutalised by the humiliation to which he had been subjected. If he had been a worse man—corrupt, heartless, base, and relentlessly cruel in his superficial refinement—he could not in his own strength have escaped this last and worst fall. But happily he had possessed sufficient purity to render contact with impurity hateful and comparatively innocuous to him. He had felt sufficient filial reverence and trust to ask and receive an Almighty protection, converting harsh discipline into a Divine shield. His undying contrition had kept his heart from hardening,



and his mind from waxing coarse and gross in its turn. In one sense the good that was in him had rendered his punishment more terrible; but the good had also been the gold which the fierce furnace could not destroy, but tended to cleanse rather than to defile.

Neither was Frank Tempest's subdued bearing craven or abject; he had had originally too much of the making of a brave and honest gentleman in him for any depth of adversity to teach him either to cower or cringe.

But was this hesitating, shrinking man, with his absent air and disturbed aspect, all that disgrace and degradation had left of the bold, light-hearted lad who had come to grief by his unbounded self-confidence and indomitable spirit?

It was as if his eyes were constantly cast backwards and inwards, grievously offended by what they encountered in the perpetual scrutiny—the self-accusation and trial which never came to an end, and which represented to him an equally relentless life-long arraignment and condemnation at the hands of his fellows.

There was another peculiar element in the strangeness of Frank Tempest's reappearance in the position he had so fearfully outgrown, and where he could not even take up the threads of life at the point at which he had dropped them. In his own wide divergence from the ordinary warp and woof of his old companions' fortunes, he was called on to make allowance, with all the once practised skill which he had utterly lost, for each little entanglement, break, and knot that had occurred in his absence. The lad, before he was tempted and yielded to temptation, had been a thoroughly genial lad; but the most easily and quickly perceived attribute of the man was his forlorn look of utter isolation. It was something akin to, and yet distinct from, that haunting sense of solitude and strangeness which, in a sadness half stern, half bitter, clings to the man who has been a castaway on a desert island, or has lived for years the only civilised man among savages. The tyranny of circumstances is too much for him. The lost man has been restored as he never hoped to be to his fellows, his people, his household; but he cannot forget how he was once severed from them, and condemned to exist apart from them, and what hardships and tortures, the iron of which entered into his soul, he was doomed to endure. The solemn, pathetic obstacle of an experience which his friends can never share, and of a certain unfamiliarity which has crept over him with

regard to their common lot, still serves to divide the nearest and dearest. The tenderest forbearance and patience are required to prevent disappointment, misunderstanding, and final alienation putting the climax on his misfortune.

For seven years deprived of intercourse with his equals—and here the difficulty was intensified by the shame which was associated with the deprivation—the outward punishment of his folly and guilt might have a limit, the inward shame of it knew no bounds on this side the grave. If the old peasant-bred Cumberland earl, a man of noble nature and great intellectual gifts, never felt at ease among his courtly peers, how could Frank Tempest, after he had ceased for an interval of years to bear a man's name, and become only known by a prison number, after he had occupied a prison cell, worked at a prisoner's task, taken exercise among prisoners, fed on their fare, and been let out into the world once more on a ticket of leave, ever be at home again in his proper sphere?

It is true that society might not in one sense be closed against him. There is an important difference, which Lady Jean had ascertained and taken the trouble to explain to Laura Sutton, between even such a sentence as Frank Tempest's and a sentence of infamy which not only brands a man, but cuts him off for ever from the rights of citizenship, and under which he dies socially. But the modified sentence approaches very near social death. The man who undergoes it rarely comes back and plays a man's part in the affairs of the world, even when he has been of a far humbler rank, and his education and circumstances may not have seemed to furnish so broad a contrast to the ignominy of his punishment. The experience, perhaps hardly less than the stigma, of a prison abides with him and exercises a deadly paralysis over his faculties. But when a gentleman has sunk so low it is still more difficult for him to rise to his former level. Open sympathy fails him. It may be extended to the political offender, however mistaken, or to the martyr for principles, however strained and fantastic, but not to the man who has broken the primitive laws which protect life and property. What friend or acquaintance will ask aloud for the culprit who has passed into the oblivion, the death in life, of Millbank or Pentonville? Who cares to remember him when his term of imprisonment is ended? And in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred who ever hears of such a wretched fellow-

creature again? Even if he return, like Frank Tempest, to a great inheritance, of which neither his sentence nor his punishment has deprived him, he only comes back to hide his head and shrink out of sight.

No doubt among Englishmen, with all their plain-speaking, still more than in rigorously polite communities, there is a just and generous obligation which bids a man refrain from taunting his greatest enemy with sins and penalties which not only belong to the past, but which he can neither acknowledge nor deny. Even malicious tongues are thus kept, for very shame, from wagging.

But how many heedless words, what innumerable subtle associations will serve to recall to the unhappy man the hideous phantoms of the haunted past that was so different from his companions' past, and which even if they would lose sight of it, he can never forget, since it is continually raising an insuperable barrier between him and them. Such a return to the world as Frank Tempest's is a return from the dead, and the chillness and mists if not the noisomeness of the grave, are about the dead who has come alive again.

It was an abashed, almost scared man, though he was still capable of endurance, while he was incapable of hypocrisy, who stood before Unah in the dim reflection of his comely young strength, and looked as if, but for the courage he retained, he would fain have fled from the face of any friend he had ever known—above all, from the face of the woman whom he had loved with his whole heart and soul, and his love for whom survived in the wreck of every other earthly aspiration.

Unah saw it all. She realised intensely that Frank Tempest's love for her had been his ruin, as her testimony had gone far in procuring his condemnation. But for her he might have been even then in his goodly prime, a great English squire, manly and kindly, rich in household ties and social honours—richest of all in the blessings he shed around him. And the reverse of all this had by her means befallen Frank Tempest—her first and only love, who had won her heart without her knowledge and against her will, whom she had first seen on the summer afternoon when the fearlessness, petulance, and blitheness of the boy still mingled with the ardour and enthusiasm of the man. She could not bear the contrast—she hid her face from the sight. "Forgive me," she cried.

"Forgive you!" he exclaimed in bewilder-

ment; "you mean that you forgive me, and it is good of you."

"Oh, no, no," she interrupted him; "he forgave and that was enough. But I—let me help you—what can I do for you?"

The question was not of his helping her, but of her flinging herself at his feet, if he would let her, and pouring out the whole treasures of her womanhood, counting them dross in her service.

"You, you, Unah, Donald Drumchatt's widow!" he said hoarsely, standing cold and stiff, incredulous, well-nigh aghast.

She had remained the one woman without an equal to him. The lustre of her perfections had suffered no tarnishing in his eyes. The only change—instead of the girl's crown of sweetness she had worn of old, her head was now invested with the pale halo which even a heartless world bestows on its innocent, patient sufferers. If he could at this moment have approached the woman he had once presumed to claim for his mate, it must have been as he would have drawn near to a saint. But he did not dare. She was Donald Drumchatt's widow, whose sight he ought not to darken with his presence a moment longer than he could help. And just as it was his act which had inflicted on her a life-long martyrdom, so they were at last parted by a gulf, before which the original mountain of inequality in their deserts dwindled to a mole-hill. It was the impassable gulf which divides innocence from guilt and honour from shame.

Her voice broke the silence, speaking tremulously but distinctly, while she looked at him with shining eyes. "Yes," she said, "I was Donald Drumchatt's little playfellow, cousin, and wife, while you struck the blow which was his death-blow. And it is true that he stood between us when you would have dealt compensation to me. But do you think he forbids me showing you kindness? Is that your opinion of him still? When he pitied and sought to absolve you with his last breath, would he not render you good for evil, where he walks in the Paradise of God?"

And at Unah's cry of love and sorrow, even Frank Tempest's sad averted eyes were opened to the comprehension that the one possible atonement for him to make to this woman was to let her atone. For retribution sometimes takes the form of mercy, so melting and humbling, that its infinite tenderness can only be comprehended in the light of the Divine law, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice."

"My darling, you can bear to look on me again? Shall I ever venture so much as to touch your black gown?" he faltered.

For answer she put her hands into his hands, which had done both cruel and ignominious work since she clasped them last.

When Lady Jean brought back a quaking heart into her own drawing-room, she found the two who had been parted by a tragedy

seven years before, and whose meeting once more had been anticipated with such apprehension, standing quietly side by side.

Frank Tempest looked round at the interruption, with the dawn of hope after a long eclipse on his face; but he spoke wistfully rather than exultantly. "Lady Jean," he said, "Unah is going to cast in her lot with mine, and help me to bear my reproach. Is



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it very selfish of me to suffer it? If not, there is surely some good in my living still."

In after years a fair, wise, gentle woman presided worthily in the old home of the Delavals, and—though only a garbled version of their story had travelled down into Wiltshire—won for herself and her husband charity and respect. In her youth she had been a shy, timid girl; but in her maturity

she had to find frankness and confidence for two people, since on her cordiality and self-possession depended a silent, nervous man, whose children, though they loved him, could not help him much, and who clung to his wife, without whose inspiring and sustaining influence he would have been lost to himself and to the world.

THE END.





## A PIECE OF PORCELAIN.

LIKE a good deal else both in the works of nature and industry, the beautiful porcelain which adorns our tables and mantel-pieces had a harsh and unexpected beginning. It does not rise at the bidding of the skilful potter from clay found ready-made in the bosom of the earth, but is dependent on the nice choice and careful adjustment of several elements, which are drawn from different places and demand very different treatment, before they come before us compacted into the beautiful clay that takes the shining shapes we so much admire. Porcelain is broadly distinguished from earthenware through being a semi-vitrified compound; one portion of it remaining infusible while the other fuses, and, combining with the infusible part, forms a smooth, compact, and semi-transparent substance. The beauty of porcelain results from the silica in the clay, which is infusible and preserves its whiteness under great heat; this gives to it the hard and resonant character, while its semi-transparency comes from the elements that fuse and envelop it. In China, where for ages porcelain of a very fine quality has been made, a peculiar clay was found in the earth, which greatly simplified the earlier processes for the Chinese potters; and in the development of the industry in Europe, research and invention have done their utmost to discover a directer process than has yet been attained. Hence probably the popular error by which the name was traced to the French *pour cent années*, instead of to the Portuguese *porcellana*, a cup, based on the idea that the materials of which porcelain is composed required to be matured underground for a hundred years. The bulk of the materials do indeed require long maturing in the earth, but the origin of the name could hardly have sprung from that. Not the least interesting part of the manufacture, as we are fain to think, is the initial process of clay-making. Some time ago we had the privilege of a leisurely walk through one of the largest and most famous porcelain works in England, under the conduct of a guide well able to explain to us all the outs-and-ins of the manufacture, and we, in our turn, shall now make the endeavour to familiarise others in some measure with what proved of the greatest interest to ourselves.

Instead, then, of being led at first to the ancient and romantic potter's wheel, we are conducted to a row of blazing kilns or furnaces

where various substances, as we see, are being calcined—animal bone, and Swedish felspar, and flint are the chief, and they are submitted to the action of fire for the space of fifty hours or so, when to the superficial eye they have undergone a change more or less marked. The flint in particular comes out white. The necessity of this process is perceived the moment we pass into the next chamber. Here are a series of shafts driving heavy wheels of granite round and round in gigantic tubs, somewhat like the old-fashioned mill-pans, amidst white clayey-looking substances. This is the grinding. The various constituents for porcelain are here put through a series of these pans till they come out so fine a powder as, when mixed together in water, to pass through silk sieves with 3,000 meshes to the square inch. Whatever is left as a residuum is ground again. About eight days is the period required for these repeated grindings, and then we have the prepared constituents of the fine clay. For common white china the principal ingredients are Cornish granite, Cornish clay—which is, in fact, decayed granite—and calcined animal bone. For the parian body, that is, for such pieces of porcelain as miniature statues and the rest, which are not glazed or painted over but remain white, the Swedish felspar is substituted for the calcined bone. After the liquid clay has been tested by the sieve, it is run through a magnetic box while in a liquid condition, all particles of iron, &c., being extracted from it in the process. And this is most necessary, for even a hair or a grain of sand would spoil the whole work. As the clay comes from the magnet-box it passes into a hydraulic press that the water may be squeezed out of it, leaving it only moist. For what is called the opaque body, common flint is used. A composition of borax, tin, flint, and Cornwall clay is formed for the purposes of glazing, through which all the decorated work is carefully passed. We should not omit to notice the circumstance that the charcoal in the bone has the effect of giving the clay a dark colour; so that when bone forms an ingredient, the finest clay is anything but white as it passes through the hand of the potter—to recover its whiteness, however, in the burning. And our ingredients having now been properly mixed to form the clay, our next step is to the potter's wheel.

Here we have an exact reproduction of the pictures of early Egyptian or Biblical times. The potter's wheel, turned by a lad or a girl at a little distance, has not deigned to be wholly superseded as yet by all the scientific thought that has been brought to bear upon invention. Here it is the same as it was in the young days of the world, holding its own amongst the most intricate modern appliances. It is like a link relating the earliest life with our own, and excites a peculiar interest. A woman called a "baller" cuts the clay into the proper size, and lays it near the *thrower* or potter. The band round the wheel moves a wooden revolving disc right before him. He takes a piece of clay in his hand, sets it on the revolving board, first draws it up into a pillar-like form, and then depresses it quite flat to get rid of all air-bubbles, and by the deft guidance of his fingers or by aid of the simplest tool, it finally rises as it spins before him into the shape he desires. It is then cut from the table with a metal wire. It seems more like magic than the result of any effort of will, with such dexterity and by such simple means is the process accomplished. But the potter at his wheel can only form the main body of the vessel; in the case of a cup or a jug or a vase, the handle is formed independently. A teapot, for example, is formed in four parts, of which only the round body is *thrown* or fashioned at the wheel; the spout, the handle, and the lid being, as we shall see, done differently. After the first formation of any article on the potter's wheel, it is passed through a plaster-of-Paris mould, which absorbs the superfluous water from the clay, and the correct shape is then given to it on a lathe similar to an ordinary turning lathe. The delicate indentations and lines and round raised edges on such articles as candlesticks, as well as on cups and other vessels, are produced by the touch of a tool or knife, very similar to a turner's, as the lathe revolves. The great expertness that is acquired in this branch of the work is also wonderful. The separately-made handle is passed through a separate mould, and is attached to the vessel while still moist. Water with a camel's hair pencil suffices to smooth down the joining, and the burning in the kiln thoroughly unites the pieces. Very large vessels can be finished on the wheel—one half being done at a time, and the parts afterwards united by the cement.

For flatter articles, such as plates, cakes of clay are rolled out on moulds which have the form of the interior of the plate, and

against this are pressed profiles with the outline of the outside of the article. But for certain branches of the manufacture, the potter has actually been superseded. Even here the refinements of modern life make inroads, and have modified, and are modifying, the old paths of pottery, as of so much else. For statuettes and various kinds of figures, or for ornamental devices of a larger kind, it is found desirable to cast them in a number of pieces—varying from five to six up to eighty or even ninety—and for this purpose a modern method has been found most efficient and economical. A liquid of about the consistency of cream is run into a mould specially prepared for the purpose. The material of the mould absorbs the water, and attaches the clay to it. A coating of equal consistency is thus left on the mould throughout, and this coating actually forms the article or the piece desired. By this process articles are cast in many separate portions, and then united together with a cement specially prepared. Some of the finer and larger vases thus pass in parts through the hands of as many as thirty or forty persons. In this case the articles leave the mould in a very rough and unfinished state, and all the finer manipulation is afterwards done by hand; a department of the work which, as may readily be conceived, demands great skill, since the very finest vessels are now produced in this manner.

We next pass into what is called the *placing room*. Each piece is here put into a round mould or crucible of strong earthenware, called a "saggur," and supported by very fine ground flint, to keep it exactly in position. As the articles in the burning contract a sixth, this proportion is always allowed in the size for contraction. It is a very peculiar fact that deep round vessels, like tea-cups, would not maintain their circular form near the lip under the force of the fire; and a curiously simple device has been hit on to meet this tendency. A little circular ring of the same material—made, in fact, out of the waste clay—and so formed as to rest on the lip of the vessel, is placed on every such article in the crucibles; and this is found effectually to prevent all unequal shrinkage and contortion—the circular form being beautifully preserved.

And now we come to the *burning*, a part of the work which demands the utmost skill and care. A heat too intense or a few minutes too long in the kiln might spoil the whole contents. The kilns are large round buildings of brick, narrowing upwards, and the articles in their crucibles are stored up

on each other in high towers; so placed upon each other that no part of the porcelain is directly exposed to the fire, or likely to be injured by dirt or smoke. The pillars of crucibles built on each other are set so far apart that the heat may the more speedily be equally diffused through the whole kiln. It takes, on an average, two days to fill a kiln, when five or six men are engaged in the work. Directly it is filled the doorway is built up with double rows of bricks, and a coating of mortar to make it quite air-tight. The fire is kept up for about forty-eight hours.

But it may be asked, How can the exact heat of the kiln and the stage of the burning be detected? It is done in this way:—Round the kiln, at equal distances at a certain height, are small apertures, in a slanting direction, and through these the men in charge, with long tongs, can draw out little rough round vessels of clay, placed there as “proofs,” and when these have become burnt and transparent the oven is put out. The kiln then requires two days to cool, and about the same time to empty.

Each piece, on being taken from the crucible, is what is called scoured, that is, rubbed both outside and in with very fine sand-cloth, to remove the particles of flint-dust that may have adhered to it in the burning. The porcelain in this state is called *biscuit*; and much resembles marble. Such pieces as are meant to remain white are now carefully scoured, polished, and finished off; the others, after having been scoured, are dipped or washed in the glaze which we have described, and then taken wet into a hot room, on purpose to draw the bulk of water from the glaze. The porousness of the biscuit ware absorbs the moisture and dries up the film of glaze so as to insure uniformity; after glazing the articles are put in similar crucibles to the former ones, only supported by a roll of clay instead of flint dust, and are burned for twelve hours in a “glaze kiln;” the purpose of this burning being to fasten on the glaze and to give surface.

The pieces which are destined to receive the more elaborate painting and gilding now pass into the more skilled hands. The plain circular lines of colour or of gold are painted by turning the plate on a wheel with a brush in the hand kept steady at one point. Simple as it seems, perfection in this is the result of long practice. Certain colours are first put on simply to form an effective basis for gold; and those which are called “raised colours” require to be burned before the article can be touched with the gold, and are so prepared

that they fuse with the glaze in burning. The gold again is not put upon it *pur et simple*, but is conveyed in a solution of mercury. The mixture is thus discoloured and very ungoldlike so long as it remains wet; but under the action of the fire, to which it is again exposed, the mercury takes wings, in conformity with its name, and leaves pure dull gold. This is afterwards burnished with blood-stone or agate-stone, which brings out every portion of it clear and bright. Women are largely employed in this portion of the work. Articles which are to have fancy designs upon them of flowers or other objects, involving numerous colours, are submitted to a special body of artists, who paint on such of the colours as can be burned in together; and then others and others till the design is complete. These later burnings, however, become less and less severe, not generally lasting longer than six or seven hours. On an average there are six or eight burnings for each piece; and in the case of the very finest ware, painted in delicate colours, there are as many as twelve or fourteen burnings, with the risk of breakage increasing at each stage. On some of the cheaper kinds of ware, the outline is transferred to the porcelain by an adaptation of the principle of steel-plate printing. The colour is first transferred to sized paper from the plates, and then the pattern is cut out, so as to be attached to the articles, which hold it with great tenacity. After a short time the paper is wetted and removed, and the pattern is left quite clearly outlined on the article, and is afterwards painted over and then burned in. Some of the more carefully executed specimens of this kind of work are good imitations of the genuine hand-painting in certain patterns; but the great bulk of it is very easily distinguishable by the peculiar character of the thin flowing lines. Women and young girls do the greater part of this work.

*Piercing* has recently become very common in finer work; a network pattern being cut out right over the surface of the clay while it is still wet. Some very exquisite designs of this kind were produced at Worcester for the recent Paris Exhibition. Generally the design is exhibited in outline on the mould; but the best workmen, through skill and practice, can now do the most intricate network without pattern, and indeed produce the most valuable work independently.

We should not omit to add that the heavier plates and dishes are formed on a model or mould, supported on a revolving shaft, and



this is fixed at the side of the table on which rests the clay.

There are many peculiar circumstances connected with porcelain and the history of the development of pottery in its higher branches. We all know something of the rage which possessed our ancestors to procure specimens of the famous Sèvres or old Dresden or Worcester, or other wares, with which they adorned their cabinets; a passion which has in our day had a remarkable revival. The enthusiasm that the subject can excite in the producer as well as in the collector is well seen in the histories of *Plissy* and of *Wedgwood*, whom Mr. Gladstone did so much to make known to us. At the earlier factories in Europe the secrets of the manufacture were jealously guarded, the workmen being solemnly sworn not to divulge them; but self-interest triumphed, doubtless for the public benefit, and potteries were established in many places. By no means the least entertaining parts of the history are accounts of the rivalry of contending factories. Berlin, for example, could not bear the thought that it should to all time be surpassed by Dresden even in this manufacture; and a porcelain manufactory was therefore established in Berlin, as a department of the public service. Failing in the direct support that was expected, it was subsidized by the wary Frederick the Great in a most effective and significant manner. An act was passed compelling every Jew in the Prussian dominions, on his marriage, to purchase 300 thalers' worth of porcelain; or rather, he was required to accept whatever was sent to him, and to pay the money meekly into the treasury. It was a new and ingenious way of raising a tax, and of imposing a new disability on a much-persecuted

people, who, luckily, could flourish in spite of all such disabilities. But it is with some sense of the humorous irony of the situation we read that to the lot of the good and great Moses Mendelssohn, the modern Jewish reformer, who was very slight of stature and much deformed in the back, fell a great number of monkeys, which, as we are seriously told by the last biographer of the family, have been carefully preserved as heirlooms. Many articles of porcelain carry with them a family history—but few surely such a grim record as the monkeys of Moses Mendelssohn—that “have been carefully preserved as heirlooms.”

Happy chance in this, as in other industries, has sometimes done as much for improvement as the most careful experiment. One instance may be cited: A Burslem potter named Astbury, in 1720, passing through Dunstable, had to seek the assistance of a hostler for a disease in his horse's eyes. He noticed that the man took a piece of flint, burned it, and then reduced it to a fine powder, which he blew into the horse's eyes. Astbury noticed the beautiful whiteness of the powder, and conceived the idea of using it in pottery, which he did with great success.

As the most common of china tea-cups and saucers, as well as dinner plates and dishes, pass through the earlier stages very much in the same manner as the most exquisitely painted and gilded ones, we are fain to believe that in the case of many of our readers a new interest may be awakened in them when they look on articles so necessary and so useful in every-day life—articles which have passed through so many stages, and been touched by so many hands, and have thus imparted to them something of individual history.

H. A. PAGE.

## AN ANNIVERSARY.

TEN years have passed away;  
Love, 'tis our wedding day.  
Two souls are singing up above  
That drew from us their birth;  
And three, the children of our love,  
Are here on earth.  
Ten years have passed away:  
Has love grown grey?

Two darlings slumber in the clay;  
And three are gladdening with their mirth  
Our wedding day.  
And let us kneel upon God's footstool, earth,  
And pray  
That ten years' sins may be forgiven,  
And blend our grateful voices

With those of our two saints in heaven,  
And thank that God who in our joy rejoices.

Ten years have passed away  
Since, on our wedding day,  
A little golden girl  
Upon thy finger lay.  
Have I not proved thy worth?  
Two stars in heaven, three flowers on earth  
Have had from us their birth.  
And the little golden girl,  
Half worn away,  
Still makes us one alway.  
And, in token of our bliss,  
I claim a lover's kiss,  
Love, on our wedding day.

ROBERT WILSON.

## THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR.

"My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."—JOHN 8. 17.

IN this age of multifarious movement, when everything is talked about, discussed, debated, disputed, and denied, some persons have been found curiously to ask the question, "What is the meaning of life?" and others, of a more negative character, have even written discussions with the title, "Is life worth living?" This last question need not be answered; life is certainly not worth living to those who, in all seriousness, propound this question. But the other question may be answered simply by saying that the meaning of life is WORK—reasonable, calculated, vigorous, dexterous, and effective work—work also which, while complete within its own sphere, at the same time plays concentuously into the great harmony of that miraculous product of divine workmanship which we call the universe. This is the work the contemplation of which filled the soul of the large-hearted Hebrew psalmist with ever-increasing admiration, and made him compare the most glorious factor in the energising drama of creation, the Sun, to a giant that rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. A similar reverent contemplation of the same great work led those stoutest apostles of the manliest manhood, the Stoics, to declare that the end of man is "contemplari atque imitari mundum," to contemplate and to imitate the universe, to feel the power of the mighty working of God in the grand whole of things, and then to make some feeble approximate imitation of it in our own small sphere, as a burning-glass repeats the sun. And Aristotle, at once the most comprehensive and the most sagacious of all the wise men who, in wise Greece, discoursed on human duty and destiny, assumes, as a matter of course, that the excellence of everything that exists is to be measured by its work (*ἔργον*), and the virtue of man by his excellence in that kind of work which specially belongs to him as a reasonable soul. Thus the virtue of a dog consists in running well, of a fish in swimming well, of a bird in flying well; and in the case of men, the virtue of a soldier consists in fighting well, of a ploughman in ploughing well, of a ditcher in delving well; a Mazzini shows his patriotic virtue by prophesying well, a Garibaldi by risking well, and a Cavour by managing well; but always, and under every phasis, by some kind of work. There is neither excellence, nor praise, nor virtue,

nor any such thing in the universe without work.

The divine workmanship, we have just said, is the world, a piece of work which, in this mechanical country, some persons have been willing to look on as a manufacture, taking up, literally perhaps, Dr. Paley's well-known simile of a watch; but the Doctor's simile was only a simile, not a proposition, and used by him only for his immediate purpose, and so far only as it applied. He saw reason and calculation and design in the watch and in the world, and he saw with discerning eyes. But the work of God in creation is not a manufacture, but a growth; both are products of reason; the one the product of the secondary human reason, and dead; the other the manifestation of the primary divine reason—the *λόγος* of St. John—and alive. As like as a portrait by a great master is to the original, so like is a piece of dead machinery made by Arkwright or Watt to the great living machinery of the universe, the perpetual glorious manifestation of the Divine Architect of all things. That grand piece of dead machinery called a steam-engine, with all its cunning, can do no work of any kind without calling in the aid of steam, or water, or some other of the moving forces of the world, which come directly from the primary unexhausted fountain of all motion, and the source of all working power, which we justly call God; but the machinery of the biggest star that wheels or the smallest flower that grows is essentially vital and essentially divine. I have often stood before a steam-engine in wonder at the quiet and easy sway of the ponderous beam which, with no apparent exertion, not so much as a child would require to lift a pebble, sets in motion so many hundreds of whirling looms and so many thousands of busy hands; but there is a divine secret in the living tissue of the universe which makes the biggest work of British engineers or Egyptian temple-builders appear small before the meanest lichen on the crag; these things were made, but this thing grows; these were the product of human reason, this of divine. Wisely, indeed, did Emmanuel Kant, the great German philosopher, say, condensing into a sentence the fourteen verses of the sublime Nineteenth Psalm, "Two things fill me with never-ceasing wonder and with ever-increasing worship, the starry heavens above and the

moral law within!" In this moral law we behold the second great field of the divine workmanship, less measurable, no doubt, to our finite faculties, but not less certainly a work of definite object and measurable proportions than the smallest yellow starlet that peeps out from a grassy carpet in the spring, or the lightest feather of a fern that looks forth timidly into day from the hard embrace of a damp rock. This wonderful work of God in the evolution of the moral law through the long process of the ages, is no doubt what the Great Teacher alludes to more particularly in the words of our text—"My Father worketh hitherto, and I work"—that is in the succession of dispensations, or oeconomies, as our theologians have been used to call them, by which man, in the stages of reasonable moral growth called history, is educated up from step to step of social advancement till his greatest possible excellence as the elect organ of God's moral work shall have been achieved. To seek out reverently, and modestly to expatiate on the ages of this great life of God, so to speak, in the soul of society, is a theme the most worthy on which divine philosophy can expend its energies; but this demands the compass of a history like Livy's or of an epic poem, when a greater Milton shall one day arise; so for our present profit I shall content myself with setting down in order some of those significant hints, which the contemplation of the great process of divine work in the microcosm supplies to us for the right conduct of our human work, each in his own proper microcosm.

First, then, let us fling overboard the sickly idea—more like the lazy dream of a water-lily at mid-day in a slimy pool than the thought of a human being—the notion that there is any absolute bliss in rest. The world is a working world, and man is a working creature; and he who does not understand this is plainly out of place here. Epicurus, no doubt, sitting in his leafy Attic garden, with fragrant honey-laden breezes from Hymettus fanning him on a summer's day, might fancy his Olympian gods doing nothing through all eternity but drinking nectar, and sipping ambrosia, and laughing at lame Vulcan; but this certainly was not his serious thought; he was merely shunting the Celestials of that day off into a corner, like an easy David Hume, not to be bothered in any wise with what he could not altogether comprehend; and he was busy himself all the while writing books, in which sort of work he was extremely prolific, having written not less

than three hundred volumes in his day. Buddha, likewise, the great Oriental Quietist, if all that is written of his *Nirvana* be true, is the prophet of an extreme kind of stupid holy life, which never can be a model for a healthy Occidental man. Historians and travellers prove most abundantly that at all times and in all places a man is most a man when he has most to do. The savage in a hot tropical climate works little, works violently, and works by starts; our civilisation in this temperate western zone is all built up of a higher potency, a more cunning division, and a more persistent continuity of work. We are all working men, those who work with the brain often a great deal more so than those who work with their hands. Who more assiduous in work than a well-employed barrister? Who more the minister of another man's needs than a skilful country surgeon? Who more hardly worked than a conscientious clergyman in the most populous and least prosperous districts of one of our large towns? Let no man, therefore, sit down and fret over his work because it is work, and envy the rich who have nothing to do. The richest men are often those who have worked, and who do work the hardest; and if there be rich men, as no doubt there are in this country, who live upon the inherited produce of other persons' work, with nothing specially to do for themselves, they are a class of men to be pitied rather than to be envied. Work enough there is for them, no doubt. Plato would not have tolerated them in his well-ordered republic, nor Alexander Severus in his palace;\* but they have, unfortunately, no spur for action; and being inspired by no high feeling of the dignity of work in the universe, they will be found too frequently sitting down and rotting their lives away, living on their rents, or filling up the vacuities of their hours with degrading pleasures and unfruitful excitements. For such we must be heartily sorry; and, if they can be of no other use in the world, they may at least teach us not to fret over our daily task, but rather to rejoice in it. The yoke at times may press rather heavily on our necks, but we have always in our hearts the consolation that we are fellow-workers with God in a working world; that we see some fruit of our good work growing up around us daily; and that the great Master of the vineyard could not come down upon us, as He might upon the class of idle gentlemen, saying, "*Pluck them up, for they are cumberers of the ground.*"

\* "*Nec quemquam passus est in palatinis nisi necessarium hominem.*"—Lamprid. Vit. Sever. 15.



How then are we to work, and what are we to do? This is the great question which meets every one on the very threshold of active life; and every one should set himself with all seriousness to find an answer to it. In the best circumstances the answer will find itself; and the best circumstances are when a man of strong character, lofty purpose, and encouraging opportunities, after having had time to look about, consecrates his life to a single great object, to which his whole nature points, and from which he would sooner die than swerve. An illustrious example of this kind of noblest life-work we have in the well-known German statesman, theologian, and scholar, the late Baron Bunsen,\* not many years ago Prussian Minister at the English Court. Known to the English reading public principally as an Egyptologist, of speculations sometimes more daring than wise, this man, of "kingly and all-ruling spirit," as the poet Schulze calls him, had started on the various and rich career of his noble life with the firm resolution "to bring into his own knowledge and into his own fatherland, the language and the spirit of the solemn and distant East;" and from this resolution, whether amid the seductive solicitations of archaeological study in Rome, or the distractions of political and social duties in busy London, he never relaxed, till it ripened into that grand combination of learning, philosophy, piety, and patriotism, the far-famed "Bibelwerk," or translation and commentary on the Christian Scriptures: the noblest offering perhaps ever laid by a layman at the foot of the Christian altar. But it is not every one that knows his work in the world so well as Bunsen did, and fewer still who have the strength and the firmness to carry it to a triumphant realisation. In this case a man must be content to turn his hand to what he can get to do; and there is happily an adaptability in human nature, which from the most unfriendly work will witch a pleasantness if the witchcraft be plied in right earnest. Occupations, moreover, are like other things; they are not to be judged by their outside; the pleasure and the pain which cleave to them can be known only when they are tried. It is the fault of the man in most cases, and not of the business, if assiduous culture shall not cause sweet flowers to grow in what appeared to him a barren wilderness. Barring the choice of a favourite profession and the gratification of some delicate fancy, the only route for a fair start in life is to grasp with a firm hand the task that lies nearest to us,

and to work at our cottage garden, or our little strawberry bed, with as much devotedness as if it were a botanic garden of all rarities. No half-purpose ever produced a whole deed; and only a whole deed can produce that complete satisfaction in the act of doing which it is the meed of victorious energy to achieve.

And this brings me to the second great practical rule of all life-work. Whatever you do, do it well; and if you wish to do it well, do it honestly. Let it be true work. Learn to consider what that means, *ποῦν τὴν ἀλήθειαν*, to do the truth, not merely to speak the truth.\* Many a man does bad work in his trade, who would sooner cut off his right hand than tell a lie. But all bad work is a lie. Why? In two respects: first for the worker, because he is not doing what he pretends to do, or only does it half; second, and more seriously, for those who may have to do with his work, in the way of exchange or otherwise. In the first case the worker is an incongruity, a discord, a thing altogether out of place in this world of realities; in the second place, he is an impostor and a swindler; for no more reputable epithet may suit the falsity of his pretensions and the hollowness of his productions. You come to weed my garden; and instead of pulling the weeds up by the roots, you content yourself with snipping off their heads. What right have you in this case to your half-crown, or whatever the wage be which I have paid you for your work? Strictly speaking the wage is not due because the work is not done; and if your performance is flagrantly and flaringly behind your contract, 'tis like enough you may find a contractor some day who understands his rights, and will teach you to expect nothing in exchange for work that amounts to nothing. But in only too many cases it happens that work insufficiently done, is so varnished over with a fair show of sufficiency that the sin is not discovered till it is too late. That this is a case of gross falsehood and swindle there can be no doubt. But worse than swindle, it may be murder, or to speak more gently, homicide; for how many men may lose honest lives, because you put in a dishonest plank on a platform, or a dishonest mast in a ship? If ever there was an age and a country in the world where this doctrine of the truthfulness of labour requires to be preached, it is here in England, at this place and in this hour. Thomas Carlyle now is not the only prophet who, with a cry of grim reproach setting

\* "Life of Bunsen." 1868. Vol. i. p. 51.

\* 1 John, i. 6.

the mediæval past in the face of the modern present, insists upon telling us that with all our boasted enlightenment, and all our flaunting Liberalism and transcendental progress, we are not so very much brighter than "the dark ages" in all respects as we are apt to conceit ourselves. I read in London newspapers sometimes startling revelations to the effect that English wares are not now greedily sought after in all parts of the world as the most substantial wares, as the wares that for an honest price may be relied on to give the most honest piece of work. Our tissues, they say, have no fibre, our masonry no firmness, our steel is not true. So far as these things are said not without cause, it is in vain to talk of the dignity of labour or the social value of the so-called working man. There can be no dignity of labour where there is no truthfulness of work. Dignity does not consist in hollowness and in light-handedness, but in substantiality and in strength. If there be flimsiness and superficiality of all kinds apparent in the work of the present day, more than in that of our forefathers, whence comes it? From eagerness and competition, and the haste to be rich. Hasty work can never be good work; nay, even slow work, done from any less true motive than doing the best work possible, never can be good work. A man of genius no doubt will not seldom dash off a brilliant song or ballad at a heat, as Burns did "Tam O'Shanter;" but that dash was possible only as the bursting of a blossom prepared by long years of moral growth; for the common work of talent in the world, deliberation and calculation and cool survey and the sober advance of unspurred forces are essential conditions; whoso does otherwise must drug his conscience with a posset, sell his intellect for a silver penny, and hand over this fair marshalled world, so far as his work is concerned, to Chaos and old Night and blank nonentity—a consummation in which only Mephistopheles and his minions will rejoice.

Again, whoso would do work that may help him to feel the dignity of labour, must do his work not only vigorously and honestly for the hour, but systematically and persistently for the day, and for the week, and for the year, and while breath remains in his body. The man who plunges into work by random fits has no conception of the permanency of quiet enjoyment which an active mind may achieve by the continuity of systematic work directed to a noble end. Under such wisely regulated activity the barren desert

shall become a Paradise, and the air of the dullest town impregnated with the most lively interest.

Finally, if your labour is to be with fruit, and your work with permanence, and the putting forth of your strength not without dignity, you must not only be persistent in all you undertake, but moderate; you must not only be without rest, but, according to Goethe's famous motto, at the same time without haste. If you cast your eye round about you on that marvellous action and counteraction of divine forces which we call the world, you will see plainly enough that those forces which exhibit their presence in incalculable outbursts of sudden, turbulent, and explosive energy—earthquakes, volcanoes, storms, tornadoes, inundations, conflagrations, and such-like—are not plastic powers in any sense, but rather powers of destruction; not creative, vital, and organic, but at best only the preparers of a soil and an atmosphere in which organic vitality may flourish. In contrast with these wild forces, all organic growth is moderate, calculated, noiseless, and scarcely perceptible. There is a thing in these days much talked about which is called LAW. Law is not a force or a power, much less a god; it is only a steady, wisely moderated method of operation; not a deed, much less the cause of a deed, but only a way of doing; the sure procedure of the self-existent, self-consistent and self-persistent working Reason which shapes forth the universe; a method of operation to which we willingly pay all reasonable homage, addressing it in the words of the poet—

"Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,  
And the most ancient heavens through thee are fresh and strong."

And what the omnipresent, ever-working reason of God does in the universe by the calm process of regulated work which we call law, even this thing, it is the problem of our human life to achieve, by the formation of what we call character. Character, said Novalis, is a perfectly trained will; and a perfectly trained will is only a well-calculated and a well-regulated working power. The excessive thought put forth to-day, as it is generally the offspring of laziness yesterday, so it is sure to end in languor to-morrow. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." But how? Not with much observation and blare of trumpets, but like the seed which swells beneath the soil with an increase, which no eye can measure when it is doing, but all must admire when it is done.

J. S. BLACKIE.



## SAVERNAKE COTTAGE HOSPITAL.

**A**LTHOUGH in all the larger towns in England excellent hospitals are established for the relief of the sick poor, and are supported with more or less liberality, their centralized position, and that alone, frequently renders them inefficient for the relief of the agricultural poor. If an accident should occur in London or any of our larger cities, the wounded person is with comparatively little difficulty, and generally with great care, carried to the nearest hospital, in which he is immediately attended to with every care and solicitude which his case requires. With the agricultural labourer or his family the case is very different. In the event of a serious accident nothing is more common than for him to be carried, frequently in a jolting cart, a distance of several miles before he can obtain relief. And this again is further aggravated by his being as a rule first taken to the nearest medical practitioner, who probably may reside more than a mile from the scene of the accident. This gentleman on examining the wound finds it of so serious a nature, that a hospital, where every remedy and appliance is at hand, is alone capable of affording the poor fellow adequate relief. The patient, after receiving some temporary assistance, is then again placed in the cart and jolted on to the next town, which possesses a general

hospital. Occasionally it happens that he is carried to the nearest railway station, where he is placed in the train, again, on its arrival, to be removed from it, and then carried in some vehicle or by other means to the hospital, where of course he receives the best medical and surgical advice his case may require.

The reader may readily imagine that this delay must be a source of serious torture and inconvenience to the wounded man. But the evil, bad as it may be, does not rest there, for in all such cases the amount of danger is the greater in proportion with the distance the wounded man has to travel, and the difficulties attending his removal from one vehicle to another.

It may be argued that the number of accidents which befall the agricultural labourer are fewer than those which occur among the population of our large or manufacturing towns, and therefore the necessity of efficient hospital accommodation is not so much required. But if rightly considered this is hardly the true state of the case. Although the agricultural portion of our population is not as concentrated as that of the working classes in our large towns, their numbers, spread over a large area, are very great, and the means of obtaining medical relief for



them comparatively small. Again, it may be held that by the nature of their occupations, they are not so much exposed to the danger of accidents as artisans and other inhabitants of our towns; but accidents do frequently occur among them, especially since the introduction of so many complicated machines into agricultural processes.

From the recognition of these facts among certain members of the medical profession cottage hospitals first sprang into existence. They have lately much increased in numbers, and are all of inestimable value to the agricultural population. But the advantages derived from them are not solely to be found in the immediate benefits the poor receive from them. They have conferred an immense benefit on the medical profession itself. To each of these cottage hospitals medical men, resident in the neighbourhood, are attached, and the care and attention they show to the sick poor under their charge are above all praise. But apart from that honourable fact they have taught, and are still teaching, the community at large another lesson—that the height of medical science is not concentrated in a small number of gentlemen of great celebrity, talented as they may be, who are resident in the metropolis and our large towns; but, if the tree may be judged by its fruits, and the skill of the surgeon by his proportionate number of cures, the gravity of particular cases being equal, the medical staffs of our cottage hospitals are fully equal in point of skill to all others. Nay, more, there would be little difficulty in proving that in amputations and other serious operations, the number of cures accomplished by the medical staffs of our cottage hospitals are more numerous than those of the most celebrated surgeons in high repute among us.\*

The Savernake Cottage Hospital we intend offering to the reader as a type, not only of an admirably managed institution of the kind, but also as an example of the power an energetic minister of religion may exert, not only in founding these institutions, but also by his advocacy of obtaining for them means of support. In the year 1867 the Rev. J. O.

Stephens, Vicar of Savernake, near Marlborough, Wilts, had his attention called to the case of a poor farm-labourer whose leg had been seriously wounded by some agricultural machine. The unfortunate man had first to be carried some miles before he reached the house of a medical practitioner. This gentleman finding the case to be a very serious one, first gave him some temporary relief and then forwarded him several miles farther to a hospital, which the poor fellow fortunately reached alive, although in a very distressed condition. Several similar cases had already come under Mr. Stephens's notice, and he had more than once reflected on the practicability of establishing a cottage hospital at Savernake, but with the exception of one or two wealthy families in the neighbourhood, he feared there would be few others ready to assist him in a work of the kind.

Although somewhat depressed at the difficulties he had to encounter, the vicar did not like altogether to relinquish the idea. For some short time it remained in abeyance, till one day, when speaking on the subject with Mr. P. D. Maurice, at present one of the honorary surgeons of the hospital, he at length resolutely determined to make the attempt. During their conversation Mr. Maurice had graphically described to him the terrible misfortune any serious accident or case of sickness was in the home of an agricultural labourer. Not only as a rule was the accommodation of the most restricted description, but the amount of attention the invalid required was fully equal to the time and labour of another adult, and thus the earnings of two individuals in the same family were completely absorbed, thereby frequently reducing the other members to a state of great privation. Again, kind as the attention of the individual who nursed the patient might be, her ministrations were far inferior to those of a trained nurse. Nay, more, the case, especially if surgical, was not unfrequently aggravated by want of skill in the manipulation. As matters then were, in all serious cases the best means would be to forward the patient to a hospital. But in what way was this to be effected? The wounded man had probably to be placed in a rough cart, and thus carried to Devizes, Bath, or Salisbury, thus increasing to a very great degree the original malady or accident. These and several other serious points were brought by Mr. Maurice so forcibly under the notice of the vicar that he at length determined to commence the good work he had so long contemplated.

\* The following extract is from Mr. Henry C. Burdett's work on Cottage Hospitals. "The cases of amputation in the sixty-one cottage hospitals which have come under my notice amount to 306, or one less than the number given by Professor Erichsen of all the amputations which had been performed in its wards at the University College Hospital since its foundation, a period of thirty-eight years. The average mortality in Professor Erichsen's cases was twenty-five per cent, while it only amounted to eighteen in the Cottage Hospitals." It need hardly be said that Professor Erichsen is one of our most celebrated surgeons, as well as a man of immense experience and knowledge of his profession. We may add, that among the many amputations performed in the Savernake Hospital in three years there was not one death.

The first person to whom the Rev. J. O. Stephens applied for assistance was the late much-respected Marquis of Ailesbury. His lordship listened with much interest to the reverend gentleman's statements, and unhesitatingly admitted their truth; still he much doubted the possibility of their being able to establish an institution of the kind. His doubts, however, were so ably combated by Mr. Stephens, that at length it was resolved that an experiment should be tried, and, if this succeeded, an attempt should be made to carry out the original idea. At the same time his lordship gave good and practical proof that it was not merely patronage alone that he intended, but practical assistance as well. By way of making the experiment of establishing a hospital, he placed at the vicar's disposal a building which had formerly been used as a training-school, telling him at the same time, "If you can there prove the possibility of your being able to establish a hospital, I will give you a grant of land sufficiently large to enable you to carry out fully the project you propose." Mr. Stephens thankfully accepted the offer, and the Marquis not only lent him the old training-school which had been suppressed, but also presented him with a considerable sum of money towards fitting it up as a temporary hospital.

Humble as the original attempt might have been, it turned out indisputably a perfect success; so much so, indeed, that the Marquis of Ailesbury, without the slightest hesitation, not only presented the hospital trustees with a grant of land of four and a half acres, but supplemented it by a donation of £1,350, which was further increased through the liberality of the Marchioness by a further donation of nearly £600. No one ever exerted himself more earnestly in a benevolent work than she did in the establishment of the Savernake Hospital. In point of fact she might almost be considered as the founder of the institution, and no person ever deserved more gratitude from the sick poor in the neighbourhood, or was held in greater respect by those who assisted her in the good work in which she took so much interest.

The vicar, encouraged by the success which had hitherto attended him, began to collect others around him, who in their turn assisted him with great energy. Many as well as most liberal subscriptions now came in from others, whom he had little expected would have aided him, and the result was that at length a sufficient sum of money was collected, and in hand, to allow them to entertain their

idea of building the hospital; the promoters, unlike many of those of other charitable institutions which might be named, having adopted the principle not to commence any operations until they had sufficient funds to pay for any liability they might incur. At last they succeeded in obtaining what they considered an amount sufficient to begin, and, with the desire that their hospital might turn out a perfect success, as far as the building and sanitary arrangements were concerned, they applied to the eminent architect, the late Sir Gilbert Scott, to furnish them with the plans. This he readily undertook, and the more so as he really felt a warm interest in the success of the institution. The designs for the elevation, as well as the different portions of the building, were now sent in, and an estimate of the cost furnished by an experienced contractor. The works were commenced, and in due time finished, and a more appropriate or elegant building of the kind it would be difficult to imagine. No parsimony was shown in making the elevation attractive, and that without useless expenditure. It is situated on the summit of a hill and commands a beautiful view of the surrounding country, and the four or five acres of ground around it are laid out as gardens and pleasure grounds, with seats in it for the accommodation of the patients.

Of the internal arrangements of the hospital, whether looked at from an unprofessional or scientific point of view, it would be impossible to speak too highly. The wards, which are all on the ground-floor, contain on an average about eight beds in each, and are as unlike all preconceived notions of hospital wards as possibly can be, that is to say, from judging the more important institutions in the Metropolis and our large country towns. They have, in fact, far more the appearance of well-shaped, lofty rooms, each possibly the size of a commodious drawing-room. Another peculiarity to be found in them is also worthy of notice. The atmosphere of no drawing-room whatever could be more perfectly pure than were these wards at the time of our unexpected visit, notwithstanding the number of patients they contained. It may easily be imagined that where eight adults are congregated together in a good averaged-sized room, the odour peculiar to a hospital ward would be detected in it. This, however, was far from being the case; nor was there any objectionable odour of chloride of lime or carbolic acid or any other so-called disinfectant, but from perfect ventilation there was a pure atmosphere. With respect to the

necessary appliances and conveniences which were to be found in the hospital, it would be a useless waste of the reader's time to dwell at any length. Suffice it to say that everything that could be required by a sick or wounded person was there ready at hand, while not a single object betraying useless expenditure could be detected through the whole building. A scrupulous cleanliness was visible in every part, and the staff of nurses appeared to be as efficient and attentive as could be found in the most celebrated hospital in the Metropolis. During the past year no fewer than two hundred and eleven serious cases were treated in this hospital, with every comfort, convenience, and attention, at a cost of only fifteen shillings a week, less than one-half that of many of the metropolitan hospitals, and yet the mortality among them was only a decimal fraction more than three per cent.\*

There yet remains another subject, and one of much interest, to be taken into consideration—the value and ability of the medical staff attached to the hospital. If this were to be simply judged from the above statement of cures, the conclusion would be a most flattering one; indeed, so much so, that it might lead to the opinion that the medical staff of the Savernake Hospital was superior in point of skill to those of other well-regulated cottage hospitals, a conclusion which would be far wide of our intentions. As we before stated, it is rather our wish to prove that the country medical practitioner and cottage hospital surgeon are, on an average, fully equal to those attached to our larger metropolitan hospitals. As it may appear an act of presumption on our part to pass any opinion on so difficult a subject, we will content ourselves with relying not solely on the published report of the cottage hospitals themselves, when compared with the reports of the metropolitan hospitals, but also from the statements of practised and scientific writers on the subject. According to the statement of Mr. Burdett, in his work on Cottage Hospitals, he tells us that in 306 cases of amputation performed in cottage hospitals, the deaths averaged only eighteen per cent. “When, according to the most recent authorities, the mortality in general hospitals after the major operations averages, in England, forty-one per cent.; in Paris,

fifty-eight per cent.; in Glasgow, thirty-nine per cent.; and in Edinburgh, forty-three per cent., giving an average mortality of forty-five per cent.”

Still another singular point remains to be mentioned in favour of cottage hospitals—the comparatively small number of cases and mortality arising from pyæmia and erysipelas, those diseases principally engendered by the defective sanitary arrangements of hospitals. Mr. Burdett states that the total number of cases of these two maladies which occurred in sixty-one cottage hospitals in the course of three years were only five, while it appears that in St. Thomas and St. Bartholomew hospitals, the two on which a greater amount of money has been lavished for sanitary purposes alone than in all the cottage hospitals in England put together, there were in one year no fewer than 114 cases of pyæmia and erysipelas,\* out of which forty-one proved fatal.

To return to the Savernake Hospital and the debt that institution, as well as the poor of the neighbourhood, are under to the Rev. J. O. Stephens for the invaluable service he has effected in the cause of the sick poor, not only in his own parish, but for the district for many miles around him. Nor is this solely the opinion of his immediate friends. At a late meeting, held in the town-hall of Marlborough on the 28th of June, 1878, and which was very numerous attended, not only by his own parishioners, but by a vast number of others, there was scarcely a speaker among them who did not in his turn compliment Mr. Stephens for his indefatigable and useful labours. One among them, Mr. P. D. Maurice, the surgeon, when speaking of the lamentable condition of the sick poor prior to the erection of the hospital, said, “There then came into this neighbourhood an excellent man, the Rev. J. O. Stephens; he took up the matter, and to him, and to him only, is due the erection of the hospital—to him, and to him only, is due the carrying out of that hospital, and he has reaped a just reward in having his name associated with it. This hospital,” he continued, “is a great blessing and comfort to the poor, and Mr. Stephens (assisted by Lord Ailesbury and others) has done one of the best things he ever did in his life by coming here to help by his presence and exertions poor suffering humanity.”

WILLIAM GILBERT.

\* Dr. Steele, resident physician of Guy's Hospital, in his paper on Hospital Mortality, read at a meeting of the Statistical Society, quoted the average mortality at his hospital to be nine per cent., St. Bartholomew's at ten per cent., and St. Thomas's at sixteen per cent.

\* *Medical Journal and Gazette*, October, 1876.



## RAPIN, THE HUGUENOT.

III.—LEAVES IRELAND.—HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

RAPIN conducted himself throughout the Irish campaign as a true soldier. He was attentive, accurate, skilful, and brave. He did the work he had to do without any fuss; but he *did* it. Lieutenant-General Douglas, under whom he served, soon ascertained his merits, saw through his character, and became much attached to him. He promoted him to the rank of aide-de-camp, so that he might have this able Frenchman continually about his person.

Douglas proceeded westward, with six regiments of horse and ten of foot, to reduce Athlone. But the place was by far too strong for so small a force to besiege, and still less to take. Athlone had always been a stronghold. For centuries the bridge and castle had formed the great gateway into Connaught. The Irish town is defended on the eastern side by the Shannon, a deep and wide river, almost impossible to pass in the face of a hostile army.

Douglas summoned the Irish garrison to surrender. Colonel Richard Grace, the gallant old governor, returned a passionate defiance. "These are my terms," he said, discharging a pistol at the messenger: "when my provisions are consumed, I will defend my trust until I have eaten my boots."

Abandoning as indefensible the English part of the town, situated on the east side of the Shannon, Grace set fire to it, and retired with all his forces to the western side, blowing up an arch of the bridge behind him. The English then brought up the few cannon they had with them, and commenced battering the walls. The Irish had more cannon, and defended themselves with vigour. The besiegers made a breach in the castle, but it was too high and too small for an assault. "Notwithstanding this," says Rapin, "the firing continued very brisk on both sides; but the besiegers having lost Mr. Neilson, their best gunner, and the cavalry suffering very much for want of forage; and at the same time it being reported that Sarsfield was advancing with fifteen thousand men to relieve the place, Douglas held a council of war, wherein it was thought fit to raise the siege, which he accordingly did on the 25th, having lost near four hundred men before the town, the greatest part of whom died of sickness."

Thus, after a week's ineffectual siege, Douglas left Athlone, and made all haste to

rejoin the army of William, which had already reduced the most important towns in the south of Ireland. On the 7th of August he rejoined William at Cahercoulsh, a few miles west of Limerick. The flower of the Irish army was assembled at Limerick. The Duke of Berwick and General Sarsfield occupied the city with their forces. The French general, Boileau, commanded the garrison. The besieged were almost as numerous as the besiegers. William, by garrisoning the towns of which he took possession, had reduced his forces to about twenty thousand men.

Limerick was fortified by walls, batteries, and ramparts. It was also defended by a castle and citadel. It had always been a place of great strength. The chivalry of the Anglo-Norman monarch, the Ironsides of Cromwell, had been defeated under its walls; and now the victorious army of William III. was destined to meet with a similar repulse.

Limerick is situated in an extensive plain, watered by the noble Shannon. The river surrounds the town on three sides. Like Athlone, the city is divided into the English and Irish towns, connected together by a bridge. The English town was much the strongest. It was built upon an island, surrounded by morasses, which could at any time be flooded on the approach of an enemy. The town was well supplied with provisions; all Clare and Galway being open to it, from whence it could draw supplies.

Notwithstanding the strength of the fortress, William resolved to besiege it. He was ill supplied with cannon, having left his heavy artillery at Dublin. He had only a field train with him, which was quite insufficient for his purpose. William's advance-guards drove the Irish butposts before them; the pioneers cutting down the hedges and filling up the ditches, until they came to a narrow pass between two bogs, where a considerable body of Irish horse and foot were assembled to dispute the pass.

Two field-pieces were brought up, which played with such effect upon the Irish horse that they soon quitted their post. At the same time Colonel Earle, at the head of his English foot, attacked the Irish who were firing through the hedges, so that they also retired after two hours' fighting. The Irish were driven to the town walls, and William's forces took possession of two important positions, Comwell's fort and the old

Chapel. The Danes also occupied an old Danish fort, built by their ancestors, of which they were not a little proud.

The army being thus posted, a trumpeter was sent, on the 9th of August, to summon the garrison to surrender. General Boileau answered, that he intended to make a vigorous defence of the town, with which his Majesty had intrusted him. In the meantime, William had ordered up his train of artillery from Dublin. They were on their way to join him, when a spy from William's camp went over to the enemy, and informed them of the route, the motions, and the strength of the convoy. Sarsfield at once set out with a strong body of horse. He passed the Shannon in the night, nine miles above Limerick, lurked all day in the mountains near Ballyneety, and waited for the approach of the convoy.

The men, seeing no enemy, turned out their horses to graze, and went to sleep in a full sense of security. Sarsfield's body of horse came down upon them, slew or dispersed the convoy, and took possession of the cannon. Sarsfield could not, however, take the prizes into Limerick. He therefore endeavoured to destroy them. Cramming the guns with powder up to their muzzles, and burying their mouths deep in the earth, then piling the stores, waggons, carriages, and baggage over them, he laid a train and fired it, just as Sir John Lanier, with a body of cavalry, was arriving to rescue the convoy. The explosion was tremendous, and was heard at the camp of William, more than seven miles off. Sarsfield's troops returned to Limerick in triumph.

Notwithstanding these grievous discouragements, William resolved to persevere. He recovered two of the guns, which remained uninjured. He obtained others from Waterford. The trenches were opened on the 17th of August. A battery was raised below the fort to the right of the trenches. Firing went on on both sides. Several redoubts were taken. By the 25th, the trenches were advanced to within thirty paces of the ditch near St. John's Gate, and a breach was made in the walls about twelve yards wide.

The assault was ordered to take place on the 27th. The English grenadiers took the lead, supported by a hundred French officers and volunteers. The enemy were dislodged from the covered way and the two forts which guarded the breach on each side. The assailants entered the breach, but they were not sufficiently supported. The Irish rallied. They returned to the charge, helped by the

women, who pelted the besiegers with stones, broken bottles, and such other missiles as came readily to hand. A Brandenburg regiment having assailed and taken the Black Battery, was blown up by an explosion, which killed many of the men. In fine, the assault was vigorously repulsed; and William's troops retreated to the main body, with a loss of six hundred men killed on the spot and as many mortally wounded.

Rapin was severely wounded. A musket shot hit him in the shoulder, and completely disabled him. His brother Solomon was also wounded. His younger brother fell dead by his side. They belonged to the "forlorn hope," and were volunteers in the assault on the breach. Rapin was raised to the rank of captain.

The siege of Limerick was at once raised. The heavy baggage and cannon were sent away on the 30th of August, and the next day the army decamped and marched towards Clonmel. The King intrusted the command of his army to Lieutenant-General Ginckel, and set sail for England from Duncannon Fort, near Waterford, on the 5th of September.

The campaign was not yet over. The Earl of Marlborough landed near Cork with four thousand men. Reinforced by four thousand Danes and French Huguenots, he shortly succeeded in taking the fortified towns of Cork and Kinsale. After garrisoning these places the Earl returned to England.

General Ginckel went into winter-quarters at Mullingar, in Westmeath. The French troops, under command of Count Lauzun, went into Galway. Lauzun shortly after returned to France, and St. Ruth was sent over to take command of the French and Irish army. But they hung about Galway doing nothing. In the meantime Ginckel was carefully preparing for the renewal of the campaign. He was reinforced by an excellent body of troops from Scotland, commanded by General Mackay. He was also well supplied, through the vigilance of William, with all the necessities of war.

Rapin's friend, Colonel Lord Douglas, pressed him to accompany him to Flanders as his aide-de-camp; but the wound in his shoulder still caused him great pain, and he was forced to decline the appointment. Strange to say, his uncle Pelisson—the converter, or rather the buyer, of so many Romish converts in France—sent him a present of fifty pistoles through his cousin M. de la Bastide, which consoled him greatly during his recovery.

General Ginckel broke up his camp at Mullingar at the beginning of June, and marched towards Athlone. The Irish had assembled a considerable army at Ballymore, about midway between Mullingar and Athlone. They had also built a fort there, and intended to dispute the passage of Ginckel's army. A sharp engagement took place when his forces came up. The Irish were defeated, with the loss of over a thousand prisoners and all their bag and baggage.

Ginckel then appeared before Athlone, but the second resistance of the besieged was much less successful than the first. St. Ruth, the French general, treated the Irish officers and soldiers under his command with supercilious contempt. He admitted none of their officers into his councils. He was as ignorant of the army which he commanded as of the country which he occupied. Nor was he a great general. He had been principally occupied in France in hunting and hanging the poor Protestants of Dauphiny and the Cevennes. He had never fought a pitched battle. His incapacity led to the defeat of the Irish army at Athlone, and afterwards at Aughrim.

St. Ruth treated his English adversaries with as much contempt as he did his Irish followers. When he heard that the English were about to cross the Shannon, he said "it was impossible for them to take the town and he so near with an army to succour it." He added that he would give a thousand louis if they *durst* attempt it. To which Sarsfield retorted, "Spare your money and mind your business; for I know that no enterprise is too difficult for British courage to attempt."

Ginckel took possession of the English town after some resistance, when the Irish army retreated to the other side of the Shannon. Batteries were planted, pontoons were brought up, and the siege began with vigour. Ginckel attempted to get possession of the bridge. One of the arches was broken down, on the Connaught side of the river. Under cover of a heavy fire, a party of Ginckel's men succeeded in raising a plank-work for the purpose of spanning the broken arch. The work was nearly completed, when a sergeant and ten bold Scots belonging to Maxwell's Brigade on the Irish side, pushed on to the bridge; but they were all slain. A second brave party was more successful than the first. They succeeded in throwing all the planks and beams into the river, only two men escaping with their lives.

Ginckel then attempted to repair the broken

arch by carrying a close gallery on the bridge, in order to fill up the gap with heavy planks. All was ready, and an assault was ordered for next day. It was resolved to cross the Shannon in three places—one body to cross by the narrow ford below the bridge, another by the pontoons above it, while the main body was to force the bridge itself. On the morning of the intended crossing, the Irish sent a volley of grenades among the wooden work of the bridge, when some of the fascines took fire, and the whole fabric was soon in a blaze. The smoke blew into the faces of the English, and it was found impossible to cross the river that day.

A council of war was held, to debate whether it was advisable to renew the attack or to raise the siege and retreat. The cannonade had now continued for eight days, and nothing had been gained. Some of the officers were for withdrawing, but the majority were in favour of making a general assault on the following day—seeing more danger in retreating than in advancing. The Duke of Wurtemberg, Major-Generals Mackay, Talmash, Ruvigny, Tetteau, and Colonel Cambon urged "that no brave action could be performed without hazard; and that the attempt was like to be attended with success." Moreover, they proffered themselves to be the first who should pass the river and attack the enemy.

The assault was therefore agreed upon. The river was then at the lowest state at which it had been for years. Next morning, at six o'clock—the usual hour for relieving guards—the detachments were led down to the river. Captain Sands led the first party of sixty grenadiers. They were supported by another strong detachment of grenadiers and six battalions of foot. They went into the water twenty abreast, clad in armour, and pushed across the ford a little below the bridge. The stream was very rapid, and the passage difficult, by reason of the great stones which lay at the bottom of the river. The guns played over them from the batteries and covered their passage. The grenadiers reached the other side amidst the fire and smoke of their enemies. They held their ground and made for the bridge. Some of them laid planks over the broken arch, and others helped at preparing the pontoons. Thus the whole of the English army were able to cross to the Irish side of the river. In less than half an hour they were masters of the town. The Irish were entirely surprised. They fled in all directions, and lost many men. The besiegers did not lose above fifty.



St. Ruth, the Irish commander-in-chief, seemed completely idle during the assault. It is true he ordered several detachments to drive the English from the town after it had been taken; but, remembering that the fortifications of Athlone, nearest to his camp, had not been razed, and that they were now in possession of the enemy, he recalled his troops, and decamped from before Athlone that very night. In a few days Ginckel followed him, and inflicted on his army a terrible defeat at the battle of Aughrim. With that, however, we have nothing to do at present, but proceed to follow the fortunes of Rapin.

Rapin entered Athlone with his regiment, and conducted himself with his usual valour. Ginckel remained only a few days in the place, in order to repair the fortifications. That done, he set out in pursuit of the enemy. He left two regiments in the castle, one of which was that to which Rapin belonged. The soldiers belonged to different nationalities, and had many contentions with each other. The officers stood upon their order of precedence. The men were disposed to quarrel. Aided by a friend, a captain like himself, Rapin endeavoured to pacify the men, and to bring the officers to reason. By his kind, gentle, and conciliatory manner, he soon succeeded in restoring quiet and mutual confidence; and during his stay at Athlone no further disturbance occurred among the garrison.

Rapin was ordered to Kilkenny, where he had a similar opportunity of displaying his qualities of conciliation. A quarrel had sprung up between the chief magistrate of the town and the officers of the garrison. Rapin interceded, and by his firmness and moderation he reconciled all differences; and, at the same time, he gained the respect and admiration of both the disputing parties.

By this time the second siege of Limerick had occurred. Ginckel surrounded the city, and battered the walls and fortresses for six weeks. The French and Irish armies at length surrendered. Fourteen thousand Irish marched out with the honours of war. A large proportion of them joined the army of Louis XIV., and were long after known as "The Irish Brigade." Although they fought valiantly and honourably in many well-known battles, they were first employed in Louis's persecution of the Protestants in the Vaudois and Cevennes mountains. Their first encounter was with the Camisards, under Cavalier, their peasant leader. They gained no glory in that campaign, but a good deal of discredit.

In the meantime Ireland had been restored to peace. After the surrender of Limerick no further resistance was offered to the arms of William III. A considerable body of English troops remained in Ireland to garrison the fortresses. Rapin's regiment was stationed at Kinsale, and there he rejoined it in 1693. He made the intimate friendship of Sir James Waller, the governor of the town. Sir James was a man of much intelligence, a keen observer, and an ardent student. By his knowledge of political history, he inspired Rapin with a like taste, and determined him at a later period in his life to undertake what was a real want at the time, an intelligent and readable history of England.

Rapin was suddenly recalled to England. He was required to leave his regiment and report himself to King William. No reason was given; but with his usual obedience to orders he at once set out. He did not leave Ireland without regret. He was attached to his numerous Huguenot comrades, and he hoped yet to rise to higher grades in the King's service. By special favour he was allowed to hand over his company to his brother Solomon, who had been wounded at the first siege of Limerick. His brother received the promotion which he himself had deserved, and afterwards became lieutenant-colonel of dragoons. Rapin's fortune led him in quite another direction.

It turned out that, by the recommendation of the Earl of Galway (formerly the Marquis de Ruigny, another French Huguenot), he had been recalled to London for the purpose of being appointed governor and tutor to Lord Woodstock, son of Bentinck, Earl of Portland, one of King William's most devoted servants. Lord Galway was consulted by the King as to the best tutor for the son of his friend. He knew of Rapin's valour and courage during his campaigns in Ireland; he also knew of his discretion, his firmness, and his conciliatory manners, in reconciling the men under his charge at Athlone and Kilkenny; and he was also satisfied about his thoughtfulness, his delicacy of spirit, his grace and his nobleness—for he had been bred a noble, though he had served as a common soldier in the army of William.

The King immediately approved the recommendation of Lord Galway. He knew of Rapin's courage at the battle of the Boyne; and he remembered—as every true captain does remember—the serious wound he had received while accompanying the forlorn hope at the first siege of Limerick.

Hence the sudden recall of Rapin from Ireland. On his arrival in London he was presented to the King, and immediately after he entered upon his new function of conducting the education of the future Duke of Portland.

Henry, Lord Woodstock, was then about fifteen. Being of delicate health, he had hitherto been the object of his father's tender care, and it was not without considerable regret that Lord Portland yielded to the request of the King and handed over his son to the government of M. Rapin. Though of considerable intelligence, the powers of his heart were greater than those of his head. Thus Rapin had no difficulty in acquiring the esteem and affection of his pupil.

Portland House was then the resort of the most eminent men of the Whig party, through whose patriotic assistance the constitution of England was placed in the position which it now occupies. Rapin was introduced by Lord Woodstock to his friends. Having already mastered the English language, he had no difficulty in understanding the conflicting opinions of the times. He saw history developing itself before his eyes. He heard with his ears the discussions which eventuated in Acts of Parliament, confirming the liberties of the English people, the liberty of speech, the liberty of writing, the liberty of doing, within the limits of the common law.

All this was of great importance to Rapin. It prepared him for writing his afterwards famous works, his *History of England*, and his *Dissertation on the Whigs and Tories*. Rapin was not only a man of great accomplishments, but he had a remarkable aptitude for languages. He knew French and English, as well as Italian, Spanish, and German. He had an extraordinary memory, and a continuous application and perseverance, which enabled him to suck the contents of many volumes, and to bring out the facts in future years during the preparation of his works. His memory seems to have been of the same order as that of Lord Macaulay, who afterwards made use of his works, and complimented his predecessor as to their value.

According to the custom of those days, the time arrived when Rapin was required to make "the grand tour" with his pupil and friend, Lord Woodstock. This was considered the complement of English education amongst the highest classes. It was thought necessary that young noblemen should come in contact with foreigners, and observe the manners and customs of other countries than their own; and that thus they might acquire a

sort of cosmopolitan education. Archbishop Leighton even considered a journey of this sort as a condition of moral perfection. He quoted the words of the Latin poet: "*Homo sum, et nihil hominem à me alienum puto.*"

No one could be better fitted than Rapin to accompany the young lord on his foreign travels. They went to Holland, Germany, France, Spain, and Italy. Rapin diligently improved himself, while instructing his friend. He taught him the languages of the countries through which they passed; he rendered him familiar with Greek and Latin; he rendered him familiar with the principles of mathematics. He also studied with him the destinies of peoples and of kings, and pointed out to him the Divine will accomplishing itself amidst the destruction of empires. Withal he sought to penetrate the young soul of the friend committed to his charge with that firmness of belief and piety of sentiment which pervaded his own.

It was while in Italy that the Earl of Portland, at the instigation of Rapin, requested copies to be made for him of the rarest and most precious medals in point of historic interest; and also to purchase for him objects of ancient workmanship. Hence Rapin was able to secure for him the *Portland Vase*, now in the British Museum, one of the most exquisite products of Roman and Etruscan ceramic art.

In 1699, the Earl of Portland was sent by William III. as ambassador to the court of Louis XIV., in connection with the negotiations as to the Spanish succession. Lord Woodstock attended the embassy, and Rapin accompanied him. They were entertained at Versailles. Persecution was still going on in France, although about eight hundred thousand persons had already left the country. Rapin at one time thought of leaving Lord Woodstock for a few days, and making a rapid journey south to visit his friends near Toulouse. But the thought of being made a prisoner and sent to the galleys for life stayed him, and he remained at Versailles until the return of the embassy.

Rapin remained with Lord Woodstock for thirteen years. In the meantime he had married, at the Hague, Marie Anne Testart, a refugee from Saint-Quentin. Jean Rou describes her as a true helpmeet for him, young, beautiful, rich, and withal virtuous, and of the most pleasing and gentle temper in the world. Her riches, however, were not great. She had merely, like Rapin, rescued some portion of her heritage from the devouring claws of her persecutors. Rapin accumu-

lated very little capital during his tutorship of Lord Woodstock ; but to compensate him, the King granted him a pension of £100 a year, payable by the States of Holland, until he could secure some better income. The pension was paid during the King's life, but was cancelled at his death.

Rapin lived for some time at the Hague. While there he joined a society of learned French refugees. Among them were Rotolf de la Denèse, Basnage de Beauval, and Jean Rou, secretary to the States-General. One of the objects of the little academy was to translate the Psalms anew into French verse ; but before the version was completed, Rapin was under the necessity of leaving the Hague. William III., his patron, died in 1701, when his pension was stopped. He was promised some remunerative employment, but he was forgotten amidst the press of applicants.

At length he removed to the little town of Wesel, on the Lower Rhine, in the beginning of May, 1707. He had a wife and four children to maintain, and living was much more reasonable at Wesel than at the Hague. His wife's modest fortune enabled him to live there to the end of his days. Wesel was also a resort of the French refugees—persons of learning and taste, though of small means. It was at his modest retreat at Wesel that Rapin began to arrange the immense mass of documents which he had been accumulating during so many years, relating to the history of England. The first work which he published was "A Dissertation on the Origin and Nature of the English Constitution." It met with great success, and went through many editions, besides being translated into nearly all the Continental languages.

He next proceeded with his great work, "The History of England." During his residence in Ireland and England, he had read with great interest all books relating to the early history of the Government of England. He began with the history of England after the Norman Conquest ; but he found that he must begin at the beginning. He studied the history of the Anglo-Saxons, but found it "like a vast forest, where the traveller, with great difficulty, finds a few narrow paths to guide his wandering steps. It was this, however, that inspired him with the design of clearing this part of the English history, by removing the rubbish, and carrying on the thread so as to give, at least, a general knowledge of the earlier history." Then he went back to Julius Cæsar's account of his invasion of Britain, for the purpose of showing how the Saxons came

to send troops into this country, and how a conquest which had cost them so much was at last abandoned by the Romans. He then proceeded, during his residence in England, with his work of reading and writing ; but when he came to the reign of Henry II. he was about to relinquish his undertaking, when an unexpected assistance not only induced him to continue it, but to project a much larger history of England than he had at first intended.

This unexpected assistance was the publication of Rymer's "Fœdera," at the expense of the British Government. The volumes as they came out were sent to Rapin by Le Clerc (another refugee), a friend of Lord Halifax, who was one of the principal promoters of the publication. This book was of infinite value to Rapin in enabling him to proceed with his history. He prepared abstracts of seventeen volumes (now in the Cottonian collection), to show the relation of the acts related in Rymer's "Fœdera" to the history of England. He was also able to compare the facts stated by English historians with those of the neighbouring states, whether they were written in Latin, French, Italian, or Spanish.

The work was accomplished with great labour. It occupied Rapin seventeen years of his life. The work was published at intervals. The two first volumes appeared in November, 1723. During the following year six more volumes were published. The ninth and tenth volumes were left in manuscript, ready for the press. They ended with the coronation of William and Mary at Westminster. Besides, he left a large number of MSS., which were made use of by the editor of the continuation of Rapin's history.

Rapin died at Wesel in 1725, at the age of sixty-four. His work, the cause of his fatal illness, was almost his only pleasure. He was worn out by hard study and sedentary confinement, and at last death came to his rescue. He had struggled all his life against persecution ; against the difficulties of exile ; against the enemy ; and though he did not die on the field of battle, he died on the breach pen in hand, in the place of work and duty, striving to commemorate the independence through which a noble people had worked their way to ultimate freedom and liberty. The following epitaph was inscribed over his grave :—

" Ici le casque et la science,  
L'esprit vif, la solidité.  
La politesse et la sincérité  
Ont fait une heureuse alliance,  
Dont le public a profité."



The first edition of Rapin's history, consisting of two volumes, was published at the Hague by Rogessart. The Rev. David Durand added two more volumes to the second edition, principally compiled from the memoranda left by Rapin at his death. The twelfth volume concluded the reign of William III.

The fourth edition appeared in 1733. Being originally composed and published in French, the work was translated into English by Mr. N. Tindal, who added numerous notes. Two editions were published simultaneously in London, and a third translation was published some sixty years later. The book was attacked by the Jacobite authors, who defended the Stuart party against the statements of the author. In those fanatical times impartiality was nothing to them. A man must be emphatically for the Stuarts, or against them. Yet the work of Rapin held its ground, and it long continued to be regarded as the best history that had up to that time been written.

The Rapin family are now scattered over the world. Some remain in Holland, some have settled in Switzerland, some have re-

turned to France, but the greater number are Prussian subjects. James, the only son of Rapin, studied at Cleves, then at Antwerp, and at thirty-one he was appointed to the important office of Director of the French Colonies at Stettin and Stargardt. Charles, Rapin's eldest brother, was a captain of infantry in the service of Prussia. Two sons of Louis de Rapin were killed in the battles of Smolensko and Leipsic.

Many of the Rapins attained high positions in the military service of Prussia. Colonel Philip de Rapin-Thoyras was the head of the family in Prussia. He was with the Allied Army in their war of deliverance against France in the years 1813, 1814, and 1815. He was consequently decorated with the Cross and the Military Medal for his long and valued services to the country of his adoption.

The handsome volume by Raoul de Cazanove, entitled "*Rapin-Thoyras, sa Famille, sa Vie, et ses Œuvres*," to which we are indebted for much of the above information, is dedicated to this distinguished military chief.

S. SMILES.

## THE PROPHETIC ELEMENT IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

BY THE REV. PREBENDARY ROW, M.A.

### II.

HAVING discussed the first portion of this subject in my former article, I am now in a position to enter on the consideration of the second. In doing so, it will be necessary that it should be carefully borne in mind that this prophetic element consists of two distinct factors. First, of a number of utterances respecting a superhuman person, who was to appear in the future and erect a kingdom of God, all of which the writers of the New Testament assume to have been realised in Jesus Christ, and in the Church which he has founded. Secondly, of a vast system of typology, the different parts of which are alleged by the same writers to converge and centre in His divine person, in whom all the wants and aspirations of human nature, which this typical system attempted to satisfy, but only imperfectly succeeded in accomplishing, have received their full and complete satisfaction.

The argument, therefore, will stand as follows. It is a simple matter of fact that various utterances are spread over the Old Testament, announcing the setting up of a

kingdom of God, which was to differ from all earthly kingdoms, and of the appearance of a superhuman person, the Messiah, who was to be its king. Long ages elapsed, but this kingdom appeared not. At last an obscure Jewish carpenter laid claim to this Messianic office, who has succeeded in erecting a Messianic kingdom, which has realised all the great ideas which underlay the prophetic delineations of it; has proved its vitality by a continued existence of eighteen centuries and a half; is still instinct with a vigorous and expansive life, and which at the present moment embraces within its limits all the progressive races of mankind. Again: its system of typology has not only been realised in the person of this carpenter; but there has existed no other person in the history of the past in whom it can be said to have received its realisation. Still further: the gradually increasing clearness of its Messianic delineations, and the convergency of its typology in a single person, prove that the gradual evolution of the whole system was the result, not of chance, but of plan,

wisdom, and purpose, which was deliberately carried out until the idea which underlay the whole was realised in our Lord. Assuming, therefore, that these facts are capable of proof, they render it certain that the entire development must have been presided over by a superhuman power and a superhuman wisdom. Such, briefly stated, is the argument.

In order that the reader should be able fully to estimate its value, it is necessary that he should carefully consider of what the Old Testament really consists. It is not a book, but a collection of books. It has not been composed by a single author, but by at least forty different ones, comprising men in every condition of life, from the king to the herdsman. It is not a treatise on a particular subject, but the remains of an entire literature, extending over a period of not less than one thousand years. Most varied are its contents. The books which compose it contain a body of political legislation, of historical documents, of poems which have never been surpassed, of discussions of questions of the profoundest interest to mankind in every age, of utterances of prophets bearing on the great questions of their own and of future times, and of maxims of proverbial wisdom. Most of the prophets were likewise statesmen; and a large portion of their writings consists of exhortations called forth by the state of public affairs, and the moral condition of the people. Yet the whole of these writings, extending over so long an interval of time, and composed by such a variety of authors, are interpenetrated by a number of common ideas, purposes, and aims, such as can be found in no similar body of literature; among the most striking of which are anticipations and delineations of a kingdom of God which was to be manifested in the future, and of a superhuman person who was to be its king. One further point requires notice. Ancient authors have imagined a Golden Age; but it has been their universal practice to place it in the distant past, and to contemplate the present and the future with a feeling akin to despair. These writers, on the contrary, are equally unanimous in placing man's golden age in the future, in connection with the manifestation of the kingdom of God, and his iron age in the present and in the past. Such are some of the unique traits of these writings; but an event followed which is absolutely without a parallel in history. Several centuries after they were composed a person named Jesus appeared, who claimed to be

the realisation of all the great ideas which underlay them; and on the strength of this claim, He has actually succeeded in erecting the Catholic Church, a kingdom of God, a society which even unbelievers must confess to have exerted a mightier influence on the destinies of mankind than any other which has ever existed in the world. Of this society an overwhelming majority of the wisest and the best of men who have lived during the last eighteen centuries have been members. I say, then, that the fact that an obscure carpenter should have succeeded in persuading them that he has realised in his own person the true idea which underlies the predictions, the symbolism, and the aspirations of such a body of literature as I have described, is so absolutely unique in the history of mankind, that it can only be accounted for as being the result of the manifestation of a superhuman power.

Let it be observed that the force of this reasoning is not in the smallest degree weakened by certain critical difficulties connected with the various books of the Old Testament. My readers are aware that no question has been more strongly debated among modern writers than their date and authorship, and that formidable objections have been urged against the received opinions on this subject. A few examples will suffice. Eminent writers have affirmed that the book of Genesis is a composite work, and of a date far later than the times of Moses. The same affirmation has been made respecting the other books of the Pentateuch, which have been assigned to various dates and to various authors, especially the book of Deuteronomy, which has been attributed to an unknown author in the reign of Josiah. In a similar manner, the book which bears the name of Isaiah has been divided into two portions, one of which is alleged to have been composed by a prophet who flourished during the reign of Hezekiah, and the other by an unknown writer during the captivity. But not to multiply examples, many eminent writers have affirmed that the book of Daniel is not the work of the prophet whose name it bears, but that it first came into existence about 150 B.C. These and a number of kindred affirmations have greatly disturbed the minds of many, and have led them to think that if they cannot be disproved they deprive the testimony of the Old Testament to Christ of all evidential value.

I fully admit the deep interest of these questions in a theological point of view; but

when they are urged as an objection against the argument from prophecy, my reply is that they leave it wholly unaffected. What, I ask, is the real question at issue? Clearly not by whom the different books of the Old Testament may have been written, or what is the exact date of their composition; but whether they were in existence long prior to the advent, whether they contain a Messianic element running through their entire texture, and whether Jesus Christ is its complete realisation. If these things can be proved, it matters little whether its different books were written two hundred or two thousand years before His birth.

Respecting their antiquity there can be no doubt. Every one of them was certainly in existence when the Septuagint version was completed, which was not later than B.C. 180. To this the book of Daniel may be a possible exception; but writers even of the most extreme school allow that it was written not later than B.C. 150. What more, I ask, do we want? The real question is, Do this and the other books of the Old Testament contain Messianic elements? and are they realised in Jesus Christ? If both these are facts, it matters not whether it was composed 150 or 1,500 years B.C. The fact is undoubted, that every one of them (the one above alluded to being in the eyes of even unbelieving writers the only possible exception) was composed long centuries prior to the advent.

This point is of such importance, that I must put before the reader two illustrations of the argument. Let us suppose, as unbelieving writers allege, that the book of Deuteronomy was composed as late as the reign of Josiah, *i.e.* more than six hundred years before Christ. Still, whether it was composed then, or a thousand years earlier, it contained the great Messianic prophecy of the prophet who was to arise like unto Moses. The only question which concerns us is, Is Jesus Christ a prophet who fully realises the delineation of this book? Has any other prophet done so? On the latter point the author of the last chapter, who was probably Ezra, distinctly affirms that up to his time no such prophet had appeared; and if none had appeared prior to the Babylonish captivity, it will not be pretended that any who flourished after it had this resemblance. What then was the great characteristic which distinguished Moses from any other prophet who succeeded him? He was the founder of a dispensation, and as such the legislator of the kingdom of God. He united in his own person the offices of pro-

phet, priest, and king. His relations with God were more intimate than those of any prophet who followed him. But after long ages a prophet did appear who claimed to bear this resemblance to Moses. This prophet has founded a new dispensation, has introduced a new covenant, unites the three offices of prophet, priest, and king in His own person, has constituted Himself the legislator of the new kingdom of God which He has founded, and His union with God is so perfect, that that between God and Moses is but an imperfect shadow of the great reality. The question, therefore, whether this book was composed B.C. 600 or B.C. 1,600, has no bearing either direct or indirect on the evidential value of this prophecy. The only possible reply to this reasoning is, that the prediction suggested to Jesus Christ the idea of attempting its realisation. My reply is, if this were so, whence has come his success? Is the idea consistent—I do not say with the holiness and the elevation, but with the honesty of his character?

The same line of reasoning is applicable to the prophet Isaiah. Eminent critics have assumed that there is evidence that this book is the work of at least two authors; the first forty chapters being the composition of the prophet Isaiah, who flourished during the period mentioned in its opening verse; and the last twenty-six of a nameless prophet, who lived during the reign of Cyrus. Into this controversy I have no intention to enter, for it is needless. It is only to be regretted that it should have been so handled as to shake any one's faith in the Divine character of the Bible. If we suppose the theory to be true, what results follow? In that case the second Isaiah must have lived considerably more than 500 years B.C. What more, I ask, can we require? Be the theory therefore true or false, it neither adds or subtracts one single Messianic element from the book. The only question that bears on this argument is, Do both portions of the work contain Messianic prophecies? On this point the careful student can judge for himself. Have these Messianic prophecies been realised in Jesus Christ? Here the means of forming a correct opinion are at hand, by simply instituting a comparison between the Christology of the New Testament and the delineations of the kingdom of God, and of its king, the Messiah, as we read them in the prophet.

The same line of reasoning is applicable to all disputed questions respecting the date and authorship of the other books of the



Old Testament, and to a large number of other questions which have been raised respecting it. I by no means deny that they are of deep theological interest, or that their determination, one way or the other, may render considerable modifications of our systems of theology necessary. But what I am desirous of guarding against is, the widespread idea which has been encouraged by numerous writers on the Christian side, that unless these questions are determined in conformity with the popular opinions which are entertained respecting them, it will subvert the value of prophecy as a witness to Christ.

Let us now consider the evidential value of the argument.

I stated in my former article that the Old Testament contained two kinds of Messianic prophecies, of which the first consists of prophecies directly Messianic without any reference to a human subject. Of these, those in Daniel, the 37th of Ezekiel, the 23rd and 33rd of Jeremiah, the 14th of Zechariah, the 4th of Malachi, several in Isaiah, and a few of the Psalms may be referred to as examples. Of a similar character are the numerous prophecies of a future kingdom of God, the idea of which necessarily implies that of a Christ who was to be its king. All these prophecies are in the strictest sense of the word predictions, *i.e.* their authors did not affirm that they were true of any person or thing then existing, but that they would be realised in the future. Moreover, this kingdom of God is depicted as of a wholly different character from any institution which had existed during the past; it was to be a universal kingdom, embracing all the nations of men, and its end was to be the establishment of the reign of holiness, righteousness, and peace.

How, then, stand the facts of history? Centuries passed away, and this kingdom of God and its Messiah appeared not. On the contrary, events grew more dark and gloomy. The future, instead of affording the prospect of a reign of righteousness, seemed fraught with the indications of one of accumulated evil. The little Jewish theocracy, instead of expanding itself, gradually shrivelled up into narrower and ever-increasing exclusiveness. At last, however, in the days of its deepest darkness, a Personage appeared, who founded a spiritual kingdom, which differed in character from every earthly one, but which He affirmed to be the realisation of the prophetic delineation, and of which He claimed to be the King. This kingdom has exerted the most beneficial influence on the destinies of

man for eighteen centuries and a half, and is still progressing in accomplishing the purposes of its institution. We are therefore in possession of two facts: the first, the announcement of the advent of this kingdom and of its Messianic King; and the second, its realisation in history after an interval of several centuries. What, I ask, does this prove? I answer, the presence of the super-human.

The only objection which can be urged against the validity of this inference is, that these predictions, like the one that the Roman empire should last for twelve centuries, which the augurs are alleged to have predicted from the twelve vultures which are said to have appeared to Romulus, and which was verified in fact, were the results of a number of fortunate guesses, or that they were the cause of their own fulfilment. To the first of these I reply that the parallel will not hold, because the Kingdom of God and its Messiah are depicted in the prophetic delineation in considerable minuteness of detail, a thing which is wholly wanting in the other vaticination; and that it is not a solitary prediction, like the Roman one, but a body of predictions, spread over a period of a thousand years, and uttered by many prophets with a gradually increasing illumination. As to the objection that it may have fulfilled itself, my answer is, that nothing is easier than to make such an objection, but that nothing is more difficult than to make it become a practical reality. Such a prediction fulfilling itself is without any parallel in history, and the idea of it makes utter shipwreck of the character of our Lord.

Let us now turn our attention to the second class of Messianic prophecies. These, as I have already said, were spoken by the prophet of some person who had existed in the past, or who was then living; but the language used was far too elevated to be strictly true of the person to whom it was immediately applied. This class of predictions may be called typical prophecies. I mean by this term, when some event or historical character was used for the purpose of portraying a future one, which was to possess similar attributes, only higher and more perfect than those exhibited in the person or event of whom they were immediately spoken. Of this class, various prophetic utterances made to David in his character of a king of the theocracy, may be cited as crucial examples. These may be described as idealisations of him in that capacity. That they were frequently intended as such

by the prophet himself, is proved by the fact that the later prophets were in the habit of speaking of a David, who was to be manifested as the future head of the kingdom of God, ages after the historical David was silent in his grave. This David was an ideal David, or, in other words, a Christ, in whom the promises made to the historical one were to receive their perfect realisation. Similar idealisations are common in the Old Testament Scriptures, of which that of Israel may be referred to as an additional example, of whom many things are spoken which could be only strictly true of an ideal Israel, and are utterly inapplicable to the Israel with which the prophets were acquainted. Of this class of predictions our Lord claimed to be the realisation, and their correspondence to the character delineated in the Gospels, and to the Church which He has founded, is incontestable. Let the reader compare the one with the other and form his own judgment.

But further, these two classes of prophecy depict the Messiah under two different characters, which are extremely difficult to conceive of as meeting together in the same person, viz. that of a triumphant King, and that of a lowly sufferer. Of the latter kind my space will only allow me to refer to two examples, the 22nd Psalm and the delineation of "the Servant of Jehovah" in the latter section of Isaiah. Let us look briefly at the Psalm. What are its distinctive features? It sets before us a holy sufferer fallen into the hands of his bitterest foes, enduring at their hands the extremity of torture, even until he is "brought into the dust of death." But this is not all. His sufferings are described as the means and the occasion of a great triumph both to himself and to others, so that their ultimate effect is intended to be that "all the ends of the earth should remember and turn unto the Lord, and all the kindreds of the nations should worship before him." I do not dwell on the minor points of the description, which no reader can peruse without feeling that they have a very close resemblance to those of our Lord as depicted in the Gospels, but only in its great outlines. Now with respect to these, it is not too much to say that if David be the author of the Psalm, no known circumstances of his life correspond with this description, nor do they fit in with those of any human sufferer known to history. This being so, the Psalm must be viewed as an idealisation of suffering, terminating in a triumphant issue—an issue which would be

beneficial to all the races of mankind. Of such suffering there is only one example known to history, that of Jesus Christ, the evangelical narrative of which and their triumphant result is a complete realisation of the portraiture of the Psalm.

Let us now turn to the delineation of the Servant of Jehovah which is contained in the latter section of Isaiah. Let it be observed that it is not confined to the fifty-second and fifty-third chapters, as is commonly supposed. It begins with the forty-second, and culminates in the fifty-third; and it continually appears in shadowy outline in all the intermediate chapters. It is of no importance in relation to our argument what was the underlying conception of the delineation which was present in the prophet's mind. The reader of the entire section will probably draw the conclusion that it was an idealised Israel, as distinct from the actual Israel, with which he was acquainted. It is true that "the Servant of Jehovah" is nowhere expressly named after the description of his sufferings and their triumphant issue, in the fifty-third chapter, but it may be a question whether he is not the real idea which underlies all the subsequent Messianic prophecies of this book, especially of the sixty-third chapter, which begins, "Who is he that cometh from Edom?" Be this as it may, the student cannot fail to discern in the Servant of Jehovah, as depicted by the prophet, an idealisation of patient suffering, even unto death, followed by a glorious triumph of the sufferer, and attended with results most important to mankind. Who, I ask, in history has realised the description of the prophet? To this there can be only one answer. The carpenter of Nazareth, and He alone.

We are, therefore, in the presence of a great fact. The Old Testament Scriptures contain the idealisation of two most incongruous ideas, that of a Sufferer, even to death, but whose sufferings were to be followed by a glorious triumph. Poetic fancy has never succeeded in delineating the perfect image of patient suffering undergone by the sufferer for the sake of others; still less in combining it with a triumphant issue satisfactory to the sufferer himself, and in the highest degree beneficial to those for whom he suffered. But this delineation has been realised in Jesus Christ, and in Him alone of men. What is the legitimate inference from so strange a fact? I answer, the presence of the superhuman.

My space renders it necessary that I should pass over the prophetic delineations of the future kingdom of God, and their realisation

in Jesus Christ and the Church which he has founded. In conclusion, I must briefly invite the reader's attention to the typical elements of the Old Testament dispensation.

The writers of the New Testament affirm that He is the complete realisation of its entire sacrificial and symbolical system. This claim is also made by our Lord himself. It amounts to this: the rites, ceremonies, and institutions of Judaism all pointed to some deep-felt wants in human nature which they endeavoured to satisfy, but were in no proper sense able to do so. What the New Testament affirms is, that all these rites, symbols, and sacrifices have received their full realisation in the person, work, and history of Jesus Christ; and that so complete is the embodiment in His person of everything to which they pointed, that they have become for ever hereafter nugatory and worthless.

This is a vast subject which it is impossible to do justice to in the limited space of a single article, consisting as it does, not only of several important philosophical principles, but of a large number of details. But it ultimately brings us, however, into the presence of a simple question of fact. Is Jesus Christ, as he is depicted by the various writers of the New Testament, the ideal embodiment of whatever was real in the institutions of the Old, the substance of which they were the shadowy outlines? Whether this be so or no can only be determined by a careful comparison of the entire system of symbolism with its alleged realisation in the New. One very striking fact, however, I must notice here. Let it be observed that Christianity, although it grew out of Judaism, has entirely superseded its whole symbolical system. This is certainly a strong testimony that it has succeeded in realising the reality which underlay it.

To one more striking fact I must draw attention before I conclude. The rite of sacrifice was universal in the ancient world; it formed the very essence and centre of Judaism. The writers of the New Testament affirm that Jesus Christ has realised in His person the entire meaning which underlay this wide-spread institution, and has thereby rendered it for the future unnecessary and unmeaning. What has been the verdict of

mankind respecting it? To this question there can be only one answer. Wherever Christianity has been accepted the entire sacrificial system, so deeply entwined with every institution of the ancient world, has perished; and a bloody victim has never stained the altars of the Christian Church. The only sacrifice which it has to offer is the sacrifice of self.

Let me now briefly sum up the argument, and while I do so do not forget to observe that it is a cumulative argument bringing the convergent face of many to bear in a common centre. What then are the unquestionable facts? The Old Testament, many centuries before the birth of Jesus Christ, announced the setting up of a future kingdom of God, and the advent of a Messiah, who was to be its King. Such a kingdom has certainly been set up by Jesus Christ, in which He has reigned for eighteen centuries and a half. It affirms that a prophet would appear in the future like unto Moses. One prophet, and one only, has appeared bearing this resemblance—Jesus Christ. It describes a personage of an exalted holiness, and to whom it ascribes a superhuman character, as suffering for others. This description is fully realised in Jesus Christ, and in Him alone. Its Messiah was to be a royal Priest. Jesus Christ, the King of His Church, has annulled all priesthood and sacrifice but his own by realising their underlying ideas in His own person. Judaism consisted of a mass of rites, ceremonies, and symbols. Jesus Christ and His Church embody all the reality they contain, and have rendered them valueless for the future. Its great kings and prophets earnestly longed for better things to come. All these aspirations have received their complete satisfaction in our Lord's person, work, and teaching. The law taught a system of morality imperfect, but yet pointing to a higher one, the realisation of which was its purpose and aim. Jesus Christ has "filled up to the full" the idea of the law. This argument consists of a multitude of minor details, but such are its salient points, which all centre in one Person, and in Him alone. Can all this have been the result of a number of fortunate guesses? Let the reader draw the inference whether it does or does not denote the presence of the superhuman.





## IN ARCADIA.

DREAMY-SOFT thy lay and tender,  
Exile in Australian wild;

Happy thou, with power to render  
Ditties that might soothe a child.

But, oh, touch not strain that's bolder—  
Strain that echoed o'er the hills  
Of your native land, when older  
Days were free from modern ills!

Play for rude content and pleasure;  
Waken not the thoughts untold:  
Let the memory hold the measure  
Dimly of the songs of old.

Hark, the bell-bird, sudden sounding,  
Fills the pauses of the strain;  
And the wayward heart goes bounding,  
Hearing village bells again!

Still the sheep are resting yonder,  
All the land is softly fair;  
It needs but Pan, with sudden wonder,  
To appear, with pan-pipes there.

Alas! but Pan is dead, and only  
Exiled shepherds chant the strain—  
Pipe to pass the day so lonely,  
Daring not some songs again.

E. CONDER GRAY.

## A LITTLE IRELAND.

BY THE RIVERSIDE VISITOR.

**A**MONG the minor curiosities of civilisation in England must, we think, be ranked the practice of freely founding colonies within her boundaries—colonies in which the immigrating nationality establishes itself supreme, and from which the aboriginal inhabitants, speedily disappear. There are Jewish colonies, French colonies, Italian colonies, and above all, and outnumbering all, Irish colonies. In every city or township of the first rank there is sure to be a Little Ireland, and in some of them, as for instance Liverpool, the Little Ireland is, to use an Irishism, a pretty big Ireland. That the great metropolis comes in for a fair share of this kind of colonisation need scarcely be said. Of the several poor quarters of London having Little Irelands in their midst, the quarter of which our district forms part is one, and the Ireland in this case lies wholly within our district. Impulsive and uninquiring friends of ours are wont to pity us upon this score, their general impression being that an alien venturing alone and unarmed into the Celtic colony must carry his life in his hand. This, however, is an altogether mistaken notion. That our work in this particular part of our district presents special difficulties is most true, but it is also most natural that it should be so. It is an inevitable outcome of the law of environment; of the material surroundings of, and influencing beliefs, and habits of life and thought prevailing among the inhabitants of the little colony. But difficulty is not danger, and the work of visitation in such a locality is, on the whole, highly interesting. The fact is, the evil re-

pute in which a Little Ireland is generally held is not based upon an actual present-day knowledge of its characteristics. It is founded either upon the traditions that have come down from the bad old days of the "No Popery" and "No-Irish-Need-Apply" cries, or on the supposition that all Little Irelandites are of the "Wild Irish" type. These latter are, in most instances, however, but a small percentage, though it is only fair to add that they constitute that section of the colonists whose "doings" come most frequently before the outer world through the medium of police-court records. There are spots in the Little Irelands, just as there are spots in other "low" quarters, into which it really would be dangerous for a *policeman* to adventure alone. But apart from the police, whom they are inclined to regard as their natural enemy and legitimate prey, the Wild Irish are rather less than more dangerous to others than are the generality of the wild tribes of civilisation. Their wildness is specific. They are distinctively faction-fighters and maintainers of vendettas. A Wild Irishman, even when "mad with the drink"—and at such a time he is certainly a fearsome spectacle—rarely shows a disposition to attack strangers, or run a-muck indiscriminately. It is against some known and specified O or Mac, or family or tribe of O's or Macs with whom he is at feud, that his fury—often enough only a fury of words—is directed. It is only as against them that he unburies the hatchet, and he usually finds among them some foeman worthy, or it may be more than worthy, of his steel—or

tongue. When in more sober, or, to be exact, less drunken moments, the Wild Irishman finds himself in the condition which he graphically describes as being that of "feeling mouldy for want of a bating," he is certainly given to going abroad into the highways and byways of the settlement, uttering wholesale threats, and issuing challenges to mortal combat—couched in a general invitation to "come out and be kilt"—to all and sundry. To a stranger of a nervous temperament, and imbued with the popular belief that a Little Ireland is a dangerous spot for *foreigners*, the sight of a Wild Irishman thus on the "rampage," and armed with the leg of a chair or table as a substitute for the traditional shillaly, would doubtless be an alarming spectacle. But for one who, though not of the colony, was acquainted with its ways, he would have no terrors. As regards the world at large, the threatenings and defiances of a Wild Irishman when in search of a *shindy*, though full of sound and fury, signify nothing. It is probably for sake of verbal effect that they are framed on the "come-one-come-all" lines. At any rate it is quite understood among the initiated that practically they are only intended to apply to the individuals or faction with whom the challenger is known to be at enmity. It is only a rival factionist who ever responds to them, or upon whom they are forced. When a Wild Irishman does thus go on the war-path, his war-whoops and threats of doom are of the most terrific order. It is therefore well to be able to record that "when comes the tug of war," and wild man meets wild man, the interchange of words is still stronger than the interchange of blows—were it not so, the inevitable result would be the annihilation of the combatants.

We have dealt at this length upon the characteristics of the wild section of Little Irelandites, because we have found by experience that there is a general tendency to judge of the whole body by this its most undesirable part. That it should be so is a matter for regret, though it can scarcely be accounted a matter of wonder, seeing that a Little Ireland is usually a *terra incognita* to the inhabitants of surrounding districts, and that the Wild Irish are those who chiefly make themselves felt outside their district. But, as we have been trying to show, the wild section are in a minority, while *their* distinguishing characteristics tend rather to make them formidable to each other than to the stranger entering within their gates. Indeed, where it becomes known—as in our

own case—that the foreigner is engaged in a work of peace, the only difference of reception that he is likely to meet with will consist in the wilder natives being more effusive and hyperbolic than others in their greetings of courtesy. If any special danger attaches to the work of visitation in a Little Ireland, it is not that of being either assaulted or insulted by the inhabitants. It is a less palpable, and, as most people would hold, more terrible danger than that; the danger of "the pestilence that walketh in darkness; the destruction that wasteth at noonday." The Little Ireland is usually a hotbed and centre of those epidemic diseases that are bred of poverty, overcrowding, absence of sanitary appliances, and ignorance of sanitary laws. Many a parish doctor, many a relieving officer, or other public functionary of that kind, many a brave volunteer of the Christian army, and above all many a good priest, has been fatally stricken when doing duty in a Little Ireland.

The particular Little Ireland of our district consists of two long streets lying some little distance apart, but running in parallel lines and connected by a network of courts and alleys extending between them. It is bounded at the one end by the river, and at the other by a cross street, which stands to it, and to the poor quarter of the district generally, as a marketing street—a street in which the chief shops are those of the "offal" butcher, the cheap baker, the cheap butterman, the dealers in second-hand clothing and second-hand boots, and the fishmonger of the type that sells his goods fresh by day and fried by night; with, as a *matter of course*, a pawnbroker's establishment and a liberal supply of public-houses. It is principally in this street that outsiders ever get a passing glimpse of the natives of the Little Ireland; though, as these latter live pretty much like the general poor of the quarter, there is but one shop in the street that gives any special indication of the near vicinity of the Irish colony. This is a small news-agent's shop, in which are displayed Irish newspapers and books, and an assortment of those cheap highly-coloured pictures—illustrative of Scriptural subjects, or symbolical of points of creed—which form the leading, and in many cases the only, pictorial adornment of the homes of the poorer classes of Irish.

At what exact date our particular colony was founded we are not in a position to say, but living memory (so far as we have been able to ascertain) passeth not to a time when

it was not there. If the dilapidated appearance of its houses was to be taken as a criterion, it might have been established at any time within the brick-and-mortar era. But the forlorn, half-sacked, and, so to speak, reckless look of the dwellings is much less the work of "Time's effacing finger" than of the habits of a rough and oft-changing tenantry, and the custom of non-repairing, rack-renting landlords. As to the general "lay out" of the quarter, that is in the well-known metropolitan rookery style. The streets are narrow, tortuous, ill-paved, over-guttered, and under-scavengered. The courts present the same features in aggravated forms, and may be best summed up as "slummy;" while streets and courts, even out of doors, are alike pervaded with the reek of humanity, as it is given to make itself felt where humanity is found under conditions of poverty, overcrowding, and a plentiful lack of sanitary knowledge and appliances. To a stranger, numbers of the houses would seem to be untenanted. The windows are curtainless, and have as much board, paper, or rag in them as glass, or more. Door-handles, knockers, and numbers have disappeared—have gone the way of the marine-store dealer. The doors themselves show odd or broken panels, and coats of ingrained dirt mingling with and for the most part killing the paint. Altogether, they present an aspect of desolation that in any other neighbourhood would unmistakably indicate a tenantless condition. But these signs are not to be so read here. If the present inhabitants have brought their rooms into this state, their continuing to live in them is regarded as simply a matter of taste. It is only when they think of flitting that the landlord has a word to say. The words exchanged on such occasions are usually of the strongest, but your rack-renter is nothing if not great at putting on the screw; and as in these instances he has equity upon his side, he generally succeeds in forcing some compensation from departing tenants, who either in themselves or through their families have given practical proof of destructive proclivities. If the current occupiers are not the guilty parties, the dilapidations are allowed for in the rent, and they are content; nor, strange as it may appear at a first glance, is their contentment hard to understand. For the poorer of the poor Irish the home life is shorn of its fair proportions. Home, to them, means little more than a place to sleep in, and, so that it be but weather-proof, they care for and hope for little else. Both man and wife are out all day long,

following some laborious and ill-paid employment; and such children as are not at school are sporting in the gutter, careless and uncared for. The heads of the family rank with the modern Gibeonites, are hewers of wood and drawers of water, and Irish street children have a special liveliness of temperament which leads to their "taking more out of themselves" than even the general run of young gutterlings. When night comes all hands are tired out, and "weariness can snore upon the flint," and reckons not of nice questions of space, convenience, or appearance in its sleeping room. This, speaking broadly, is the secret of the contentedness of the poor Irish with their miserable homes, not, as is very commonly supposed, a preference for dirt or disorder, or any special incapacity to appreciate a better state of things. Of the unhealthiness of such homes as theirs they are kept in mind in very practical, and sometimes very terrible, fashion.

The rate of mortality in Little Ireland is always exceptionally high. Ordinary low or "famine" fever haunts the place, and from time to time it is swept by outbreaks of epidemic diseases. When these occur the local authorities make incursions into the colony and subject infected houses to some sanitary process of a superficial kind. But this is merely whitening the sepulchre. The houses are so old, so habitually overcrowded and neglected, and as an effect of these causes so ingrainedly foul, that they must be impregnated with the germs of disease; and the germs there, it only requires some favourable season or circumstance to quicken them. Thus it comes that sickness and death are rife in Little Ireland. The parish doctor is a more frequent if not a more familiar visitor in the quarter than even the hard-working priest who has spiritual charge of it. The parish fever and small-pox vans also find much of their work in Little Ireland, and, indeed, a large proportion of the whole work of parish relief in the district centres in Little Ireland. Many of the inhabitants have been born in the colony, and all of them have lived long enough within its border to have secured a "settlement" in the parish of which it forms part. They have the legal *right* to claim relief, are many of them wretchedly and chronically poor, and have much less horror than have the respectable English poor of "coming on the parish." Relatively to their numbers they are a costly class to the ratepayers, and this we know is with many persons a very sore point. It is a point upon which a good deal could be said





on either side, but it is not within the scope of the present article to discuss it.

A special feature in Little Ireland is of course the *brogue*. From experience we have come to be able to understand though not to speak it, nor shall we attempt to reproduce it here. It is rich and falls pleasantly upon the ear, especially when coming from the mouths of the women and children. A good deal of it lies in accent rather than language, that is to say, a good deal of it is cockney Irish, but there is also a good deal of *broad* Irish in it. In this connection it is a curious and noteworthy fact that some of those who have been born in this Little Ireland, and never travelled farther beyond it than the Kentish hop grounds, speak the broadest Irish and richest brogue, quite putting into the shade in these respects many who come from the "ould cuntry." So far

from being "wild" in their bearing towards outsiders, the bulk of the inhabitants of the Little Ireland are

specially and characteristically civil. Thus, we are well enough known to them by name, but they generally speak of us as *the gentleman*, and to us as "yer honour," or "yer worship," or "father," the latter title being applied from force of habit in so addressing their priest, who is their most familiar visitor. In the same spirit, when returning your good day, they add, "and good luck," or "joy go with you," and for a little service done or a kind word spoken they wish you God speed or God bless you. They are frank, too, as well as voluble in speaking of their affairs; and as a body they would certainly have the right to describe themselves as "poor, but honest." They mostly follow callings in which they are liable to be "frozen out," and the winter is ever a hard time with them—a time when those who do not "go on the parish" can

only manage to live from hand to mouth by means of credit with the tradesmen, and more particularly the bakers, of the colony. And the credit is freely given. In the course of a severe winter the bakers of Little Ireland will let a regular customer—a dock labourer say—run up a bread bill amounting to £5, or, in exceptional cases, even to a considerably larger sum, and when good times return they will be faithfully paid. In the seasons of hardship, it may also be remarked, the proverbial kindness of the poor to the poor is nowhere displayed more abundantly than among the poor of a Little Ireland. Few of the adults of our Irish colony can read or write. They are very ignorant generally, and particularly and curiously ignorant in the matter of dates. They make little account of days or months. Their chief chronological points of calculation are the festivals of their Church and their one great secular festival—the hopping. For instance, if you ask a woman the age of her child, she will reply that it was “either eight or nine about five weeks before last hopping.” That the rising generation of the colonists will be less ignorant than their parents there is, however, good grounds to hope. A com-

modious and well-managed Roman Catholic school has been established upon the borders of the colony, and by the efforts of the School Board—in the way of applying their power to enforce attendance at *some* school—seconded by those of the good father having spiritual charge in the district, the juvenile population of Little Ireland are being systematically passed through the schools.

We could say a good deal more about our Little Ireland—which may be taken as a typical colony of its kind—did space permit. But we think we have even now said sufficient to establish the point we wished to establish—namely, that a Little Ireland is not so black, so dangerous a spot as the popular imagination is wont to paint it, or its inhabitants as a body the wild tribe they are commonly supposed to be. Of course, as we have said, they have black sheep among them. Even as a body they have their faults; but they have also their virtues. They are honest, hard-working, hard-living, and kindly. That some of the prejudice that keeps them apart is upon their side, there can be no doubt; but taken altogether they are much more men and brethren than those around them are usually prepared to admit.

## THE TWO MIRRORS.

SITTING in the summer twilight,  
Sunset fading in the West,  
Hushed the song-bird's latest vesper,  
Nature sinking to her rest;

Gone the busy hours of day-time,  
Silence stealing o'er the earth,  
Night her mantle softly laying  
Over scenes of grief and mirth;

Idly dreaming of the Future,  
Hoping, fearing, wondering,  
Thoughts of coming years possessed me,  
What they might or might not bring!

Suddenly I turned—beside me  
Stood a figure tall and spare,  
Veiled—a wreath of flick'ring starlight  
Placed upon her dusky hair.

In each hand an oval mirror,  
Over one the veil she cast,  
“This—the Mirror of the Future,  
That—the Mirror of the Past!

“Mortal choose! thy wish is granted.”  
Need I tell the choice I made?  
Slow the sombre veil withdrawing,  
“Learn thy Future then,” she said.

Eagerly I gazed, but fainter  
Grew the star-wreath on her head,  
Till the room was filled with darkness,  
And my soul was filled with dread!

Crouching low, I heard a whisper,  
“I am sent at God's command;  
Leave the Future to Thy Maker,  
For 'thy times are in His Hand.'”

"Waste not life in idle visions,  
For the Present will not last.  
Know—*that* Present moulds thy Future,  
Take a warning from the Past!"

\* \* \* \*

Slowly grows a spot of radiance  
'Mid the universal night,  
On the second mirror streaming  
Bathes it in a flood of light.

Shadow-figures throng its surface,  
Shadow-scenes from days gone by,  
All my Past I see reflected  
By the light of Memory!

Watch my childhood's slow unfolding,  
Nourished by the dews of love.  
Love! the Father's costliest blessing  
Shower'd on earth from Heav'n above!

Recognise the careful guidance  
That has shielded me from ill;—  
Conscience questions—"What requital?"  
Answers—"An unbroken will!"

Shadow-faces rise before me,  
Some unseen for many a year,  
Separate by time and distance,  
Strangers now! once held so dear!

Now I learn some deeds of kindness,  
Human nature's "silken ties,"  
Would have bound them friends for ever—  
Wasted opportunities!

Shadow-faces, kind and loving,  
Of the dear ones "gone before,"  
Who out of my life had glided  
In the "days that are no more!"

Stretching hands in supplication,  
"Let them stay," I cry—"oh, wait!  
Let me tell the love I bore them!"  
Vain the pray'r—"Too late, too late!"

\* \* \* \*

Darkness fell—again a whisper,  
"Know thyself as thou art known,  
Know the faults thou hast committed,  
Know the good thou canst not own!

"Kindly words thou couldst have spoken,  
Kindly deeds thou couldst have done!  
Thoughts ungentle, hasty judgments,  
Words of anger—many a one!

"Countless dangers lying round thee,  
Trials thou couldst not foresee,  
'Gainst thyself wert thou protected!  
Let this teach humility.

"Why not trust thy Father's guidance?  
Hath He aught to thee denied,  
That in love He could have granted?  
Hast thou not His mercy tried?

"Wasting life in idle dreaming,  
Wasting talents He hath lent!  
Love to God and man neglecting,  
In thy weary discontent!

"Take the warning sent from Heaven,  
Present hours glide fast away—  
Wouldst thou know a happy Future,  
Work while it is called 'To-day!'"

C. M. L. F.





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